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BRITISH REGISTER

OF

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LONDON:
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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We are sorry to be obliged to omit notices of severalvery excellent works; amongst which are "Mortal Life"—"The Masque of Anarchy"—"Hood's Comic Annual"—"Motherwell's Poems"—Mackintosh's History of England"—"The Invisible Gentleman," and others we cannot now specify. Next month they shall have our attention. We have likewise received several gems in the fine arts this month. "Finden's Gallery of the Graces," and some lovely specimens of Female Beauty, from the Waverley Novels, published by Chapman and Hall. And to the merits of the Byron Gallery we promise to do justice.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XV.] JANUARY, 1833. [No. 85.

VOX STELLARUM:

A NEW PROPHETICAL AND POLITICAL

Almanack,

FOR THE YEAR OF HUMAN REDEMPTION

1833.

BY THOMAS MOORE, PHYSICIAN AND ASTROLOGER,

ON MUNDANE AFFAIRS.

MY Friends and Readers—I give you all a hearty welcome with the NEW YEAR. Since I addressed you last year, great things have happened, all of which I then foretold. Stranger events are now about to come to pass, which from my present intimacy with the planets, I can confidently predict. In the mean time be assured that the Monthly Magazine will proceed, as it has done, without puff, though not without profit, as well to those concerned as to yourselves; for the which latter blessing, may heaven grant that I find you next year both wiser and better—till when,

Your loving Friend and Servant,

T. MOORE, P. & S.

JANUARY.

Great Janus comes—by Nature's will design'd
To wear one face before, and one behind,
Shedding an annual phiz; and that he wore
Behind last year, this year he wears before.

JANUARY 1.—New Year's Day follows close to the 31st of last month. —A rush of the reading public for the new number of the Monthly.—Fifty printers' devils sworn in as special constables to *correct the press.*

— 15.—Duke of Gloucester's birth day.—That desideratum in science, a VACUUM will be discovered.

— 19.—Meeting of the new Parliament—Mr. Cobbett will ask leave to bring in a Bill to compel every man in the kingdom to buy his Register—Mr. Gully offers the long odds the Bill don't pass.

— 30.—King Charles' Martyrdom.—The Statue at Charing Cross will deliver a political "lecture on heads."

FEBRUARY.

Lo! February comes, and with him fast,
Cupid and Hymen, link'd together, haste;
This with dim torch, and that with bow unstrung,
To link with young the old, and old with young.

FEB. 1.—Baron Chassé will be *blown up* at the Hague instead of at Antwerp.—Sharp weather about this time.—The ex-members and the frozen out gardeners will coalesce and carry at their head a Right Honourable Long Pole.

— 14.—Valentine's Day.—The two-penny postmen will have a public dinner on this day—no unions of cupids, courting, and doggrel.—The Political Parson, Malthus, having forbade the banns.—Mr. M. publishes another edition of "The Preventive Check," and marries Miss Martineau.

MARCH.

March, like a lion, hurries o'er the plain,
As four fleet racers harness'd to a wain;
Such quiet, stormy, angry, placid weather,
A snail and flash of lightning join'd together.

MARCH 1.—Duke of York's column completed. The creditors will be adjudged to pay the costs, it being proved, on reference to their books, that the Duke had raised three columns to their one.

— 5.—The puddles all frozen over.—Very severe weather now about.—Frosty-faced Fogo carried away in a snow storm.—Bell's Life in London advertise for a new Poet.—Editor smothered in the rush.

APRIL.

Ev'n as a romping miss from boarding school,
Comes April, sacred to the witless fool;
The witless fool her magic pow'r concedes;
Thus Folly plays, while Wisdom counts her beads.

APRIL 1.—All Fool's Day.—Mr. Robert Montgomery will publish private conversation with Beelzebub, in twelve books, black letter.—The Archbishop of Canterbury will hold a convocation of the clergy.—North Pole passage discovered.—Meeting of Political Economists.—Sundry boys licked for trying to purchase pigeons' milk.

— 5.—Good Friday.—Hot cross bunn Day.—Bakers toast the Master of the Rolls.—About this time, likewise, Sinecurists will smile and finger their salaries—some will complain of the fatigues of office; others will contrive to do nothing with their usual dispatch.

— 26.—Great Plague of London, 1665.—Tradesmen will be seen pondering over their back accounts.—Genteel young men in frock coats may be observed studiously avoiding individuals with crab-sticks and top-boots—they will be recognized as victims to a most fearful epidemic the "TICK *doloreux*."

MAY.

May, freed at length, has left her orient track,
And leaps into a chimney-sweeper's sack;
With brush and shovel plies the pliant foot,
All filth and flowers—serenity and soot.

MAY 1.—May Day.—Another Convocation of the Clergy—Dutchess

of Berri presented with a Batchelor's degree—Jack-in-the-Green invites her Royal Highness to attend the festival.

MAY 27.—Rogation Sunday.—The lawyers will hold their church anniversary.

— 29.—K. Charles II. Restoration.—The bells will probably ring on this day, and the Tower guns will fire, more or less.

— 30.—Joan of Arc burnt as a Witch. 1431.—The Earl of Eldon will be seized for a like purpose, but discovered to be "no Conjuror."

JUNE.

June, like a weaver who has toil'd and spun,
Weaves her rich garment from the florid sun,
And in her untax'd finery array'd,
Appears the type and symbol of free trade.

JUNE 3.—About this time a great Tory law Lord will enter into Wedlock—St. Sepulchre's bell will toll merrily on that occasion only—Jack Ketch will enact the part of Hymen, and tie the knot.

— 12.—Wat Tyler killed, 1381.—Market-day in Smithfield—the configuration of the Bull and the Ram foretel brutal riots. Quelled by Alderman Scales, who is raised to the Peerage by the title of Baron of Smithfield Bars.

— 21.—Longest Day.—Carus Wilson will discover the longitude.

— 30.—Vast numbers of Irish hay-makers will be found dead, the coast having been strewed with poisoned potatoes.

JULY.

This month—I tell it with prophetic lips—
Begins with a particular eclipse;
Perplexing monarchs and the wise with doubt,
What in the devil's name, the moon's about.

JULY 1.—Terrific rumours of revolution—many of the Nobility will learn trades—the Dukes of Wellington, Gloucester, and Newcastle will take to boarding-houses.

— 3.—Dog-Days begin.—Daniel O'Connell proclaimed Emperor of the Irish—36 members of his family form the executive.

— 15.—St. Swithin.—Mr. Irving prophecies a general deluge—Mr. Cobbett will carry his measure for the repeal of all taxes whatsoever—Ministers resign—Lord Scales will be called upon to form a new Administration.

AUGUST.

A little grain well sow'd will make a mickle,
And August is the month to wield the sickle;
But, ere the youthful beards of wheat be shorn,
Lo! abolition of the laws of corn.

AUG. 5.—A shameful monopoly of oatmeal about this time will cause a great famine in Scotland.

— 11.—Dog-Days end.—Emperor O'Connell deposed—the whole of the Irish Executive will suffer.

— 16.—The eldest sons of Peers will be called to the Upper House—the son of the Marquis of Westminster by the title of Earl of Hyde-park-Corner, and Baron Pro-Bono-Pimlico.

Aug. 26.—*Twilight ends,* 2, 12.—Dissolution of Parliament—subscriptions opened for carrying on the Government—Messrs. Wakley and Wakefield appointed Lords of the Treasury.

SEPTEMBER.

Behold! the Cockney, with resistless will,
Leaps from his desk, and throws aside his quill;
With dangerous gun goes forth, and toilsome pain,
And "sends his circulars" to birds in vain.

Sept. 1.—Shooting season commences.—A petition will be presented by Mr. Vigors, from the growing constituencies of the Zoological boroughs, praying to be represented in the new Parliament.

— 7.—Mr. Henry Hunt will be discovered to be the Mr. Urban of the "Gentleman's Magazine."

— 18.—Ember Week.—Sir Charles Wetherell will do penance in Barking Church, in "sackcloth and ashes."

— 29.—Michaelmas Day.—Some members, both of church and state, will be roasted and cut up by mistake.—Mr. Sadler and Bishop Philpotts escape by a miracle.

OCTOBER.

As without hops our beer is made, and malt,
Old birds are caught with chaff, and young with salt;
As men on tea get drunk, on wine keep sober,
So shall "the debt" be paid in this October.

Oct. 10.—The Bishops will prepare a Bill to amend the Calendar, by shortening the year one-tenth—the clergy claiming that portion for tithe.—A general gloom will pervade these Right Reverends, to find their "sees" shrunk into rivers.

— 21.—The emigrant Poles will be in great demand for the Kentish hop-growers—Mr. Wellesley Pole having entered into a permanent engagement with the frozen-out gardeners.

NOVEMBER.

November! fairest month of all the year,
To sentiment and suicides most dear—
Swift through my brain thy varied pleasure jumps;
Werter, Rousseau, arsenic and stomach-pumps.

Nov. 1.—All Saints.—All London will be converted, in consequence of Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Fowell Buxton preaching from the top of the Monument.

— 2.—*Michaelmas Term begins.*—The Devil will supersede Lord Brougham in Chancery.

— 5.—Gunpowder Plot.—Sir Charles Wetherall will be elected perpetual representative of the Guys of Great Britain.

— 9.—*Lord Mayor's Day.*—The Lord Mayor and Aldermen being members of the Temperance Society, the libations at the feast will be limited to toast and water.

— 25.—*Michaelmas Term ends.*—Seventeen lawyers hanged for cheating the Chancellor.

DECEMBER.

Last of the year—that like a swan doth sing
Upon thy death-bed, and mirth thither bring;
Oh! may'st thou, drawn by turkeys vast, and geese,
With plums and suet strew the path of peace.

DEC. 21.—St. Thomas.—Shortest day.—Many about this time will be so short, that their landlords will be long expecting them.

— *Christmas Day.*—A day of general mourning.—The ghost of Old Christmas appears, and the reader will learn in the next page "who killed him."

— 26.—St. Stephen.—Moon eclipsed. Numerous honourable members of Lords and Commons will have a lucid interval—likewise all—Bedlamites. The Rev. Mr. Irving vanishes in a flash of fire.

— All "Bills" presented at this time, ordered to "lie on the table."

— Innocents.—The Lord Premier Scales and Messrs. Secretaries Cobbett and Wakley impeached, or are now about to be.

— 31.—Great riots and conflagrations—Several windows broken, many apple stalls consumed.—Divers will from these significations foretel the speedy approach of the Millenium; others will doubt, amongst whom, Lord Eldon, particularly. I say nothing—Time will shew.

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS; SHEWING WHO KILLED HIM.

CHRISTMAS is dead and gone! The jovial fellow, known to our great progenitors, to the stout hearts that grew stouter at wassail, is defunct. What a brave old boy he was—what a jovial hundred-handed giant, offering the good things of the earth with every fist. What household ceremonies did herald his coming! His was the advent—his the glorious triumph—his were the spoils. His foot-fall was accompanied by richer music than ever filled the ears of Roman conqueror; the bellowing of the slaughtered ox, the gobling of multitudinous turkies, the rich cackling of a million geese, the rushing torrents of mulberry, ale, and mead; and for spices, every house was a phœnix nest. Then each man, maid, and child had a song to honour him, and the lusty varlet was carolled in, as the birds sing to the budding leaves.

"Come bring, with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

"With the last yeere's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a teending.

"Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loafe here,
The while the meat is a shredding;
For the rare mince pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste, that's a kneading!"—(HERRICK.)

The spirit of Christmas was invoked to propitiate the workings of autumn. The very trees, leafless, bare, and ice-bound, had their draughts of wassail.

"Wassail the trees that they may beare
You many a plumb and many a peare;
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassaling."—(HERRICK.)

The boar's head, stuck with rosemary, an orange in his grim mouth, did homage to the season. The yule log, religiously kept, reddened the huge fireside; and the chesnuts hissed and bounced into the laps of the maids, who therein saw a happy augury of a sudden wedding. The sweet smelling elder passed from lip to lip—the carol was sung—the story told—and Christmas, with all his thousand genialities, his antique tricks, his legendary lore, sat the father at every hearth, with all its household, like happy children about his knees. Time was forgotten—age ran backwards to be gamesome with childhood—the whole world was but a round of merry makers. At Christmas, the lord and his serving-man met on the broad genial footing of their common nature; gifts were exchanged; trifles, which in themselves told of affection and loyal desire, assurances of mutual love and protection. Hearts that, in the working-days of traffic, had chilled towards each other, dilated with the heat and cheer of Christmas, and were again as friends. And many a lip, that for years had fed upon the honey of its wedded fellow, took its first luscious feast from under the silver-bearded misletoe of Christmas. Nay, it was Hymen's tree, and the little loves would cluster in its branches, would look down upon the upturned blushing face of beauty, and cry "a bride!" At Christmas every rich man's door gaped to field and street; the charitable monk would give treble alms to the poor—the mud cottage, a very swallow's nest, glowed like an oven.

And thus lived old Christmas, thus came he to us once a-year, borne down with happy gifts—sweating with the primest stores of the world, tumbling them down in every porch, bearing them to every hearth, filling the bellies of all men with glorious cheer, and calling up the contentment of their hearts into their eyes. He was the most noble spirit of earth, for he was the sire of hospitality, the parent of so worthy a brood. Christmas, however, the hale, the hearty, he whose very white locks seemed the true Samson's hair—Christmas has had his term of life—Christmas is dead. Christmas gave a rich

dignity to roast beef, yet was he not immortal; it was he who, (wonderful architect!) fashioned the mince pie, and in the structure of its paste, kneaded a resemblance of a sacred symbol. Christmas did this, yet could he not be spared: Christmas gave us plum-porridge, (since consolidated into a pudding) yet could not the gift lengthen out his days. Christmas brought home the choicest logs from the forest—Christmas tapped the elder-cask—Christmas roasted nuts for us in the wood embers—Christmas brought us sweet music—and yet, for all these gifts, all these wondrous dispensations, Christmas is dead and extinct. Grevious, albeit gradual was his dissolution. It is of that, with tremulous quill, we write.

A brighter December day never glanced about the hollies. The sky was blue, with heaved up masses of white—the air brought freshness to the brain—and the ground tinkled to the clouted shoes of the peasant. The church roads were thronged with old and young—the bells rang out—a look of gladness seemed in all things. Then followed joyful greetings and salutations—the travelled son came home—the wife-daughter was again at the fireside of her childhood, her children with her—the lover nestled by his mistress,—the traveller was brought in from the wayside, his staff put to the wall—kindred and neighbours came and came, until the circle was fairly wedged with happy faces. What spirits hovered about the good folks! What genial workings rose in every heart! What frank kindness was increased in every face!

At the fire-side sat illustrious old Christmas! A very giant he sat, with whole families, like children, on his knees. What benign joviality in his looks—what a heart is in his face! There is a deep blush of wine in either cheek—nay, the wine seems smeared over his wrinkled forehead—his eyes gleaming and sparkle like the yule log. About his head is wreathed the everlasting holly, with its red berries burning among his white hairs; whilst above, the misletoe canopies him with its leafy glory. Towards it he at intervals casts a roguish eye, then hugs some white-toothed damsel, proclaiming, with a kiss, the presence of Christmas! His garb is motley, not the motley of the court but of the buttery. On his doublet are figured chines and quarters of beasts; the fowls, from the peacock to the bustard, are pictured there; yea, there is nothing edible of which there is not, in that glorious costume, some hint or remembrance; yet, take the suit in generals, the ruddiness of beef, with its streaky yellowness of fat does most predominate. Only to look at the doublet of Christmas is to hunger! To hear him talk, to hear him crow and chuckle is to have a passion for merriment. He jests and laughs, and the very chesnuts come from the fire to take a part in the merriment.

Thus passes the time at the fireside, but, see without, the snow-clouds are tumbling down,—the trees, the earth, all are white,—and the keen north-wind goes cutting by the panes, like envy shrieking at another's good. As far as eye can reach is sheeted snow. There seems not, in the whole landscape, a moving thing. Ha!—look there! —a speck in the white waste—it stumbles on, at every motion half-buried in the snow!

Christmas rises, with all the merry-makers—the door is flung open,

and a dozen kindly souls have started for the labouring traveller.—Another log or so is thrown upon the fire—vestments are got ready, and, as they are warmed through, the ambassadors of Christmas return, bearing with them, his blood a frozen mass, the poor way-worn plodder of the snow. In a trice he is stripped, newly cloathed—his bowels glow with liquor, offered him by fifty hands—he eats, is placed by the fire, and in a brief time is as gay as the merriest. Nay, when his turn comes, like his fellow-sufferer the robin redbreast, he can give thanks for hospitality in a song,—in some such slip-shod verse as that which follows:—

A trav'ller have I been from birth,
A trav'ller must I be,—
Yet ne'er saw I the tree on earth,
That's like the holly tree.—
Beneath the palm I've found relief,
Beneath the great banyan—
But nought is like the holly leaf,
Unto an Englishman.
The holly—the holly, with berries red,
That garlands the snows of old Winter's head

The cedar is a mighty thing—
It form'd the Temple's roof;
The oak—it is a forest king,
With trunk of tempest proof;
The cocoa cures a thirsty grief,
As well as cup or can—
But nought is like the holly leaf,
Unto an Englishman.
The holly—the holly, with berries red,
That garlands the snows of old Winter's head.

The laurel pays the poet's deeds,—
The laurel soldiers win;
But lattice panes, with holly beads—
As red as hearts within!—
They make the trav'ller's sorrow brief—
Take off the pilgrim ban;
No!—nought is like the holly leaf,
Unto an Englishman.
The holly—the holly, with berries red,
That garlands the snows of old Winter's head.

And now Christmas is fairly off. The feast's dispatched—and all now sit "sphering about the wassail cup." The old boy tells his merriest tales—his features take a deeper red,—and, with whim twinkling in his eyes, he roars out snatches of songs—of ballads almost as old as the chalk cliffs of our wonderful island. Then he jumps on his feet, dances in the morning star;—and so, for twelve long days, made hours by enjoyment, rare Old Christmas eats and drinks, and scatters abroad good liquor and meat, and puts heart into the bodies of his poorer neighbours.

This was the course of Christmas, when the veteran was in robust health. This very course was he pursuing, when a spell fell upon him, which, although he tried to beat it by sheer good humour and stout determination, wasted him away by slow degrees, until his

mighty spirit fled from among men. One fine anniversary, he was sitting, as he was wont, supreme in enjoyment—his house crowded, his table groaning, when a knock—a dead, authoritative knock, was heard at the gate, which flew open on the instant; indeed, it was a miracle how it came to be shut. A slow, measured step was distinctly heard, and Christmas looking round to greet, as he hoped, a happy visitor, saw a strange gaunt-looking figure enter the circle. Though of human form and dimensions, the visitor had a certain spectral look: his visage was long, care-worn, and pallid; his arms were of extraordinary length, and no less remarkable were the nails, which, like the claws of a bird of prey, curved and projected from his fingers. Though of a spare consumptive figure, he seemed to have tremendous capacity of belly, which, however, despite its width and breadth, retained but little of the monstrous meals daily thrust adown it. The dress of the visitor was of an odd grotesque character; there seemed worked in it, as in tapestry, battle-pieces, royal processions, with the insignia of civil and military authority. He carried a feather behind his ear, and at his button-hole a phial, filled with some black liquid; one hand seemed as though it grasped immoveably a small book. The figure approached wealthy Master Christmas, who took him aside; and, after a brief time, the imperious visitant, with a careless inclination of the head, departed.

Old Christmas took his chair again, and once more began to laugh and call about him. But it was open to those who well knew the joyous old blade, that something had occurred to lower a peg of his full-toned jollity. He wriggled and shifted uneasily, and, at times, cast a furtively anxious glance at many of the young people; still, it was manifest that he fought stoutly with any black thoughts that might be crossing him: indeed, so well did he rally, that there were many who saw no change whatever in him. He was the same gay-witted, open-hearted reveller, that he had been for hundreds of winters.

On the following anniversary, Christmas had of course his party. There was, as usual, open house—the traveller still found a place at the hearth, the wassail bowl went its rounds—all things seemed to the many as they had been on the preceding festival. A few of the elders, however, thought they did not perceive that superabundance of meat and drink, which made the glory of all former meetings. There was enough of all things,—but, at every other time, there had been more than enough. Be it as it might, old Christmas put a blithe face upon it, and after atime, was as loud and as jocund as ever. Thus jollity reached its noon-tide, when a knock like that of the former year was heard at the gate, which this time had been—no—not barred, but there was a spring-latch added to the fastening since the former time—purposely closed. Again the spectre entered. Old Christmas rose from the board, passed his hand across his brow, and again retired with the phantom; who, after a short sojourn, returning the quill, which for a minute he had removed, to his ear, took himself from the house. Old Christmas came back to his friends, but with an altered look: his face seemed as though it had been suddenly pinched in by fairy fingers, and the purple studdings of his nose wax-

ed dim and faint. On his return, a momentary silence assured him that his altered manner was not unnoticed. This thought put the old boy on his metal; and with an attempted bacchanal air—for spite of himself, there was a nervous puckering of his lips, and his left hand fumbled blindly about the table—he seized a silver-hooped flaggon, and dared any man to quaff with him. Draining it to the bottom, he called out for the dance,—and catching about the waist a pretty piece of womanhood, he challenged any younker to tire him down. Thus old Christmas carried off his care,—for care was in his vitals, though he forced laughter into his face.

The winter waned into spring—the spring flourished into summer—the summer ripened into autumn—the fields are reaped, the weeks pass on, the holiday of old Christmas is here again. Well, once more the board is spread. Why, it is not so long as it was wont to be: no—nor are there so many feasters; and, dear heart, old Master Christmas never looked so pale. He sees that folks are staring at him, and grows fidgetty. The revellers are seated; and now, indeed, we see how spare the numbers. Where can be all the neighbours—the flocks of friends welcome at the feasting of Christmas? There seems scarcely one that is not of the old fellow's blood—that is not some branch, some sucker of the household holly tree. And the fare—it is very good, extremely good—but there is certainly not half the proportion of former times; no, nor is the banquet half so good in quality: the meats are surely not so delicate, and the wine is certainly poorer. What can have caused all this change?——" Rat-tat." At the sound, Old Christmas turns pale down to the very tip of his nose. It cannot be another traveller, for three have already asked and enjoy the hospitality of the roof. No; again, again—it is the phantom. The spectre enters, with his eternal phial, quill, and book; and nodding knowingly to Old Christmas, again retires with him into his private cabinet. As usual, the stay of the visitor is but short. Christmas returns to the table, his face blanker than ever, with a sickly smile struggling to get the better of his features. For the first time a long sigh escapes him;—and, at that very sigh, the eye of Fancy believes it sees the holly leaves on the head of Christmas grow dull and parched, and the berries turn like discoloured wax; nay, the very wines on the table seem on a sudden as dashed with water, the meats look dry and shrivelled, and the crust of the mince-pie—a wondrous omen—untouched fell in!

Thus, for many years the feast of Christmas came and passed,—and as it came, the phantom, grinning more rapaciously at every visit, darkened the doors of the once jovial reveller; and as the spectre went away, it was remarkable that he carried with him some of the former spirit of the old man, who no longer gave the profuse banquets which had heaped honour on his name, but dealt out his feasts carefully, though just sufficiently. Besides, in all these declensions the way-farer was never turned from the door; though the invited visitors were few, the chance traveller was never refused. It would have violated the religion—it would have broken the heart of Old Christmas, to close his gate against the weary plodder, leaving him to the snows and storm.

Still the phantom came and went, and the board of Christmas became more scanty. Selfish thoughts would intrude themselves upon the old man, who with tears and indignation would beat them away. So matters went on, until a certain day of the accustomed festival, when Christmas took his seat at the head of his board, albeit there were few, very few faces to grace it—indeed, there were many of his more distant kin uninvited. As usual, the knock was heard, the horrid phantom made his appearance, had the customary interview with poor Old Christmas, and retired. The old man had returned to his chair, and a half-suppressed yet audible groan broke from his lips. On the succeeding moment, the voice of a traveller—the wind blew, and the sleet came cutting down—begged for shelter. There was a general stir among the few guests to the door to admit the petitioner, when Old Christmas sprang to his feet, and bade every one again sit down. "What!—Did he not hear the traveller, the poor traveller?" In sudden wrath, Old Christmas cried, "Let him budge on—he had nought for beggars!"

Had the old man vanished from before them, the guests could not have stared with greater consternation:—they gazed at each other—then looked at Christmas, who, as he met their eyes, sank with his head on his breast, smitten rather by compunction, than by their wondering glances. They hastened to him—all help was vain. The traveller had cried for shelter from the wintry blast, the wilderness of snow,—had been denied; had begged a warm nook, and been told to budge on. The traveller passed the door, and, at that moment—old, hospitable, English Christmas rendered up the ghost!

Old Christmas was buried. With much natural pomp—the sighs, and groans, and tears of the poor—was ancient Christmas buried. The phantom, whose persecutions caused his death, hath writ his epitaph. Nor hath Christmas had but one funeral: every year his obsequies are performed—every year is his death lamented—mourned for by those on whom his ancient hospitality was rained like manna.

Believe it, old Christmas is dead! Trust not to the mummeries done, the apparitions which appear in his name; they are, at the best, idle mockeries, shadowy semblances of the great ancient liver in the flesh. Let us calculate the trifles—the sordid trifles—which, in these earth-stricken days, make up the jovial majesty of Christmas. His coming, it will be said, is duly heralded. But how? A few venal knaves, with no touch of the music of the time in their souls, congregate together to play preluding harmonies to the advent of the great father of hospitality, of household kindness, love to fellow-man, and all the hundred sympathies of a golden time; and when the sleeper is awakened from some happy dream in the night—a dream it may be—which placed him among those solemn shepherds, watching the star, what doth greet his ears? The simple air, the touching melody sung by his fathers a thousand years ago? The same notes, chaunted by young Alfred, taught by his royal mother—the notes which, in their simple pathos, their soft sighing congratulations, seem but as the long echoes to the very carols sung by the shepherd of Bethlehem? Do we hear such music?—Do we hear that which, in the

gentle tune of which it sounds, the Saxon, the Dane, and Norman sung?—which the solemn self-persecuted monk chaunted in his cell—which cheered and softened the rude heart of the swineherd, tending his grunting charge? Do we hear this genius of antiquity, evoked from the obscurity of time, tell to human hearts of the primitive and eternal sympathies of human nature? Alas! no; we have none of this. The carol, the beautiful affecting Christmas carol, the notes in which the rich and powerful forget their pride of wealth and iron sway—in which the beggar confronted the noble—the carol is dumb. A few fitful notes may, at Christmas time, be heard, shrieked in some pestilential alley, unvisited by the guardians of the peace—in the foulest, most squalid haunts of city men, the carol may, perchance, lift it's voice; but not elsewhere—in the broad path of men, under the eaves of the rich, it is shunned as the cry of a leper; and yet Christmas has it's modern songs, and choruses, and jigs, which tell of his coming—the music profane that usurped the antique holy, and, in a love ditty to a lady's eye, a chorus of hunters or fishermen, we are to listen to the signs and things which make and consecrate the purpose of Christmas. The musicians are of a piece with their strains. We are forewarned by them that their harmony is the acknowledged, licensed harmony of the time; that there are other players on the sackbut, timbrel, and psaltery, coveting their neighbour's wages. We are invoked to have all our eyes and faculties of thrift about us—to mark one man's flute another's fiddle—to take good cognizance of the *viol-di-gamba* of a third, in order that, in the overflowing of our Christmas hearts, we may compare the aforesaid flute, fiddle, and bass, with the instruments of divine sound, borne by the expected despoilers. And this, this is merry Christmas! Why do not, in these days of mercantile exchange, the very robins present their bills for singing too?

Where is the beadle, with his sonorous chaunt? In some few happy places his warning may be heard. Some few puddings and mince-pies may be leavened with his benediction; but yet, how few? He is no longer a familiar of the time; a fellow girdled with foolish good-humour. No, he is a mere parish functionary, hardly kept in our remembrance by his verses; for they too, like the instrumental music denounced above, are of the day present, and not of the day by-gone. The bellman's Apollo should be some reverend straggler from another age—a brain festooned with the cobwebs of the last century.

Well, the waytes have gone their course; the beadle, at least in very fortunate districts, has done his dues. Christmas is come. Was there ever such a sneak-up? Look in his face—it is blank as unwritten paper; grasp his hand—a very bunch of icicles. Why, the rascal looks as though he had risen from a church-yard. There is no blood—no life in him; his belly is gone; and, for his legs, they may be matched by the polished drum-sticks of a turkey. Well, let us steal into his house, and see Christmas at his board. The table is spread decently enough; there are all the relations, but very few friends, of Christmas. The feast passes off with tolerable quiet, except that it's tranquillity is twice broken by the angry whistling voice of Christmas, who cried out to a beggar, whining in the snow, "If

you don't go on I'll send for the constable." The dishes of the feast have in them but little of the antiquity of the holyday; and there is nothing like a wassail bowl; to be sure there are painted bits of paper flung about, at which some look very demure, and some very savage. Nearly all the holly trees have of course withered, for there are not alive two or three twigs of tooth-pick size in the whole room. Once, too, a young fellow, the merriest of the leaden-looking groupe, looked about him, and ventured inquiringly to speak of "misletoe?" At this, Christmas called up a black look into his meagre face, and, with an action and voice with which he evidently intended to stop all further remark on the subject, cried—"Misletoe!—vulgar!" And can this be Christmas—this the fellow with a heart for all the world? Again, we say, believe it not; wrong not ancient hospitality by harbouring such a thought—Christmas is dead, and the thing that once a-year now visits us is but the shadow—THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS!

The Christmas-box is an alleged relic of the olden time; but, what a mean mendicant affair it has dwindled to—a mere thing of trade—a mercenary catch-penny. Who claim it? First, those great practical moralists—the dustmen; then follow in rank and file postmen, general and two-penny; boys, butcher and publican; lamplighters, newsmen, and little vagabond school urchins; though, by the way, the most interesting of the whole tribe of claimants, soliciting, with icy fingers and blue noses, permission to exhibit penmanship, done for the peculiar honour of the season! Well, here is a sturdy band of claimants, the legitimate descendants of the knaves who, hundreds of years ago, were wont to celebrate Christmas as the spring-time of the heart—the very season of gifts and good fortune. How is it now? They see at almost every door a face of flint: and when they are prosperous enough to obtain what they seek, it is paid to them more like a tax than a free offering, directed by ancient custom and the genial spirit of the time. Every thing of Christmas is changed. It is in vain that the stage-coaches, with their thousands of presents of turkey, goose, and wild fowl, pass before us; their very burden speaks of the meagreness of the holiday. Where a man now sends one turkey, he would have despatched half a modern farm-yard. Where he gives a gallon of wine he would have sent a hogshead. A single goose shall now, in its unaccompanied nakedness, tell a man it is Christmas; one turkey must suffice to give him an inkling of the mighty season; a draught of wine must, in these times, make the drinker glorious. Alas!—in the generous age he would have drained whole bowls.

The Court was wont to open its heart, and declare its common sympathies with the world by bountiful gifts of cheer at Christmas. The Court hath now grown wise and stately, and Christmas may hunger for it. There are no oxen roasted at Windsor—no large collops of meat served to the fasting—no flowing ale to thaw the bowels of the poor. No; all doors are locked—all curtains drawn. State will not thrust its head abroad for fear of being frost-bitten. The very essence of the English character seems evaporated in the air of modern refinement; were it possible that some of our ancestors, of the roaring boys who did due honour to the season, were

waked from their graves on a Christmas-day, they would vow they had risen in Iceland, and not in the land of merry Britain.

Stay—we have said the Court has no charity: we must unsay the slander. Our recantation may be read in the subjoined:—

"MARSHALSEA PRISON.—The Lord Steward of his Majesty's household having, with his accustomed munificence, forwarded to J. Rutland, Esq., Deputy Marshal, his annual Christmas donation, the same was distributed by him on Christmas-eve, each debtor receiving a liberal allowance of meat, bread, and porter, with *one shilling* in money. His Lordship's bounty, so opportunely bestowed, was most gratefully received, and duly appreciated by each individual."—*Times, Dec.* 26, 1832.

We withdraw our charge. The munificence of the household beams in the splendid shilling! Christmas has yet honours paid to him. The bailiff Rutland is the almoner, and the revellers are prisoners for debt in the Marshalsea prison! We believe there are, moreover, two, or it may be three, instances in which the public charity of Christmas is made manifest. Some twenty "old, old men" receive a shilling and a loaf from his chilly fingers, and at Whitehall a certain score of old women, each being recommended by the hand and seal of a person of quality, obtain a crown. With these benefactions Christmas contents his modern generosity; what remains of him is, it would appear, a government officer. If any portion of his spirit be yet among us, it is lodged in the bosom of a public functionary; in private life he is dead—it is but his ghost that visits us.

But it may be asked—who killed Christmas? The mercenary is well known: he who, by implanting in the bosom of Christmas feelings of selfishness; in fact, by making that selfishness almost an instrument of self-preservation—he it was who slew Christmas. Year after year have we seen the phantom visit him; year after year have we marked the diminution of comforts at the banquet—the absence of ancient well known faces; the lowered tones of mirth and revelry; the struggle to outface the comparative squaller with a look of careless resolution; yet for all this, we have marked how the cheeks of Christmas have gradually fallen in; how his colour has faded; his stout hand trembled; his bright eye flickered, and grown dreamy: we have seen how hospitality died in his heart, and we have seen how inseparable was hospitality from the existence of ancient Christmas; for, when it died, he on the very instant rendered up his glorious being.

Reader—if you would know the name of the assassin of Christmas, it may be seen written on the tomb of the dead; nor has he only one tomb that bears the name of the murderer; but, in merry England, thousands and tens of thousands. Go into the cottage of the labourer, the room of the artisan, the parlour of the tradesman, and you will see the death of Christmas thus written on their hearthstones:—

Christmas:

KILLED BY EXCESSIVE TAXATION!

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER—HIS HEAD, HIS BOYHOOD, AND HIS BOOKS.*

THE decline of what has been termed, by those who are without its pale, the Cockney School of Poetry, is a matter to be somewhat regretted. Bad as it was, it possessed this negative virtue, namely,—it might have been worse; and while its supporters were in full feather, they twittered in chorus sufficiently loud to drown the "vernal strains" of Kitty Wren, Tom Tit, and similar birdlings: now, however, that they have almost moulted their last feathers, the minikin tribes come perking and peering from their obscure haunts, and finding the old, and somewhat bigger birds silent, chirp gladsomely, vote one another nightingales, and the inhabitants of Brompton believe them. On the ruins of the Cockney, they have founded the Carraway-comfit School of Song; than which nothing is worse than the Barley-sugar ditto in cookery, which represents *Leander noyé* by blanched capon, in a *compôt* of *crême sucré*, iced and waved *au naturel*.

As claret is to caudle, so is the Corn-Law rhymer to the Carraway comfits. They are "far as the poles asunder." While the saccharine *clique* puzzle their small brains for confectionary conceits, Ebenezer Elliott, the hardwareman of Sheffield, welds iron truths in his mental smithy. He knows nothing—he cares nothing—about the sugar-plum opinions, the small thoughts of genteel evening parties, composed of literary danglers, slammocking girls—half finery, half rags—who scribble verses about festal halls, and bridal joys, and glittering groups, and senses stunned at seeing Signor Such-a-one glance somewhat too lovingly at Signora Somebody, and all that stuff, while they ought to be darning their two-and-sixpenny silk stockings; but, on the contrary, turning aside, as man does from gilt gingerbread, from such namby-pamby nonsense and nursery tales, dives boldly into the depths of the human heart, and depicts it to us as it is; looks upon nature in the woodlands, and shows us its loveliness and its gross abuse; sees how happy the poor man might be, if his rich brother would let him; traces our sins and our sorrows to their source; eloquently points out the polluted fountain, and indignantly calls upon us to cleanse it. Poetry in his hands is something like what it should be—mighty, not tickling; patriotic, not merely pretty; conducive to the amelioration of our race, not contemptibly courteous and parasitical to small souchong-and-sandwich-giving coteries; capable of being felt "from Indus to the Pole," not unintelligible beyond the bourne of such little literary clans as flourish within the bills of mortality; not a morsel of Mosaic work, composed of trumpery conceits and distorted pictures, but a grand map of the mind and heart, truly depicted; not nature perched on the unhappy leaves of a polyanthus in a London parlour-window, or a blue glass hyacinth bottle, or the summit of a cockney bough-pot, but as she appears in her own free and

* The Splendid Village; Corn-Law Rhymes, and other Poems. By Ebenezer Elliott. 12mo. London. B. Steill. 1833.

fair dominions; not a tea-party toy, but a majestic power, a mental steam-engine. While the Comfit bardlings exert their "five wits" to enshrine carraways in sugar, the Sheffield shopkeeper erects "bastions and batteries, beautiful as they are impregnable," against the oppressor, on behalf of the oppressed. *They* appeal to Brompton; *he* to the universe. The carraway-comfit tribe are each of them *sui generis*, they resemble nobody but themselves; Elliott claims "kith and kin" with the best and noblest of mankind. He is not only the Burns, the Crabbe, the Teniers, and the Wilkie, but the Salvator Rosa and Michael Angelo of humble life. Some of his sketches are Titanic. In the volume before us, however, a few of the pieces are disgraceful to his genius. He knows but little of the language, in which he frequently writes with all the splendour and might of Milton. In his former publications, outrages were often committed on grammar. In the present collection, however, these have been corrected. But we know, from capital authority, that the subjunctive mood, and other niceties, are, and probably ever will be, hedgehogs to him. No author is more unequal. He sometimes raves like an imaginative bedlamite, and then suddenly discourses most excellent sense in pure music. Most of his passages are "clear to the meanest understanding;" but many of them are certainly unintelligible to all the world,—himself included.

Yet, with all his faults, Elliott has few compeers, either in poetry or patriotism. His youth gave but little promise of his future powers. A friend of ours, who has known him from his infancy, asks us "how we can account for his having been, in his school-boy days, an impenetrable dunce, delighting in nothing but in building boats, and making other puerile play-things?" According to the same unimpeachable authority, "he never could learn the Numeration Table, nor could he acquire, nor does he now know, a single rule of grammar. When he detects errors in construction, it is by thinking alone. Almost any boy's hat is too large for his head; that of one of his sons, a lad aged fourteen, and small-headed for his years, descends over the father's eyes and nose! The painter of the portrait affixed to the collection of his works, has given him an inch, at least, of brain, more than he possesses. His brows are remarkably prominent and angular, strongly wrinkled across, and deeply indented in the centre. He has no brain behind his ears, and very little above them—his head possessing neither height nor depth, but breadth only; so that if Gall and Spurzheim be right, the Corn-Law Rhymer is an idiot."

In his last passage, our estimable correspondent appears to have come to an unwarrantable conclusion. If his statement be correct, the Corn-Law Rhymer must, according to the phrenologists, be deficient in animal propensities, but rich in mental endowments.

A.

COMMON INCIDENTS; WITH AN OBSERVATION OR TWO THEREON.

'Facetiarum apud præpotentes in longum memoria est.'

What business I had to sojourn in France, during the war, is of no consequence to any body. Suffice it to say, I landed at Brighton. Of course I put up at an inn or hotel; whichever the reader pleases; and went through the usual stale misery of location, where a coffee-room is the theatre of "Habeas Corpus" for the ingressor. It is not my purpose here to remark upon the company in the coffee-room; far less to dilate upon the interesting aggregate of human items usually found in the general coffee-rooms for travellers, in England. I cheerfully consign such labours to the proprietors of Menageries. or Zoological Gardens; their practical tact enabling them readily to detect that long-spoken-of partition between animal instinct and reason, which, I confess, my dulness or stubbornness has never enabled me to make any thing of.

My arrival having been late in the evening, the first word I heard uttered in the coffee-room, while throwing my cloak over the partition of my box, was 'Boots!' This sound, the euphony of which might admit of disputation, was uttered by a fat man in a purple coat; an ejaculatory note, seemingly propelled by the pressure of the abdominal muscles, as he leant his broad head upon his arms crossed on the table before him.—Boots!——I do not affect to say that I did not understand the appellation. Still my long absence from England had rendered the illustrious cognomen unfamiliar to me. I therefore musingly awaited the appearance of the shining functionary, to the end that I might request him to send the waiter; for, unlike a 'sentimental traveller,' I wanted something to eat.

As the purple man departed for bed, after encasing his feet in those genuine endemic luxuries, English coffee-house slippers, a pale, tall man, clad in a black frock, stepped over to my box, apparently to engage a soy-and-ketchup-splashed newspaper; but more probably in earnest desire to answer the inquiring looks I had, heedlessly, and unknown to myself, bent upon the man of purple, as he staggered towards his dormitory.

"That man, sir, is lost," whispered he, in a confidential undertone. "*We* shall be called up in the night to him. He betrays incipient paralysis of the extremities. I supped in the same box with him. He has eaten two slices of salmon, and a boat of lobster sauce. We drank two bottles of wine together; after which he had three strong tumblers of hollands and water, and ate a plate of chestnuts!"

"You are a medical man, sir?"

"I am, sir. You, too, are of the profession, as I judge from the attention I observed you pay to the *symptoms*?"

I did not answer the interrogative. I simply remarked, that, my observations of the stranger were quite casual, and without interest.

"Mais vous plaisantez mon cher: n'est il pas vrai que vous êtes éleve de l'école de Médécine de ——."

"Comment donc?" said I, thrown off my guard by the cool manner in which this stranger drew the double inference, that I understood French, and was, moreover, a student in medicine.

What added to my astonishment, was the purity of his French accent, after having previously addressed me in English, as free from foreign idiom or accent, as I could have spoken myself. After some explanation, it appeared that my new acquaintance was really a Frenchman, and had a brother who was a fellow-passenger with me from France, and with whom I had some conversation on board. He was a student at the Ecole de ——, where he had frequently seen me, as I certainly had passed a few '*Trimestres*' at that college, not with any professional view, but merely in admiration of the institution.

My supper now appeared; and, of necessity, the animal part of my being took the lead in excitement;—further conversation ceased. As the brother of my new acquaintance was for London, it was agreed that we should start by the same coach in the morning. I now availed myself of the professional labours of Boots, soliciting one slight deviation from his usual habits, viz. that he should have my boots cleaned and brought to me immediately. I am an early riser; and having had occasion to sleep at more inns than one during my life, I have necessarily gone through that agonizing ordeal of rising two hours before you can obtain a hearing of any living soul in the inn, and three hours before the dusky peripatetic has suffered 'Day's orient streak' to shine upon your over-night consignment of leather. Something may, and ought to be said of early rising in general, with a view to establish its just position in the scale of society, either as a nuisance or an advantage.

It is a faculty possessed by comparatively few, when genuinely resulting from the pure love of getting up, unallured by expectant excitement, as applies to the huntsman or sportsman—uncompelled, as applicable to our various avocations in life. Your real, or, one may say, professional early riser, is a being '*sui generis*.' Winter or summer, it is next to impossible for him to lie in bed after his usual hour of rising. He is fidgetty, restless, heated, and excited at the restraint. Illness alone can detain him in bed; and even illness is much more supportable to him, up and dressed, than imprisoned in a bed; the object of remaining in which, ceases to exist the moment the propensity to sleep is satisfied. It matters little at what hour such a man goes to bed; early or late, he will awake at his usual rising hour, even if he have not enjoyed one-fourth of his wonted repose. Now this disposition of feelings requires that the individual should possess a 'sanguine temperament;' a nervous 'appareil,' highly sensitive and imaginative. This the reader may take for granted. Whence else the intense interest, the devoted anxiety, which enchains his attention to that first pale shadow, grey as a gossamer veil, which hangs for an instant betwixt darkness and daybreak: which constrains his eye to dwell still upon the gathering phenomena in the east, as the distant horizon, indented by darkling tree-tops, steals coldly upon his view; and, as he watches tint after tint, mellow, deeper, and at length blaze into the full effulgence of sun-rise; think you, he would exchange his feelings and position for

that of the supine, comatose, flea-bitten snoozling, who lies unconsciously degraded into a common rail-road for bugs? The beings are perfectly distinct;—they bear the same analogy to each other, as a Dutch clock, with its weights, to the compensating mercurial pendulum of a chronometer; or, the object-glass of a celestial telescope to the fresh puttied pane in a tap-room window. Let not, therefore, the reader fall into error, by supposing that every one is morally constituted to become an early riser. Such an impression might urge many a *mistaken* simpleton to get out of his bed with no more favourable result to himself than the execration of the inmates of the house where he lodged, a cold, and sore throat, and a two-hours-state of wondering abstraction, at what *could* possibly be the golden secret of the pleasures of confronting the break of day. With all this, it must not be presumed that early rising is without its concomitant miseries even to the practitioner, when the varied business of life throws him out of the channel of his usual habits. The benefits bestowed by nature, like the current coins of government, are never suffered to circulate without alloy.

Among other rigid examples of this depressing truth, my first morning at Brighton was a weary instance. I rose at six o'clock:—it was the month of December:—my tobacco-pouch furnished flint, steel, and German tinder, towards a light, and a pipe of fragrant tobacco. Cigars were not then so very much in vogue: besides, had they so been, I hold it decidedly inconvenient for a man, upon whom nature has shed a more than average luxuriance of nose, to smoke a cigar. True it is, we now daily see lighted cigars burning beneath noses from infinitesimal admeasurement, up to the *portico* of two-and-a-half inch horizontal projection. But this is solely attributable to idiosyncratic affectation. If you take the pains, reader, to look steadily into the eyes of the wearer of this exaggerated architecture, you will see them ever and anon streaming in tears, as the products of destructive distillation are eddied into the yawning recipient. You will see one thus *gifted*, continually removing the cigar from his mouth, to appease the agony of the Schneiderian membrane. Moreover, we all know that a four-inch cigar, which is about an average length, cannot (allowing half an inch for insertion into the mouth) burn under a two-and-a-half inch emunctory; meeting, as it must do, the current of air occasioned by walking, without fixing upon such a pent-house for its chimney and smoke-consumer. The thing is self-evident.——I beg pardon for this digression.

My pipe and travelling-lamp lighted, I cast one look towards my window, and sat down to follow the only rational amusement within my grasp—viz. reading. Time passed, as it always ought to do in reading, unheeded. At length the fainter lustre of my lamp warned me that day was approaching, or approached; for, encircled as my chamber was by adjacent buildings, the term 'day-light' was a vague and comparative expression. Long before this epoch, I had craved my usual indulgence of a cup of coffee; but this could not be effected without disturbing the house. I therefore at once dismissed the thought: for, as I hope I have elsewhere given the reader to understand, the early riser, '*par excellence*," is a sensitive being, and

appreciating, as he is enabled to do, the the "*bienséances*" of society, he is very cautious, and even timid of rendering his habits a source of annoyance, even to those who affect the grosser appetite of unlimited sleep. Instead, therefore, of ringing my bell, I had recourse to the cosmoramic luxury which my window might afford.

I threw up the sash:—my chamber, as the French express it, "*donnoit dans la basse cour*, the reflected light from three parallelogramical brick houses, of which the inn forms a fourth, fell as yet imperfectly below.

I could distinguish, however, a series of dark shining circles, which were shortly developed into the contents of an enormous bottle-rack. Some pennons were now seen waving in the "battle field;" but being chiefly of a dark hue, what is professionally termed "checked apron stuff," hung upon a black horse-hair line, they had at first escaped my observation.

The rain, which I had long *heard*, was now visible in continuous cataracts from the concave-tiled outhouses of the court. Two large water-tubs, juxta-posited, with a communicating pipe, were running over in tumultuous profusion; some rabbits, encased in hutches contiguous, seemed to contemplate with any thing but philosophic admiration these mimic falls of the Niagara. Five washing-tubs and three stands for ditto, were partially illumined by the god of day. Various pieces of deteriorated crockery were discernable upon the ground plan, some containing fish bones, some cold potatoes, and brewers' grains.

Suddenly the "cock's shrill clarion" startled me in my meditations. Slowly from beneath the eaves of a hen-house door, emerged the head and body of the proud harbinger of morn—the cock—but such a cock! In vain I watched for the egress of his tail—he had none; in vain my imagination was strained to picture his glossy plumage: the pen-feathered wretch stood bristling like a hedge-hog—he was moulting, poor devil, I supposed. I pitied him from my heart, though my enthusiasm was somewhat damped at not seeing him fly upon some eminence, and execute his herald functions; besides, he got such a thorough ducking from the eaves of his dwelling as he came forth, that he appeared, for an instant, undecided whether or not to prosecute his crusade. Hen after hen followed in mute and nervous succession, each undergoing the shower-bath. The whole *posse* then congregated in a corner of the court, their tails drooping, those that had any: some standing on one leg, "looking unutterable things." I could not stand this. I felt the poultry "enter my soul," and though a sprightly string of ducks was *egressing* from a bran-and-pollard-spattered hatch, to enliven the scene, I incontinently dashed my window down, and violently pulled the chamber bell-rope. The rattling of the slack-wires against the ceiling left it doubtful whether the summons had reached the bell; I repeated my challenge frequently, with no better success; at length I went into the passage, and struck two or three bells sharply with my slipper—'twas all in vain—the sounds died harmless on the air. Feelings, something approaching to disgust, now began to assail me. I descended the stairs, and succeeded in reaching the entrance passage:

here, directed by a noise which I took for the measured roar of waves breaking on the beach—here, in a niche, I discovered a frousy being enveloped in great coats, whose wind instrument to judge from its compass, was of no despicable construction. Fruitless were my efforts to rouse the snorer by shouting and bellowing in his ear—the torpid zoophite shrunk closer within his shell. I tried the door to effect my escape; but no—the key was withdrawn. Impatient and irritated at my imprisonment, I began systematically to uncase the monster; he awoke during the process of unravelling; he handed me the key. Now, thought I, for a bracing walk amid the odorous and freshening breezes of the ocean. The fastenings of the door flew rapidly back at the joyous enthusiasm of my touch. I rushed into—the "*basse cour!*" God of mercies! here I was face to face with the melancholy, hope-denouncing fowls. I retraced my steps with as much composure as I could command I gave the porter a look which ought to have annihilated him, had he been made of any thing more sensitive than a black pudding. I motioned far the key of the entrance door, for speech was denied me. At this instant a loud and reiterated ringing of a bell, on the second floor, broke the spell of my enchantment. The peals continued so loud and consecutive that an alarm of fire suggested itself to me. I bounded up stairs, and entering a room, from which groans and call for help proceeded, I found a person stretched on the floor, apparently in the last agony. I lost no time in again applying to the bell, and raising the patient from the floor, seated him in an arm-chair.

Again I summoned the inmates, by appeal to the bell; at length, no less important a personage than Boots made his appearance, with a lanthorn in his hand, although it was now broad day-light.

In the countenance of the sufferer, I not only recognized the man of the purple coat, but one who had, some years previously, been my fellow-passenger from India—a retired East Indian general.

My medical acquaintance of the preceding evening instantly occurred to me, as did also his apparently too just diagnosis of the case; I dispatched Boots instantly to his chamber, and he was soon in attendance.

He shrugged his shoulders on entering:—"N'est ce pas que je vous l'avois bien dit, mon cher?" With this remark he proceeded to bind the General's arm, and depleted him, to the tune of an avoirdupois pound of circulating medium, in a twinkling.

The delicacies, of which the General had so *abstemiously* partaken over night, having been already eleminated, things were not so desperate as my friend apprehended; the patient rapidly came round, refused every sort of medicine, and ordered a couple of bottles of soda water and a glass of brandy, by way of restoring the energy of his system, and cooling his over-heated coppers. The Frenchman's countenance exhibited evident dissatisfaction at this rapid rally; not that he could possibly inherit, for an instant, one feeling foreign to the purest humanity—but he was disappointed in a professional view. The progress of the attack was quite at variance with nosological doctrines, as applicable to congestion of the brain; and he was prepared to prove, with the physician spoken of by Voltaire, that the patient

ought not to have recovered, until a certain series of symptoms had been made to give way to an active pharmaceutical treatment.

I descended to the coffee-room, and ordered breakfast; the French surgeon and his brother joined me in the same box. Ere we had well commenced, the General descended, and desired to be of our party—he, too, was going to London. It is hardly worth while to offer a long comment on inn breakfasts;—ham, salt as the briny deep, the animal who erst owned the limb having uttered his death-rattle in the EMERALD ISLE—eggs, whose claims to partial incubation, and subsequent antiquity of location in the larder window, formed only a secondary flaw in their alluring properties, inasmuch as the ambiguous food and puddle-drink of the parents excluded the possibility of their *laying* a fresh egg—of these we had plenty, with muffins, dead and sodden as the pudding crust consigned to the pupils at the sixty guineas per annum classical seminaries near the metropolis, the printed cards of which usually close with this delicate allusion—"*** Each pupil to bring (only) SILVER SPOONS, knives and forks, towels and sheets, &c." Quere—Why not add food too, and face the thing out manfully?

Time now became an object: the coach was to start at ten o'clock. Having reviewed the economy of my "malles," I quietly awaited the approach of that real English luxury, a well-appointed stage coach. My companions were for going outside; I had taken my place inside—this arrangement inferred a separation of our company, which was not desired on either side. The Frenchman argued the point, still I was inexorable. I gave, in my turn, my own reasons for my obstinacy. Every man who *pays* his tailor and hatter, has, or ought to have, an affection for his hat and coat. Now, an outside place, though it presents less present outgoing from the pocket, is both too hot and too *dusty*—mark that, for the coat and hat—in summer, and, I think, rather too cold to be pleasant in winter, even abstracting the chances of rain. The inside is, if you face the horses, cooler in summer; and, if one glass be put up, certainly warmer in winter. Don't talk to me of great coats. Who, that valued a *coat*, would ever squeeze that modified horse sheet, a great coat, over it, to distort and horrify the sublime disposal of its *nap*, and render it little better, at the journey's end, than a savoy-cabbage leaf? What ails an umbrella? you will say. Heaven forfend! Have you never travelled outside a coach during a shower, in due propinquity to an old woman weilding an umbrella, whose area befitted it for the "parachute" of an aëronaut? Have you not *seen* the interesting *rills*, which each conducting whalebone makes its own, to lavish between the coat collar and neck-cloth of its defenceless victims? Have you not *felt* those brass-sheathed portion of the anatomy of the mammiferous leviathan, now closing your vision, as with an extinguisher, by thumping your hat over your eyes—now, by a change of posture in the inflictor's arm, nearly scooping it off your head—and, at every instant, rub, rub, rubbing against the delicate salient angles of your hat, reducing those points to a mere *felt*, convulsing you with agony and cold sweat, as each rub speaks—beaver! beaver! to your sinking soul? If you have not noted these trials, all I can say is, that you are

not an observing traveller. My arguments prevailed; the coach arrived, we took our seats, and away—away we sped.

Every one knows that the first quarter of an hour's conversation in a stage coach, at starting, is always engrossed by local topics; I mean local, as applied to the scene we have just left, and to that passing before us. In about twenty-five minutes the General "broke ground," by some slight allusions to India—mere casual remarks, contrasting the season and scenery before us, with the blazing brilliance of that enchanted and fairy land; from this he naturally deviated to touch upon the picturesque, the descriptive, and at length upon his own professional career. I breathed hard, for I foresaw that a *prosing* "moonsoon" was setting in, and experience had taught me the nature and weight of the infliction, when arrived at its full swing.

In self-defence, I rapidly began a conversation in French with my fellow-traveller, the student. There could be no impropriety or ill manners attributable to this course, because a retired Indian of that rank *ought* to understand French—no offence was taken. By degrees the General, taking advantage of pauses in our conversation, began by warping the conversation towards the mother country—from thence to the Pacific Ocean; eastward, and still eastward he strained it, by the power of his unwearied "capstan," till the sounds of Tilichery and Calicut fell upon my astounded ear, like the first bomb upon the citadel of Antwerp. The Ghauts, Poonah, Aurungabad—the whole of the Mysore country, followed thick and fast;—I was agonized. I had often visited, personally, the whole geographical area he described; more, I had *heard him* go over the same ground, on board ship, many a weary time. Now, by an immense land-slip, he transported us to—that garden of India—Guzzerat; and he was just on the point of plunging us in the gulph of Cutch, when a loud volley of cries for the coachman to stop, echoed from behind. A sailor had fallen from his "high estate," and was squatted on his mother earth, two hundred yards astern. The coachman pulled up, amidst a cloud of curses; the guard retraced his way, to pick the man up; he was not at all hurt—only drunk. How thankful I was for this episode; who shall describe my relief? It was as scraped potatoes to a scorched limb—magnesian draught to the wretch who has swallowed oil of vitriol. Not the green-grocer's porter, who, according to the advertisement in the Evangelical Magazine, is warranted to "fear God, and carry one hundred weight of turnips," for miles, upon a narrow obstructed pavement—not the locomotive fish-retailer, who carries the same weight from Billingsgate to Battersea—not one of these can view the end of his toil, with half the joy that "extacized" me, when—"Stop, coachman, stop!" broke upon my staggering senses. In five minutes more the general would have crossed the deserts, and encamped us under the walls of Isphahan!

The coach again proceeded. I lost no time in striking in upon a point of science with my French éleve, where I knew the General could not follow us. I persevered, I heated myself on the topic, I made the most extravagant observations, drew the most ludicrous and inapposite conclusions, with a view to elicit the gesticulations and rapid verbosity of the Frenchman. He smiled and stared alterna-

tively at my arguments; it was all the same, I succeeded. The General's prosing fit grew calm, it cooled, it settled, it froze; he fell asleep! Thank heaven this will do, thought I, as far as the next relay of horses; after which I will endeavour to fall asleep myself.

This resolution of mine may appear the effect of an unsociable temper; very far from it, it was an act of moral necessity.

I had, long ago, heard all that this Indian could say upon almost every topic, during a five months' voyage, at the cuddy table, where he was always *felt*, though not voted, an essential bore. I did not like him: I could not esteem him. Similar to many very ignorant men, he was malicious, revengeful, and always unforgiving of offence to those who had the least claim to classical acquirements. He now and then, from pure indolence, would dip into a scientific tract, which, if he happened to absorb part of the contents, was sure to intoxicate him, as the brandy bottle does the savage, exposing him, when striving at practical action under the stimulus, to derision and contempt. He was stately, severe, and morose on the voyage; few on board were his equals, in rank or riches; with these alone he deigned to associate. A Lieutenant returning home on furlough, a Captain, even of the same army, were not to be familiarly greeted.

The very Captain of the ship was only tolerated as a companion, by courtesy; he was patronized, occasionally, by a question or two relative to his professional duties. If a signal were made by the Commodore of the fleet, the General was the first to bore the Captain with impertinent inquiries relative to its information, meaning, &c. His rank was presumed to neutralize the intrusive 'platitude' of asking childish questions, while yet the glass was at the Captain's eye.

He, of course, unhesitatingly interrupted the Captain's communications with the officer in attendance with the signal-book; and he confused the Midshipman, preparing to unravel the mysteries of the colour-chest. Were the ship's crew employed in sealing their guns, or exercising in the various evolutions of gunnery, the General was there; he longed to give orders, as usual, concerning a subject of which he could possibly know nothing practically, as applicable to sea service. Were the top-gallant sails to be taken in, the top-sails reefed, the gib hauled down, preparatory to a coming squall;—Le voici encore Monsieur le Général! was the word, 'steady' given to the helmsman, in a solemn prolonged tone, technically understood to command severe attention to the helm, you would have found our gentlemen looking into the 'binnacle.'

Has a flying fish dropped on board, in attempting to cross the ship, "here Midshipman shew this to the General." Has a boneta been speared forward, "where is the General?" Do the lady passenger wish to walk the quarter-deck, "bless me, where *is* the General?" In short, this is but a shadow of that way-giving, time-serving, obsequious flattery, so grossly spread, layer upon layer, which unfits half the empty heads in the richer, I had almost said the upper walks of life from conducting themselves like any thing but hallucinated asses. Independently of these saturating agents of disgust, I knew the General, when in London, to carry constantly about with him a small

pocket volume, containing the exact fares of hackney coachmen, cabmen, and Thames watermen.

I had also casually detected him sneaking about oil shops, reading the labels upon pickle-jars and currie powders; staring at the 'cartes' appended in restaurateurs' windows: eyeing the muligatawney coffee-houses, and perpetrating various other questionable manœuvres, *slightly* antithetical to the liberal feelings of a General, retired upon his pay, plus a handsome metallic independence. My pointed inattention to his campaigning efforts, and evident wishes to avoid the recital of his wonders, so completely annoyed him, that he cut my companion and myself *dead*, long before our arrival in town.

This cruel decision on his part did not much affect our feelings, neither did the award appear to have any prejudicial influence upon either the celerity or the destination of the coach, for it arrived, at its usual time, at the Golden Cross Inn, West Strand.

We all, once more, took refuge in the coffee-room. The General selected a box for himself.

We could still command a view of his future scene of action. My companion and myself confined our physical exigencies to a bottle of Sherry, proposing to visit the Theatre, and order a late supper. In the meantime, (to the shame of the discrimination of the British public be it asserted,) no soul in the coffee-room, save ourselves, knew that the abode enclosed an East Indian General; nobody took any notice of him; nobody cared about him. Even the waiter, the members of whose craft have the credit of nice discriminating powers, even *he* waited upon him *only* as he waited upon others,—the fool! The General took up a newspaper, laid it down again—ordered his dinner. A vulgar fellow, with metal buttons to his *leggins*, and a double-breasted drab waistcoat, furnished with the same insolent metallic 'deviations,' strode up to the General's table, and, *after* whisking the paper away, remarked, 'you have done with this paper sir?' The General blackened with rage at the cool postulate; he was petrified by the shock of this vulgar shower-bath. After waiting nearly an hour, under those favouring circumstances, where hunger is relieved by the mental abstraction and interest afforded by a view of a cruet-stand, two salt-cellars, and a square of stale bread, reposing on the bosom of a soft-soap smelling table-cloth. The General ventured upon a remonstrance with the waiter. 'Beg your pardon, sir directly;' and almost directly it came, or rather part of that dinner came. A sole, well browned, *not* blackened, but *inclining rather* to No. 30, Strand; dried up in its best parts, and the back bone visible through a deep crack following its entire course; the whole animal in a cold perspiration from the second culinary process, viz: standing a good while before the fire, with the cover on, awaiting its tardy consort the potatoe. The General looked down in despair upon the colliquative phenomenon. The potatoe, however, promised better, the exterior was white and mealy; alas! the application of the fork detected for its nucleus a patent cricket ball.

And now appeared that terror and abomination of continental Europe, the RUMP STEAK; at least two pounds of the gristly, grid-

iron-branded monster, be-peppered, be-salted, and be-horse-radished, stared the general in the face.

In vain the 'sheer-steel' knife-blade is pressed and drawn in torturing efforts upon it's hide:—it must be torn—it must be convulsed by downright sinewy strength. The general has been fortunate enough to detach a portion and insert it into his mouth; his teeth close harmless over the morsel; the mouth is rapidly forced open again by the elastic and re-active agency of the intruder. To triturate it—to masticate it, is impossible. To what, or to whom, save the jaws of a greyhound, or the professional pedestrian, for insertion between the stocking and sole of his walking shoes—to what, I repeat, save such purposes, can this rescinded 'Gluteus' be made available?

"But for one end, one much neglected use
Are 'Rump-steaks' worth your care."

This would have formed a trying disappointment, had not the considerate cook added oyster sauce, to temper the rigidity of the steak. The General looked wistfully at the sauce-boat; nothing, save a tranquil surface of congealed paste, was to be seen. Has the bill-sticker been robbed of the contents of his tin pouch? He removed the superstratum: slowly the waves of greasy starch were convoluted to the side of the boat; he stirred the sub-natant liquid; the uniformity of the speckled deep was now broken by the eruption of four skinny corrugated shapes, which, shrinking at the stimulus of candle-light, again sunk to the bottom; they are not mermaids: from their care-wrinkled aspect, they are, without doubt, "oysters cross'd in love."

If my memory serve me truly, a roast fowl was included in the "*carte*." From a cursory glance which I had of it, I can pronounce it to have been an industrious and indefatigable biped, as it carried it's liver under one arm and it's gizzard under the other. What sauce or garnish adorned this latter dainty, I will not take upon myself to determine; for, by this time, the dinner-disappointed East Indian, who had been some time kindling, burst into a devouring flame. Bells were rung, and waiters congregated, while, in a torrent of invective, the General endeavoured to annihilate them by a declaration of his name, rank, wealth, and honours. Pacification could hardly be effected, till the master or head functionary made his appearance, bearing in his hand a large bason of mulligatawny soup, intended for somebody else, but brought as a votive offering, to appease the fiery-faced, tempest-raising Pagan. The effect was as miraculous as that of the Empress Helena casting overboard the nail of the true Cross. The moment the fumes of the barbaric compound saluted his distended organs, his bellowing and distorted tones died away into a scarcely audible whisper—the fiery perturbation of his rolling eye-balls relaxed into a tender expression of contentment; his inflamed visage became suddenly imbued with the stolid tenderness of an heretofore enraged cow, who, licking her restored calf, expresses her subsided fury by prolonged and indistinct mutterings! The last we *saw* of the general, was, bending over the landlord's

offering, with the eagerness of a Pagan god, devouring his sacrifice, spoon in hand and napkin under chin, his face as red as a lobster, and large particular drops bounding their way across its volcanic surface, suffering all the agonies of cayenne and caloric with a satanic delight; his matured capabilities of endurance resolving the fire-rejoicing Chabert into a mere sucking imp! The last I *heard* of him, was, that he had married his cook, least she should give him warning, and, assisted by his wife, was publishing a treatise on the "Lights and Shades" of English cookery! K. K.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF A TORY.

The Commons House! the Commons House!
Whence glorious Pitt, resounded far
The spells omnipotent to rouse
The arts of peace the flames of war.
Your vaulted roof is standing yet,
But ah! your sun of fame is set.

Here stood a Fox and Sheridan,
And tasked their high soul's energies;
They counted o'er their Whiggish clan,
And listening to their factious cries,
Exulted in their close array.
The Question's put—and where are they?

And where are they? and where are ye,
Close Boroughs? on your voiceless score,
Of benches, shouts of victory
From Tory bosoms rise no more.
And must a Tory bard proclaim
The downfall of the Tory name.

Must we but *weep* o'er days more bright,
Must we but sigh for places lost.
Close Boroughs, exercise your right,
Give back the glory of our host;
Give back a chosen faithful few,
We'll fight the battle o'er anew.

What! silent still, and silent all;
Ah no, the tongues of Schedule A.
Responsive echo to the call,
And with Iago in the play,
They cry, "Put money in thy purse,"
And you may still avoid the curse.

Fill high the bowl with Bourdeaux wine,
By Cam's and Isis' tuneful shore
Exists the offspring of a line,
Such as our Tory mother's bore;
And there, perhaps, the seed is sown,
Aristocratic blood may own.

Place me on Sarum's lonely mound,
Where nothing but the winds and I,
Shall hear our mutual wailings sound;
There, owl-like, let me live, there die.
A House, where Whigs in office shine,
Sha'n't number me, for I'll *resign*.

ULTRA RADICALISM.

Est huic diversum vitio vitium prope majus;

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Dum vult libertas dici mera, veraque virtus.

It is always of great importance to the formation of sound political characters, to possess clear and well-defined knowledge of the existing divisions of the political world. This would not be the case, if the ends of politics were abstract and speculative; if political inquiry and reflection were to be entered upon with the sole view of establishing just principles, to be arranged and composed into a sound and complete theory. But, regarding political ends, in common with those of all other departments of the business of life, as based upon social utility, and as utterly unattainable without social activity and conduct; it is impossible to separate the real question of politics from its close connection with the principles and proceedings of the various parties in a state. No one, however distinguished by talent and acquirements, can attain a political end by himself. A man may collect his own materials for reflection, and pursue his thoughts to just conclusions, without aid from the co-operative principle; but here individual power in politics ends. No good result can ensue from just political opinions, but through the combined activity of party; party, not, of course, in the invidious sense of the term, as meaning a set of men with no other views than their own collective advantage; but as meaning a body of men brought together by the sole necessity of our social condition, which renders co-operation essential to all practical public good.

A sound politician must, therefore, be always attached to some party, in the sense we have attributed to the word. It were as feasible an attempt to navigate a ship without a crew, as obtain a lawful political end without a party. No man of sense, when he disclaims party connection, can mean any other than the unholy and detestable union above alluded to, and which it would be as well, by the bye, in order to avoid equivocation, to agree to call, not party, but conspiracy; as denoting a combination of selfish men for an anti-social purpose.

Our opening proposition is, we think, indisputable: and, if a rational and practical politician must attach himself to some party, it is of first-rate importance for every man enlightened enough to be interested in politics, to be thoroughly acquainted with the political parties of his day.

And what then seems to be the state of our country in this respect? The existence of a great quantity of political opinion at the present juncture, greater by far than at any earlier period of our history, being unquestionable, is this aggregate mass of opinion still in the chaotic state? or has it developed itself into the distinct properties of its constitution? May we quote concerning it from the poet?—

——————— rudis indigestaque moles ;
Nec quidquam, nisi pondus iners ; congestaque eodem
Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.

* * * * *

Ostabatque aliis aliud : quia corpore in uno
Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia siccis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus.

or do the following lines convey a more just representation of the present state of our political elements?

Hanc Deus et melior litem Natura diremit :
Nam cœlo terras, et terris abscidit undas,
Et liquidum spisso secrevit ab ære cœlum.
Quæ postquam evolvit, cæcoque exemit acervo,
Dissociata locis concordi pace ligavit.

We have no doubt ourselves upon the subject. We think it quite clear, that political opinion has now evolved itself into a certain number of clearly defined party divisions; that the chaos, into which the late break-up of the old political system had for a season thrown us, is now reduced to order, at least for all purposes of decided opinion: that we may consider our political elements as separated into their own proper regions of natural attraction and repulsion.

We by no means infer the perpetuity or long continuance of this condition of political analysis. We are quite sure, that as knowledge and reflection become more general, there is a natural tendency to cohesion; and that in process of time, party divisions will be fewer. But for present purposes; for all attainable ends of current politics; we consider party divisions clearly defined, and that any conscientious politician may be helped to a just and consistent choice of some one party, in decided preference to all others.

We divide, then, our politicians into five parties, as follows:— Ultra Tories—Tory and Whig conspirators—Liberal Whigs and Reformers—Radicals—Ultra Radicals. To these we assign, for clearer distinction sake, the appellations *Maintainers—Yielders—Menders and Restorers—Alterers and Improvers—Destroyers and Manufacturers.*

To commence with the first mentioned; thus affording them, what they so doat upon, precedence. Every one, by this time, thoroughly understands the nature of a genuine old Tory. Not to dwell invidiously and spitefully upon the inadmissible peculiarities of this class of politicians, we will pass over them, after selecting a most respectable individual from their ranks for their representative. The Duke of Newcastle is surely the Ultra Tory, *par excellence.* Who so consistent and unflinching a *Maintainer,* as his Grace? The military Duke deserves not to be named in the same century with him. The latter has, to be sure, resolved upon *maintaining* the future integrity of his windows; but how will this mere precautionary measure bear comparison with the civil Duke's *maintenance* of his right to remuneration for the outrage on his castle at Nottingham, and his final triumph in a court of justice? And here we must take the liberty of assuring his Grace, that the most prostrate of his Tory admirers does

not rejoice more heartily than our Radical selves, at the compensation awarded him for the brutal injury. We only wish the value of his castle had been at least doubled in the verdict: for surely neither a country nor an individual makes due reparation for an act of heinous barbarity, by mere restitution of value, even when value can be exactly measured, which in this instance it would not.* We recollect too, how his Grace *maintained* his rights in Portman-Square with true constitutional consistency, by heading his domestics and a posse of police, against a herd of human tigers, or rather jackalls, who had beset his mansion. Then, again, the spirited *holding out* of Clumber against the savages of the surrounding country! All these instances, in addition to *the famous original maintenance* of the right to do what he would with his own; not to omit, moreover, the "Address to all Classes and Conditions of Englishmen," not long since published by his Grace, prove him to be a most apt representative of those whom we have designated *Maintainers*.

The Tories may thank us for this selection of a pattern man from them. Thoroughly averse, from their profound and inordinate folly, we still despise the meanness and inhumanity of those who curiously spy out their bad, and blink their redeeming qualities; and, while we would brand their politics with detestation, we make it a point of honour and probity to be the more scrupulously just to their social merits in other respects. Pursuing this principle of hostility, we have always gladly lent an ear to detail of facts creditable to those from whom, as politicians, we are altogether estranged; nor could we derive so much pleasure in overhauling a fresh and full budget of Newcastle political fooleries, as we did the other day, in hearing this nobleman spoken well of by a Radical acquaintance from his neighbourhood. We rejoiced to learn from this person, that the Duke, while he *maintains* every item of the catalogue of false political principles, *maintains* also the character of a kind † and considerate land-

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* The fact, that this Duke's castle has never been rated at its just value, for the house-tax, does not interfere with our wish, that a double compensation had been awarded him. We must not have *ex post facto* laws to operate against the aristocracy, any more than ourselves. The injury of that savage and brutal burning, cannot be palliated (but by an Ultra-Radical writer) on the score of the Duke's having not been duly charged with the house-tax. The insufferable iniquity of incendiarism does not admit of the slightest extenuation. Society at large ought to be charged with at least double compensation to individual sufferers, till it is awakened to a sense of its duty, to keep those men more effectually in check, whose indirect excitement leads to such atrocities. We know well enough the Ultras never write 'burn,' 'destroy;' but they invariably treat burning and destruction *as a matter of course;* and, by attributing all the blame to remote causes, very intelligibly exculpate the immediate perpetrators of mischief.

† 'Kind and considerate landlord,' indeed! we think we hear some Ultra exclaim. 'Yes, friend Ultra,' we reply. 'The ejecting an independent tenant was a mere piece of *class tyranny;* and not a jot worse than the common practice of all borough proprietors under the past corruption. Unless, O Ultra, thou art prepared to maintain, that the breast of a borough proprietor must have, in every instance, been closed to kindly feelings, thou must needs be convicted of ungenerous ferocity towards Newcastle, if thou disbelievest in his general humanity. He spoke out the tyranny of his class like a man. Thou, O Ultra, art

lord; and that his numerous tenants were animated by a feeling of enthusiasm in his favour, and prepared to risk their lives in defending him at Clumber. Thus much for the genuine *Ultra-Tory maintainers.* Of course we need not beseech any of our friends not to attach themselves to the party of these men!

Next, for our *Tory and Whig conspirators.* We loudly protest against allowing these men any longer use of the honourable title of Party! We trust the public is far advanced enough in political judgment to be fully aware of the necessity of aiming henceforth at the most logically correct application of terms. No observing man can mix in society without conviction of the great mischief accruing to amateur politicians, from the confused and indeterminate state of the political nomenclature. For ourselves, considering politics inseparably intertwined with moral truth, we are too deeply impressed with the dignity of the subject to take it up as a vehicle for conversation or display. This impression is of long standing with us, and we have consequently addicted ourselves to politics as a task, full of the most gratifying interest in every stage of advancement; but still a task, rather than an amusement. We could not help their soon finding out the misapprehension and mischief resulting from the unrestrained use of the current appellations of the political world. Hardly ever were we present at a discussion on politics, but at least two individuals of the party separated in huff and mutual misunderstanding, through the too comprehensive or too contracted sense in which they had respectively applied to themselves, or those they approved of, some of the political designations of the day.

We are not so Utopian as to believe that this mischief can ever be got rid of entirely; much less so egotistical as to expect a great deal from our own efforts at purgation. But "every little helps," as the old saying is, and in the hope of doing some slight service to the cause of political truth we now write.

We have learnt, then, for ourselves, to attach our own meaning to all class designations, and should as soon think of painting a portrait from a verbal description, as judging of a political pun or measure from the current slang of politics. But our amateur political friends seem to us very generally careless in this respect. It seems enough for their purpose to be able to maintain an opinion with some degree of plausibility and consistency, or perhaps wit, in social converse. We hardly ever meet with a talking politician, too seldom with a writing one, who gives us the notion of having a mind duly conscious of the existing state of party divisions, and made up, as to which of them he is included in. In the hope of benefitting such persons, we are now writing; and we conjure them, at all events, to deliberate upon our suggestion, that the *Moderate Tories* and *Party Whigs,* as they have hitherto been usually termed, should henceforth be bracketted together, thus: { Tory / and / Whig } conspirators.

for ever babbling of manliness. Let the civil Duke reap the benefit of thy vaunted liberality. "Rather extenuate than set down aught in malice" against him. Believe, that had his heart notbeen a sound one, he would not have been simple enough to blurt out the *vox ineffabilis* of borough-mongery, as he did.

Is not the bond of union, by which Tories and Whigs of this class are respectively held together, a bond of sheer conspiracy? In which of these politicians do we ever recognize the slightest indication of a regard for *general* interests? Amongst the Ultra-Tories, futile and mistaken though their views are, any one but a bitter partizan must discern a palpable and pervading principle. The staunch maintainers are, very generally, estimable members of society. The crotchet, by which their minds are perverted to the extent of political imbecility, viz. the *absolute* preference of antiquity, is nothing but the excess of a holy and praiseworthy sentiment. There is certainly ground for a constant joke against them, in the fact, that, in ninety-nine instances out of an hundred, their social position does not appear susceptible of advantage from change; but, as the old saying is, "a joke's a joke," and, we will add, ought not, in serious matters, to be carried too far; nor can we, though, like other humorous persons, we often smile at the complete coincidence between Ultra-Tory interests and Ultra-Tory politics, deny these men the credit of really meaning well to the Public, though they also are very fond of themselves.

But och! the Tory and Whig conspirators! the men who, professing the principles of public good, and upholding certain tenets in pretended pursuance of that principle, are never found to hold on in a straight course when the popular breeze has freshened into a gale, and the cargo of their own gross selfishness is in danger of injury from shipping a sea!

Cannot any mere tyro in politics fix upon many public men of this description, held together by the *fœdus lœtronum*, without one jot of real principle beyond the faith which selfish instinct prompts them to keep with their own band, because they could not hope by individual effort to sack so much booty, as by conspiracy?

We have been forced, by indignant feeling, to speak too bitterly of such persons to admit of our selecting an instance from amongst them. Pass we on then, after requesting our friends, the amateurs, to strengthen their resolutions against associating with this worthless herd, by mentally ejaculating the "*Justum et tenacem propositi virum*," &c., whenever they meet with, or think of them. As Cromwell exclaimed at Sir Harry Vane, so do we in parting, at the Tory and Whig conspirators. "The Lord deliver us from them!"

But who have we got to deal with next? the *Liberal Whigs and Reformers?* or, as we have taken the liberty to denominate them, the *Menders and Restorers?* Concerning party, we feel it difficult to express ourselves. We are conscious of considerable debt towards them, for the goods to which they have helped us, and which could not have been safely acquired without their instrumentality. Our gratitude and good-will towards them makes us lament that we cannot addict ourselves to their party. But here again we must qualify our expression of dissent. We avow, then, that *we rejoice in their occupation of the helm of our good ship at present;* nor, till we have given some of our younger hands a longer and severer trial, would we willingly trust ourselves to their pilotage in preference. We cannot give Earl Grey, nor any of his Cabinet, except *perhaps* Lord Durham, (we say *perhaps*, because we have not yet had quite experience enough

of him,) credit for a willingness to look at every measure wholly and solely with reference to its intrinsic worth and fitness for the existing condition of society.

We deem the present Cabinet men of principle, but we consider them to be influenced by some portion of the Ultra Tory fanaticism. Sincerely liking and respecting them, we have nothing of severity, much less bitterness, to say against the party, and shall not scruple, therefore, to fix upon the noble Premier himself, as exhibiting, what we deem their essential imperfections. It is quite enough for us, that Earl Grey once deliberately avowed himself unable to view any political measure without reference to the interests of his order. This nobleman is a man of thoroughly tried principle and consistency; and being too old in politics to have a new leading opinion to adopt, and too wary and self-possessed to utter a sentiment on the mere spur of the moment, we confess ourselves widely at variance with him in political principle. The notion of a titled and privileged class, upon any other ground, and with any other object than the common good, is to us an insufferable heresy; nor can a man, endowed with such an intellect as Earl Grey, be deemed, we think, less than incurably and *damnably** unsound, for uttering a sentiment in exception to the *absoluteness of general interests*. Evil, we think, ought to be, and evil, we prognosticate, will be the day, for the English Nobility, when it shall contumaciously insist upon maintaining any privileges of its own without due regard and deference to the essential principle of their origin, in the spirit, if not always in the letter of Constitutional Law. The golden calf of such wilful and invincible idolatry will assuredly be broken and pounded into dust, although, as we devoutly hope, the idolaters, with their families, may not be swallowed up in the yawning abyss of a political earthquake.

Upon casting our eye over the names of the present ministers, we cannot single out one, to be entirely trusted, as free from the Grey heresy, except Sir John Hobhouse. Of this man we entertain not the slightest suspicion. We cannot praise him for discretion towards the Westminster Electors. We think he has treated them with a presumption and levity quite preposterous. How he would deem himself justified in flying off at a tangent, as he has done, from the circle of his old political professions, the moment his former supporters applied the test which he used to glory in being subject to, is more than we can account for! We have no notion of *the honour* of representing a constituency, over particular in prescribing opinions on questions still in a debatable state. But Sir John Hobhouse had literally no pretensions but those derived through his former pledges, to the representation of Westminster. Old service, though it will support a just claim to reward, is not always admissible as a plea for future employment. The man who has hitherto served us faithfully, may be justified, in some instances, no doubt, for refusing to solve doubts of his future trust-worthiness. But if ever there was an exception to the propriety of such scrupulousness, Sir John Hob-

* Damnably, in the *classic* and *controversial* sense.

house's case is surely one. His recorded speeches to his constituents avow, beyond the possibility of mistake, a recognition of the general expediency of Pledges; they also avow a suspicion of the very party, with whom he now has coalesced. *We* think the Party in power worthy of power, for the present; and give Sir John Hobhouse full credit for good intentions in acting with them. But this is foreign to the question of his offence against the Westminster Electors. When they elected him, his views would not amalgamate with Whiggism of any kind; and though his conduct may have since been, as we ourselves deem it, irreproachable, he certainly, in common courtesy, and without reference to the serious nature of his trust, owed his constituents the most temperate, and respectful, and elaborate explanation, if not downright apology.

For our own parts, we cannot help believing Sir John to be the better Baronet of the two; to have, by far, the less of the Aristocratic leaven in his composition, if indeed he has any of it, and to be, in all respects, a more suitable representative for a radical constituency than Sir Francis. But this is no business of ours. If the Westminster men choose to be grateful to Sir Francis for his deeds of old, and reward him by continuance in service, they had a right to do so; nor, however rejoicing in Sir John's return, do we think he could justly have complained of ejection.

Having at present said thus much respecting the *Menders and Restorers*, we must reserve a little more consideration for them, in our conclusion; when we argue for the present fitness of these men as a party for office, in preference to such as would be chosen by our hot-headed brethren, the Ultra Radicals, either from amongst their own sub-division, or from amongst those to which we profess to belong, viz.: the *Radicals*, the *Alterers and Improvers*.

Of what sort of men then, and of what sort of views may the Radical Party be said to consist? and hence, as the best way to establish the existence of our own party in due individual distinctness, we shall attempt a definition of a *Radical*.

A *Radical* then, in our opinion, adopts for his fundamental principle, alteration and improvement, in reference to amendment and restoration. He believes that, as in the moral, so in the political world, it is contrary to the law of our creator for men and things to remain long in the same state. *He not only objects to the principle of maintaining things as they are, but also to the principle of establishing any fixed condition of things whatever, as the beau ideal of political perfection.* He does not give man, of past or present time, credit for wisdom to contrive *absolutely* for the future. He allows full scope for the utmost stretch of human sagacity and foresight in providing; but he believes the chances are so much against these, in attempts to enact permanent provision, that *he is always rather disposed to be stirring, and, if possible, improving, than standing still and letting alone.*

The *Radical* attributes more practical wisdom to the confessedly reflective and deliberative portion of the present, than of the past world; but this principle is guarded from excess by habitual unwillingness to trust the impetuous and heady light troops and skir-

mishers of the radical subdivision, the ultras, with the conduct of main operations. As a tangible instance of this cautiousness, he approves entirely of Attwood of Birmingham, who refuses to submit the Union to democratic direction, in contradistinction to those who, as represented by the *True Sun*, are for extending the union principle without any allowances for the deliberative incapacity of the masses.

The Radical recognizes junctures, though he knows they cannot be constitutionally provided for, when the voice of reason and common sense must be obeyed as an instinct, in bold independence of, and perhaps fierce hostility against, all laws, but those of religion and humanity. He deems such junctures of very rare occurrence; and that *they never lawfully arive but when leading principles cannot be maintained by means already instituted.* He thinks the good and conscientious man cannot be subjected to a severer trial than in acting a prominent part at such junctures; and he admires Attwood, more than any English political citizen of the day, for having assumed the independent position and attitude, at the right time, and with the right spirit; and for having promptly discountenanced the energy of political union, of *imperium in imperio,* as soon as the leading principles had been placed beyond reach of danger.

The *Radical* loves to contemplate the progressive advancement of the masses to a point of comfort, independent of the cruel and detestable tyranny of unjust taxation, and insufficient reward for services. This advancement of his fellow creatures is the guiding star of his political course. On this object his mind is intently fixed; towards it his hopes are bent. If his spirit is apt to be raised to the contrary point, it is in hostility towards those who would keep the masses in their present unworthy and suffering condition; or in jealousy of such as, like the ultra radicals, insist upon being the only lovers of the people. Of these boastful pretenders to exclusive humanity he exclaims with Hamlet—

> "Why, I will fight with thee upon this theme
> Until my eyelids will no longer wag."

The *Radical* is for raising the people by gradually gaining upon, not degrading their *ignorant* oppressors; still he scruples not to chastise the aristocratic spirit; to tell noblemen and gentlemen plainly, if hinting will not suffice, that they are but the creatures of society, and must behave themselves accordingly; and if hinting and plain speaking will neither of them answer the purpose, he will gladly *lend a hand to make them mind their p's and q's.*

He has not patience enough to wait for improvement as long as old-fashioned politicians require; *dum defluat amnis;* but he is not in the confounded hurry of ultra radicalism. He feels that *what we have to gain from the aristocratic party, must be gained for good and all, when it is gained:* and not being aware of the exemption of the radical party from the common weakness of human nature, *the disposition, namely, to do number one a little more jnstice than may be quite fair upon members two and three,* he had rather *wait in moderation* than run the risk of perpetrating an irreparable injury. He does not give the workies, as the Americans call them, credit for the wisdom

or temper, or self-renunciation, requisite in adjusting the differences between themselves and their oppressors.

Nobody would delight more than the Radical, in the native superiority of such men as Samuel Downing, cabinet-maker! brought before the public by *Junius Redivivus* in the *Examiner*. Nobody would more entirely admit the propriety of the writer's suggestion, that Samuel Downing should be elevated promptly above handicraft, and enabled to devote his powers to the instruction of his fellows. But the Radical's lip would curl into a smile at the inference of the exaggerated *Junius*, that the said Samuel Downing, in virtue of his *capacity of thinking correctly and feeling deeply*, and being thereby, of course, better qualified for public service than *some* legislators, ought to be forthwith elevated to legislative office! Much more would the Radical dissent from the current inferences of ultra radicalism, that the numbers of wise and temperate politicians, amongst the workies, bear a controlling proportion to the slightly informed and intemperate.

The Radical must be astounded at the readiness with which ultra radicals swerve, in practice, from their favourite tenet, *the all-involving importance of knowledge*. He is deeply impressed with the truth of this tenet, and has probably caught some portion of his enthusiasm in its maintenance from the ultras. It must be a marvel to him then, how the chief pretenders to this political principle habitually exert themselves to counteract it, by *appealing, on questions requiring knowledge, ere they can be entertained, to the judgments of men still in a general state of ignorance and prejudice*. This astonishment must be all the greater, because *the ultra Radicals are wont to dwell upon the tendency of knowledge to obviate danger from popular excitement; and thus readily admit the present existence of an evil they continually provoke*.

The Radical again is forcibly struck by *the glaring inconsistency of the ultras in the tone they adopt respecting the misdemeanours of the masses*. He cannot understand why the ultras advocate extension of knowledge to improve the people, if the people, as at present, are never, on any occasion of conflict with the authorities, so much to blame as their opponents. If the people are now wise and cool enough to be canvassed indiscriminately upon questions of politics; and, when assembled in numbers, are only tempted to outrage by the brutal conduct of the force employed against them, the inference is unavoidable, that no security to the state can be expected from popular refinement; and that the only parties in need of education for that purpose are the military, the police, and their employers.

The Radical cannot discern much difference, in point of criminality, between urging men on to deeds of brutal outrage, and defending or palliating such deeds, and accusing those who would apply sufficient force to check them of inhumanity and tyranny. It seems to him then somewhat over-scrupulous and squeamish in certain political writers of great ability, and no slight moral merit, to take offence at being termed destructive, incendiary politicians. As on no one occasion of civil tumult, and conflict, and destruction, these writers can find ought to be so much lamented as the sufferings of the

burners and scull-batterers; it follows, though they do not perhaps positively approve of such doings, they are certainly not so disgusted at them as the rest of educated society are. The appellations destructive and incendiary are, it must be confessed, not attractive; and, no doubt, somewhat over-express the political bias and tendencies of the ultra party, But they are not applied, in their full import, to the educated and controversial portion of the party; and as meaning no more than toleration of, and comparative indifference to, destruction and incendiarism, and *abomination of all efficient measures of coercion*, the Radical is surprised at their being objected to.

The Radical, the alterer and improver, is not for directly wrenching up by root, whatever displeases in branch, or bud, or blossom, or fruit, but for carefully digging down and laying bare in order to discern the source of mischief; and then, either pruning, or lopping, or sawing off, or, if it be really necessary, rooting up. The Radical is generally disposed to believe something may be worth preserving in the midst of that which is more or less bad. But he is, at the same time, utterly fearless of consequences in undertaking and prosecuting inquiry to the utmost. He is determined to spare absolutely nothing, in kind as well as degree, which, after the most pains taking investigation, shall be found worthless.

The radical holds his own distinct opinions upon the subject of pledges, alike removed from aristocratic insolence and democratic illiberality. He deems it preposterous presumption in a man to affect representation, till he has laid up in his head and heart a certain store of political principles, adopted after years of observation and reflection. Of course, therefore, the radical scouts the canting delicacy of candidates, who, justly spurning the yoke of servitude to constituents, go the absurd length of refusing to admit any definition of the trust they covet, It being only his political principles that can qualify one man of sufficient ability in preference to another, the radical considers a clear and detailed avowal of principles indispensable in a candidate. "*De non apparentibus et non existentibus*," thinks the radical, "*eadem est ratio*;" therefore, though averse from requiring formal pledges, on any points, still fairly in a debatable state, he expects a candidate to declare to what extent *he has made up his mind* on many subjects which have been long before the public; and to explain, with satisfactory precision, the existing bias of his opinion on other points still undetermined with him. He thinks no man fit for a representative who has all, or very much to learn, from listening to future debates in parliament, on measures already old in public consideration; and cannot help suspecting incompetency or sinister intention in those who profess themselves altogether "*in statu pupillari*" as to particulars of future conduct. But the radical has the feelings of a gentleman, and wonders how his countrymen can allow writers or speakers to compare a representative to a servant in want of place. He would not feel himself degraded by cleaning shoes, brushing coats, &c. and, under reduced circumstances, proving himself in all respects "*Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles*;" but his very gorge rises at the idea of serving the many-headed master Plebs in his own way. Death from one of Plebs's brickbats would be luxury to such servi-

tude. He thinks it impossible to define the due extent of explanation from a candidate with greater nicety than by saying, that principles and ulterior general views should be unequivocally and fully avowed, as well as fixed opinions on matters old in debate, and a disposition to afford constituents, after each session of parliament, an argumentative exposée of conduct during it.

The Radical considers short parliaments (triennial are short enough) inseparable from the principle of representation, and would therefore require his candidate to be of the same opinion. He deems absolute independence of vote also essentially inherent in that principle, and would not give his support to a candidate who dissented. The utmost rational entension of the suffrage, accommodated from time to time to the increased intelligence and orderly disposition of the people: item, the substitution of a sound, and general, and compulsory education for the masses: item, the removal of checks on publication; item, the simplicity and equitable arrangement of taxation: all these are principles on which the Radical would expect his candidate to agree with him, and undertake to lose no opportunity of supporting them.

With respect to vote by ballot, the Radical has himself not the slightest fear of any ill consequences from it; and thinks *it will soon plainly appear that it must be adopted as a safeguard against popular as well as aristocratic tyranny.* But the Radical cannot think it fair to press the ballot forward just yet, as a matter of principle. Granted that the talk about straight-forward English manliness to be sacrificed, and spirit of dishonesty to be originated by the ballot, is all fustian and affectation, wherever it is not absolutely criminal? still this sort of self-delusion has prevailed so long in our political world, as to create, even in strong minds, a species of superstition. The Radical has a certain respect for *bonâ fide* superstition, and is much more afraid of the consequences of forcing men's consciences on this subject just at present, than of letting the constituency be bullied and tampered with a little longer (it can only be a little longer), till the necessity of the ballot is as obvious to all well-intentioned persons as it deserves to be. The Radical would expect his candidate to avow a willingness to adopt the ballot, unless some other equally efficient protection can be soon suggested; but he would suspend the admission of the ballot into his catalogue of representative requisites, till the measure has been more freely and formally discussed in a reformed parliament.

On the subject of slavery, the Radical would expect no more, at present, from a candidate, than to avow his intention to support Government in all measures for the protection and improvement of this class of his fellow-creatures generally, and especially for the prompt institution of a searching and efficient police, to be maintained at the expence of slave proprietors, but controlled by the home Government alone. The Radical has ultimate views for the extinction of slavery altogether; but he thinks one or two Reformed Parliaments at least must have passed, and the Colonists become convinced of the utter hopelessness of a return to slavish principles at home, ere they can be brought to the temper, surely necessary, to render the emanci-

pation of their slaves a benefit to the latter. The Radical will not countenance the slaves, any more than the mob-clients of the Ultra-Radicals, in destruction and incendiarism. If, after the assassination, and burning, and destruction, the slaves could with justice seize the remaining property, or could equitably adjust differences with their former masters, the Radical would perhaps choose the limited extent of violence and mis-rule necessary to attain the ultimate benefit. But the slaves abroad cannot, and must not be, any more than the workies at home, trusted with the means of settling affairs as they please. Should they be thus trusted, they would infallibly institute a system against which their former masters would be justified in waging war; nor could the evils of such a state of things be less, but must be greater to all parties, than any which at present belong to the condition of slavery. The radical knows, and admits, the necessity and legitimate use of the physical force of the workies, and of course, also, of the slaves, at junctures of hopeless oppression. But, if ever there can be hope of final adjustment without violence, surely, thinks the Radical, that blessed day has dawned upon England and her dependencies! and surely the work of enlightening the popular mind and humanizing the popular temper must be allowed to proceed for some time longer ere a sound politician would not rather hold slaves, as well as workies, a little back, than urge them a little on.

The Radical would expect his candidate, as a matter of course, and, in consistency with general principles, to urge or help a Government to check hasty, much more tyrannical punishment of sailors and soldiers. If the Radical found a considerable, or even *numerically* respectable, division upon this subject in the army and navy, he would turn his serious thoughts to it, and expect his candidate to express at least an opinion on the expediency or non-expediency of the power of flogging. But, mixing with soldiers and sailors, and finding them, though in other respects differing, what may fairly be called unanimous in supporting the necessity of *the power of very severe corporal infliction* being lodged with officers, the Radical really would deem himself an impertinent personage for meddling in the matter at all, and considers his ultra brethren reprehensible, in point of common sense, for doing so.

The Radical is for preserving the Church property, at least for some years to come, for religious purposes. He is no stickler for any of the paraphernalia and mere circumstance of the present absurd and corrupt system. But he knows the religious sentiment must be, for ages to come, perhaps as long as man is man, publicly expressed; and as inspiration cannot be procured, he wants all the philosophy and mental refinement which money is the only general means for obtaining, in those who are selected to preside over and influence this expression. Tithes the Radical deems a monstrous mode of maintenance for any men who can do nothing without the good-will of their neighbourhood; but the Radical will not let the country gentlemen pocket a shilling more from that portion of tithe, which is strictly public property, The Radical knows how they have profited by this already, and is for making them pay up, therefore, to the uttermost farthing of the actual value, when the Government shall

require them to buy their estates free from the reserved annuity charge. The Radical questions not the absolute right of the Legislature to do exactly what it will with the public portion of the tithes; but, as they are nothing more than a permanent exception to the right of private purchase and appropriation, and do not involve the slightest injustice. Until it has been thoroughly ascertained that the sentiment of religion does not require funds for its most befitting expression and influence over the public mind, the Radical withholds his permission to seize upon public Church property, and substitute a tax for it. He thinks a tax might justly be deemed a hardship and injustice by Dissenters of all denominations; whereas *it is ridiculous to view a reservation from the right of purchase in the light of a tax, and preposterous in any individual to feel aggrieved in paying it,* although he has an undoubted right to wish the payment otherwise appropriated than it is. We think that enough; and all that need be has now been said to exhibit our *beau ideal* of prudent Radicalism in due distinctness. As instances of it in public characters, we do not think fitter persons can be selected than Sir John Hobhouse and Mr. Hume. Whatever may be plausibly argued to the contrary, we maintain it is not quite possible for a man, in the predicament of the former of these gentlemen, to be quite so plain spoken in debate, and quite so independant, as if he were out of office; and, as we deem the plain speaking and independence of such a man as the worthy Baronet to be of more consequence to us at present than his influence with the Ministry, we regret, for his own sake and our's, that he has taken office. We feel convinced that Hobhouse is at least, and would at a pinch be, in word and deed, a Radical, to the extent we have been describing.

As for Mr. Hume, we never saw him; but we have acquired such a respect for him, through his public conduct, as would make us wish to uncover our heads before him in the street. Oh! that he would but ride his hobby, Retrenchment, with a little of that consideration, without which we think he will make him a sorry beast at last! But Mr. Hume, though well versed in figures, is, too, in matter of fact, a man to render figurative language appropriate in speaking of him. Mr. Hume's pervading fault is, we think, a too rigid economy. His, and our own disgust at the former wicked profusion, cannot, in our view, in the least justify the opposite extreme. We cannot cease to wonder how a man of his good and shrewd sense should deem cheap government essential to wealthy England! We hold niggardly payment of public officers, in any grade, not only useless, but downright pernicious, and disgraceful. So do we the retrenchment of working hands to a point, at which the public service can be obstructed in execution and dispatch, or too severe labour exacted from public servants. Oh! that Mr. Hume would discard the notion of cheap government, except as regards pensions and sinecures, and aim hereafter at nothing beyond open and explicit accounts of expenditure. Oh! that he would forbear to insist upon the odious principle of cheapness, and not push retrenchment beyond what might be deemed *liberal economy,* leaving the generosity of a reformed

Parliament to judge a little for itself, on adequate remuneration for *bonâ fide* public service!

It is owing to our high opinion of Mr. Hume that we cannot forbear hazarding what may be deemed hypercriticism on him. We will not run the chance of losing any of this gentleman's good service, from delicacy in finding fault with him; we would feign correct him into the absolutely perfect man, the τέλραγωνος ανηρ of Aristotle. In this spirit we respectfully hint our suspicion of his being a little too prone to treat the masses as he would a deliberative body. We are convinced of the great use of debating with men of the lower orders, upon the most unreserved footing: but we strenuously oppose the admission to debate of large bodies of them at once. In our opinion it is a monstrous absurdity to confer with the working classes on matters of politics, except in the persons of a select few, deputed by themselves, through whom the results of conference might transpire in publication to the main body. We deem an educated man's proper dignity degraded, when he condescends to address so large a number of uneducated men as may be tempted to receive his counter-arguments in a partizan spirit. Multitude and debate are philosophical contradictions. Even in the Houses of Parliament they are scarcely reconcilable with reason. We hope to see the day when hustings shall be abolished, and deputations from the electoral body alone conferred with, while the more general debate may be carried on by publication. *Viva voce* addresses to multitudes we think should be reserved for exhortation to arms against tyranny, foreign or domestic, when all other means of ensuring justice are despaired of.—We hope Mr. Hume would not, in cool moments, dissent from these our views; and, if so, we would implore him to adopt a line of conduct in direct and consistent maintenance of them.

The Ultra-Radicals are the party who run into all those excesses which the Radicals stop short of. They are for razing every thing, but a few political abstractions, to the ground, and then building again, after their own fashion, such institutions as they and the workies may deem fit for all the rest of their countrymen. They are, doubtless, well intentioned, most of them, and mean nothing more by their *asperitas agrestis et inconcinna gravisque*, than the maintenance of *Libertas mera Veraque Virtus*. But they are men in no wise to be approved of by a sound politician; nor should a man who would serve his country, and humanity at large, hesitate to lend his voice, and, if needful, his arm, to support any other party in the State in keeping this party in the back-ground.

These are the men who, like Madame Roland, as stated in Dumont's Recollections of Mirabeau, "*overlook every fault in those who declaim against courtiers, and believe that virtue is confined to hovels, and will exalt very mediocre personages, merely because they possess the same opinion.*" Nay, these are the men, who, in the teeth of their admissions of present popular incompetency, to be gradually gained upon by education, will go the length of telling the people what the good and noble, but exaggerated French heroine only thought about them. These are the men who love to get a few hundreds of uneducated persons together in a rotunda, or a few thousands in the open air, and

appeal to them (on political questions of grave importance, and at least some perplexity,) whether any opinion but their own ought to be listened to; and whether they do not deem dissentients villains, and are not prepared to carry the speaker's propositions into effect at all hazards.

Amongst Ultra Radicals are to be found no philosophers, no unprejudiced men of intellectual power. The late idol of the party, Jeremy Bentham, though possessed of commanding talents for analysis, arrangement, classification, combination, and doubtless a conscientious, and, in many respects, an amicable man, was too full of prejudices to take high grade in moral or political philosophy. There are though, in this Party, men of indisputably high endowments, short of a genuine and consistent philosophy. As a dialectician and wit. the *Examiner* is, perhaps, unrivalled; but he has not the patience requisite for investigation, nor the temper to refrain from extravagant bitterness, and sweeping condemnations. There is sufficient evidence in his writings of a generous and disinterested devotion to the Poor Man's cause; but he is utterly unable to decide, with impartiality, between the upper and lower ranks. He would rather let a mob destroy a million's worth of property, than excuse a troop of dragoons, under command of a gentleman, for charging a mob to prevent such loss. In fact, though evidently a well intentioned man, he is a most heady and dangerous politician; and, could he have his own way, would do more mischief, by over exciting the people, than could be repaired in a very long subsequent experience. The *Examiner* would tell you, (and almost argue you out of your senses in support of his assertion,) that he has never deserved such charges as we have made against him; that he has always maintained the propriety of order and subordination, &c. &c. So indeed he has, here and there, condescended to do *obiter*. But this order and subordination are, throughout his pages, supposed to be posterior to a general break-up and pell-mell conflict in behalf of the workies; and it needs but little penetration, therefore, to discern, that for such gracious condescension to our orderly prepossessions, we do not owe this writer much gratitude or consideration, seeing we are not very likely to benefit by it.

As one instance of the *Examiner's* Ultra Radicalism, we recollect he once objected to the establishment of a National Guard, to protect lives and property, *till he had also institutions worth preserving*, for fear the protection should be extended to our existing institutions!

As another instance we quote the following comment of the *True Sun* on Attwood of Birmingham, the hero of reform, copied into the *Examiner* of November 11th.

"This gentleman is one of the bubbles that are sure to be blown into a little brief existence by a great and imminent crisis. He is one of those who would never make their way to renown through the ordinary crannies of the times, and who require a convulsion to throw them out of the crater. He is the child of eruption, the hot cinder of an hour. Mr. Attwood has made his little fire felt far and wide, and is now sadly afraid of going out altogether. He had contrived to erect himself upon the throne of all the Unions, *to establish*

himself by dint of seeming one of the people, as one of the potentates. The royalty of radicalism seemed embodied in his person. He was proclaimed to the world as the little king of Birmingham; as a kind of "Brummagem" Alfred the Great! The Council of the Union constituted his privy council; the Union itself formed his parliament, whose business it was to vote supplies; and his people were the 200,000 necessary for his purposes at public meetings, to stand bare-headed at his beck, and to affix their signatures to any petitions that it might please his modesty to call upon them to sanction."

Gentle readers! True-hearted and consistent Radicals! are you not amazed at this bitter and unsparing abuse of the very champion of reform; but for whose resolute, yet temperate and forbearing conduct; but for whose high and well-established character amongst the population of his crowded district; but for whose unimpeachable addiction, at least, to the cause of the masses, the imposing attitude of the Birmingham Union would never have been assumed, nor its salutary influence felt, by the cause of reform! You are doubtless anxious to know what can have excited in the organs of ultraism such immoderate rage and hostility against the late god of their idolatry, and the acknowledged main instrument of our political regeneration! Shall we venture to disclose the awful secret? Are your nerves strong enough to bear it all at once? We are positively heaving with the throes of approaching delivery! "*Parturiunt montes* nascetur ridiculus mus." Mr. Attwood had ventured to speak reproachfully, but very temperately, and without the least abuse, of the inefficacious support of the Cockney workies to the Reform Bill. He had used the following words:—"Here are a million and a half of people who have done nothing, and yet they presume to send a deputation to teach us how to form Unions. The working men have neither wealth nor leisure to work in the cause—we have both. If they succeed, they will be certain to break up the political power in this town, and certain not to gain the liberty of the press (that is, its freedom from taxation). The old Radicals have been at work forty years, and have gained nothing."

This specimen of consideration towards the man whose manly and temperate Unionists soon managed what the Cockney workies had no notion of, till they were shown it by him and his friends, is, we think, a complete index to the instincts and qualities of Ultra Radicalism.

> Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec sævior ulla
> Pestis et ira dêum Stygiis sese extulit undis.

In conclusion, we offer a few words to explain our preference of the Liberal Whigs, the Menders and Restorers, in present occupation of the helm, to our own Altering and Improving Party, the Radicals:—

The late break-up, and reduction of our political elements to a temporary chaos, necessarily brought many heterogeneous characters into conjunction. The immediate objects of *Liberals, Whigs, Radicals,* and *Ultra Radicals,* were identical; and not only admitted of, but positively required a close and fraternal union. During this

confusion, many of the Radical Party, indeed almost all the prominent and most active spirits, were forced into political intimacy with the Ultras. It will take more than a little time ere the Radicals can graciously shake off this connection; nor till they can do, and have done so, do we think they could occupy official station, without serious impediment to their effectiveness from the Ultra Parties. The Ultras, on either side, are voracious and insatiable as the abyss. They know not what it is to have enough. Such writers as the *True Sun* and *Examiner*, are, through instinctive good sense, deterred from extreme abuse of the present highly deserving ministry. They know the country feels they have done more than could be expected from essential Aristocrats; and that the country is grateful to them; and that they, the Ultra Organs, could not hope to materially impair their credit for principle and consistency. But, were Radicals now to come into power, *tum illæ turbæ fierent!* then what a clamour would the greedy Ultras raise! how would they, like harpies, hover about, and pounce upon, and defile the banquets provided by the Radicals! Not a sentiment would be uttered by a Radical ministry, or a measure proposed, but the flight of dire and obscene Ultras would intercept the popular gratitude, and mar its enjoyment. Nothing, however liberal, which the Radicals could offer, would be enough. The quotations of Radical sentiments and assertions, under the excitement of fraternization with the Ultras, would be so heaped upon them, as to throw suspicion upon their integrity; would destroy their credit with the lower orders, whilst the higher would be so totally estranged from them, as to leave no chance at all of their carrying their measures into effect.

It is a further objection, with us, to the speedy admission of our own party to official power, that it would be subject to unduly rapid impulse from the Ultra Radicals. We feel conscious our own desire for alteration and improvement would expose us to grievous temptation to hurry onwards, had we the whip and reins in our hands; and we would not trust any Radical, we know of, in a situation to be at once excited into vain-glory and over-confidence by the Ultras, and to have the power of pushing his intemperance to consummation.

The systematic and unqualified perseverance against national opinions and wishes, of the unreformed government, was certainly grounded upon a false principle, namely, *that nothing should be yielded as long as it could be maintained.* This false principle is at an end; but the wisdom of the trite old sayings of our school days, "Est modus in rebus,"—"Ne quid nimis, &c." is still unimpaired in the estimation of true philosophy. We maintain, that with our unexampled facilities for discussion, enlarged too, as they soon will be, and through the increasing intelligence of the masses, the country will be better managed by a government a little inclined to hold back, than to lead the way. The public want ministers who will be open to national convictions, not ministers who would force convictions on the nation.

THE LABOUR INSTITUTION.

The Labour Exchange, in the Gray's Inn-road, occupies at the present time a considerable share of the attention of the public, owing to the novelty of the institution, and the celebrity of its founder, Mr. Robert Owen, of philanthropic notoriety.

The disappearance and dissolution of the multitude of the schemes of this gentleman, for the amelioration of the condition of the lower orders of this and of other countries, would argue an apparent deficiency of judgment or of perseverance in their founder; and whether the present institution, for the removal of ignorance and poverty from the world, be destined to be longer lived than his preceding projects at New Harmony and Bagnigge Wells, would appear to be rather problematical. The institution has evidently been commenced without any definite or well-arranged plan of operations, much confusion and misunderstanding having already arisen in consequence; and the quantity of poverty yet removed by Mr. Owen and his well-paid co-directors, is certainly very small. The chief features of the institution are, the system of exchange or barter of commodities, and an attempt to supersede the use of gold and silver, as the instruments of exchange, by the substitution of labour notes. This, however, is a needless and nugatory attempt, for it will be difficult indeed to persuade the industrious classes of the inutility of the usual money of the world, or of the superiority of the notes of Mr. Owen and the irresponsible directors of the Labour Bazaar. The labour notes are indeed themselves paper money, of a most expensive description, being engraved upon a steel plate, in the finest style of the art, and presenting a profusion of elaborate ornamental emblems of industry and plenty—a labour note for one hour, of the value of sixpence, being apparently worth that sum of money as a work of art. The labour notes being also exchanged for silver and gold, at the institution itself, it appears that this portion of the project is at best an expensive and ridiculous singularity.

The other departments of the institution are also conducted upon an expensive scale, the rent of the building alone amounting to the sum of 1200*l.* per annum, and the various expences for management, with the many hazards, from the inability or want of integrity of the numerous persons engaged in conducting so extensive a concern, will probably be found to be fatal to the project.

Many opponents have already appeared against the system—the political leaders of the industrious classes objecting to the principle of the plan, upon the ground of its rejection of politics, and its submissive tendency to patience under the distresses which undoubtedly arise from our system of national misgovernment, and which never can be remedied—but, on the contrary, will be very greatly aggravated—by the meekness and non-resistance of the plan of Mr. Owen. Certainly, the labour exchange presents no remedy for the many oppressions upon the industrious classes of this country; for it is, on the contrary, a mere war upon one very large body of the industrious classes themselves—the small shopkeepers of this metropolis—who,

in the words of Owen, will by the labour institution "be pursued to destruction."

We cannot therefore applaud the establishment, by public subscription, of an institution which is thus avowedly to destroy the body of the smaller shopkeepers of London, who in these times of difficulty are already the most universally distressed and mentally uncomfortable of all the commercial classes of the country, requiring rather assistance, than the opposition of a large and monopolizing institution, such as that of Mr. Owen. We cannot indeed discern, how the removal of ignorance and poverty will ever be effected by the establishment of a monopoly of shopkeeping.

Indeed, the views of this gentleman are somewhat confused and contradictory; and though generally allowed to be benevolent in his intentions, we fear that not an inconsiderable portion of vanity and hungering after notoriety and power, are ingredients in his character. Thus his recent co-operative establishment, at Harmony in the United States, was dissolved by his own supercilious assumption of too great an appearance of wisdom and of power; for we learn from a recent enlightened traveller, Mr. Ferral, that Mr. Owen could brook no distrust in the infallibility of his schemes, and the members of the society retired, universally disgusted with the man. Nor do we perceive why this man of benevolence should have refused, at a recent meeting, to vacate the chair upon any occasion whatever; alleging himself the governor and founder of the institution. Whence he derives his title to the governorship, we know not, excepting by the doctrine of divine right; but he is most assuredly not the founder of the institution in a pecuniary point of view, for the purchase of the building, and the other expences of the project, have been defrayed by the subscriptions of the public. Mr. Owen is thus at no hazard whatever; but, on the contrary, we remember that at the meeting for the completion of the purchase of the building, a resolution was introduced, most strongly guarding him from all personal liability. In these times, when the self-election of boroughmongers and parish vestrymen is yielding to the principle of election by the people, we trust that Mr. Owen will not be the only personage to be tolerated as the perpetual governor of an institution supported by the subscriptions of the public.

But the institution we consider nugatory and of no avail; for allowing that the utmost extent of employment were afforded to mechanics by the labour bazaar, still it is obvious that this merely displaces the same amount of labour in another situation; for the unemployed shoemaker, who manufactures a weekly pair of shoes to be sold by Mr. Owen, causes another journeyman to be unemployed by the master shoemakers in the neighbourhood, which, therefore, is a mere change of the person and the place of the want of employment, and the consequent distress. But we find by a recent decision of the governor, that deposits are now refused of goods in value below one sovereign, a rule which apparently removes the institution beyond the reach of the unemployed of the working classes altogether, since very few mechanics indeed can be possessed of materials

to the value of twenty shillings upon any one occasion, and this prohibitory rule goes therefore to defeat the purpose for which the institution was established. To fulfil the objects of the establishment, the rule ought rather to have prohibited the deposit of goods in value *exceeding* the sum of twenty shillings, when the counters of the bazaar would no longer be loaded with the refuse stock of the metropolitan shopkeepers, to the exclusion of the produce of the labour of the mechanics, for whose benefit the subscriptions of the public have founded the Bazaar.

We are of opinion, however, that persons engaged in the mechanical trades are not those who in reality require assistance from public institutions, such as this Labour Bazaar. For the condition of the operatives in towns is always immeasurably superior to that of labourers upon farms, on the roads, or in other agricultural employments; for there are few sober carpenters or smiths who even in these times of difficulty cannot be furnished with three times more of the comforts of existence than the mass of the agricultural labourers of England; the anguish of whose condition has given rise to the incendiary fires of the last three miserable years. We can venture to assure Mr. Owen that the project for the extensive employment of labourers of the country in cultivation by the spade, will be abundantly more effective for the removal of poverty from the industrious classes, than the exchanging of shoes and waistcoats in the Gray's-Inn Road; since the one would undoubtedly increase the solid productions of the earth, and the real comforts of the labourer, whilst the other is a merely nugatory operation, attended with the disadvantage of "pursuing to destruction" one of the largest bodies of the industrious classes themselves. We consider the views of Mr. Owen upon the subject of spade-husbandry to be indeed the best and the only really advantageous portion of his scheme; for the experiments of the last few years have abundantly proved, that the labour of man is in reality in this populous country more economical than the labour of the horse or the ox, whilst the annual crops of the country may be more than quintupled by the adoption of the spade. The small allotments of land which our alarmed aristocracy are now granting to the labourers of the country, will not only produce the most beneficial consequences upon the condition of our rural population, but will immeasurably increase the rental of the land, owing to the extraordinary increase of the crop—the result of garden cultivation. Thus we know an instance upon the estate of the Duke of B., where twenty-four acres have been recently subtracted from a farm paying a rental of only eleven shillings per acre, and are now subdivided into twelve small tenements of two acres each, for which the labouring occupants can very advantageously pay a rental of two pounds per acre. We can also testify to the sale of carrots to the value of seventy pounds from a single acre of land by spade cultivation. We trust, therefore, that these subdivisions of land are destined to become universal, assisted by the forthcoming change in the equalizing spirit of our reformed institutions, as exhibited by the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the other aristocratical portions of our legislation,

which render the immense accumulations of property in few hands the peculiar curse of England.

But even in this portion of his scheme we are obliged to correct Mr. Owen in his exaggeration of his facts. Not content to effect a moderate improvement in the condition of the labouring classes, he informs us that "Mr. Falla, of Gateshead, has made a fortune by spade husbandry." Now here Mr. Owen conceals the fact that Mr. Falla is a gardener and seedsman, celebrated for his plants over the whole of Scotland and the northern counties of England, and not certainly cultivator of wheat, barley, and oats—the crops of the ordinary farmer. Fortunes cannot, and if the fair remuneration of the labourer be paid, ought not to be made from the cultivation of the actual food of man, and upon the greatest-happiness-principle, the diffusion and not the gathering of wealth is the true source of national prosperity.

We trust then that Mr. Owen will leave the theatre of the town, and the vain plaudits of the Gray's-Inn Road, for the green lanes and pleasant fields of rural tranquillity. The mechanics of the metropolis, redolent of Barclay and Perkins, will expel him from his self-elected chair; but his power will endure for ever amongst the grateful clod-poles of the valley. His own interest and the comforts of the labourer will be simultaneously consulted by an extensive introduction of cultivation by the spade; whilst he derives, we presume, no compensation from his present labours in the magistracy of the labour institution. It is, however, our happiness to remark, that the circumstances of Mr. Owen do not appear to be injured by his operations for the welfare of mankind; for we find from the account of Mr. Ferral that the land and household property at New Harmony remain in his possession to the present time, and have been greatly improved in value by the resort of the population who composed his co-operative institution. This is certainly very good, for we should regret that schemes of benevolence should injure their projectors; but charity vaunteth not itself, and we trust to see Mr. Owen retire from the impracticable tailors of the Gray's-Inn Road to the more silent scenes of rural benevolence.

Viewed in its present situation, we fear that much loss may eventually result to many poor individuals from the operations of the Labour Institution: and as its beneficial effects are so entirely visionary, we trust that the press will remove this stepping-stone to the personal vanity and frivolous ambition of a single individual.

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE "PRY CHRONICLES."

On the second day of the first week in January, 1830, the lord and master of Occiput House was journeying, on foot, from Ariesport to his own mansion, late in the evening.

By what designation this mansion was known, before it was the property of Dr. Kopfstirn, I never heard—nor is it matter of much importance. After the mature deliberation befitting a subject of such magnitude, he re-christened it, with all due ceremony, *Occiput House;* by the which name it is now known. It is an ancient edifice, modernized. Turrets, angles, and trivial conceits, are stuck upon and about the massy walls, wherein our warlike ancestors took delight. In the "days of former years," it was doubtless a castle; but, as some of the lights of the world insist that human nature has degenerated, even so hath it fared with Kopfstirn's Castle. Its present appearance is that of a partly Chinese, partly Gothic erection; which cannot fail to remind the contemplative traveller, that the baron's coronet has been judiciously replaced by the cap and bells, common to all ranks.

This tasteful and elegant building stands within fifty paces of the lofty and precipitous cliff, about a mile east of Ariesport, a watering-place of repute, on the Kentish coast. It frowns not in the native majesty of strength and power, but resembles, more than any thing under heaven, a starving wretch, meditating the fatal plunge from the aforesaid cliff.

The evening on which the Doctor is first introduced to the reader's notice, was precisely such a one as January often favours us with. The snow descended thick and fast; and the keen north-east wind howled drearily around. But being profoundly wrapped up in his own cogitations, and, what was more to the purpose, on such a night, a coat that bid defiance to the cold, he plodded on his way, heedless of the tempest.

He had traversed more than three parts of the distance which separates Ariesport from Occiput House, when he was startled from his reflective mood by a stifled groan. He stopped, drew in his breath, and assumed the attitude of one who listens; but nought, save the dismal sighing of the wind, was audible. So firmly, however, was he impressed with the idea that a fellow-creature was near, and in distress, that, regardless of the inclement night, he remained stationary, and called aloud. The howling of the blast was the only answer. Smiling at what then seemed an illusion, he was moving rapidly from the spot, when a second and more distinct groan fell upon his ear. Although the night was one well calculated for the wanderings of a perturbed and miserable ghost, no such fancy dwelt on the worthy Doctor's mind; but deciding, that the sounds he had heard were purely terrestrial, he commenced an examination on both sides of the fences which separated the road from the contiguous fields.

His exertions were soon crowned with the success they deserved. He perceived an object on the ground, close to one of the fences: it was the body of a human being, whose garments were thickly besprinkled with snow, as if it had lain there some time.

The stranger was as motionless and insensible, as if the spirit which once animated him had parted from its temporary imprisonment with the last deep groan. And such was Dr. Kopfstirn's first impression; but having ascertained the heart's pulsation, and being a powerful man—possessed of the will as well as the means—he lifted him up, and conveyed him to his own house. The usual restoratives in such cases were applied, which, in a short time, rewarded his active benevolence with the desired conclusion. Slight convulsive motions about the eyelids and lips, proclaimed the return of suspended animation. Presently, a pair of black, but lustreless eyes stared vacantly around. In a few minutes they assumed something of intelligence. By slow degrees entire consciousness was restored; and the patient, looking steadily at Dr. Kopfstirn, inquired, in a low, feeble tone, where he was?

"The guest of Dr. Kopfstirn," replied he to whom the question was addressed. "But you must remain quiet for the present, and all will soon be well. I will leave you in excellent hands." And, turning to his housekeeper, an ancient crone, of exaggerated features and forbidding aspect, desired her to watch by the bed-side of the stranger, and left the room.

"Th' owld man's gone clane daft,"—so she grumbled the moment his back was turned,—"to pick up a beggar, or, may be, a thief—the Lord presarve us!—out o' th' snow, as he says. How long I may keep my head on my owld shouthers, who may tell, if our house is to be turned into a lodging for every strolling pedlar, or worse, that happens to take the snow for his bed—an' he has one?"

Without being aware of the amiable feelings thus vented in indistinct mutterings, the stranger presently fell into a disturbed slumber. Fever was apprehended; and the event verified the prognostication.

During this interval, we shall have time for a word or two about the owner of Occiput House.

He was indebted, partly to the bounty of nature, and partly to a good appetite and excellent digestive organs, for an ample rotundity of figure; which, however, was no incumbrance to his activity. His extension of body, and length of sinewy arms, seemed as if originally intended for a man, at the very least, six feet high; and his legs, for one, of not more than half that height. His head was certainly between his shoulders; but how it was fixed there might puzzle a conjuror; for of neck he had none—that is, none visible. It was a round, snipe-like head, covered with long, straight, light-coloured hair, surmounting an equally round, but good-humoured face. Its expression was peculiar, being derived from two animated, sparkling, gray, wise-looking, little eyes; which had acquired an almost perpetually twinkling motion, especially when either angry, or descanting on a favourite topic.

His usual dress was a brown coat, abundantly capacious—it would have enveloped the persons of Daniel Lambert and an alderman joined together. His waistcoat evinced a propensity to dandyism.

It was of black velvet, ornamented with gold embroidery. The rest of his habiliments were of leather, which had seen too many annual revolutions of the sun to have retained their original appearance. His shoes were full three inches wide at the toes, and fastened at the instep, with enormous silver buckles. Now imagine this figure, bearing on its head a clerical hat, a thick oaken cudgel in its hand, and perched on the back of a lazarus-like horse, seventeen hands high, and you have his complete picture as frequently seen riding down the principal street of Ariesport.

Our doctor was a native of that land of wild story—Germany; and a cottage, about ten miles from Francfort, at the foot of the adjacent lofty mountain, *Der Alte-König*, or, the old king, was the little man's residence for the first fifteen years of his life.

On the summit of *Der Alte-König* stand the ruins of an ancient castle. To this point would the young Kopfstirn often climb his laborious way for the solace of solitary contemplation. His constant habit of frequenting the ruined old castle, in addition to his peculiar conformation, acquired for him the appellation of *Der Alte-König*,—and *The Dwarf of Der Alte-König* was perpetually sounding in his ears.

Late in the evening of the first of May, 17—, the persecuted dwarf, bitterly galled by the taunts and jeers he had that day endured, bounded up the steep acclivity with the speed and agility of the chamois. Arrived at his favourite haunt, amid the dilapidated towers of former strength, he seated himself on a little knoll, close to the ruined fortress, and was soon immersed in reflections which exalted him far, very far above the dust and drudgery of this world. He spurned the earth; he spurned the sons of earth; and, ascending on the eagle wing of fancy, looked down with sovereign contempt on many a little planet, as it lay stretched out beneath his feet, a mere speck in boundless space.

Gradually his mind reverted to himself and his fellow-men. He cast his eyes on the ruins around, and thought on antiquarian fame. He looked up to heaven, and the astronomers' celebrity rose before him. He bent his gaze on the earth, and dwelt on the labours of the naturalist. But his mind was yet a mere collection of rude materials, unhewn, unpolished. Decision withheld her fiat. Visions of grandeur floated before his imagination; baseless fabrics, unsubstantial and shadowy. He saw—but was condemned to the fate of Tantalus.

Plunged in these reveries—now unnaturally exalted, and now as unnaturally depressed, he noted not the lapse of time; and night had thrown her starry mantle over the world before he became conscious of the transition. He then prepared to retrace his steps, exclaiming, as he felt the keen pang of disappointment,—

"O that some power—whether fiend, devil, or angel, I care not—would but point out the path to celebrity!"

"Thy call is obeyed!" rang among the ruins in a voice of thunder.

The stout heart of the youthful Kopfstirn, though beating quicker than its wont, disdained to quail. Anticipated triumph flushed his brow and nerved his courage, and he stood erect and firm.

Now, whether the earth opened according to the most approved method in such cases, or whether the dwarf descended through a secret passage, the work of scheming mortality, I am not informed; but in the space of a few minutes he found himself in a subterranean cave, or apartment, brilliantly illuminated. Whence the light proceeded was a mystery. No torch was visible; and the damp of fear stood, for the first time, on the adventurer's brow. The walls, the roof, and the floor were of solid rock, bearing the marks of having been rudely torn asunder by the effect of some mighty power, rather than the systematic workmanship of mortal agency. But the daring Kopfstirn had little time to remark the peculiarities of the cavern's construction, for almost at the moment of his introduction his guide vanished, and from the further extremity of the apartment came a figure which could not fail to appal. Not, unhappily, possessed of Milton's sublimity, I must content myself by saying, that the tail and head gear of this being proclaimed him the dread Prince of Darkness. Kopfstirn no longer felt any difficulty in solving the problem whence the mystical illumination of the cave proceeded.

Our youthful hero, however, contrived to retain possession of his senses. The fearful apparition of him of the cloven foot had not the power, or exercised it not, of reducing him to mere unintelligent matter. He was, therefore, perfectly aware of the whole proceedings, which, for the benefit of the curious in demonology, we have faithfully, but briefly, chronicled.

The ruler of the nether regions advanced to the centre of the infernal cave, followed by a multitude of the most extraordinary and grotesque forms man ever looked upon, and lived to describe. There were witches with their broomsticks; wizards with their wands; and all kinds of fantastic spirits, with heads and without heads, with tails and without tails. These were succeeded by the terrific and gigantic form of the demon of the Hartz mountains, at the head of another motley group of infernals, bearing his uprooted pine for a walking-stick. These elements resolved themselves into a dance.

Perhaps none of my readers ever had an opportunity to witness such an exhibition as a dance of giants and witches. If not, let them imagine Stonehenge and a few scattered hamlets suddenly animated by the music of a volcanic eruption, and frisking about in all the exuberant joy of stones and houses liberated from their thraldom.

The Devil is certainly a gentleman conversant in the ways of the world, and, in the present instance, a copier thereof; for, after the ball, a sumptuous entertainment was spread for their strange guests. Whether his Infernal Majesty's favourite dish—a roasted hippopotamus, garnished with young tigers, was one of the solids of this feast, Ernest Kopfstirn could not ascertain. English gin and porter was handed about, and seemed to be a favourite drink, and divided the palm with brimstone and vitriol. Mirth, revelry, and noise, now triumphed; which, after considerable duration, was suddenly succeeded by the silence of the grave. But as the piercing light, which had hitherto illumined the cavern, began to wane, the stillness was broken by the dæmon of the Hartz mountains, who, rearing his gigantic height far above his compeers, and leaning on his pine-tree,

delivered the following prophecy, in a voice that vibrated through every fibre of Ernest Kopfstirn's frame.

" When the Dwarf of Der Alte-Konig shall have been a student at Gottingen, an infant science shall spread abroad its branches, and flourish through the earth."

A wild cry of joy burst from the deepest recess of Ernest's heart, which made every eye turn to the spot where he stood. A commotion arose, the light vanished; fear and trembling came over him, and he saw nothing more of this superhuman assembly, but found himself, he was ignorant how, in the same place where he had first heard the voice from the ruins.

There is a tradition current in Germany, that at the castle of Der Alte-Konig, on every successive May-day, the Devil holds a convocation of all the witches and wizards in the German empire; that he inquires how they had performed their several parts since the last meeting, and concludes his catechizing, by giving them a splendid entertainment. Though Ernest Kopfstirn retained the firm conviction he had been bodily present at one of these convocations, as just related, yet many shook their wise heads and avouched that he merely fell asleep among the old ruins. This may be the most rational way of accounting for it, but assuredly not the most German.

Whether Ernest Kopfstirn dreamed the scene I have described, or not, I leave the learned to decide. Be the decision as it may, his future life was materially influenced by the occurrence; for, within a few days, he left the home of his friends and journeyed on foot to Gottingen, where, adventureless, he arrived, elate with hopes, glorious hopes of future celebrity.

Here he studied hard, possibly stimulated by his adventure at Cronenburg, and acquired a very creditable share of learning. He applied, nor went application unrewarded. The mine was opened; he saw the glittering and precious ore, and he laboured incessantly to make it his. When, therefore, he received his degree, it was not bestowed on ignorance, to the prejudice of the profession. His labours were not, however, confined wholly to the useful. He was an enthusiast; everything breathes enthusiasm at a German University, and dearly did he love the abstruce and the fanciful. At one time he devoted himself to certain wild theories, bearing on the state of his native country; a subject started and pursued with mad eagerness by German students in general,—while at another time he was involved in the entangled meshes of the alchymical web. Yet, although the words of the prophecy frequently recurred to his memory, he could not persuade himself that alchymy was the infant science alluded to. At length, felicitous thought! phrenology presented itself to his mind; and, with the enthusiast's quickness, he decided that, therein he should rise pre-eminent, therein " live a life in others breath," according to one of the definitions of fame.

Eternity of fame is an alluring bait, and the incipient Phrenologist redoubled his exertions. Bumps and organs, and their developement, were his study by day, and his vision by night. Henceforth, nor bird, nor beast, nor mortal, ever came in his way that escaped his scrutiny. His whole energies were directed toward this single pursuit, and, in process of time, he shone forth a most remarkable speci-

men of the craniological genus. When he quitted the University of Gottingen, he had the reputation of a clever man led astray, by the *ignis fatuus* of an idle fancy, and devoted to the illustration of eccentric theories, to the neglect of those nobler branches of science, which his strong mind was fully capable of advancing.

Having spent some short time in Italy and France, he arrived in England; having reaped golden opinions from all sorts of men, and, despite of his devotion to one absorbing subject, found time to fall in love with, and marry the sister of Sir William Desmond. Sir William's indignation—in such cases, commonly called pride—conquered the affection he bore his sister; and she was treated as an outcast from the family, a disgrace to the blood of Desmond. The Doctor, however, proved an affectionate husband. But, unfortunately, after they had been married about four years, Kopfstirn heard that the skull of a mammoth had been found in America. An examination of this skull was, of course, decided upon. Himself, his wife, and only child, sailed to the land of mammoths; found the story of the skull nothing but a story, and returned, as many other sight-seekers have returned, with an added portion of the acerbity of disappointment in their compositions. But this was not all; he suffered by his voyage. When within sight of the white cliffs of Old England, the vessel was wrecked, and Ernest Kopfstirn returned to Occiput House, a solitary mourner. His wife and child had perished; and, when he alluded to this circumstance he would turn to the windows and look mournfully at the ocean-grave of his loved ones!

But we must now return to the incident, with which our tale opened.

Humanity dwelt in the bosom of Dr. Kopfstirn, and he failed not to watch over the stranger, whose life he had saved, with the utmost assiduity. In a month, he was sufficiently recovered to leave his room, and four dreary weeks had they proved! The couch of sickness is ever sad, but when the sting is pointed by an affliction beyond the reach of art to alleviate—affliction of the mind—illness is exasperated into its sharpest poignancy. That his mind was not free from oppression, the gloom settled on his expansive brow too plainly indicated.

The stranger was a dark-haired, handsome-featured man; by his looks, something more than five-and-twenty; though recent fever, and a sadness that belongs not to the spring of life, might unite to make him appear older than he was. He had certainly the conversation and easy bearing, which may either be expected to accompany a greater age, or much familiar intercourse with the world. Though mild and affable, he was frequently abstracted, and a degree of contradiction and irresolution marked his conduct.

The first time he appeared out of his sleeping apartment was one day, a short time before dinner, and after the doctor had congratulated the patient on his recovery, he was anxious to try his attainments, and was leading him directly to his favourite subject, the only subject, in fact, worth discussing—phrenology.

Fortunately for the stranger, and perhaps equally, or more so, for the reader, dinner was at that moment announced; which abruptly

cut short the learned Doctor's intended dissertation, and he led the way to the dining-room, exclaiming—

"There is no true happiness in this world!"—so said Quin, when he had procured some delicious fish, and the sauce was made with bad butter. "Something or other," added the dwarfish craniologist, "is ever impertinently intervening to mar our happiest moments."

The dinner was discussed after the fashion of most other dinners, save that the *os frontis* of an unhappy whiting served as the theme for a quarter of an hour's harangue, wherein it was clearly shewn the fish was predestined to be caught and devoured.

Immediately after the repast, and with a little circumlocution, Kopfstirn, who was not to be put off, said—"You have not seen my sanctum yet, young gentleman: after our wine, I shall have much pleasure in shewing you a few curiosities which I have had the happiness to collect."

The stranger acquiesced, and almost immediately followed his impatient host through sundry dark and narrow passages, until they arrived at a massive oaken door, studded with immense nails. This door was secured by a couple of patent locks, of intricate machinery, to guard the treasures within. When opened, the visiter beheld a small triangular apartment, furnished with an octagon table, two arm-chairs, covered with dog-skin, and a number of shelves stuck against the bare walls. The back of each chair was ornamented with the representation of a skull, carved with much cunning. The arms of the same were similarly decorated. On the shelves were displayed a vast number of skulls, large and small, round and oval, some human, some animal, some under glass cases, some not so distinguished; it was indeed a Golgotha—a place of skulls! On the table were scattered a miscellaneous assemblage of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts, with materials for writing.

The stranger could not but admire the contrivance for holding ink—a china skull contained the immortalizing fluid. It had all the various organs distinctly marked, not according to either Spurzheim or Gall, but after a new system which boasted the Doctor as its inventor, and which he took infinite pains to reduce to the stranger's capacity; but like many others, he had the art of amplifying to such an extent, and involving illustration within illustration, that what might have been previously comprehensible was so effectually obscured by his method of explanation, that not a glimpse of meaning remained.

Having glanced at the characteristic appendages of the craniologist's triangular study, the countenance of the stranger suddenly assumed an extraordinary appearance of emotion. The Doctor became alarmed. The stranger endeavoured to control it, but in vain. He sunk on a chair, and gave way to an uncontrollable burst of laughter. Two cats and a pug-dog were lying on the rug before the fire—with shaven crowns!

"Experiments for the advancement of science," said the Doctor, as both cause and effect manifested themselves, "are not legitimate subjects for laughter;" and he looked displeased. "I have operated on these animals myself, to the temporary destruction of their crinose honors, for the sake of a more minute examination."

"And I hope your discoveries have amply rewarded you for the trouble," remarked his companion, composing his face to seriousness.

"Truly they have, beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have detected an organ in the feline species which hath escaped all previous studiers of craniology—I mean the organ of reflectiveness."

He was about to take up one of the cats, for the purpose of pointing out this organ, when she unceremoniously launched forth a paw, and left deep marks of her indignation on the scientific man's cheek sinister.

"That is odd," exclaimed he, with the utmost composure and most imperturbable gravity, "*very* odd. I do not recollect to have seen it, but it *must* be there." And in defiance of the cat's evident reluctance, he took her up, seated himself in one of the arm chairs, confined his victim in a sort of wooden cage, so contrived as to leave only the head at liberty, and patiently began a scrutiny.

Long and carefully did Ernest Kopfstirn search. At last he triumphantly called out, "Well, I may exclaim with the heathen of old, 'Eureka! I have found it!' Look here—observe this slight prominence. It is, though very faintly developed, a sufficient indication that this specimen hath a pugnacious propensity."

"I was quite convinced of that before," remarked the stranger.

"Thus ever judge the ignorant!" exclaimed Kopfstirn. "*I* know it hath, not because I see the effect, but because I see the cause."

The cat now liberated, screaming with rage and pain, forthwith dashed through a pane of the study window, followed by the pug and the other cat, while the doctor, fully satisfied with his investigation, without taking further notice of the malcontents, said, as he took an almost shapeless mass from one of the shelves, "This is the greatest rarity in my whole collection. It is invaluable. I purchased it from an indigent man, who dwells at Knaresborough, and who found it embedded in a calcareous substance. After having bestowed the proper consideration due to such an important subject, no doubt remains on my mind but it is the skull of some antideluvian animal, genus not known. It is therefore valuable on that account. But what is the most remarkable—you see this organ?—Well, Sir—this organ denotes, that the specimen belongs to *conscientious irrationality!* You may smile, Sir, but it is evidently a skull; evidently not human. It consequently follows, that it must have appertained to the *animal* creation; and the organ, I have pointed out, is indicative of *conscientiousness*—a contradiction not easily reconciled, I grant. I am, however, commencing a treatise on the subject, which must carry conviction to the mind of the most hardened sceptic."

Reader! the treatise already extended to six hundred folio pages, closely written!

"My dear Sir," said the stranger, who had been attentively examining the specimen of *conscientious irrationality*, "this is no more a skull than a windmill!" and, before the horror-stricken phrenologist had time to exclaim against this heresy, he continued, "this identical specimen was offered me last summer at Knaresborough as a specimen of the petrifying spring, and is nothing more than part of a duck's egg!" The indignation and secret dismay which the doctor

felt at this blunt overthrow of his favorite theory he had great difficulty in restraining; but, assuming a smile anything but humorous, he said, with forced composure, "Truly, my young friend, I admire your candour; but I pity your discrimination. The glories of science are not yet made manifest to you: but let us change the subject. I have an affair to discuss with you on which we shall better agree. It strikes me we are not such strangers as I at first supposed. During your illness I observed the traces of a wound in your head with which I ought to be familiar; and your features, though altered, I can surely recognize. If I do not deceive myself, you are the son of my friend and neighbour, Mr. Trevor."

"You are right, Sir, said the stranger, who seemed agitated by a variety of emotions; "I had no idea you would have recognized me. I intended, however, this very day, to have confided to you the reason of my present situation, and asking your assistance; but I fear the reports which have doubtless reached this place to my prejudice have already deprived me of your good opinion."

"Why, I must be candid with you," returned the doctor; "reports are indeed to your prejudice; you are stated to be the seducer of the daughter of that poor old woman on the beach, Mary Aldridge, with many other irregularities which——

"They are false, Sir!" said Mr. Trevor vehemently, "as I hope for mercy."—"I was quite assured of that," said the phrenologist, in a very decided tone. "I am ready to stake my reputation that the accusations against you are wholly disproved, on scientific principles."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Trevor, warmly, "to whom am I indebted for your good opinion? We have met but rarely, and long ago;—I thought I was almost unknown to you."

The doctor, with much gravity, reached a large folio, and, turning a few leaves, said, "You are indebted to one whom you must henceforward call friend."—"I shall be indeed happy to acknowledge my gratitude—name my benefactor," said Trevor. "To Science—to whom you have hitherto been a stranger," returned the doctor; "listen." He then read from the open page: "Charles Trevor—moral and intellectual organs fully developed—benevolence and veneration very conspicuous—baser propensities inconsiderable, and under controul—above conformation, denoting a worthy and estimable character."—"There, my young friend," continued the man of science, "can any thing be more conclusive of your innocence of these diabolical inventions?" and his little eyes twinkled with triumph. I am sorry to say the next in my register is just the reverse: it treats of your cousin, Frank Trevor—a bad fellow, decidedly;" and he kept muttering extracts from the folio.

"My dear Doctor," interrupted Charles Trevor earnestly, "you will indeed make me a convert, since Science has been my friend, when I could least have expected it. My cousin, Frank Trevor, is as you describe him. I have now good reason to know that he is the secret cause of my present distress—I know he was originally my rival for the hand of Lady Emily; but I little thought him capable of such base revenge. By some means he has succeeded in fixing the guilt of the seduction of Mary Aldridge's daughter on me, and

the father of my affianced wife, Lord Rickworth, has dismissed me his house with the most humiliating contempt. Maddened with grief and indignation, I mounted my horse, and fled I knew not whither. I had some vague idea of burying myself in solitude, but I knew not how I came in the situation in which you found me.

"Animal propensities largely developed—moral and intellectual, small,—destructiveness—yes, yes, it's all clear enough," muttered the doctor at intervals, and recounting a catalogue of vices enough to have stocked a Pandemonium."—"He *is* a bad fellow, my dear young friend," said he, addressing his companion. "You need not trouble yourself further in this affair; you may consider your reputation already established; I hold proofs sufficient to clear you from these slanders in any court in Christendom."

"Good heavens! is it possible?" exclaimed Trevor; "am I so fortunate?—what are the proofs?—where are they?"

"Here they are—irrefragable," said the doctor, gravely, pointing to the folio register.

The countenance of Trevor suddenly fell when he saw the nature of the doctor's *proofs*. The excitement of joy suddenly vanished, as he said, faintly, "I very much fear——

"Come, come," interrupted the Doctor, "you need not despond. Although, with the scientific, this folio would be conclusive,—for those who doubt such testimony I have other evidence." He then drew from his pocket-book a letter. "I told you," he continued, "that I utterly scouted the idea of your being the guilty person, knowing, as I did, that it was not possible,—that it was contrary to the laws of science. I have, therefore, anxiously sought for proofs to establish my opinion, which I have found. Thus, the pain you have suffered will be of signal benefit to mankind, by promoting the cause of science and truth. Read:—I have received it from the mother of this unhappy individual; I have attended her in illness, brought on by grief for her daughter's conduct."

Trevor eagerly cast his eyes over the contents of the letter, and his countenance brightened at every line. It was indeed from the unfortunate daughter of Mary Aldridge to her poor stricken mother, imploring her forgiveness, and begging her to go to Lord Rickworth, and confess to him, that, by alternate lures and threats, she had been prevailed upon to denounce Mr. Charles Trevor as the author of her ruin and subsequent abandonment; that she had reaped no reward for such additional guilt, for that, after his object was accomplished, she had been again deserted by Mr. Frank Trevor, who had originally taken her from her home. Overwhelmed by remorse, and in utter destitution, she confessed her guilt, and implored forgiveness.

"My benefactor, my friend," exclaimed Trevor in hurried accents, as he held in his hands this proof of his innocence, "I must immediately haste to town. I cannot rest till I have proved to Lord Rickworth the fabrication, which has nearly been my ruin, and again claim my Emily,—now, indeed, my own."

"Stay, young man," said the Phrenologist, detaining him, for he was rising to depart; "from the formation of your cranium, I should hardly have expected such impetuosity. I do not remember to have seen the organ of——"

"But, my dear Doctor, we lose time; every moment is an age till I can explain——"

"Be calm, my young friend," interrupted the Doctor, "you are nearer your explanation than you think, Lord Rickworth is now at his seat in our neighbourhood. I must be candid with you; I have myself spoken with Lord Rickworth, who has himself seen this letter, and examined the mother of the unfortunate girl who has been the cause of so much calamity. Need I say, that, from this document, he is fully convinced of all the other falsehoods which have been so industriously circulated, and which may be traced to the same source. In fact, Lord Rickworth is now in my house, and longs to take you by the hand, and restore you at once to his confidence and esteem."

The emotion of Trevor prevented him from giving utterance to his thanks. He could have fallen and embraced the old man's knees—he could have done more, he could have confessed himself a Phrenologist! But little time, however, was given him to compose himself, for the door of the study opened, and Lord Rickworth entered. That day was a day of explanation and reconciliation. The party was shortly increased by the arrival of the father of Charles Trevor, who had posted from town at the Doctor's summons. Lord Rickworth had removed to his seat near Ariesport from town, only two days previous, in consequence of the health of Lady Emily, which had suffered materially, from the shock she had received at the supposed unworthiness of her lover. It was reported that he had fled to France. So artfully had the machinations of Frank Trevor been carried on against his more successful rival for the hand of the daughter of Lord Rickworth, that they had escaped the suspicion of all parties but him who they had injured; and Charles's last interview with Lord Rickworth was too hasty and angry to admit of accusation or explanation. It was now rendered shorter and more satisfactory, by the confession of the unfortunate victim of Frank Trevor's depravity.

The rest is easily told. There was a certain ceremony performed shortly afterwards, at St. George's, Hanover-square; and a paragraph went the round of the newspapers, headed—"*Marriage in high life,*" &c. The bells at Ariesport rung merrily—that is, as merrily as their infirmities would permit them, on the arrival of Charles Trevor, Esq. and Lady Emily, at their mansion in the neighbourhood, some little time subsequent to the event mentioned above; and, within an hour after, did Charles Trevor, waving all ceremony, find himself *vis à vis* the Phrenologist, in his triangular study, at Occiput House.

"Now, my dear Doctor," said he, earnestly, "to you I am indebted for my life, and to your kind services I am indebted for its greatest blessing—my wife. Suffer me to ask you in what manner I can best shew my gratitude to you."

"My young friend," said the Doctor, kindly, "I shall tax you very hardly. Since your departure, I have been engaged in the commencement of a treatise, in which the circumstances of your own case are brought forward, to prove the advantages of science, over every other evidence, in the cause of truth. You must assist me in this; and further," interrupting Trevor, who was about to speak, "not a word about the duck's egg—you were wrong *there*, I assure you."

MISS MARTINEAU AND THE MULTITUDE.

There can be but one opinion of Miss Martineau as a woman of genius: not so of Miss Martineau as a political econonomist. In treating *that* subject she has proceeded on the old plan; that of inviting the unprovided and the ignorant to act with the energy and forethought that can only be expected from the provided and enlightened. The mass of institutions—the burden of abuses that press upon the poor, are scarcely touched; how the poor may still continue to crawl along under them is alone considered. Of this order of argument, is her advocacy of large farms, and her attempt to show that the small proprietor is not so well off, as the well-paid labourer—perhaps Miss Martineau has the peculiar felicity of discovering where, at the present day, the well paid labourer is to be found.

That only is improvement which increases the general amount of human happiness; but the term is prostituted to the ingenuity that increases wealth or capital. But what does the being whose extinguished soul, merely affords enough vitality to his frame, as to allow him to toil twelve, fourteen, or sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, at some minute branch of art that, in the division of labour, has been allotted to him, know of improvement? As little as the blind horse of the contents of the mile he turns.

Miss Martineau talks of the pauper fund of the poor as unproductive capital. What is the pauper fund of the rich? If the idle consumption of unearned produce be pauperism, is not the rich as well as the poor man under its bane? She sees the evil of the poor laws, which she alledges give the poor man a premium for improvidence. Does she see no evil in the fratrocidal law of primogeniture, which gives the rich man a premium for monopoly, and sinks his nearest kindred into paupers with all the moral ignominy, though not the external debasement, that attaches to the wretched pensioner of the parish poor-house?

Miss Martineau denies that every being born in a state has a right to support from the State. She treats as a false analogy, that the relation of a state to its members, is the same as that of a parent to his children—because, she says, a state has little influence over the subsistence fund, and no controul over the numbers of its members. Why has it little influence over the subsistence fund? And has a parent controul over numbers when a birth may produce twins, and an annual increase occur in some cases, and not half that in others? The necessity of some sort of government in all communities is an admitted fact, and may therefore be taken as an unquestioned premise. The number governed can make no difference in the principle of administration, which, as a religious member of society, she must recognize between God and man; as a social member of society, between man and man, in the various relations of domestic life, and why not as a political member of society, between the *state and its members?* Or does she mean to say that in the latter only there shall be power without responsibility?

The parental government, held, instituted, and delegated by God himself, is perfect, and could only emanate from divinity, associating as it does the most benevolent regard for the individual, with the most intelligent provision for his necessities. In the delegation of this government to man, it has of necessity, been split into parts; the world must be divided into states, as states are into families; but throughout all these, from the Omnipotent to the poorest parent, the being produced by the immutable law of nature, has a claim for protection and provision. Infinite Wisdom has gifted every being (excepting under circumstances of casual calamity) with capabilities for usefulness—has so constituted the world that it *can* give, and *must* require the exercise of these capabilities; thus it is the duty of the state and the parent to make such arrangements, that every being, by care and education, may be fitted for utility, and by giving him, in due time, employment, bring that utility into beneficial exercise. By such arrangements every being born into a state becomes a blessing to it, without them, a brand upon, and a burden to it.

When man was created, God said, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it." Where in this do we recognize the restrictive clause of the Political Economist? The divine words contain a direct injunction to fulfil a natural law, to meet the consequences of which, the world, as an ample provision, had previously been created. Does Miss Martineau mean to assert that the Creator made a mistake, which she and the other Political Economists have wisdom enough to rectify? Is the earth "subdued," or, in other words, exhausted? Not while there is an acre of productive land over which the plough has yet to pass, or while labour and ingenuity has a field of industry and discovery yet to explore. And what check would Miss Martineau deem sufficient to meet the progress of machinery?—a power in itself equivalent to the increase of millions. How many out of every thousand of the poor would she permit to marry, and of these *elect* at what age?

Political Economy appears to be a science devoted to ascertain under how much privation humanity may suffer, and yet exist. A few years ago, a pig fell down the cliffs at Dover, and after a lapse of *nine* weeks was discovered to be alive, having subsisted by licking the chalk. Were pig-owners like Political Economists, they would have made this fact a precedent for regulating the future economy of the sty, and have confined "the swinish multitude" to such fare.

In all the theories of social life, labour is held to be a salutary and essential necessity of human existence. How is it held in practice? As the rich man's bane, as the poor man's boon. If a whole life of uninterrupted toil procure the latter the commonest and coarsest necessaries of life, he is thought to have nothing of which to complain, nay much at which to rejoice; though he has thus only leisure for the sleep necessary to recruit his bodily strength, none for that progressive improvement which from birth to death ought to be in the power of every sentient creature. This is not enough, but the unpitying Political Economist steps in, and forbids the banns of that union that is the decree of God, and the conservation of man.

Marriage makes a very different item in the poor and the rich

man's estimate of the essentials of happiness—to the bitter cup, and the friendless hearth, it brings, at least it promises, much; to the luxurious goblet, and companioned home, little—often nothing—to the one it is the license of nature, to the other the law of custom.

Miss Martineau says, "Charity must be directed to the enlightenment of the mind, *instead* of the relief of bodily wants." Does Miss Martineau need to be informed that while want assails the body, it is in vain to address the mind? Southey in speaking of butchers, whose business it might be thought had no happy influence on their feelings, says, "Because they are well fed they are not exposed to the temptations which necessity, the mother of crime as well as arts, brings with it; and their occupation being constant they are likewise safe from the danger of idleness." These observations, which he applies to one class, are applicable to all. Happiness depends on moral knowledge, but moral knowledge can only be attained and applied, by such as have the means of sustaining their physical strength, and some share of leisure for moral cultivation. Thus, in answer to the question "What is charity?" It may be replied, that it will be found in measures not for "adjusting the proportion of population to capital," that Procrustian bed of Political economy—but by adjusting the distribution of capital to the wants and claims of its producers.

England, as a manufacturing country, may challenge the world; she has therefore less cause to regret that she cannot do so as an agricultural country; for with *her* industry, enterprise, and ingenuity, under a legislation, that held the social interests of the many, above the selfish interests of the few, she would command more corn than she could ever consume. AN OLD WOMAN.

SONNET.

A COAST SCENE.

ON this flower'd brink above the silent shore,
'Tis sweet to lean and mark the clouds as now
Circling the grandeur of yon mountain's brow
High lifted up in heav'n—and ocean's floor
Stretch'd to dim distance—and the piny wood
And its ravine where glimpsing light betrays
At intervals, some else unnoted flood,
And ruin eloquent of olden days—
Then to look at the village and my home,
Across the bay, where now a snowy fall
Of wild birds seeks the sands and rests like foam
Beneath the shadow of our garden wall.
'Tis sweet to linger thus while rosy May
Is filling with her kindest smiles the day.

Argyleshire.

THE HEROINE OF POLAND.

Antoinette Tomaszewska was born in 1814, in the district of Rosienia, in Samogitia. The daughter of noble and wealthy parents, she was educated in the convent of Krose by the nuns of the order of St. Benedict. Of middling stature, but admirably proportioned, with a profusion of dark auburn hair, her fine features, and her large and expressive blue eyes wearing a grave and melancholy expression, Antoinette possessed at once the body and soul of an Amazon. Endowed with the imagination, the heart of fire, and the native heroism which is the appanage of the Lithuanian and Samogitian women, she never heard the name of her country without the liveliest emotions. She had long been distinguished among her young companions for her romantic enthusiasm, and her profound devotion to the worship of Polish nationality. With what transports, with what avidity did she treasure up every thing relative to the ancient glory of Poland, and what burning tears she shed on listening to the history of her country's disasters, and the recital of the odious despotism under which it groaned. On these occasions her beautiful eyes would sparkle with indignation and patriotism, and her proud heart panted for the hour of revenge.

When this hour at length arrived, Antoinette was scarcely sixteen, but on the first news of the rising, the maiden's resolution was taken. Disregarding her tender age, her sex, and her weakness, she forgot even the tears of her family, for the voice of her country was even more powerful than that of nature. She quitted her convent, and addressing one last adieu to the happy scenes of her childhood, she joined Gruzewski, one of the insurgent chiefs in the district of Rosienia.

When Antoinette Tomazewska arrived in the Samogitian camp, it resounded with the cry of enthusiasm and sympathy. Men knew not which the most to admire, her transcendent beauty or her exalted patriotism. But it was not their homage that she went there to seek. Faithful to the noble feelings that actuated her, she went immediately to the chief, explained to him eloquently and in few words her motives, and demanded a horse and arms. In spite of every objection they were obliged to yield to her entreaties. She was enlisted in a body of horse, and in a few days she could wield her lance as well as any of her companions. From that moment she unsexed herself for the service of her country. Attached as a private soldier to the corps of Gruzewski, clothed in the uniform, and armed *de pied en cap*, reserving for herself in case of misfortune a poignard, which she concealed in her girdle, she was present with the corps in every action, and gallantly braved both danger and death. In a charge which was made at Mankuni, in Samogitia, the young Antoinette performed prodigies of valour. Generals Geilgud and Chlopowski commanded in this action, in which a regiment of Circassian cavalry harassed severely the rear of the Polish columns. Unable to keep the field against an enemy ten times more numerous, it be-

came necessary to check this hot pursuit, and the Polish cavalry were in consequence ordered to charge the Circassians. Antoinette rushed forward with them; with eyes flashing fire, her face burning with rage, the young heroine penetrated into the thickest of the Muscovite ranks, giving an example of heroic courage to her countrymen, who soon dispersed the enemy. Geilgud, Chlopowski, and all their staff were overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment; and on returning to the camp, after the defeat of the enemy, the young heroine was received amid long and enthusiastic hurrahs. The hour of defeat for the Polish cause at length sounded, but Antoinette was unmoved. Following the retreat of the army she was present in the action of Schawle, and distinguished herself in several other affairs, particularly at Powendeme, where she received the epaulets of a sub-lieutenant as a recompense for her courage. Possessing the noblest attributes of a warrior, she was a model of patience and resignation during the periods of difficulty and distress. She consoled her companions by holding out to them the hopes of a brighter future. Throughout a harassing retreat, amid the fatigues of the bivouac, and privations of every kind, never once did a complaint or an expression of regret escape her lips. One might have supposed that twenty years of service had inured her to the hardships of a camp. From the commencement of her career, so reserved and so dignified was her demeanour, that she inspired her comrades with feelings of the profoundest veneration and deference. In the garb of an Amazon, they learnt to respect a young maiden whom an exalted spirit of patriotism had driven from the cloister to the battle-field. At length, when every hope was lost, when nothing more was to be done in Lithuania, Antoinette Tomazewski followed the fatal fortunes of the army, and entered Prussia with the corps of General Rohland. There, on the recital of her adventurous life and her precocious exploits, she became an object of universal interest, admiration, and hospitality. Both Prussians and Poles were lost in wonderment at the aspect of a maiden who had made a campaign as a private soldier, and gained at the point of the lance the epaulets of sub-lieutenant.

Antoinette has married since a Polish officer; a warm admirer of her heroism and her virtue. The duties of a wife and mother have doubtless subdued the grief of that ardent and patriotic soul. But the annihilation of her country and wreck of all those pleasing illusions of her youth will strew her future career with bitterness and sorrow. One of those powerfully constituted minds that delight in splendid actions, the part of Antoinette Tomazewski was to fight for Poland, and her unceasing prayer to see her free. But fate has ordained it otherwise, and doomed her to be one of the many victims of barbarism and despotism.

THE PARSON AND PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas very dark, as it will be,
When neither moon nor star is seen;
So how could Smoke or Baker see,
Since they all night had drinking been.
To find their way home was their trouble,
E'en had they seen, it had been double.

"I'm sure this pathway must be wrong,
You told me that you knew the road;
I feel each step I go along,
As 'neath the harrow does the toad.
Oh Baker! Baker! thou wilt be
The death both of thyself and me!"

"Hic hæret aqua," reverend sire,
"Upon my word I've lost the way,
Tho' we get deeper in the mire,
Yet nought the righteous should dismay.
Says Horace—Purus sceleris
Non eget Mauri jaculis."

"I wish thy Latin stuff and thou
Were in the Styx, were I in bed;
But yonder look—beneath that bough
I'm sure I saw a light a-head,
Just down within this valley's lap;
It is a hut—we'll go and rap,"

"Cur non mi domine? I see
A little twinkling light, 'tis true;
It may a jack-o'-lanthern be,
To give a dance to me and you;
But cito now I see it clear—
I wish I had a mug of beer!"

As soon as they the hut had neared,
The shutters suddenly were closed;
So that the candle disappeared,
And they were one and t'other posed
To know if they had better tap,
Before the people took a nap.

"They surely will not eat us," said
The pedagogue; "beside, if here
We are condemn'd to make a bed,
I think it will become our bier;
The rheumatism will kill me,
As I am sure the gout will thee."

They knocked; a little man in brown
Came to the door, and said his say;
Each nudged the other, each looked down,
But Baker pluck'd up courage, "They,
Returning home had lost the road,
Were straightened for a night's abode."

The little man from top to toe
Surveyed the pair, as if to scan
If with security or no
He might admit them: "Well, you can
Sleep on some straw, if that will do;
'Tis good enough, I think, for you,

Or any other fool, who makes
A swill-tub of his belly; come,
Will you accept my offer? rakes
And drunkards ever thus are dumb
When they should speak; at other times
Their noise in every sentence chimes."

The parson on his belly looked,
As if there from he sought advice;
He for one night, at least, was booked,
'Twas useless to be over nice;
So Baker said "Perfectum est,
Sub sole nil—we'll make our nest."

A truss of straw was giv'n to each,
And down they lay them, side by side;
The parson knew well how to preach,
But ne'er to self the text applied.
Baker was snoring in a minute,
His stomach had so much drink in it.

The thin partition was of wood,
That shut the wanderers from their host,
So that you quite distinctly could
Have heard the whisp'rings of a ghost
From either room; the parson lay
Awake, and heard the husband say—

"Well, wife, I will to-morrow morn
Those black ones for our breakfast kill;
They will look well when cleanly shorn,
Beside, we then can eat our fill:
The one's as round as any ball—
Soon as you wake give me a call."

The parson trembled in his shoes,
When he the murd'rous project heard,
And woke his friend to tell the news,
But then dared scarcely speak a word,
Lest any noise their morning's fate
Might only serve to antedate.

"Why Baker, Baker! man of men,
How can you snore? how can you sleep?
When we are in a monster's den,
In human horrors supped so deep,
That in the morning he will kill
The pair of us, to eat his fill."

"Proh dolor! why what do you say?
I slept as fast as any top;
Don't wake me up again, I pray,
Unless you chance to have a drop
Of beer or any other drink—
E'en then I'd rather sleep, I think."

And so he proved, for in a trice
He snored as loudly as before;
The parson thought life was a price
Too high to give for one nap more;
So up he gently rose, and then
Thought how t'escape, the way and when!

This waken'd Baker, and when he,
The dangers that assail'd them knew,
Likewise arose, and strove to see,
Well as he in the dark could do,
If there could be no measures taken,
By which they still might save their bacon.

He rubb'd his eyes, and grop'd around,
There was a window, but 'twas high;
He knew not what might be the ground,
Or very wet or very dry;
For neither might be just the thing,
According as he chanc'd to spring.

Yet he resolved to dare the deed,
And to his purpose sought to win
The parson over; who agreed
There might not be much danger in
A feather's fall: there was the rub,
He was just like a sugar tub!

But still the pedagogue resolv'd,
That he would rather risk his neck,
Than be by any chance involv'd
With one, whose gluttony might deck
The table with a slice of him,
Cut off from any favourite limb.

So, thro' the window, down he flew,
And fell upon a heap of dung;
The parson watch'd his fall, and knew
'Twas safe, and so he downwards sprung;
Alighting very like a log,
Exactly on the pedagogue.

Poor Baker felt as if his breath,
From out his body had been pump'd;
The parson, too, was bruis'd to death:
In short, was so severely thump'd,
That he had rather on the stones
Have fallen, than on Baker's bones.

But they soon rose, and found that they
Had left the gridiron for the fire—
They could by no means get away:
They were wall'd in; the wall was high'r,
Then was the chamber whence they leapt,
And they in shelter might have slept.

The rain pour'd down in torrents, where
To 'scape its fury neither knew;
A shelter now was all their care:
For they with death familiar grew,
And only wish'd that they might spend,
Beneath a roof, life's latter end.

Experience teaches us that man,
If he will moderately hope,
Under all circumstances, can
With every difficulty cope.
Thus Baker and the parson, Smoke,
Became as wise as other folk.

Their wishes had become subdu'd,
The only thing they sought to find,
Was, in their miserable mood,
A shelter from the rain and wind;
A hovel by those brutes enjoy'd,
The sons of Israel avoid.

They found one, and the long tailed swine
Rush'd by them when they oped the gate;
There they in shelter did recline:
With faith and resignation wait
The dawn, when they were doom'd to be
Endow'd with immortality.

"Consider, Baker, what's the grave?
A gate that leads us to our home;
From which no dignity can save,
To which we're all compelled to come.
Where king and slave must both put down—
The one a wallet, one a crown."

"Upon my Latin, parson Smoke,
I did not think that you would be
So very ready with a joke,
Thus in the midst of misery;
But quietly I'd rather die,
Than be cut up to boil or fry.

"And yet I think, that, of the two,
The worst chance, certainly, is thine;
They might make something out of you,
On me a dog could scarcely dine:
They economically mean,
With your spare fat, to lard my lean."

Slow past the night, the morning broke,
Then on its hinges creaked a door;
The thing was now beyond a joke,
The knife was sharp'ning more and more.
"Come out, ye black ones!" cried the man;
Conceive Smoke's terrors, if you can.

Up in the farthest corner crept
The parson, trembling like a leaf;
Friend Baker too profoundly slept,
To feel his own or neighbour's grief,
But Smoke arous'd him: in a pet,
He cried, "I am not ready yet."

The good man start'd back, and thought,
By means, or human or divine,
Another wonder had been wrought,
And Satan driven from the swine:
The parson, and the pedagogue,
Resign'd their terrors to a hog.

THE RECORDER OF BALLYPOREEN,

AN ELECTION RECORD.

A medley of endearments, jars,
Suspicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars,
Then peace again.

It is not many months since the following marriage advertisement, in most of the Irish newspapers, excited equal curiosity and amusement wherever it was read:

"Married, by the Rev. Oliver Bible, Mr. Patrick Hogan, Recorder of the Ballyporeen Petty Sessions, to Miss Anne Switzer, of the same town."

The curiosity was to know who could the lady be, with the extraordinary un-Irish name; and the amusement was created by the high-sounding appellation which was given to the poor and paltry office of a petty sessions clerk.

The village of Ballyporeen is, or rather was, one of those quiet and retired nooks, the very look of which promises, to those who dwell in it, security against the invasions of ambition, and the equally dangerous visitations of fame. Even in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, there had not been *a burning* within a mile of it, and only three tithe-proctors were ever shot in its vicinity, and that was so long ago as the times of the *old* White-*boys*. No Catholic monks had raised an abbey in its neighbourhood, and no old castle was erected beside it, which Cromwell might have dragged down in his devastating progress through Ireland. It had neither a Well nor a Cross to tempt a visit from the infirm or the wandering pilgrim, and there was no inducement for the antiquarian or the fashionable tourist to pass through its solitary, and almost grass-grown street. No attorney had embroiled its humble denizens in law, and the only "professional gentleman" ever found in it was a desperate apothecary, who once opened a shop, but who, in six months after he had displayed his yellow pestle and mortar, poisoned himself. The only active person in the town—the only one who had business to do, was Mrs. Dorney, an old and an experienced practitioner, who diffused joy and gladness wherever she came, as she was never known to depart from a house in Ballyporeen without announcing that there was to be, or there had been, an increase to the population. Commerce neither brought to the quiet inhabitants of the village wealth or cares—the far-travelling pedlar conveyed to them all the luxuries of life, and all the news of the great world, from which their agricultural avocations removed them. The few Palatines and descendants of the German Protestants (imported by James the First) who lived in the town) had been many a night drunk, in toasting "success to the British arms in America," long after the independence of "the Colonies" was acknowledged; and Buonaparte was some time upon the throne of France before they had heard of the decapitation of Louis the Sixteenth! In such a state of happy ignorance and contented

quietude, it is probable that the people of Ballyporeen would have continued to exist, but that some wise men—for they were magistrates—determined that petty sessions should be held in the village of Ballyporeen, as most convenient to their respective residences. Thus, as you will shortly see, was an election created, and thus ended the peace of Ballyporeen!

What a change was produced by that determination! Those who had never dreamed that there was a wiser man in the world than Cornelius O'Kelly, the schoolmaster, nor a better dressed man than their parish priest, Father Carney, now beheld both individuals sink into insignificance before the ponderous learning of Counsellor Langley (a non-practising barrister) and the gorgeous liveries of Colonel Wilson, an old East India commander—both magistrates, most regular in their attendance at petty sessions. With the hebdomadal sessions came magistrates and barristers, attorneys and attorneys' clerks, with "all the quirks and quiblets of the law," and with the law came "actions for assault and battery," a thing unheard of before in Ballyporeen; for though its people fought with one another, as all Irishmen do, they never, until the sessions were established, thought of revenging themselves by the law for any injuries they might receive. The broken head that was given on one market day was sure to be repaid upon the other, and though the Hogans might suffer to-day, the Hickeys would be certain of enduring a reverse to-morrow. The primeval character of the people has suffered from the change—the law has begun to take its course, and instead of a pugilist being confined to his bed by a broken limb, for his unwonted prowess upon some particular occasion, it is now his hard fate to be confined as many months in gaol. From being a decent, open, fair-fighting village, it has degenerated into a nasty, litigious, summons-giving, process-serving town. The people have begun to live in an *unnatural* state of society, and amonst the evils of civilization which first invaded them, was that of "ambition." The same passion that agitates rulers, that overturns governments, that makes emperors and unmakes kings, that starts candidates for county elections and ruins them in the process, divided the people of Ballyporeen as to the election of a recorder for their petty sessions.

No sooner had the increase of litigation in the neighbourhood created a necessity for the erection of a court-house, and no sooner had that magnificent pile of brick and mortar been raised from its foundation, and crowned with a roof of real blue slates, the wonder and admiration of all the straw-thatchers in that part of the country, than the election to the new office of "*Recorder*" (so designated by Counsellor Langley) separated the town into two desperate and relentless factions, one calling itself "the true Irish," and the other "the Church and State party;" in other words, "Radicals" and "Conservatives."

Many were the meetings, many the debates, and many were the gallons of potheen drank by "the Irish," before they could determine upon a candidate. The schoolmaster, Cornelius O'Kelly, was first named by them, and it must be admitted he was the prime favourite of the populace; for it was said by many, and strongly hinted by

himself, as an additional claim to the honour of their suffrages, that when he was not more than a *gossoon*, he had been "out doing business" with the Whiteboys; every one too knew that he had been "taken up in '98" as a Croppy, and escaped, through "a flaw in the indictment," with the slight punishment of three hundred lashes; the recollection of the good it did him, made him the most unsparing of the rod of any pedagogue in the entire province of Munster. Besides, he had the gift of the tongue, and could make a speech for three hours in favour of the REPALE, and the entire abolition of all church imposts and taxes. These were great, they were super-eminent qualifications for a Recorder, and if the popular vote could have decided the election, Cornelius O'Kelly would be preferred to any other man in the parish. But then, the humblest of "the Irish" party knew that the very qualifications which made Cornelius a favourite with them, were matters which would be objected against him by "*the enemies of the country.*" Even Corney himself admitted this, and resigned his hopes in favour of a less obnoxious candidate, Patrick Hogan, who purchased the pedagogue's "vote and interest" by a pound of tobacco, a gallon of government whiskey, and a firkin of butter.

Pat. Hogan, the nominee of "the Irish," possessed only one recognizable claim upon his faction—he was a papist, but unlike his brother parishioners, he was a cunning little fellow, who never busied himself in any body's concerns but his own. He tilled a small farm of ten acres, which he held at a low rent, and of which he acknowledged the due value, by "always voting with his landlord, no matter who was up for the county." He never read newspapers, never talked on politics, but as he himself expressed it, "always kept his tongue the right side of his cheek." He was very seldom seen drunk, and was never in more than a dozen quarrels in his lifetime, and was, in these respects, remarked as "one of the soberest, and quietest boys that was ever beheld." It was well known that he was "finely larned," for he had, at school, gone through "Voster" three times, "Dowling's Book-keeping" twice, and had actually parsed part of "Cordery," and read the half of the first book of "Virgil!" On this account, it was said that Patrick knew "almost, but not quite, as much as the Clargy himself." Though Paddy was despised for his want of public spirit, he was much respected for his abilities and education, and generally loved for his unvarying good temper. It was admitted that he was a handsome young fellow, and what the intelligent matrons called "a clane, dacent lad;" but still he was not a favourite with "the ladies" of his own party, because he was never seen at chapel "to throw a sheep's eye at one of them." It was, besides, more than suspected, that he was so heretical in his affections, as to have fallen in love with *Miss* Ann Switzer, the prettiest girl that walked on a Sunday with a Protestant prayer-book in her hand.

It could not be denied that Ann Switzer had fine, large, rolling black eyes, glossy dark hair, a well-rounded, plump little figure, the prettiest feet that ever tripped over a cowslip, and as neatly moulded an arm as was ever shaken over a milk-pail. Pat. Hogan certainly

adored her, and with the emoluments of the office to which he aspired, added to the profits of his farm, he might well claim her, and her hundred pounds fortune. But "the course of true love never did run smooth." Old Switzer was the leading "Church and State" man in Ballyporeen, and he too was the most active supporter of Corporal Hall, the second candidate for the Recordership.

The nominee of the church and state party, Corporal Hall, was a gallant, rollicking, hard-drinking, hard-fighting, old Orangeman, who had often bled for his king and country. He came, he said, originally, from the county Cavan, where his fathers held land for many a year, under the "bold Barrys," and "mighty Maxwells," and where he had acquired, amongst his first ideas as a child, a love for King William, and the 'prentice-boys of Derry; with a hatred of "all the abominations of popery." He had, at an early age, enlisted in the militia; and had seen service, in the year 1798, in the county Wexford, where he acted in the noisy occupation of a drummer; and was one amongst the seven of his division who escaped from the pikes of the rebels, when two hundred yeomen were slaughtered by them. It was his boast, that, in that encounter, he killed three men and a boy, before he "beat a retreat." But from that time forward, he never could see a papist, without being ready to swear that he had a pike concealed in his pocket; and when he was drunk, which, upon an average, was about five times in the week, he "cursed and d—d all the *Romans,* as enemies to the church, the constitution, and the king." With such qualifications to render him disliked, there were few Roman Catholics in Ballyporeen who would raise their hands against him; first, because they knew he would return any blow he received "with interest and costs;" and next, because he was the driver on Colonel Wilson's estate, and never had to make a distress for rent; that he did not give timely warning to the tenants "to take their *best cow* off the land." His having fought against the rebels, his hatred of the papists, and his noisy exclamations for church and state, constituted his claims to favouritism from his own party. The *only objection* that could possibly be started against his holding the office of Recorder, was but a slight one—"that he could *not even write his name.*" The office, it might be said, was one which required a person capable of writing a plain, good hand; but his friends said, "Is a loyalist to be rejected, and a papist to be preferred, merely because the one knows his *aperseeand* (alphabet), and the other hasn't yet learned it?" Besides, it was wisely urged, that when Corporal Hall got the situation, "he could be taught his pot-hooks-and-hangers, and pay another for doing the business for him, as his betters have done many a time before him." Such arguments were unanswerable; and accordingly, Switzer and his faction determined to start the Corporal against Hogan.

The time for opening the court-house, and appointing a petit-sessions' clerk, was fast approaching; and it became the duty of the respective candidates to put forth all their energies to command the majority of votes. There was a time, when all the patronage of the parish was centered in one magistrate—the Rev. Oliver Bible, the rector—a man who possessed nearly as much influence as Father

Carney himself: for though violent in politics, and a *saint* in religion, he took whatever share of tithes were bestowed upon him, and no more: and the consequence was, that his income was as limited as his popularity was extensive. In such a case as the present, however, the Rev. Oliver Bible had but a single vote; and there were three other magistrates attending the petit-sessions. These were, Counsellor Langley, Colonel Wilson, and Patrick O'Grady, Esq.; the latter a gentleman more distinguished for his following a hare, than signing a mittimus. There were two of these, whom Hogan thought might be calculated upon as favourable to him, Counsellor Langley and Colonel Wilson; because the one had written a pamphlet—which, by the way, no one ever heard of—in favour of Catholic Emancipation; and the other, since he had got promotion in the army, through the influence of the Whigs, declared himself "a liberal." To secure the favour of the two magistrates, Hogan dispatched to the Counsellor a new edition of "Macnally's Justice of the Peace," which he bought in Clonmel, and was then in great repute with the *unpaid;* and to induce the Colonel to vote for him, knowing "his honor" to be an antiquarian, he made him a present of an old brass-hilted sword, which his father had found in a boghole, and declared to be a genuine relic. Having thus, like many another great man, made his way by bribery, he assailed the religious scruples of the Reverend Rector, by requesting the worthy divine to lend him "a Protestant version of the Scriptures." And the good opinion of Mr. O'Grady was secured, by his swearing, in presence of the 'squire, "that the likes of Mr. O'Grady's mare, *True-Blue,* was never seen crossing a double ditch; and that when a body saw her running, it was like a young greyhound coursing a butterfly."

The church and state party saw, with dismay, that Hogan was winning his way with all the magistrates. When all the underhand tricks of Hogan, and the undue influence he had acquired by his cunning canvass of the electors, became known to the friends of Hall, they resolved to counteract them, by a bold stroke of policy—in short, by an overt act of partizanship in favour of the brave Corporal.

Old Switzer had the honour of concocting the plan for carrying Hall's election. The old Palatine knew, that though two of the magistrates pretended to be "liberals," they disliked the Papists as much as his worthy Rector, or he himself did. He knew, too, that a demonstration of the force and power of the Orangemen in the district, would be most likely to have its influence upon their minds. Accordingly, as the 12th of July was approaching, he resolved to have, what was never before heard of in the province—an Orange procession in the town of Ballyporeen! Great was the joy and exultation of the Palatines, at the idea. They had often heard of an Orange procession from Corporal Hall, but had never yet seen one; and he was so well acquainted with all the details of the important fête, that its entire management was confided to *their* candidate.

One fine morning then, in the month of July, the villagers of Ballyporeen were roused from their slumbers, by the loud and martial music produced by five or six fifers, two trumpeters, and three drummers; all of whom were playing as loudly as each man had the

power, and who were marching up and down the town, followed by fifty hardy, weather-beaten farmers, wearing scarfs of the gaudiest colours that could be procured—orange, blue, scarlet, or pink—and each man carrying a stick, a rusty sword, an old gun (perhaps without a lock), or a pistol devoid of a barrel. In the centre of these strutted the Corporal, who carried a large flag, on which was painted, "*They Cing and Koanstichewshun.*" His entire person was enveloped in stripes of glazed calico, of different colours; but in which the orange and blue predominated. Old Switzer brought up the rear. His large and manly frame was adorned in a similar manner to that of his friend Hall; and he, too, bore a flag, on which the same ingenious orthographist, who ornamented Hall's banners, had inscribed, "*Hole an they Law for ivir.*" There were other banners, which bore such inscriptions as "*Cing Willim,*" "*Glorus Memry,*" "*Bine trathur,*" &c. &c. &c. This gallant procession, after parading the town three times, to the amusement of the inhabitants, marched up to the Court-house, where an orange and blue standard was erected; and in honour of which a feu-de-joie was fired—four of the guns of the entire party being found capable of discharging a blank-cartridge each. The Orangemen then left the town, amid the huzzas of the people, and followed by the innumerable offspring of Ballyporeen. This was a great, and a mighty, and a glorious day for the gossoons. Every one of them that could muster a pop-gun, was firing away with *haves*, as he ran after the procession; while the shillelahs of the fathers, and the crutches of the grandaddies, were flourished by youthful hands, and with a dexterity indicative of the immense use that would hereafter be made of such arms, when the weekly fair, or monthly market, or a future election, should call for their exercise.

It was with a proud and a most military step that old Hall marched at the head of his "merry men." He fancied, as he strutted along, and looked upon the banners and the group that surrounded him, that the good old times were returned again. He thought that he was on a foraging party against the rebels, and in his imaginative loyalty, he cut down, with his rusty broad sword, every tall thistle that came within his reach, and in doing so, bawled out, "he was knocking the head off some impudent insurgent from Vinegar Hill." The little papists, who followed in his track, imitated the capers in which the gallant commander indulged; and as each tiny urchin bent down a yellow *boukerlawn*, or a white-topped dock-weed, he joined in the cry of old Hall, and exclaimed "*down with the rebels!*" Gladsome was the progress of this extraordinary party through the country—the women laughed at them, as they held forth their little children to see the fun; and the men, who were working in the fields, shouted after them, and then observed to each other, "this is the Protestants' *May-day*, by dad! when they get tipsy they're queerer fellows nor ourselves." The procession was a triumph for old Switzer—it was a merry one for his companions; but it was most successful for old Corporal Hall. The Orangemen took care to reserve their music for the special edification of the different magistrates, and who between the din, and the noise, the numbers, and

confusion that environed their respective residences in the course of that day, individually promised to support the man who was upheld by so "respectable, influential, and independent a body of voters." If then the joy was great, when the procession marched out from Ballyporeen, it was actually uproarious on its return. Hall, like other candidates in similar circumstances, promised every thing. He promised old Switzer that he would "learn to write in a week;" and he assured every one of the multitude that they might go to law as long as they lived, for he would never charge them sixpence for "a process," or "a decree," though they were litigating with the entire county of Tipperary. Thus far all went on well and prosperously; the "Irish" were defeated; all the tricks and manœuvering of Hogan were rendered abortive; and Hall was "almost the same" as invested in the high and mighty office of recorder of the important and hereafter-to-be-celebrated town of Ballyporeen.

The corporal was one of those bibulous individuals who, on every occasion of life, can find an excuse for imbibing any *given* quantity of liquid stronger than water. If his spirits were low—if they were high—if he met a friend, or quarrelled with an enemy—if he were hungry, or had eaten—if he were running, or walking, or sitting—if it were morning, or noon, or night—if it were summer or winter, windy or calm, wet or dry, cool or hot—each and every occasion was a reason, and an excellent one too, for the corporal to take a glass of whiskey, a pint of porter, or as much potteen as you could give him. A trifling occurrence required a *glass;* an unforeseen event, two of them; an accident, three; and any extraordinary circumstance was to be drunk *ad libitum.* Such were Hall's maxims—such his rule of life: and to do him justice, he was a most consistent candidate: he was never known to violate the one, nor depart from the other. His promised elevation gave him the excuse for stopping at every shebeen house on his way home, and "seeing his friends drink;" and in order that they might be induced to do so, he most readily gave them the proper example. In drinking success to the "*constitution,*" he lost his own; and the innumerable toasts to "*his health*" cut him off "in the flower of his youth." The progress of his inebriation upon that evening might be thus marked:—on his return, when five miles from Ballyporeen, he was drunk—at four miles distance he was very drunk—at three miles excessively drunk—when within two miles he was stupidly drunk—and by the time he had reached the outskirts of the village he could not lie on the floor without holding! His companions were worthy of such a leader—there was not one of them perfectly sober—all differed in degree from the merely tipsy to the corporal's standard of intoxication. In this plight did the gallant heroes return to Ballyporeen; but how different was the reception that awaited them to the adieus with which they had set forward!

If there be one place in the world, where the sister of Mars has, since the deposition of the heathen deities, been allowed to rule, that place, I believe to be Ireland. In no other country but Ireland does she exercise so universal a sway; for she is seldom able, except here, to rouse up men to quarrel with each other, when they congregate together for the purposes of pleasure or amusement. Horace says, "it is *Thracian* like to use the sword in the midst of feasting," had he

lived in these days, he would have observed, that it is only Irish-like to bring the shilellah to a dance, a wedding, or a fair. Other people when they have amused themselves generally retire, pleased and satisfied with each other, to their respective homes, it is Irishmen only who *stop* to fight. The congregation of Hall's supporters in Ballyporeen, was too favourable an occasion for mischief to let pass without a quarrel, and accordingly she sent Corney O'Kelly over the town, while the orange and blue flag was floating over the Court-house. The ancient prejudices of the fighting pedagogue were aroused—he too, like old Hall, thought, when he looked on it, of Vinegar Hill; but it was with far different feelings. This he considered would be a favourable opportunity for avenging the defeat, which his party had many years before sustained; and accordingly he resolved to take advantage of it. He hastened to the bog-hole, and for the first time since '98, he unearthed the musket, which he had then concealed, with the intention to use it, whenever "his country should demand its service."

In a short time after he entered the town, Corney O'Kelly was seen running from house to house, and carrying upon his shonlder a ponderous gun, which, from its length and thickness, seemed to be one of those formidable matchlocks, with which the Spaniards had once fought upon the Irish soil. Corney as he entered the houses of the Papists, explained to them that the exhibition which they had looked upon in the morning was an Orange procession, and that he knew well that the Orangemen went out to collect all the Protestants in the neighbourhood, that had fire-arms, and that they would return in the evening and murder every man, woman, and child in the town of Ballyporeen, that was known to be a Papist. He said, he knew, that was what they meant to do, for that was what the Orangemen used to do, when he was *out* in Wexford! Shrieks, cries, and groans arose from the women, when this announcement was made to them; while the men collected in groups, and as they got their scythes, alpeens, and sticks in readiness, they cursed the Orangemen, and swore they would not let a living man of them enter the town, that night. Amongst others who were visited by Corney O'Kelly was Hogan, but he, instead of yielding to the schoolmaster, resolved to prevent the mischief and bloodshed, which must be the consequence of a conflict between the two parties—one of them having fire-arms, and the others sufficiently equipped to do immense injury, and "determined to have a fight."

Hogan, with such benevolent intentions, hastened to the house of old Switzer, where he saw the lovely Anne, and explained to her the necessity of immediately sending forward a mounted messenger to the nearest police station, with direction to bring in all the constabulary force at once. His business was told in a few words, and then he explained to her, the state of his affections for "the pretty Protestant," and she inspired by gratitude for his anxiety for a parent's safety, and not a little taken by the figure of the dapper little Papist, bid him "ask her father's consent." The messenger had been dispatched, and as the lovers never could tell how long their conversation lasted, it is impossible now to guess it; but Hogan still held the hand which he had first pressed, when he saw her; he still sat

beneath the old ash tree in Switzer's paddock, and still looked in the face of the smiling maiden, when their conversation was abruptly put an end to, by hearing a distant and joyous shout, which was echoed by a loud and fierce yell from the village street.

Evening was beginning to darken into night, when the agile Hogan ran forward to apprize the Orangemen of their danger in attempting to enter the village without the protection of the police. He saw, upon meeting them, that they were neither able to fight nor to run away. The drummers had ceased to beat; the fifers were mute, and the trumpeters had not a puff in them; and, while some of the most sober were trying to support themselves by holding a fast grip of each other's arms, the majority were reeling from one side of the road to the other, and describing all sorts of problems on the highway, as they wheeled, and turned, and stumbled forward. Hogan saw that it would be vain to speak to men in the state in which all the followers of Hall were, with the exception of old Switzer; him he apprized of the hostile force prepared to encounter him, should he approach the town, and advised him not to make the attempt. Switzer had sufficient reason to understand there was danger before him; but, with the true feeling of a drunken man, determined not to avoid it. Instead of taking the advice of Hogan as kindly as it was meant, the fumes of the last glass of potheen he had swallowed urged him to regard the friendly suggestion as an imputation upon his courage—a slight upon his creed, and a degradation to those who professed it. He accordingly told to Hall the situation in which they were placed, and called upon him, by all his love of military glory, to meet the intended assault. The mention of a coming strife was sufficient to rouse up all the energies of the old Irish soldier—he loaded his gun with five or six balls—wheeled round, and called out, "The Papists of '98 are alive again, boys! will we be at them?"—"To be sure we will, and welcome," was the ready response of the Orangemen.

Hall, drunk as he was, said that his men were not able to *stand*, and he desired them, therefore, to *lean* against the hedges, and fire on the Papists as they marched by them. Having made this military arrangement, and disposed his forces, Hall marched forward with Switzer, to reconnoitre the disposition of the enemy. They had not proceeded more than thirty paces, when they were encountered by Corney O'Kelly and two or three of the most violent Papists of Ballyporeen. Corney demanded, in the declatorial tones of a village pedagogue, if they were "the bloody Orangemen?"—"We are nobody else, you blackguards," said Hall.

"Then here's something for you," cried Corney, levelling his gun at the Corporal.

"And here's the same for you," said Hall, bringing his musket to bear upon the schoolmaster, "and if you're a man dont fire till I bid you."

"To be sure," cried Corney, "'an wont wink an eye-lid neither."

The two champions advanced so close, that the muzzles of their guns touched each other's breasts. "Now Corney," said Hall, "I can take aim with some comfort at you—when I cry fire, let us fire tog ether."

"Never say at twice," exclaimed the schoolmaster; "I wont shoot you, till you bid me."

"Are you ready, Corney?"

"I am, Corporal Hall."

"Then FIRE."

The musket-locks snapped at the moment. Hall had forgotten to prime his piece; but unfortunately for Corney he had done so with his own, and in the attempt to discharge it, the old fire-lock burst, breaking the hand and arm of the holder, and shattering the body of the sturdy corporal.

"I am done for," sighed forth Corney, in a feeble tone;—"Are you dead too, Corporal Hall?"

"By the Powers! I am, Corney, murdered clane entirely. What an infernal gun that is o' mine, it never missed fire before."

"Always mind your flints, Corporal."

"And do you mind your barrel; that gallows old gun has killed us both, as clane as a whistle. Give us the fist, Corney, you're a brave man; what a pity you're a Papist."

"And give us yours too, Corporal; I never thought the Orangemen had the spirit to stand fire that way before."

While the two combatants thus lay upon the ground, the space which they had occupied was filled by other individuals. The instant that the schoolmaster was seen falling, a body of his followers rushed forward to demolish Hall, and not finding him they immediately attacked old Switzer, and felled him to the ground. Hogan, who had hitherto been inactive, bounded into the road, and in a few moments cleared with his short alpeen the assailants from the body of the fallen Palatine. Hundreds called out to him to retire, or he should be "exterminated like one of the Orangemen." Hogan refused to obey the command, and a rush was about being made upon him, when a tramp of feet was heard, and, in a few seconds afterwards, twenty policemen drew up in a line across the road. Orders to prime and load were given, and at once obeyed. "The first man who attempts to push forward on either side," called out the young commander, "is my prisoner, and those who remain here for five minutes will be fired upon." The adherents of O'Kelly, seeing that they would have to encounter such a body of armed police, aided by the Orangemen, immediately retreated into the village, carrying with them the body of their leaders. The poor Coporal was in the meanwhile borne off by the police, and his drunken companions escorted to their different homes.

In a few days subsequent to the encounter, the Corporal had ceased to breathe—he and his antagonist were interred in the same churchyard. Hogan soon had conferred upon him by the Magistrates the pen, the ink-horn, the printed Summonses, and the awful Decrees, with the other insignia of his office. Thus ended the Election of Ballyporeen—while old Switzer in gratitude for the service rendered on the 12th July, bestowed upon the fortunate candidate the hand of the lovely maiden, the announcement of whose marriage excited a curiosity, which I have thus attempted to gratify.

B. H.

SPECIMENS OF LATIN COMEDY.—No. IV.

THE AULULARIA; OR, THE MISER OF PLAUTUS.

After so long an interruption of our acquaintance with the Roman Comedian,* it may appear necessary, in introducing another of his plays to our readers, to give some kind of preliminary notice of the subject, to maintain throughout the epic character of our series. But, unfortunately, there are few points on which we have such a meagreness of accurate information, as the origin of Latin comedy: much has been said, but to little purpose. That it took its rise, however, from the Grecian drama is placed beyond dispute, by the confessions of Plautus and Terence themselves, and by the readiness with which many of their plays affiliate themselves to those of Epicharmus and Menander.

The Romans were of all people, perhaps, the most illiterate in their origin; they were, as their name† implies, essentially warlike, a nation of strength; they were too active to speculate, too busy to philosophize; too much occupied in subjugation and rule, to discourse in the quiet of an academical retreat; in a word, they were too much engrossed in deeds of valour, to attend to the improvement of the language that was to record them, much less to the cultivation of the higher walks of literature:—

"In regere imperio populos, Romane, memento."

And that a refined comedy is the production only of a very refined age, will hardly be denied: strong as is the *vis imitatrix*, of which Cicero‡ speaks, the innate propensity to imitate, and to admire good imitation, a people who, like the Romans, are continually *doing*, incessantly making and maintaining war, have no time to devote to the improvement of society, or to cultivating the higher and more accomplished civilities of life; amidst which alone true comedy can flourish. The first ideas of such a community relate to physical power; with them the strongest man is the best man: their highest idea of virtue § is pre-eminence in bodily strength, very different from the notions which the Greeks formed of the same character, embodied in their expressive epithets καλος καγαθος. This circumstance alone is sufficient to explain all the difference in the character of the nation and literature of the Greeks and Romans: the inferiority of Virgil to Homer is not in degree, but in kind; a Roman could never have produced the Iliad; a Roman never could have written an *universal* poem—a poem which every nation must admire, and every individual must feel: a work displaying throughout such truth and breathing harmony, that nothing is surprising, because of the perfection of the

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* Vide p. 445. Number for April.

† Ῥωμη, strength: Ῥωμαιοι, a people of strength.

‡ II. de Orat. 219.

§ The Latin *virtus* is their only word to express *virtue*, and their highest word to denote *valour*.

whole. Never was a Roman mind so peopled with all the images of beauty, or possessed of that internal harmony and fitness of conception, which enabled the author of the Iliad to transcribe into his poem the music of his soul. Greece, therefore, "meet nurse for a poetic child," produced a perfect model of the ποιητης, to whom, if Christianity denies the honours of an apotheosis, we may yet be warranted in attributing a "human *intellect* divine."

But is this, it may be said, to the point? we reply, it is: and our design in this rapsodical exordium is to account for the illiterate character of the comedies of Plautus, compared with those of Aristophanes, which is so great as at first sight to create surprise; and we could not give a better index to the character of the two people than in the works of these dramatists. The Athenian requires of his readers not only an elegant taste to relish the beauties of the play, but an accurate knowledge of philosophy, as well as of the history and general literature of the country to understand his meaning and allusions; while in the other case, man need only possess the physical powers and affective propensities common to all mankind, to be enabled fully to appreciate the merits of the performance. The comedies of the one are the production of a most literary people in their most literary epoch, and those of the other, of a most warlike people in their most illiterate age. Aristophanes may be said to have been formed by the times, while Plautus rather gave the colour to his age. And though, with Horace,* we may hesitate to ascribe to comedy the divine name of poetry,† and to class under the same head the bellant raciness of Plautus and the linked sweetness of the Homeric verse, we cannot deny considerable praise to one, who may be called the modelist of the Latin language, or refuse him the merit of skill in the delineation of character, and command over the best resources of fiction. But it must always be remembered that, like the corruptions and abbreviations of language, the taste for the drama invariably ascends from the lower to the higher circles of society; first cultivated by the vulgar, it attracts the notice of the class next above, and so proceeds by degrees, till in the ample range of its varied and diversified circles, it includes the whole civilized community. This will account for many of the apparent inconsistences, which we find in the plays; as, for instance, the Aulularia, the prologue is pronounced by the Lar, or household god. Though men in the higher classes of society at Rome were perfectly aware of the inconsistency and absurdity of unnecessarily

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* Sat. I. 3. 45. "I deireo quidam, comœdia necne poëma
Esset, quæsivere."

† The word poet literally means *a maker;* from ποιεω to make: and the English word *maker* is in the sense of poet by Spencer and Chaucer, as well as the verb *to make*, meaning *to write poetry* (corresponding to the use of ποιεῖν, Lysius, Orat. Funeb. I. c.)
Thus Spencer, Eclog. 4. "What is he for a lad you so lament?
Is love such pinching pain to them that prove?
And hath he skill *to make* so excellent,
Yet hath such little skill to bridle love?"
So that *the* poet *par excellence* is not only an imitator of nature, but a creator of that which, though beyond, is not inconsistent with, nature; as Shakespeare in the ghost of Hamlet.

introducing such a personage, the audience before whom it was exhibited saw nothing strange, but, on the contrary, every thing fit and appropriate in bringing the household god on the stage to relate the history of the pot of gold deposited under his protegé, the hearth, for so many successive generations.

There have been few comedians who have not done their utmost to satirize the character of the Miser: and still fewer, who have equalled their great master Plautus, in the strength and truth of their delineations. Moliere's Avare, and Fielding's Miser, are well known, and those of our readers who are acquainted with them and with the original of Plautus, will not be surprised at our awarding to him a far higher meed of praise, and lamenting, although his Euclio is rather a caricature than a character, that the imperfection of the play, prevents our seeing what became of him at last, or how he succeeded in disembrangling himself from the predicament in which the dramatist so artfully involved him. But with this deficiency the play is still amusing, and the personages well sustained.

The principal character is old Euclio, whose every anxiety and thought is centered in the preservation of the pot of gold, which his Lar Familiaris had disclosed to him in reward for his piety, after it had lain concealed for many generations; and, like the Miser in Horace,† who *lives* in perpetual penury for fear of *dying* poor, he is never free from apprehension that he will be found out to possess the gold, to which he himself seems to consider his right as rather questionable. Accordingly, he is brought on the stage driving out of the house his old maid servant, one of those anomalous, half-equal, semi-serving, officiously kind, impudently civil, crabbedly obliging beings, continually squabbling with her master,—neither of them courageous enough to part with the other:—so apprehensive is he of her prying and inquisitive disposition that he will not have her near him while he assures himself of the safety of the golden aula; and afterwards to keep up her idea of his poverty gives her directions to observe the closest economy. He then leaves home, quite in character, to attend a public distribution of money to the poor. Megadorus now proposes to marry his daughter, which immediately excites Euclio's suspicions that he has made some discovery about his concealed riches; but when he declares his willingness to take her without a dowry, his spirit is somewhat appeased, and he at once agrees to the match. Whereupon the delighted Megadorus, in his superabundant generosity, sends provisions to Euclio's house, "all means and appliances to boot," pots, kettles, and cooks for the preparation of the marriage feast; the old miser, however, instead of being gratified at this kind assistance turned them all out headlong, retaining in his possession the dainties they had brought. At length so alarmed was he at this unexpected invasion of culinary besiegers and at the suspicious appearance of every thing around, that he determined on hiding this precious χειμηλιον in a grove consecrated to Sylvanus.

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* Sat. I. 1. 98. ad usque
Supremum tempus, he se penuria victûs
Opprimeret, metuebat.

There he thought there could not possibly be any danger of discovery: in this too he was deceived: where there was no real ground for fear, his apprehensions were most alive, but when he was in actual danger and the place of his deposit was discovered, so far from entertaining the least suspicion, he was triumphing in the false confidence of imaginary success. For while securing his treasure, he was observed by the slave of a young man, called Lyconides, who had violated Euclio's daughter. The miser, on coming one day to regale himself with a sight of his little Tmolus, is thunderstruck to find it gone, and returns home mortified and in despair; but in his way meets Lyconides, who having heard of the intended marriage between his uncle and Euclio's daughter, now apologizes for his conduct and offers the reparation of marriage. The miser in his knavish innocence, applies all he says about his daughter to the lost treasure; this is an admirable scene; Euclio and Lyconides are talking about two different things, each imagining that the other is speaking of the same thing, as himself; and the blunder is not perceived till Lyconides discloses a secret only because he thought Euclio would suspect him if he did not; and the ambiguity of their discourse is aided by the use of the word *olla*, which might be the old form of *illa*, *she*, or another way of spelling *aula*, a *pot*. The play is, as we before intimated, imperfect: in the last scene we have the slave of Lyconides surrendering the miser's treasure as the price of his freedom. It is most probable that, in the deficient scenes, Lyconides, by restoring the gold to Euclio, obtained his daughter in marriage. A professor in the University of Bologna, Antonius Codrus Urceus, has finished the play, but in a spirit far inferior to that of Plautus. He most unwarrantably makes the miser suddenly change his nature, and freely present Lyconides with the treasure—a remedy to which Plautus certainly would not have had recourse.

The first scene is exceedingly comic; exactly characteristic of the miser and equally descriptive of the pestering, housekeeperish inquisitiveness of his servant. We cannot help smiling, when he gravely commands her to preserve the cobwebs; (though there are emergencies in the operations of the tonsorial art, in which even they are serviceable;) or when we are told that he is in the habit of keeping the pairings of his *ungulae*, and complains of being atrociously robbed, if the smoke is allowed to escape from the chimney; but we think we have seen his equal.

Euclio appears on the stage, driving Staphila from his house, "somewhat angerly:"

> Out of my house, I say, out of my house;
> Nay, but you must and shall, out of my doors,
> Good gossip pry-about, poking your eyes,
> And peering, here and there, in ev'ry corner.
> STAPH. Why do you beat me, a poor wretch?
> EUCL. To make you
> A poor wretch; you shall lead a sorry life on't.
> STAPH. Why have you thrust me out o' doors?
> EUCL. You jade?
> Give you a reason? Get you from the door,

There, there. See how she crawls! Do you know what?
If I but take a stick in hand, I'll quicken
That tortoise-pace of yours.
STAPA. Would I were hanged
Rather than serve you at this rate.
EUCL. The beldam!
See how she grumbles to herself! You jade!
I'll tear your eyes out; I'll prevent your watching,
Peeping and prying into all I do.
Get farther off there, farther, farther still,
Farther. So, stand there. If you dare to budge
A finger or a nail's breadth from that place,
Or if you turn your head once till I bid you,
I'll send you for a schooling to the gallows.
(*Aside.*) Was ever such a beldam! I'm afraid,
She'll catch me unawares, and smell the place out
Where I have hid my money. The curs'd jade!
Why, she has eyes too in her pole. I'll go,
And see whether my gold is as I lodged it,
My gold, which gives me so much pain and trouble.

STAPHILA, *alone.*

Egad, I can't tell what's come to my master:
He's out of his senses. Here now in this manner
He turns me out o' doors ten times a day,
Ever so often. Troth, I can't imagine
What whim-whads he has got into his head.
He lies awake all night, and then he sits
Purring and poring the whole day at home,
Like a lame cobler in a stall. And then
My poor young mistress, she again is placed
In a sad dilemma now, and how shall I
Hide her disgrace? The best thing I can do is
To get a rope, and stretch me at full length.

Re-enter EUCLIO.

EUCL. So, so, my heart's at ease, all's safe within.
(*To* STAPH.) Come, hussy, get you in now and be sure
Take care of all within.
STAPH. Take care of what?
Will any, think you, run away with the house?
I'm sure there's nothing else to carry off,
Except the cobwebs. Troth, it's full of emptiness.
EUCL. You hag of hags! Why Jove to satisfy you,
Should make me a King Philip, or Darius.
Hark ye, I'd have you to preserve those cobwebs.
I'm poor, I'm very poor, I do confess;
Yet I'm content: I bear what heaven allots.
Come get you in: bolt the door after you;
I shall be back directly; and be sure
Don't let a soul in.
STAPH. What if any one
Should beg some fire?
EUCL. I'd have you put it out,
That there may be no plea to ask for any.
If you do leave a spark of fire alive,
I'll put out ev'ry spark of life in you.
If any body wants to borrow water,
Tell them, 'tis all run out; and if, as is

The custom among neighbours, they should want
A knife, an axe, a pestle, or a mortar,
Tell them, some rogues broke in, and stole them all.
Be sure let no one in, while I'm away;
I charge you; even if good luck should come,
Don't let her in.
STAPH. Good luck quotha! I warrant you,
She's not in such a hurry: she has never
Come to our house though she is ne'er so near.
EUCL. Have done, go in.
STAPH. I say no more, I'm gone.
EUCL. Be sure you bolt the door both top and bottom,
I shall be back this instant.

Staphilo accordingly goes to execute the commands of Euclio, and the miser to get his share of money from the master of the ward. And in the next scene we have an interview between Megadorus and his sister Eunomia, who, in the course of the conversation, propounds the voracious dictum,

> "That there never was in any age,
> Such a wonder to be found as a dumb woman—"

and after enlarging on the qualities, good and bad, of the female sex, advises him to marry, and withal proposes to help him to a wife. Megadorus is startled* at first, but they soon agree upon the point, and he declares his intention of paying his addresses to Euclio's daughter. The old miser, we now find, was quite disappointed in his visit to the master of the ward: there was no distribution of money; and Euclio was obliged to return in confusion and mortification; and on his return meets Megadorus, who after a few preliminary questions and replies, proposes to marry his daughter. Euclio of course immediately suspects that he has got scent of his treasure and expects, if not at once, at least at his death, to become the possessor of it himself; but when he openly declares that he has no desire for a portion, his apprehensions are quite allayed, and he readily consents to Megadorus's proposal. This scene is worth transcribing:—

EUCL. But I can give
No portion with her!
MEG. You need give her none.
She, that has virtue, has sufficient dower.
EUCL. I tell it you, because you may not think
I've found a treasure.
MEG. Say no more; I know it.
You'll give her to me then?
EUCL. O Jupiter!
I am undone! I'm ruined!

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* It is curious to observe the same phrases and similies used in different authors, who by some singular coincidence, have hit upon the same, without the possibility of their having copied from each other; Megadorus here says to Eunomia, "You *speak daggers* to me now!" "Lapides loqueris:" so Aristoph. ῥοδα μ' εἰρηκας· "You have spoken roses to me;" and Shakspeare, Hamlet, III "I will *speak daggers* to her, but use none."

MEG. What's the matter!
EUCL. What noise was that there, like the crash of iron.
(EUCL. *runs in hastily.*)
MEG. They're digging in my garden. Hey! where is he?
He's gone and left me in uncertainty.
He treats me with disdain, because he sees
I court his friendship. 'Tis the way of them:
If a rich man seek favour from a poor one,
The poor man is afraid to treat with him,
And by his awkward fear hurts his own interest;
Then, when the opportunity it lost,
Too late he wishes to recover it.
EUCL. *Returning, (to his Maid, within.)*
If I don't tear your tongue out from the root,
I'll give them leave to unman me.
MEG. Oh, I see
You think me a fit object for your sport,
Though at these years; but sure I don't deserve it.
EUCL. Not I indeed; nor could I if I would.
MEG. Well, will you now betroth your daughter to me?
EUCL. Upon the terms I said, without a portion.
MEG. You do betroth her then?
EUCL. I do betroth her.
Heav'ns prosper it!
MEG. I say the same.
EUCL. Remember,
'Tis the agreement, that she bring no dower,
MEG. I shan't forget it.
EUCL. But I know your tricks:
'Tis off or on, 'tis done or not done with you,
Just as you like.
MEG. We shall have no dispute.
What hinders but the wedding be to-day?
EUCL. 'Tis best.
MEG. I'll go then, and get all things ready,
Would you ought else?
EUCL. Nothing but what you say.
MEG. It shall be done.

Megadorus now proceeds, as we have said, to make the most munificent preparations for the approaching festival, and sends the choicest meats for the occassion, with cooks to dress them. Euclio is startled at his extravagances and turns them all out, thinking they they were come to make conquest of his pot of gold, and determines, like the Lord Chancellor with the Great Seals, to carry it with him wherever he goes. As he is going out, Megadorus is observed in the distance talking in a style which he knew would please old Euclio, commending the practice of frugality, and lauding the parsimony of men like his friend, the miser, to the very skies. Euclio goes and deposits his treasure in the temple of Faith, where he thought it would certainly be safe; but Faith proved faithless, and the miser was deceived; just as he left the place, he observed Strobilus going in, evidently with the intention of abstracting the gold; and the scene in which Euclio is represented as dragging him out and accusing him of an attempt to rob him, is sufficiently amusing to

pay for a perusal. Strobilus assumes all the independence of one entirely free from blame; and when charged with the theft immediately asks:—

What have I stol'n of your's?
EUCL. Restore it to me.
STROB. Restore it! what?
EUCL. D'ye ask?
STROB. I've taken nothing.
EUCL. Come, give me what you've got.
STROB. What are you at?
EUCL. What am I at? you shall not carry it off.
STROB. What is it you would have?
EUCL. Come, lay it down.
STROB. Why we have laid no wager, that I know of.
EUCL. Come, come, no joking; lay it down, I say.
STROB. What must I lay down? tell me, name it to me,
I have not touched, or taken anything.
EUCL. Shew me your hands.
STROB. Here they are.
EUCL. Shew them to me.
STROB. Why here they are.
EUCL. I see. Shew me your third hand,
STROB. (*aside.*) Sure the old fellow's crazy; he's bewitched.
Prithee now don't you use me very ill?
EUCL. Very ill truly, not to have you hanged,
Which I will do if now you don't confess.
STROB. Don't confess what?
EUCL. What did you take from hence?
STROB. May I be curs'd if I took anything
Belonging to you, or desired it, I.
EUCL. Come, come, pull off your cloak.
STROB. (*pulling it off.*) Just as you please.
EUCL. You may have hid it underneath your clothes.
STROB. Search where you will.
EUCL. (*aside.*) The rogue, how civil he is,
That I may not suspect! I know his tricks.
Once more shew me your right hand.
STROB. Here it is.
EUCL. Well, now shew me your left.
STROB. There they are both.
EUCL. I will search no further, give it me.
STROB. What must I give you?
EUCL. Psha! don't trifle with me.
You certainly have got it.
STROB. Got! got what?
EUCL. So, you would have me name it; but I will not.
Restore whatever you have got of mine.
STROB. You're mad sure. You have searched me at your pleasure,
And you have found nothing of your's upon me.
EUCL. Stay, stay, who was that other with you yonder?
(*aside.*) I'm ruined! he's at work within; and if
I let him go, this other will escape.
I've searched him, it is true, and he has nothing.
(*To* STROB.) Go where you will, and may the Gods confound you.
STROB. I'm much oblig'd to you fo your kind wishes.

EUCL, I'll in, and if I light on your accomplice,
I'll strangle him. Out of my sight, begone.
STROB. I go.
EUCL. And never let me see you more.

Here Euclio most completely "cut his own throat;" Strobilus had not the least conception of his opulence, till he disclosed it himself, by the expression of his suspicions; and taking advantage of the information he had gained by the covert inuendoes of the miser, "assumed a *virtue* though he had it not;" *now* he was resolved to purloin the gold; Euclio had accused him of stealing it, and, therefore he would steal it. Accordingly the fifth act opens with Strobilus running off with the treasure, and Euclio in the distance bewailing his fate and execrating the thief, and at last so confused and confounded that he knows not where he is or who he is. While he is in this state, he is saluted by Lyconides, who of course thought, (as that was uppermost in his mind), that the intrigue between himself and the miser's daughter had been discovered, and that this was the occasion of his grief; whereupon he proceeds to assuage the bitterness of his sorrow and to confess and apologize for his offence. But from the ambiguity of the terms in which he alluded to his late freak, Euclio, most comically, applies every thing he says to the plunder of his gold, and the scene is, as we said before, admirably wrought:—

LYC. Who can this be, that moans so bitterly
Before our house? Ah! it is Euclio sure:
'Tis he, I think. I'm ruined, all's discover'd.
He is acquainted with his daughter's labor.
What shall I do! I'm all uncertainty.
Were't best to go or stay? Shall I accost him,
Or shun his sight? I know not what to do.
EUCL. Who's that, that speaks there?
LYC. I, sir.
EUCL. I, sir, am
A wretch, a ruin'd wretch, such dread calamity,
Such sorrow has befallen me.
LYC. Take courage.—
EUCL. Prithee how can I?
LYC. Since the deed, that now
Troubles your mind, I did, and now confess it.
EUCL. What do I hear you say?
LYC. The truth.
EUCL. Young man,
In what have I deserved such usage from you,
That you should treat me thus, and go the way
To ruin me and my poor child?
LYC. A God
Was my inticer; he allowed me.
EUCL. How.
LYC. I own my crime, I know I am to blame,
And therefore come I to implore your pardon.
EUCL. How durst you lay violent hands on that
You had no right to touch?
LYC. 'Tis past. What's done
Cannot be undone. I believe the Gods

Would have it so: if not, it had not been.
EUCL. I believe the Gods would have me hang myself
Before your face.
LYC. Ah! say not so.
EUCL. But why
Would you lay hands, I pray, on what was mine
Against my inclination?
LYC. Love and wine
Did prompt me.
EUCL. What consummate impudence!
How dare you come to me with such a speech?
If this is right; if this excuse will hold,
Why we may strip a lady of her jewels
In open day light, then, if we are taken,
Plead in excuse, forsooth, that love and wine,
Led us to it. Oh, this love and wine
Is of great value, if it can empower
The lover and the drunkard to indulge
In whatsoever likes him with impunity.
LYC. I come to beg you to forgive my folly.
EUCL. I relish not these fellows, who commit
A misdemeanor, and then dare defend it.
You know you had no right, not being yours,
You should have kept hands off.
LYC. But as I dar'd
Make the attempt, I shall have no objection
To have and hold.
EUCL. To have and hold what's mine,
At my disposal? and against my will?
LYC. Against your will I ask not; but I think,
It is my right, and you yourself will find
I have a just claim.
EUCL. If you don't return me—
LYC. Return you what?
EUCL. What you have stol'n of mine,
I'll have you 'fore the praetor, and commence
A suit against you.
LYC. Stol'n of your's! how? where?
What is't you mean?
EUCL. As if you did not know!
LYC. Not I, except you tell me what it is.
EUCL. The pot of gold, I say, which you confess'd
You stole, restore it to me.
LYC. I ne'er said
A syllable about it, nor have taken it.
EUCL. Will you deny it?
LYC. Yes, deny it wholly:
Nor do I know what gold, what pot you mean.
EUCL. That which you stole out of Sylvanus' grove.
Come, give it me: I'll rather halve it with you.
Though you have robbed me, I'll not trouble you:
Come, then, restore it to me.
LYC. Are you mad,
To call me thief? I thought that you had got
Scent of another matter, that concerns me:
'Tis of importance, and if leisure serves,
I should be glad to talk with you upon it.

EUCL. Tell me, upon your faith, you have not stol'n
This gold.
LYC. Upon my faith.
EUCL. Nor do you know
Who took it?
LYC. No, upon my faith.
EUCL. And if
You should discover him, you'll reveal him to me!
LYC. I'll do 't.
EUCL. Nor will you take, whoe'er he be,
A portion of the spoil, to hide the thief?
LYC. I will not.
EUCL. What if you deceive me?
LYC. Then
May Jupiter do with me what he will!
EUCL. I'm satisfi'd. Now tell me what's your pleasure.

Our space forbids us to give even an enumeration, much less a comparison of the numerous imitations which have been called forth from the pens of modern dramatists, by the Aulularia of our author; but there is one remark which we cannot forbear making, that while they, to add to the interest and effect of the play, by increasing the intricacy of the plot, have represented the miser as entangled in the toils of love, the Roman, with a better knowledge of life and character, has made *avarice* the soul passion of Euclio, directing every other feeling and absorbing every other desire.

The chief characteristic of Plautus is a simplicity and naïveté of dialogue, carried on with the briskness and rapidity of life, thickly interspersed with broad jokes, and frequently descending to the coarsest comicalities, betraying his familiarity with the vulgar, and his aim at popularity with the lower orders. He always inclines to the farcical, and often merges into offensive drolleries; but in the *vis comica*, and the *sales*† of conversational retort he undeniably excels. For this he was much read in the later aud more civilized ages of Rome, and in our opinion justly admired, though Horace takes occasion to censure the *reading public* of his time for patronizing the gross buffooneries of the antiquated Plautus. We cannot be astonished at a bulky octavo being written to prove that Cambyses was wounded not in the knee, but in the thigh; when we see a grave quarto, a pacific ocean of controversial vituperation, coming from the pen of a German critic to defend the sentiment of the Roman lyrist. But, however, professional pique aud the pride of condemnatory criticism may have induced the protegé of Mecænas and the favourite of the polished court of Augustus, to disparage the obsolete language and rustic wit of Plautus, his comedies were the amusement, as St. Jerome, himself, tells us, of his literary leisure and have ever been admired by the learned and philosophic reader, who has sufficient knowledge to discover the correctness of their portraits and their faithfulness to real life.

We purpose, in our next number, to give some extracts from the only extant specimen of the Greek Satyric Drama, with an outline of its nature, and of the use to which it was applied. A. A.

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* Horat. de Art. Port. c. 271.

ROSCOE'S SPANISH NOVELISTS.

A WISE man can look without being dazzled, on many sources of pleasure, and while making his selection for the time present, will give a careful glance at those he leaves, knowing they may be useful to him at some future day. The times we live in are rife with pleasurable excitements. It is not the man of science, the philosopher, or the politician only, who finds himself under the power of a new influence; the gayest of the gay feels the movement, and has a fresh interest in the proceedings of the age, The literature which was prepared for the mere seekers of amusement some few years back, could barely excite a momentary gratification; now the same species of composition has assumed an aspect of intelligence, of bright and sportive, yet thoughtful intellectuality; and there are not many readers who could not select from the mass of fictitious writing, some half dozen or dozen works which they would be glad to have perused. English novelists, however, are, with few exceptions, either mannerists or imitators. They are deficient in genuine vivacity and humour; have narrow notions of human character; are rarely sentimental, without being affected; witty, without being gross; satirical, without caricaturing; or didactic, without falling into dulness. The most palpable cause of some of their deficiencies, is the length to which the wishes of the publishers, on the one hand, and the vanity of the writers, on the other, draw out the story. It must be a full, noble, active mind indeed, that can diffuse life through such a vast mass of narrative as that contained within three goodly sized volumes; and as but very few romances have much sound reason, much real acquaintance with the causes of things, or any genuine knowledge of past times or scenes, the matter made use of to fill up the gaps in the plot, or help belief from one piece of invention to another, or dress up the idols of the fancy into human shape, will, for the most part, be of the least valuable kind; and render, by its want of utility and spirit, the whole novel itself a dull and useless production.

From this circumstance, and especially from the sameness and mannerism of the great mass of English novels, he who thinks the ingenuity of well managed fiction deserves to be reckoned among the sources of pleasure, will hail with no little gratification the appearance of the work which has excited these remarks. The German and Italian collections, from the pen of the same elegant translator, were a valuable addition to our stores of romantic fiction. They came upon us with fresh looks and voices. Our English fancy, sick and jaded at the constant recurrence of worn-out plots, and the reappearance of characters more ghostlike at each new appearance, rejoiced at the fresh and sparkling creations amid which it now found itself. German mystery and Italian wit and tenderness, had few, if any, parallels in the modern romance of this country. Mr. Roscoe's translations, therefore, were well timed; and considering that they were intended for the general readers of fiction, and neither for

compilers of critical histories, nor for one or two closeted reviewers to write dissertations upon, with all the fury of a most confined and exclusive learning, they were executed in a style admirably calculated to secure the object for which they were undertaken. The same may be said of the present work. In spirit, novelty, and conciseness of narrative, the Spanish tale presents a striking contrast to the heavy, cumbrous English novel; and we should imagine, if a knowledge of life or human nature can be conveyed by fictious inventions, that these stirring, lively stories are much better vehicles for the purpose, than the most sentimental of our native productions. Spain can boast of annals more fertile in deep and heart-appalling romance than almost any other country in the world. Castilian and Moorish blood mingle together in the current of its history, and scarcely a chapter can be fixed upon in which some food is not found for the excitement of imagination. But this richness in the real records of the nation has produced an effect which would not generally be looked for. The Spaniard, having the grandeur and vividness of romance in the annals of his country, feels a call upon fiction, to furnish him with romantic inventions. There is the spell of old recollections on his mind, which, when free and at leisure, keep him in a state bordering on excitement. To him, therefore, the gayer, the more practical, the more worldly species of fiction, will often appeal with a greater chance of success, than those of a graver kind; and we accordingly find, that the class of novels which has ever been the most popular in Spain, and which has called forth the exercise of the greatest talents, is that which delineates the characters and adventures of the most busy, the most witty, and the least sentimental of mankind. In their noble national ballads, so full of romantic incident and description, we have an echo of their history, and nothing can be in stronger contrast with the *Novela Picaresca*, the favourite, and the truly original growth of Spanish genius. It is to the poets romance has resigned herself with most delight, and they have found both her and their own feelings in such complete harmony with history, that tradition has been to them a better source of inspiration than fancy.

The reader will easily understand from these brief observations, how wide a circuit is embraced by the Spanish novelists, and how much skill is required in making a selection from their productions. We are glad the publishers of the work on our table fixed on Mr. Roscoe to execute the task. Well versed, as several of his publications have proved him, in southern literature, he knew the field he had to traverse; while his practical acquaintance with the taste of English readers would keep him from committing the error of giving a literal, and therefore unintelligible version. Of the tales he was to transfuse into our language, the great merit consists in the variety and liveliness of the incidents, and in delineations of that species of character which is produced by the influence of a quick succession of events and change of scene. The native writer might have in view some minor objects, with which a foreigner would have little concern, and there might be niceties in the turn of his expressions, the enjoyment of which is, as it should be, confined to those who have only such rewards for learning the tongue in which he wrote. A

large body of notes might have made the translation more valuable to a scholar, and we have no doubt Mr. Roscoe could have displayed as great a facility in filling his pages with annotations as most men; but he has contented himself with producing what we dare say the great mass of readers will have the greatest pleasure in perusing—a work sufficiently English to amuse the novel reader, and yet sufficiently true to the original in the chief essentials of a translation, to convey a very strong impression of the principal features of the Spanish tale.

Our readers, perhaps, will not be indisposed to join with us in a few minutes' relaxation over the pleasant pages of Lozano, of whom we are briefly told in the introductory notice, that he was a doctor, a commissary of the Santa Cruzada, and a composer of religious works as well as novels. The tale we fix upon is entitled the "Jealousy of the Dead," and the following extracts will be fully understood, by our stating the commencement of the story.

In the city of Toledo lived an accomplished cavalier named Don Lucindo, whose talents and noble demeanour obtained him, with the additional aid of stratagem and a waiting woman, the regard of a young lady called Donna Ana, The beauty, however, of his mistress, one day attracted the notice of a gentleman named Don Juan, and such was the ardour with which this new lover felt inspired, that having failed in gaining the attention of the lady by letters and sonnets, he determined on following the advice of his valet, and risking his life in a duel, to remove the obstacle which Don Lucindo presented to his wishes. He accordingly encountered the cavalier under the balcony of Donna Ana, and hastening with him to a sequestered spot in the neighbourhood, succeeded in running him through the body. The funeral of the unfortunate Lucindo was performed with great solemnity, and the lady remained for some time inconsolable. Don Juan, however, pursued his suit with patience and resolution, and was at length allowed to approach by stealth the residence of the object of his passion. Permission was soon after given him to enter, but at this point—

"His visits were stopped in a very unpleasant and unexpected manner. On his arrival at the house of Donna Ana, and preparing to enter, he saw a stranger placed directly in the door way. He instantly retired, thinking it might be some relation of Donna Ana, who had obtained intelligence of their nocturnal meetings, and had prepared an ambush for him. The next day the circumstance was repeated to Donna Ana, who with Teela laughed and declared it must have been imagination, for if any relations had discovered them, her aunt would have been more watchful, and they would certainly have heard concerning it. The next night Don Juan was resolved to clear up the mystery, and seeing the same figure, as on the preceding night, posted at the door, as though to dispute his entrance, desired Martin to go forward and demand his reason, not choosing to make himself known unless there was reason. Martin, who prided himself on his gallantry, instantly walked up boldly to the intruder, and demanded his business, when the stranger slowly casting aside the cloak which concealed him, discovered to the astonished gaze of Martin the countenance of the cavalier whom his master slew at the castle of San Cervantes. His valour was instantly quelled, and he darted away, crying out on his master, and making the sign

of the cross with a fervour which it could hardly be imagined he could ever have displayed. Don Juan rushed to the assistance of Martin, thinking he had been wounded; but when he heard the account which his servant related, and not seeing any body near, he did not feel quite comfortable, although he concealed his feelings as much as possible from Martin, resolving, however, on the next night, to ascertain himself the truth of the story.

"On the next night they repaired to the adventure, taking care to ascertain that no one was hidden in the adjacent street, to turn the odds against them in case they should be obliged to fight. They found the same figure in exactly the same situation as on the preceding nights. The courage of Don Juan was not to be daunted, but the valorous Martin quivered like an aspen for very fear, and the better to conceal his feelings, as well as to preserve his faith to his master, by not deserting him, he turned his back on the figure, and began to implore the divine assistance, his conscience assisting him in recollecting, that had it not been for his counsels the poor defunct might still have been living. Don Juan had no such compunctions, and advancing, fiercely demanded to know why he waited there. The stranger, without uncovering his face, replied in a melancholy tone,—"I am not one who would answer such language in the public street, but if your courage be as great as your action indicates, follow me, and you shall know"—being nearly the same words Don Juan uttered on the night he slew Don Lucindo. Don Juan was a man of undaunted courage, yet these words made him hesitate a little, before he accepted the invitation of the stranger. He was half inclined to fancy that it was the appearance of his deceased rival, yet if it should by any chance be a relation of Donna Ana, or some other pretender to her hand, his character would be lost for ever by betraying any symptoms of fear; he therefore, without appearance of hesitation, followed the unknown, much to the horror of Martin, who accompanied him.

"They took the same road as Don Juan had chosen with Don Lucindo, and when at the castle of San Cervantes, the stranger halted on the very spot where the deceased cavalier received his death wound. These circumstances did not tend to heighten the courage of Don Juan or his attendant, who were doomed to experience a still greater trial; for the stranger, on throwing aside his concealment, was recognized by Don Juan as a resemblance of his deceased rival. "I will keep you no longer in suspense; know that I am Don Lucindo, who on this very spot, and at this very hour, you deprived of life, to rob me of the mistress whom I adored; but I come not to upbraid you, for the dead have no enmity, but I come to you as the man on whom I have the most claim on earth to do me service." "Speak," said Don Juan, "I have injured you, and would willingly ease my conscience by performing your commands." "The evil actions of which I have been guilty during life, disturb my repose; it is for you to repair them, and ensure my tranquillity. Know that in Valencia, my native place, I was blessed with the affection of a beautiful girl, whose mind was as rich in all good thoughts, as her person was replete with every elegance and grace; yet for one who has so soon forgotten me did I leave this treasure, and she now pines over my unworthy remembrance with the most pious constancy. Go to Valencia, say nothing of my death, but endeavour to obtain her forgiveness for my past cruelty; if you succeed, bear her answer in writing, and place it under this stone, on this very spot where I fell; as you do this, so shall your suit with Donna Ana prosper; but if you fail, dread my vengeance!" Saying this, he disappeared in the darkness of the night, and Don Juan returned home in a more melancholy mood than he had ever been before; he was afraid to absent himself from Toledo without making Donna Ana acquainted with the reason, and yet he could not inform her: the distance from Toledo was great, and no excuse of business would be sufficient, he therefore determined to send Martin, hoping that his agency would be

sufficient to execute the mission of the dead. Martin was accordingly ordered to depart on the following morning, and on that night his master determined to visit Donna Ana. When they arrived, they met with no hindrance as on the former occasions, and after making the accustomed signal, Teela opened the door, and in silence and darkness they entered the house. On this occasion, as Martin was about to start on a journey of some risk, the duties of centinel were forgotten, and he was introduced into the apartment of his mistress, much in the same manner as his master was to that of Donna Ana.

"Don Juan was overjoyed to meet again the object of his affections, and had already taken her hand, which he pressed fervently to his lips, when he felt himself seized by a powerful grasp, that seemed impossible for him to resist, and was hurled the length of the room against the wall with such violence, that he remained for a moment overcome. At that moment, a voice whispered in his ear—"Don Juan, why art not thou gone on my mission? I have suffered enough by thee, and beware how you trifle with me." Without knowing the cause, Donna Ana felt her lover forcibly snatched from her, and hearing him fall heavily on the floor, not being able to conceal her excessive fear, she screamed aloud for assistance."

Great confusion followed this supernatural visitation, and Donna Ana was thrown into the utmost perplexity at the absence of her lover, which remained unexplained till he informed her, by a letter, that he was on his way to Valencia, and on what a singular mission he was employed. He succeeded, however, in the object of his journey, and on his return, placed the letter he had obtained from Don Lucindo's former mistress according to the directions which the apparition had given. There was now, therefore, nothing to oppose the consummation of his wishes, and Donna Ana fixed the day of their espousals, which were to be celebrated with great splendour in the cathedral of Toledo.

"The troubled spirit of Don Lucindo seemed to be hushed into repose; for during this period, the visits of Don Juan had been uninterrupted by any ghostly agency, and Martin had, in consequence, quite regained his courage. The auspicious day so anxiously awaited by all at length arrived. The relations of both families, and a crowd of guests, thronged around the altar to witness the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom were arrived, and nothing was wanting to delay the performance of the rites, when a loud noise was heard at the gates of the cathedral, which had been closed before the commencement of mass. Under the supposition that some friends had arrived late, the doors were opened, and to the surprise of all, two figures clothed in black garments, and their features entirely concealed, slowly walked up the aisle towards the altar. The presence of these strangers seemed to throw a damp on the spirits of the guests, and whispers began to be interchanged as to their quality and errand. Don Juan, wishing to remove the unpleasantness that seemed to prevail, when the unknown visitors arrived near the altar, demanded, though in a courteous tone, their name and business. The taller of the strangers immediately threw off his sable garments, and discovered to the astonished Juan the person of the deceased Don Lucindo. Donna Ana screamed, and fainted in the arms of her betrothed husband. Martin raised a similar outcry, and made no scruple in declaring it to be the restless spirit of Don Lucindo. Don Juan was firm amidst the disturbance. "Injured shade," he cried, "what have I neglected to perform, that thou shouldst still be unquietly wandering on earth; what more can I do to insure thy repose?" The figure made no reply, but advanced and seized Don

Juan by the hand. Consternation seized all present; but Don Juan felt the touch to be of so corporeal a nature, that either his senses deceived him, or ghosts had very much changed their nature, if Don Lucindo had not resumed his earthly covering of flesh and blood. "Don Juan," he exclaimed, "I will no longer deceive you. You will not have the sin of Don Lucindo's death to answer for; the wound you gave me was not mortal; but on a bed of sickness which it occasioned, I felt remorse for my conduct to Donna Laura, and vowed on my recovery to make her reparation. But willing to try the constancy of Donna Ana, I caused myself to be proclaimed as dead: the rest you know. I could not entrust my cause with Donna Laura in more experienced and better hands than your own, particularly when you had such a stake on its success. The result has proved it, and I have now the pleasure of resigning for ever all claims I formerly had on your intended bride, and of introducing to you one to whom my affections have ever been due, and from whom they shall never more wander." He then removed the sombre vestment from his companion, and discovered a young and most interesting woman, who, it need not be said, proved to be Donna Laura; and, in truth, the pair were gallantly attired for ghosts, being dressed in nothing less than full suits of rich wedding raiment. It is impossible to describe the surprise and joy of all present at this happy conclusion of an unpromising adventure; and after sincere compliments of congratulation on both sides, it was arranged that the marriage of both should take place together; thus sharing the festivities prepared for Don Juan's wedding, and cementing an intimacy which continued unbroken during their lives."

The difficulty of giving the spirit of a tale in an abridgment, prevents our extracting from many parts of the work in which some of the peculiar merits of the Spanish story are most apparent. Perhaps for our present purpose, one of the Visions of the admirable Quevedo may be the best extract we could make. We select the Vision of the Last Judgment:—

"Methought, said he, I beheld a noble-looking youth towering in the air, and drawing loud and solemn tones from a mighty trumpet. The vehemence of his breath did certainly detract somewhat from the effect of his glorious beauty, yet even the monumental marbles, the earth-closed caverns—nay, the very dead within obeyed his fearful call; for the ground was seen gradually to open, the bones to rise and unite together, and a mighty harvest of the living spring from the long sown seed of the dead. The first that appeared were soldiers,—such as generals of armies, captains, lieutenants, and the common foot, who, thinking that a fresh charge had sounded, rose out of their graves with considerable boldness and alacrity, as if they had been preparing for combat, or a sudden assault. The misers next put their heads out, all pale and trembling, with the idea they were going to be again plundered. Cavaliers and boon companions came trooping along, supposing they were going to a horse race, or a grand hunt. In short, though all heard the trumpet sound, not any one seemed to understand it, for their thoughts were plain enough to be read by the strangeness of their looks and gestures.

"While the souls came trooping in on all sides, many were seen to approach their new bodies, not without signs of considerable aversion and difficulty. Others stood spell-bound with wonder and horror, as if not venturing to come nearer to so dreadful a spectacle; for this wanted an arm, that an eye, and the other a head. Though, on the whole, I could not forbear smiling at so strange a variety of figures, I found yet greater matter for awe and admiration at the power of Providence, which drew order out of chaos, and restored every part and member to its particular owner. I dreamed that I was myself in a church-yard; that I saw numbers busied in changing heads,

who were averse to make their appearance; and an attorney would have put in a demurrer, on the plea that he had got a soul that could be none of his, for that his soul and body belonged to some different ones elsewhere.

"When it came at length to be generally understood, that here at last was the Day of Judgment, it was curious to observe what strange evasions and excuses were made use of among the wicked. The man of pleasure, the betrayer of innocence, the epicure, and the hypocrite, would not own their eyes, nor the slanderer his tongue, because they were sure to appear in evidence against them. Pickpockets were seen running away as fast as possible from their own fingers, while an old usurer wandered about anxiously inquiring if the money-bags were not to rise as well as the bodies? I should have laughed outright at this, had not my attention been called away to a throng of cut-purses, hastening all speed from their own ears, now offered them, that they might not hear so many sad stories against themselves.

"I was a witness to the whole scene, from a convenient station above it, when all at once there was uttered a loud outcry of "Withdraw, withdraw!" No sooner was it pronouced, than down I came, and forthwith a number of handsome women put out their heads and called me a base clown for not showing the respect and courtesy due to their high quality, not being a whit the less inclined to stand upon their etiquette,—although in Hell itself. They appeared half-naked, and as proud as Juno's peacock, whenever they happened to catch your eye; and, to say truth, they had a good complexion, and were well made. When they were informed, however, that it was no other than the Day of Judgment, they took the alarm, all their vivacity vanished, and slowly they took their way towards an adjacent valley, quite pensive and out of humour. Of these one among the rest had wedded seven husbands, and promised to each of them that she would never marry again, for she was unable to love any one like she had loved the last. Now the lady was eagerly inventing all manner of excuses, in order that she might return a proper answer when examined on this part of her conduct. Another, that had been common as the common air, affected to hum a tune, and delay the arrival on pretence of having forgotten some of her trickeries, as an eyebrow, or a comb; but, spite of her art,—for she could neither lead nor drive,—she was impelled on till she came within sight of the throne. There she beheld a vast throng, among whom were not a few she had brought far on their way to the worst place; and no sooner did they recognize her than they began to hoot after and pursue her, till she took refuge in a troop of city police.

"Next appeared a number a number of persons driving before them a certain physician along the banks of a river, whither he had unfairly dispatched them considerably before their time. They assailed his ears all the way with cries of "*justice, justice,*" at the same time urging him forwards towards the seat of judgment, where they at length arrived. Meantime, I heard upon my left hand something like a paddling in the water, as if some one were trying to swim: and what should it all be but a judge, plunged into the middle of a river, and vainly trying to wash his hands of the foul matter that adhered to them. I inquired what he was employed about, and he told me, that in his life time he had often had them oiled so as to let the business slip the better through them, and he would gladly get out the stains before he came to hold up his hand before the bar. What was yet more horrible, I saw coming under a guard of a legion of devils, all armed with rods, scourges, and clubs, a whole posse of vintners and tailors, suffering no little correction; and many pretended to be deaf, being unwilling to leave the grave under dread of a far worse lodging.

"As they were proceeding, however, up started a little dapper lawyer, and inquired whither they were going? to which it was replied, that they were going to give an account of their works. On hearing this, the lawyer

threw himself down flat on his face in his hole again, exclaiming at the same time, "If down I must without a plea, I am at least so far on the way," An inn-keeper seemed in a great sweat as he walked along, while a demon at his elbow jeering at him cried,—"Well done, my brave fellow, get rid of the water, that we may have no more of it in our wine." But a poor little tailor, well bolstered up, with crooked fingers, and bandy legged, had not a word to say for himself all the way he went, except, "Alas! alas! how can any man be a thief that dies for want of bread!" As he cried, his companions, however, rebuked him for running down his own trade. Next followed a gang of high-waymen, treading upon the heels of one another, and in no little dread of treachery and cheating among each other. These were brought up by a party of devils in the turning of a hand, and were quartered along with the tailors; for, as was observed by one of the company, your real highwayman is but a wild sort of tailor. To be sure, they were a little quarrelsome at the first, but in a short time they went together down into the valley, and took up their quarters very quietly together. A little behind them came Folly, Bells, and Co., with their band of poets, fiddlers, lovers, and fencers,—that kind of people, in short, that least dream of a day of reckoning. These were chiefly distributed among the hangmen, Jews, scribes, and philosophers. There were also a great many solicitors, greatly wondering among themselves how they should have so much conscience when dead, and none at all in their lifetime. In short, the catch-word, silence, was the order of the day.

"The throne of the Eternal being at length elevated, and the mighty day of days at hand, which spake of comfort to the good, and of terror to the wicked; the sun and the stars, like satraps, cast their glory round the foot-stool of the Supreme Judge—the avenger of the innocent—and the Judge of the greatest monarchs and judges of the earth. The wind was stilled; the waters were quiet in their ocean-sleep—the earth being in suspense and anguish for fear of her human offspring. The whole creation looked about to yield up its trust in huge confusion and dismay. The just and righteous were employed in prayer and thanksgiving; the impious and wicked were vainly busy in weaving fresh webs of sophistry and deceit, the better to mitigate their sentence. On one side stood the guardian angels ready to show how they had fulfilled the part entrusted to them; and on the other frowned the evil genii, or the devils who had eagerly contended with the former, and fomented the worst human passions, attending now to aggravate every matter of charge against their unfortunate victims. The Ten Commandments held the guard of a narrow gate, so strait indeed, that the most subdued and extenuated body could not get through without leaving the better part of his skin behind.

"In one portion of this vast theatre were thronged together Disgrace, Misfortune, Plague, Grief, and Trouble, and all were in a general clamour against the doctors. The plague admitted fairly that she had smitten many, but it was the doctor at last who did their business. Black grief, and shame both said the same; and human calamities of all kinds made open declaration that they never brought any man to his grave without the help and abetting of a doctor. It was thus the gentlemen of the faculty were called to account for the number of fellow-men they had killed, and which were found to exceed by far those who had fallen by the sword. They accordingly took their station upon a scaffold, provided with pen, ink, and paper; and always as the dead were called, some or other of them made answer to the name, and quoted the year and day when such or such a patient passed from time to eternity through his hands.

"They began the inquiry as far back as Adam, who, to say the truth, was rather roughly handled about biting an apple. "Alas!" cried one Judas that stood by, "If that were such a fault, what must be the end of me, who sold

and betrayed my own Lord and master?" Then next approached the race of patriarchs; and next the apostles, who took up their places by the side of St. Peter. It was well worth observing, that on this day there was not a whit of distinction between kings and beggars; all were equal before the judgment-seat. Herod and Pilate had no sooner put out their heads, than they found it was likely to go hard with them. "My judgment, however, is just," exclaimed Pilate: "But alas!" cried Herod, what have I to confide in! Heaven is no abiding place for me, and in Limbo I should fall among the very innocents whom I murdered; I have no choice, therefore, but must e'en take up my quarters in Hell—the general refuge for the most notorious malefactors." After this, a rough sort of sour, ill-grained fellow, made his appearance; "See here," he cried, "here are my credentials—take these letters." The company, surprised at his odd humour, inquired of the porter who he was? "Who am I," quoth he, "I am master of the noble science of defence:" then pulling out a number of sealed parchments, "These will bear witness to my exploits." As he said these words, the testimonials fell out of his hand, and two devils near him were just going to pick them up, to keep as evidence against him at his trial, but the fencer was too nimble for them, and seized on them. An angel, however, now offered him his hand to help him in; while he, as if fearing an attack, leapt a step back, throwing himself into an attitude of defence. "Now," he exclaimed, "if you like, I will give you a taste of my skill;" upon which the company set a laughing, and this sentence was pronounced against him:—"That since by his art he had caused so many duels and murders, he should himself be allowed to go to the devil in a perpendicular line." He pleaded he was no mathematician, and knew no such line; but with that word a devil came up, and gave him a twirl or two round, and down he tumbled before he could bring his sentence to an end.

"The public treasurers came after him, pursued by such a hooting at their heels, that some supposed the whole band of thieves themselves were coming: which others denying, the company fell into a dispute upon it. They were greatly troubled at the word thieves, and one and all requested they might be permitted to have the benefit of counsel. "For a very good reason," said one of the devils; "here's a discarded apostle, a Judas, that played into both hands at once; seize him!"

"On hearing this, the treasurers turned away, but a vast roll of accusations against them, held in another devil's hand, met their eyes, and one of them exclaimed, "For mercy's sake away with those informations! We will one and all submit to any penalty; to remain in purgatory a thousand years, if you will only remove them from our sight." "Is it so?" quoth the cunning devil that had drawn out the charges—"you are hard put to it to think of compounding on terms like these." The treasurers had no more to say; but, finding they must make the best of a bad case, they very quietly followed the dancing-master.

"Close upon the last came an unfortunate pastryman, and on being asked if he wished to be tried, he replied that he did, and with the help of the Lord would stand the venture. The counsel against him then prest the charge; namely, that he had roasted cats for hares, and filled his pies with bones in place of meat, and sold nothing but horse-flesh, dogs, and foxes, in lieu of good beef and mutton. It turned out, in fact, that Noah never had so many animals in his ark as this ingenious fellow had put in his pies (for we hear of no rats and mice in the former): so that, in utter despair, he threw up his cause, and went to be baked in his turn with other sinners like himself.

"'Next came and next did go' a company of bare-foot philosophers with their syllogisms, and it was amusing enough to hear them chop logic, and try all manner of questions in mood and figure, at the expense of their own souls. Yet the most entertaining of them all were the poets, who refused to

be tried at any lesser tribunal than that of Jupiter himself. Virgil with his *Sicelides Musæ*, made an eloquent defence of himself, declaring that he had prophecied the nativity. But up jumped a devil with a long story about Mæcenas and Octavius, declaring that he was no better than an idolater of the old school. Orpheus then put in a word, asserting that, as he was the elder, he ought to be allowed to speak for all, commanding the poet to repeat his experiment of going into hell, and trying to get out again, with as many of the company as he could take along with him.

"They were no sooner gone, than a churlish old miser knocked at the gate, but was informed that it was guarded by the Ten Commandments, to which he had been an utter stranger. Yet he contended that if he had not kept, he had never broken, any of them, and proceeded to justify his conduct from point to point. His quirks, however, were not admitted—his works were made the rule of decision—and he was marched off to receive a due reward.

"He was succeeded by a gang of housebreakers and others of the same stamp, some of whom were so fortunate as to be saved just in the nick of time. The usurers and attorneys, seeing this, thought they too had a good chance, and put so good a face on the matter, that Judas and Mahomet began to look about them, and advanced rather confidently to meet their trial, a movement which made the devils themselves fall to laughing.

"It was now the accusing demons of the usurers and attorneys proceeded with their accusations, which they took not from the bills of indictment made out, but from the acts of their lives, insisting upon the plain matter of fact, so as to leave them without the possibility of an excuse. Addressing the Judge—'The great crime of which these men were guilty was their being attorneys at all;'—to which it was ingeniously answered by the men of law—'No, not so; we only acted as the secretaries of other men.' They nearly all denied their own calling; and the result was, that after much cross questioning and pleading, two or three only were acquitted, while to the rest their accusers cried out, 'You here! you are wanted elsewhere;' and they then proceeded to swear against some other people, some bribing the witnesses, making them say things which they had never heard, and see things they had never seen, in order to leave innocence no chance of escape. The lie was concocted in all its labyrinths; and I saw Judas, Mahomet, and Luther draw back, while the former prest his money bag closer to him. Luther observed that he did just the same thing in his writings; but the doctor interrupted him, declaring, that compelled by those who had betrayed him, he now appeared with the apothecary and the barber to defend himself. On this a demon with the accusations in his hand turned sharp round on him, asking 'Who it was had sent the greater part of the dead then present, and with the aid of his worthy *aids-de-camp*, had, in fact, occasioned the whole proceedings of that day.' But the apothecary's advocate put in a plea for him, asserting, that he had dosed the poor people for nothing. 'No matter,' retorted a devil, 'I have him down in my list; two of his pill boxes dispatched more than ten thousand pikes could do in a battle, such was the virulence of his poisonous drugs, with which indeed he entered into a partnership with the plague, and destroyed two entire villages. The physician defended himself from any participation in these exploits, and at last the apothecary was obliged to succumb; the physician and the barber each taking the deaths that respectively belonged to them.

"A lawyer was next condemned for taking bribes from both sides, and betraying both; and lurking behind him, was discovered a fellow who seemed very desirous of concealing himself; and who, on being asked his name, replied that he was a player. 'And a very comic player indeed,' rejoined a devil, 'who had done better not to appear on that stage to-day.' The poor wretch promised to retire, and was as good as his word. A tribe

of vintners next took their station, accused of having assassinated numbers of thirsty souls, by substituting bad water for good wine. They tried to defend themselves on the plea of compensation, having supplied a hospital gratis with wine for the sacred ceremonies; but this was overruled, as was that preferred by the tailors, of having clothed some charity boys on the same terms, and they were all sent to the same place.

"Three or four rich merchants next appeared, who had got wealth by defrauding their correspondents and creditors, but the accusing demon now informed them they would find it more difficult to make a composition; and turning towards Jupiter, he said, 'Other men, my Lord Judge, have to give account of their own affairs, but these have had to do with every body's.' Sentence was forthwith pronounced, but I could not well catch it, so speedily they all disappeared. A cavalier now came forward, with so good a face, and so upright, as to challenge even justice itself. He made a very lowly obeisance on entering, but his collar was of such a size as to defy you to say whether he had got any head in it at all. A messenger on the part of Jupiter, inquired if he was a man, to which he courteously replied in the affirmative, adding that his name was Don Fulano, on the faith of a cavalier. At this, one of the devils laughed, and he was then asked what it was he wanted? To which he replied, that he wanted to be saved. He was delivered over to the demons, whom he entreated to use him gently, lest they should chance to disorder his mustachios and ruff. Behind him, came a man uttering great lamentations, which he himself interrupted by saying, 'Though I cry, I am none so badly off, for I have shaken the dust off the saints themselves before now.' Every one looked round, thinking to see a hero, or a Diocletian, from his brushing the ears of the saints; but he turned out to be a poor wretch whose highest office was to sweep the pictures, statues, and other ornaments of the church. His cause seemed safe, when all at once he was accused by one of the devils of drinking the oil out of the lamps, but which he again laid to the charge of an owl; that he had moreover clothed himself out of the church suits, that he drank the wine eat the bread, and even laid a duty on the fees. He made but a lame defence; and was ordered to take the left hand road in his descent.

"He made way for a levy of fine ladies, tricked out in cap and feather, and so full of merriment, that they fell to amuse themselves with the odd figures of the demons themselves. It was stated by their advocate, that they had been excellent devotees; true, retorted their demon, devoted to any thing but chastity and virtue. Yes, certainly, replied one that had taken her full fling in life, and whose trial now came on. She was accused of making religion itself a cloak, and even marrying, the better to conceal the enormities of her conduct. When condemned, she retired, bitterly complaining that had she known the result she would have taken care not to have done any of the charitable things, and said so many masses as she had.

"Next, after some delay, appeared Judas, Mahomet, and Matin Luther, of whom a messenger inquired which of the three was Judas? To this, both Mahomet and Luther replied that he was the man; on which Judas cried out in a rage, that they were both liars; for that he was the true Judas, and that they only affected to be so, in order to escape a worse fate than his; for though he had indeed sold his Master, the world had been the better of it, while the other rascals, by selling both themselves and his master, had well nigh ruined it. They were all sent to the place they deserved.

"An attorney who held the evidence in his hand, now called on the alguazils and runners to answer the accusations brought against them. They cut a woeful figure; and so clear was the case against them, that they were condemned without more ado.

"An astrologer now entered with his astrolobes, globes, and other quack-

ery, crying out that there was some mistake, for that that was not the Day of Judgment, as Saturn had not yet completed his course, nor he out of sheer fear his own. But a devil turned round on him, and seeing him loaded with wooden instruments and maps, exclaimed, "Well done, friend, you have brought fire-wood along with you; though it is a hard thing, methinks, after making so many heavens as are here, you should be sent to the wrong place at last for the want of a single one." "I will not go, not I," said the astrologer; "Then carry him," said the devil, and away he went.

"The whole court after this broke up: the shadows and clouds withdrew; the air grew refreshing, flowers scented once more the breezes, the sunny sky re-appeared, while I methought remained in the valley; and wandering about, heard a good deal of noise and voices of lamentation, as if rising out of the ground. I pressed forward to inquire what it could be, and I saw in a hollow cavern, (a fit mouth to hell), a number of persons in pain. Among these was a *Letrado*, but busied not so much with dead laws as with live coals,—and an *Escrivano*, devouring only letters. A miser was there, counting more pangs than pieces; a physician contemplating a dead patient; and an apothecary steeped in his own mixtures.

"I laughed so outright at this, that I started wide awake; and was withal more merry than sad to find myself on my bed.

"The foregoing indeed are dreams; but such as if your excellency will sleep upon them, it will come to pass, that in order to see the things as I see them, you will pray for them to turn out as I say they are."

THE WARRIOR BARD.

THE bugle's voice had set the watch of night,
And silence walk'd the carnage-cover'd plain,
When sad, beside the dying embers' light,
The warrior bard watch'd o'er th' unburied slain,
Ere war's soul-stirring blast had rung,
His harp the charms of beauty sung.
But when his country's voice was heard,
And freedom was the rallying word,
The minstrel's soul through all its depths was stirr'd.
He sought the field—the battle led—
And soothed the pains of those who bled—
While thus he sung the fame that crown'd the dead:—

Ye glorious spirits of the mighty dead,
Whose cold remains on victory's bosom rest,
When hist'ry tells the cause for which ye bled,
Your names shall be by freedom's children blest.
To you the ruling hand of heaven,
The noblest, proudest fate hath given.
Your sons shall dash the tear aside,
And show the field with manly pride,
On which, in freedom's cause, their fathers died;
Then should oppression break her chain;
In them your souls shall breathe again;
And tame their pride, or life's last current drain.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE EARL OF ELDON.

THERE is no branch of literature containing so many difficulties as biography. It is by no means an easy task to be impartial, particularly if the writer has selected, for his memoir, one, who through a long and eventful life, has been the staunch supporter, the almost leader of a fallen though once powerful party. A stream does not take its colour more from the hue of the soil through which it runs, than does the statement of a writer from his own cast of mind, passions, and prejudices. This is doubly true when applied to the biographer, and, therefore, his partiality is more frequently a subject for invective and condemnation, than in common candour and fair honesty, we justly conceive that his predelictions, or the contrary, demand from the reader. With this simple and brief avowal, we shall proceed at once to sketch the history of a man who has filled, for nearly a quarter of a century, the highest judicial station in the country ; whose legal life is so intimately woven with a mass of jurisprudence, and who, during a long and interesting period, exercised a powerful influence in those cabinets, which, for such a length of time, so unworthily and shamefully weilded the energies, and ruled the destinies of this mighty nation. Intrusted with such power, his character, of right, becomes the property of mankind. It is their province to inquire into his acts, to trace his public, and mark his private life, and to submit both to free discussion and unreserved examination.

We have been taught, from the highest authority, that from those to whom much have been given, much will be required. We will take this test and apply it to the subject of our article, and leave the reader to ascertain whether, in the account of the stewardship, he will not find a sad and woful deficiency.

His Lordship was born at Newcastle, in the year 1749. His father had been a domestic in the family of the Earl of Strathome, but having been a prudent man, he so judiciously managed his pecuniary affairs, as to create a moderate fund from his wages, which enabled him to be, at the period of his son's birth, in possession of a thriving business as a coal merchant. John Scott and his brother received their elementary education in their native town, and thence they were removed to the University of Oxford. It is naturally to be supposed, that though the father was rather fortunate in his dealings, yet from his station in life, it was impossible for him to be very lavish in his expenditure upon his sons. In fact, it was out of the question, and the lads, therefore, adopted a plan calculated to lessen the burthen upon their father, and, at the same time, render themselves comparatively comfortable. William gave lectures, but his brother received many a consideration, in good substantial forms, for having rendered collegiate assistance to several of his more wealthy, but indolent, or less gifted fellow students.* In Hilary Term, 1772, John Scott became a

* In 1771, he gained the Chancellor's Prize, for his "Essay on the Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Travels."

member of the Inner Temple, and in 1776 he was called to the bar. He was then 26 years of age, and possessed a tolerably fair person; but he cared little for that, and less for those who studied the outward man; in fact, with his dress he was a few grades beneath negligence, and it is recorded of him, "that his habiliments were by no means remarkable for their superiority, or his appearance and manners for gentility." This, however, was no great detriment to his success. He cared little for fashion, and shunned its votaries. Even the society of the Mitre possessed no attraction for him; and we have heard his brother state, that he has frequently, but always in vain, endeavoured to induce him to abandon, for a few hours, his black letter studies, for the society of Johnson and his satellites. Literary and other amusements were never allowed to interfere with, or lessen his zeal for a thorough knowledge of the law. He had an habitual aversion to all acquaintances who were not strictly professional, and who could not either argue a legal question, unravel its intricacies, or in some way or other aid him in his studies. His companion was Coke, and he very frequently dined from its contents. If, for a moment, he allowed a disposition for lighter pursuits to occupy his time, it was so blended with his studies, that little difference could be discovered by an ordinary hard-reading student. Upon such occasion, the text-books and reports would give place to the Pandects, Vattel, Grotius, and Puffendorf. About half a dozen times he was caught flirting with the muses, but he even carried his profession to Parnassus; and he has left us a parody on the ballad Chevy Chase, in the shape and style of a bill in Chancery.

During one of his professional visits to Newcastle, Mr. Scott was fortunate enough to gain the affections of Miss Elizabeth Suttees, a lady of considerable charms, and superior attainments. The intimacy first commenced in the Court House, in the gallery of which Mr. Scott first beheld and admired the being destined to share in his success. At that time, however, Mr. Scott was a briefless barrister, and though Miss Suttees thought that a consideration of little consequence, her parents were of a different opinion, and the alliance with Mr. Scott was indignantly declined. This avowal, instead of making the lovers sentimentally wretched, merely nerved them to deeds of defiance, for it determined them to pursue the bent of their inclinations, and oppose the grave commands of parental authority. Miss Suttee became a fugitive,—but Mrs. Scott. She had exchanged the dwelling of her parents, for the roof of a husband, the luxuries of their table for the limited fare of a barrister, without practice and without means; all overtures for a return to favour were inexorably treated,* and the poor, but happy couple, were left to meditate on their indiscretion, and entirely rely on their own resources. Thus were the difficulties increased that had obscured his early dawn, and the poor lost young man became an object of commiseration and neglect. Even his own relatives were indignant at his marriage, and beheld nothing in his

* As indicative of the mutability of human affairs, it may be observed, that when Mr. Scott became Chancellor, he had to affix the seal to a commission for rendering his father-in-law a bankrupt.

future life but the most abject poverty. But, happily for the object of their predictions, a brighter day was rapidly approaching, when gloomy forebodings were to be falsified, and when mutual affection and patience, learning and diligence, were to be amply rewarded.

At the time Mr. Scott was called to the bar, the profession was differently constituted to what it is at present. The Court of Chancery claimed the privilege of sending from their bar even the common law judges, and it was also customary for the Chancery practitioner to go the circuit. Mr. Scott selected the northern, and during three years of punctual attendance he was so far successful as to have numbered some eight or ten causes in which he was engaged. This progress was by no means calculated to flatter his prospects, or add to his resources; on the contrary, it tended to banish hope, and seriously to affect his limited income. The expense of going the circuit was very great, although at that time the assizes in four of the northern towns were held only once during the year. Yet the single journey was a severe tax, and the difficulty of keeping in the train of the judges was occasionally surmounted by travelling peripatetically. The difficulties of a young barrister, struggling with a want of means, is a source of melancholy reflection. Many a bright genius, good lawyer, and orator, have sunk beneath the weight of its multifarious and oppressive difficulties. Not possessed of fortune or perseverance, they have either quitted the profession or the higher courts, and dwindled down into the practice, fame, and emoluments of country practitioners; where their highest prospects—their only advancement—must be the admiration of a bench of country squires, or an elevation as deputy chairman of quarter sessions.

Mr. Scott severely felt the difficulties he had to encounter; they seriously affected his health, and appeared to undermine that perseverance which he so remarkably possesses. It was during a depression of spirits, almost amounting to despondency, that he fortunately secured the friendship of a young Irishman, who generously opened his well-filled purse to alleviate the difficulties of his friend. It was owing to assistance thus afforded that Mr. Scott was enabled to attend the circuit; but he was still unfortunate, and it was not until after repeated loans had vanished that a gleam of hope cheered his gloomy prospects. In the absence of a leading counsel he was called on to conduct a case at York. He pleaded the importance of his senior, and with great humility suggested the propriety of postponing the cause. The court overruled the objection, and ordered Mr. Scott to proceed, or the next case to be called. Mr. Scott did proceed, and won the cause. From this moment Mr. Scott became a rising man. He, however, was not deluged with business on the circuit, but was amply supplied at chambers; which, perhaps, is the surest test of merit, and the most certain and speedy path to fame and emolument. The well-known accuracy, the reputed diligence, and the punctuality with which Mr. Scott discharged his professional engagements, became at last the theme of attornies; and, as he was to be found both early and late in his chambers, and easily accessible, he began to reap the substantial fruits of his industry and learning. A multiplicity of business soon occupied his attention, and he deemed it requisite to

confine his labours to the equity branch of the profession. At this time Thurlow was Chancellor, a man possessed of strong mind, vigorous thought, and great vanity. There was a consciousness of his own superiority—a knowledge of the excellence of his natural powers, which led him to disdain the efforts of more cultivated minds, and to endeavour to stifle discussion. He became impatient when an advocate ventured to cull a rhetorical flower, or introduce a poetical quotation; and he has been known to silence a barrister by stopping him in the middle of a phrase, and ordering him to read his brief, and not trouble the court with declamation.*

It was before this proud, overbearing judge, that Mr. Scott ventured to appear. Fearless, undaunted, and armed with considerable learning, he cared little for Thurlow's bluster, and less for his law. His manner, however, was in direct contrast to the vulgar brutality of the Chancellor. He was mild, affable, and good natured—his temperament even and unruffled—neither calculated to irritate others, or be annoyed himself. His whole demeanour was pleasing, his humility apparent, and his reverence to the bench almost without a parallel. His mode of addressing the court was to rise with much show of diffidence, and patiently wait for the nod that would authorize his commencement. He would then artfully direct his observations as much to the judge as to the merits of the cause. The consequence was soon obvious: he was listened to. He was happy, also, in discovering how far to push an argument, without rendering the Chancellor uneasy; but if he ever found himself transgressing, he would dexterously take up another point, or listen with the most profound attention to the words of the oracle.

In 1783 Mr. Scott received a patent of precedency, and shortly afterwards was returned to Parliament for Weobly, in Herefordshire. Like many other worthies who have entered on their parliamentary career with a determination to be honest, or with an appearance of being so, Mr. Scott's maiden efforts were well directed. His opposition, however, was too violent to have been sincere, and appeared more like a display of what Walpole would have called "a knowledge of his price." Mr. Pitt had just returned to power, after the loss of the East India Bill, and the retirement of Lord North: several motions and addresses had been carried in the Commons, expressive of their want of confidence in the new ministers, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer began to rumour his intention of resorting to a dissolution. Mr. Scott, in one of his speeches, alluded to the rumour, ridiculed it as improbable, nay more, impossible; and maintained that such a proceeding would be unconstitutional, and that he would pledge himself to be the first man to come forward to move an impeachment, should Mr. Pitt dare to take such a step. Alas! for the honor of consistency, it is much to be regretted that Mr. Scott's memory failed him; for it is well known that the minister did dissolve the Parliament, and that the impeachment was forgotten.

* Lord Thurlow wore a smile when in court, but it did not suit his face—it failed to please; there was nothing in it to excite a presumption of amiability. On the contrary, it was of the same character with his tears, which Burke described as "more like the dismal bubbling of the Styx, than the gentle murmuring streams of Aganippe."

In 1783 he was appointed Solicitor-General, and received the honor of knighthood. In 1793 he was raised to the office of Attorney-General, and in six years afterwards he was elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, and created a peer. During the time that his lordship was in the lower House, his votes and speeches were in unison with his party, and he was only celebrated as being famous for the covert and insidious mode in which he conducted his political warfare. We cannot better illustrate this, than by selecting an instance, which is more interesting than many others that we could adduce, as it occurred on the passage of Fox's celebrated Jury Bill. On that occasion his lordship expressed a wish to preserve distinct and separate the respective rights of judges and jurors. He admitted that there was a defect in the law—praised Mr. Fox for his exertions—declined offering an opposition, but doubted whether the bill would be effective. But when the bill came before the Committee he suggested several apparently trifling alterations, and among them moved that the preamble should be less general. This roused the indolence of Fox, who had for some time allowed the Solicitor-General to suggest, and insinuate to such an extent, that the bill had nearly become a mass of senseless deformity. Mr. Fox complimented him on his tact, acuteness, and *friendly* disposition towards the bill, and pointed out the danger of limiting the preamble—maintaining that in proportion as the preamble of the bill was general, the utility and importance of the measure became obvious, and the intentions of its authors more directly secured. Other well known instances could be mentioned, but time and space will not permit of their enumeration. In 1790 he took part in opposing all inquiry into the murder of Mustapha Cawn; and in 1792, in the same spirit, he objected to any inquiry into the deeds of the magistrates of Birmingham, for their disgraceful conduct during the riots. This refusal was the more shameful, as it was actually proved that the magistrates in person directed the fury of that most horrid and sanguinary spirit of bigotry and superstition, which revelled in the destruction of the property of a philosopher, and panted for the blood of the liberal and enlightened few who were gifted with reason.

On the question of the Regency he took a prominent part. The circumstance was one of political magnitude—one that engrossed much public and private attention; and which even now is a subject of deep and painful interest. At a period when treaties of the greatest importance were forming, when negociations of the utmost consequence were pending, an awful and melancholy event, unprecedented in the annals of the country, arrested the progress of ministers, and appeared for a time to cause, almost, the annihilation of government. It pleased the Almighty to visit George the Third with an affliction which has no parallel in human sufferings,—with a calamity of the most humiliating and affecting character, which incapacitated him from performing his regal functions, or personally exercising the slightest authority. Thus arose a defect in the constitution; and, during the continuance of the king's malady, it became necessary to supply the deficiency. How this object was accomplished must be familiar to every one, and also the part taken by the Solicitor-Gene-

ral. His speeches on the subject were considered, by the opposition, as the best in argument that were delivered; and Lord North and Mr. Fox frequently regretted that they "had not been enabled to have spoken after the Solicitor-General, when his words were fresh in the minds of his hearers." On this question, it is well known that Sir John closely followed the beaten track of the minister; and even when his patron, Lord Thurlow, was trimming, he had too much tact and cunning to forsake Mr. Pitt, for the wake of the Chancellor.

In 1793, he brought in his celebrated bill to prevent traitorous correspondence—a bill useless, unjust, impolitic, and tyrannical. The nature of the bill must be familiar to every one, and the determined stand made against it by the present premier. Mr. Fox called it "a law for facilitating convictions in cases of high treason;" and it passed the Commons only by a majority of one. In 1794, he spoke warmly in favour of employing foreigners, and in opposition to a motion on the subject by Mr. Grey. The same year he was instrumental in suspending the habeas corpus, that bulwark of the liberties of the subject.

In 1798, he introduced a measure to regulate newspapers; but, more properly speaking, to fetter public discussion, and keep the people in the dark. During the time that he held the office of attorney-general, he was frequently called upon to officiate in its most obnoxious department. The very period seemed to have been pregnant with perilous circumstances, and we may safely assert that the close of the last century presents one of the most interesting and extraordinary portions of the history of this country. We will not stop to inquire into the early opinions of Mr. Pitt, and the spirited and patriotic resolutions of the Duke of Richmond. We will not endeavour to prove that their sentiments were the seeds that were scattered on good ground, and brought forth in abundance; neither will we arrest the progress of our narrative, to ascertain whether Mr. Pitt or the Duke were the most sincere of politicians, and the best of patriots. But we will proceed at once to state, that the Attorney-General was directed to check the progress of that, which his master had been instrumental in engendering. To use other words, and in the language of a biographer of Lord Erskine, "the minister resolved to strike a blow, which should place, at his absolute mercy, the blood of every man who had ventured to join a political society." The corresponding associations, and the "Society for the Friends of the People," had assumed an offensive attitude; the Government affected to be alarmed; they infected the country with terrors and apprehensions; and the most conspicuous and celebrated members of these societies were charged with high treason, and handed over to an attorney-general and a jury. The first person selected was the secretary of "The Constitutional Society," Mr. Hardy; and much has been said and written relative to the conduct of the Attorney-General. Mr. Hardy was brought to trial for high treason,—his wife had died but a few days previously,—and he was suffering considerably from this calamity; but still the Attorney-General selected him as the first to pass the fearful ordeal of a trial, which was, perhaps, to terminate in the death of the prisoner. The result of this trial is well known—

the exertions of Mr. Erskine—his powerful and almost super-human eloquence—and also the acquittal of the others, who were so ridiculously, absurdly, and falsely accused of a treasonable conspiracy. The Attorney-General laboured hard to procure a conviction—he was eight hours and a quarter in his opening to the jury—he turned and twisted the law of treason—and endeavoured, with all his accustomed talent and skill, to betray the jury into his own views, and the wishes of his employers. But happily for the unfortunate prisoners, an honest jury stood between the accuser and the accused, and protected those lives that were demanded by an oppressive and sanguinary executive. It is useless to go through the different acts of his attorney-generalship; he was a firm adherent to the minister, and one of those who would have thought it treason to differ from him. The effect of this was soon apparent. Difficulties began to take place between Lord Thurlow and Mr. Pitt. The Chancellor opposed the minister, on several important bills; and, on a representation to the King, the Seal was put in commission. It was afterwards given to Lord Eldon. His life since that period, both political and judicial, has been so frequently and severely canvassed, that every one must have formed an opinion of its merits.

The same year that he assumed the proud station of Lord High Chancellor of England, he was elevated to the High Stewardship of the University of Oxford. On the death of Mr. Pitt, in 1806, a Whig administration was formed, and Lord Erskine became his successor. On the breaking up of the administration, in 1807, Lord Erskine followed his friends and resigned the seal, which was again intrusted to Lord Eldon. His lordship continued its possession until Mr. Canning formed an administration, and then he was succeeded by Lord Lyndhurst, who held the appointment until the Duke of Wellington left office, and the present distinguished Chancellor was placed on the Woolsack.

Like Erskine, Lord Eldon failed to acquire that accession of fame, by his parliamentary exertions, which has distinguished the present chancellor, and which generally has followed those who owe their elevation to their forensic talents, fame, and genius. But he possessed no peculiar strength of intellect—no enlargement of mind; his chief merit consisted of extensive knowledge of the law, and the most rigid integrity and impartiality. He was, however, unlike Erskine in other points—he was no orator; his style was simple and unaffected. No pomp of words, rhetorical flourishes, brilliant passages, or epigramatic turns, are to be found in his speeches. Not possessed of a rich imagination, or impetuous eloquence, he contented himself with giving utterance to his thoughts in a language at once terse and powerful, but by no means declamatory. He seemed disposed to rely on a plain manly argument, and the energy of reason. He, therefore, did not rise to any great rank in oratory; and, as he was not possessed of that copious and animated language which exalts both the orator and his subject, he seldom if ever reached the sublime, and never dazzled. He is particularly partial to expletives, which perhaps, as much as anything, betrays the paucity of eloquence. In the House of Lords he is rather colloquial, fond of the pathetic, and has been

known to weep frequently during an address. Still there is a force and elegance in his harangues, if so they may be called, both in parliament and at the bar, which, even at an early period of his career, seldom failed to excite considerable interest.

During the periods that his lordship held the seals, the complaints against him for delays in the Court of Chancery and House of Lords, were both loud and frequent. Had his lordship become incarnated with the spirit of delay, and all its attendant mischiefs, he could not have afforded greater scope for complaint. The newspapers and reviews denounced his procrastinating propensity—motion after motion was made in the House of Commons upon the subject—long, interesting, and warm debates took place for several successive sessions—committees were appointed, but his lordship continued his course unaltered; and, up to the moment of his retiring from his functions, the arrears, both in Chancery and the Lords, had most frightfully accumulated. In the speech on the Regency bill, which we have before alluded to, there is the following remarkable maxim:—"We should not consider what the law ought to *be*, but what it *is*." This position his lordship appears to have maintained throughout his judicial career, and to have cherished with almost paternal fondness. Looking, therefore, at his conduct through life, both political and judicial—marking his fixed opposition to all improvements in legislation, and, after a careful perusal and deliberate study of the general character of his decisions, we cannot but be forcibly struck with the similitude which they bear to his favourite sentiment. A love of reference, anxiety for parallel cases, veneration for former decisions, an inclination to pause, and a determination to shut out the light of own mind, could not but involve him in doubts and difficulties. These invariably became increased as the old books multiplied, until his lordship was not only perplexed, but too frequently bewildered. It would only be a work of supererogation to discant upon the injury, misfortune, and misery of the unhappy suitors—the fortunes expended, the harvest of lawyers, the poverty of clients—all is too familiar to require comment, too well known to need more than a passing remark. Upon this portion of his lordship's career we shall not bestow those censures and animadversions, or, more properly speaking, register those that have been so deservedly showered upon him, but simply, and we think forcibly, merely point to the Herculean labours of Lord Brougham.

Before we close, we may as well say a few words upon a subject that cannot well be allowed to remain without remark. There has been much whispered, to use the mildest phrase, concerning an avaricious propensity entertained by both Lord and Lady Eldon. Indeed, such a charge has not been confined to the insinuations of a few; for the vehicles of public information have teemed with assertions derogatory to their character for generosity and benevolence. That many of the statements so published were facts, there can be no doubt; but it is equally true, that several were destitute of even the slightest foundation. To justify a want of true nobleness, and to advocate parsimony, is by no means our intention: but there are excuses which can very prudently be made; and such allowances will

find a proper weight in the estimation of so peculiar a charge. In the commencement of his lordship's life, we have seen that he struggled with pecuniary embarassments: he, therefore, was compelled to be frugal to an extreme, particularly after he had become a married man, and, of course, had enlarged his exigencies. From the slender state of his purse at that time, and from the imperative necessity of acting with the most rigid economy, we may easily date the result of his actions in after-life. What was first necessity, by continued usage became habit: and thus did both Lord and Lady Eldon allow themselves to be governed by the principles of their early and less fortunate days. Generosity, we take upon ourselves to affirm, his lordship practised: and a more erroneous conclusion has never been arrived at, than a belief to the contrary. He certainly possessed this virtue; and many are now living, who can attest the nature of his bounty. It is true, his name did not surmount every list for the aid of public charity, or blaze among the titled patrons of private benevolence; but to those who are acquainted with his private life, he was not wanting in charity; and we are convinced that our readers will conclude with us, that his good deeds were not the less efficacious, from their being performed without ostentation. Yet, as faithful chroniclers, we feel compelled to state, that we cannot refrain from expressing our unfeigned sorrow, that the great weight and influence of a chancellor's name was not more frequently added to the patrons of science, and the lovers of philanthropy. The example of high personages is of infinite importance, and, we are convinced, more likely to be productive of salutary advantages, than the most extensive channels of private benevolence. There is, therefore, in this view, much to regret; but we contemplate the painful subject with mingled sensations, and feel relieved in mind, when we are assured that the springs of charity were not dried up—that they frequently flowed to the succour of the sick and the distressed—and though the current cannot be so frequently traced as we would desire, yet we must feel satisfied with the hope and belief, that the fault did not arise from want of thought, or callous indifference.*

His lordship was chancellor for the long period of four-and-twenty years: he was conspicuous, during that time, for his influence in the cabinet, and his exertions in the senate, and on the judgment seat: and if we are to ascribe all honour and renown to the length of time passed in official life, or be convinced that patience and slowness of belief, are the characteristics and strongest marks of sound judgment; then we must be prepared to bestow upon the subject of our thoughts, the most unbounded commendation. But if we measure the merits of his lordship, by a different standard—if we judge of his long life by his private and public acts—if we see, that during a long

* His lordship, from the long period that he was in office, and from his frugality—perhaps parsimony—has amassed a large fortune. He is generally considered to be immensely rich; for, when chancellor, his income averaged £19,000 a-year; and in one year, 1810—11, the receipts actually amounted to the enormous sum of £22,737 13s. He also was in possession of many saleable places and sinecures, besides the large patronage that fell to his distribution.

official career, he neglected every opportunity of advancing the liberties of mankind, and rather aided than resisted oppression—if we find him the bold enemy of all freedom of conscience, the champion of intolerance, and the instrument of persecution:—if we trace all these things, and are convinced of their reality; we shall indeed arrive at a very different estimate of his conduct and character. It is indeed lamentable, that his long life has passed away, in a manner so unprofitable to all but himself; and that even its close should be devoted to the support and extension of those evils which, happily for mankind, are rapidly decreasing.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

PLEDGE CANDIDATES.—The election at Westminster has proved the sense of the people on the subject of pledges. Last month, when the doctrine was revived, or rather insisted upon, in its most extended sense, we spoke fearlessly out, and scouted the monstrous system, in terms somewhat too plain for those whom we would willingly consider friends.

A candidate, with any chance of success, must have the confidence of his constituents—to deserve which, he ought to be a man of honour and integrity, and his *opinions* on all vital questions known. Does it not seem monstrous, then, that a man so known and so circumstanced, should be regarded with suspicion, and that he should be called upon to pledge himself to those measures, his ardent attachment to which, the whole tenour of his life has proved? But there are some, it seems, who think differently, who treat honour as chimerical, and integrity as a thing to be wondered at, with whom clamour is patriotism, and destructiveness public virtue! Such we are not, and never have been: and when these doctrines are acknowledged to be *true* Radicalism, we will expunge our name from the list, and not blush at our want of consistency.

We rejoice at Mr. Hume's triumph. *He* was not pledged, save by his own honour, conscience, and free choice of party; and with such pledges ought every man to be content. It would be a miserable proof of the freedom of Englishmen, if our House of Commons were filled with manacled members, and, on every change of administration, or European change of policy, they were obliged to send to their constituents for instructions! A member of the Commons House of Parliament has the proud distinction of representing the People of England, and not a self-elected junta, who have arrogated to themselves an authority which, in the sequel, has covered them with mortification and ridicule. They remind us of little Captain Weazle, in Roderick Random, whose stentorian voice, issuing from the obscure recesses of the waggon, struck terror into the hearts of the by-standers. His sanguinary threats intimated annihilation to all who opposed him. It is needless to say his threats were bombast—his strength that of a pigmy!

The time has arrived when it behoves every man to take his

stand. Parties have assumed more distinct shapes than hitherto. Whigs, Liberals, or Radicals—or by whatever name they have been called—have emanated from one family, and have been more or less attached to one cause—the freedom and enlightenment of the People. The late Elections have more distinctly defined the shades which have always existed. For ourselves, there is a straightforward and manly course, which we shall never shrink from. We are pledged by our expressed opinions as Radical Reformers, so long as an abuse shall remain, and as such we are not afraid of endangering our consistency by word or deed. We identify ourselves with neither *rumps* nor *juntas*—ultras are the fag-ends of parties, and are alike of little value. The free constituency of this country must not be intimidated by a misguided multitude: it is in the worst spirit of the boroughmongers. Clamour, with ourselves at least, will never carry conviction, nor will protestations of patriotism secure confidence.

The Elections and their progress have so engrossed the public attention this month, that other topics have been comparatively of minor interest. The newspapers, daily and weekly, have been filled with lists of candidates and the state of the polls. If we except the slaughter at Antwerp, and a few domestic murders of more than ordinary atrocity, very little of *interest* has varied the uniformity of election news. The result of the latter, however, has furnished matter for exultation with all supporters of the rightful cause. The Tory predictions of anarchy, rioting, and bloodshed, have been falsified throughout, save where they have been themselves the chief instigators. The quiet and orderly demeanour generally observed, and the very little inconvenience generally felt by electors, furnish an admirable argument in favour of short parliaments, should they, on mature reflection, be deemed advisable. Another has likewise been elicited by the result of the elections—the necessity of the Ballot-box. We must confess having had a reluctance for advocating the adoption of this measure; it argues a compromise between the open and manly feeling which ought to characterize the British freeman, with the cowardly, hypocritical dealing of the slave. The circumstance of the Ballot being used at clubs, and at all private elections amongst the *privileged* classes, is no argument in its favour; we should be sorry to see the day, when the Commons of England regard the manliness, the fearlessness of independence, with so apathetic a feeling as its aristocracy do.

If we are obliged to resort to the measure, by whom are we forced, but by the acknowledged and bitter enemies of all that is really honest and noble—Conservatives, do they call themselves? Conservatives of the base and degraded portions of our being—Conservatives of the gallows and the lash.—But their political existence is well nigh ended. The ballot will extinguish it. The only feeling for their fate will be that of slaves for their task-masters;—their only monuments, debt and taxation.

If Ministers really mean to do themselves justice, and deal equi-

tably by their measures, they will institute inquiry into the return of the Tory members for Liverpool and Norwich. Bribery has been as notorious at these places, as at the most disgraceful periods of the corrupt parliament. Neither means nor money have been spared at these old kennels of the Conservatives. During the late regime, the constituency of these places was so placed, as to make them virtually rotten boroughs; and the transfusion of new blood into their diseased system, has not been sufficiently copious to eradicate the old standing taint. In a word, the majority of freemen (!) at each place, have, for many years, been bought and sold in droves, like horned beasts as they are. The new constituency have not been strong enough to make head against them. There are too many honest and upright men in both places to allow of our casting a sweeping censure, which the fact of returning such men as Sir James Scarlet and Lord Sandon would prompt; but it is necessary that the iniquity should be traced to its proper source, that honest men should not be confounded with rogues. Amongst the political novelties of the last month, a weekly newspaper has appeared,* conducted upon the principles of the Examiner, and apparently not inferior in talent to that great master of political fence. We allude to it, because it has drawn our attention, in a very marked manner, to Sir James Scarlett and his qualifications as a *representative* A file of the Morning Chronicle for June 23d, 1824, gives us the report of a crim. con. case—"Johnstone v. Lord Brudenel"—where Mr. Scarlett admits that his lordly client *is living with the Plaintiff's wife.* Mr. Scarlett then says, "The person whom he had the HONOUR TO REPRESENT, was a nobleman of the STRICTEST HONOUR, who *approached the consideration* of this painful subject with every sentiment of regret." Now, admitting that a lawyer is willing to represent every blackguard who pays him ten Guineas, it does not follow that such sum obliges him to compromise his private opinions with the public. When a man does so, we may be sure they are genuine. Here we behold this Proteus the representative, for the time being, of an adulterer, whom he considers an *honour* to represent. Anon, he represents the people of Norwich; and the honest portion of them consider it a disgrace to be represented by him. Let us hope that a reformed House of Commons will unseat such a representative as this.

THE Duke of Newcastle has drawn a cheque on the people of Newark for rather a heavy payment—no less than two members of parliament! The draught has been paid, though the lash has been applied to enforce the exaction. The electors, when canvassed by Serjeant Wilde, told him that their independence at the last election had nearly made them beggars—they would willingly vote for him, but they could not be turned from their homes to starve! Here is an undeniable argument for the Ballot, which the misguided Tories thus force upon the nation. The blindness of these people exceeds belief. But for the Reform Bill, of which the Duke of Newcastle

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* The Reflector.

has been throughout the uncompromising enemy, his Grace's palace at Clumber would by this time have shared the same fate with his castle at Nottingham, and perhaps he and his family have been but too happy to have escaped by its light. The people of England have awakened from their long trance—they demand, not indeed indemnity for the past, but a guarantee for the future; and fortunately there are men in the Government sufficiently enlightened to foresee the disastrous termination to a struggle against the just demands of an incensed people.

The Conservatives complain, that the great cause of their defeat, and almost total dispersion, is occasioned by the want of union amongst their own party—a new edition of "Family Jars." The first blow they trace to the celebrated division in the House of Lords, and previously to the late elections several became miraculously converted. We place no faith in their sincerity. If they are not true to each other, they will hardly be true to us. However, it is whimsical to hear the lackadaisacal condolence passing between the *Morning Post*, the *Standard*, and the *Albion*. The occasional lament over the degeneracy of their race—the tear-bedewed cambric passing rapidly round—the gleam of joy that ever and anon cheers them when the return of a Tory member, by bribery and intimidation, reminds them of "the good old times!"—and then the grand Conservative thunderer, the *Age*, with its "long Tom a' midships," mowing down weekly both friends and foes.

Poor Tories! How like they are to blind benighted beggars, groping about for their lost spoil, and in their disappointed fury quarrelling and becrutching each other with the most diabolical earnestness. It argues a happy time for honest men when rogues disagree.

It seems marvellous to us, that a certain number of otherwise doubtless respectable gentlemen, should so far impose upon themselves as to believe they can add to their respectability one jot, by proclaiming themselves candidates for parliament, without the slightest chance of success. For twenty miles round London, the literary competition of candidates cannot fail to impress the uneducated with reverence for the attainments of their superiors. The walls, hitherto monopolized by a set of unprincipled adventurers, are thrown open to an enlightened public. Young ladies and gentlemen in boarding schools can take their lessons as they walk. ELEGANT COATS and HUNT'S MATCHLESS are no longer the exclusive subjects for their edification; RUSH TO THE POLL, and BRISCOE FOR SURREY, will now become household terms. The Sunday and Charity school children have already derived an important advantage—they no longer spell Candidate with a K.

Names hitherto unknown to fame have started up in rapid succession—"mute inglorious Miltons" perchance, or embryo patriots. One Mr. Jeffrys T. Allen and a Mr. Somebody-else have opposed the members for East Surrey, with what chance of success the result of

the poll will testify,—that there can be any pleasure in the anticipation of such a result is incomprehensible. Perhaps Mr. Jeffery T. Allen thought, with poor Elliston, when,—listening to the angry remonstrance of an unhappy bard, who had suffered from him the mortification of a kick—he solaced his wounded spirit by the hope that it "would make him popular!"

Mr. Jeffery T. T. Allen, in addition to his claims for the support of the county arising from the enjoyment of certain revenues from Dulwich College, a charitable iustitution, like many others, sadly perverted from its original purpose, like a gay gallant, has founded great hopes of success from his influence with the fair. It happened curiously enough to be our chance to witness a specimen of this description of canvassing. We saw the wily candidate steal into the good graces of an interesting house-maid, by the timely arrival of an itinerent muffin vender! Happy the candidate who can gain such interesting suffrages, through the delicate medium of a muffin baker's basket! what might he not have done, had he been backed by "bull's eyes" and "peppermint drops."

The Conservative Lion.—So the grim old Baron, the fire-eater, on whose protracted destruction the Tories have built their hopes of a general bonfire, has, very wisely, declined being blown up to accommodate them, and has cried out for quarter just in the nick of time. The old Lion of the Conservatives, whose very mane bristled with bayonets, has been touched by the wand of M. Martin, and all at once becomes tame enough to leap through a ring! To be sure, his casemates *of proof* are beginning to let in the rain,—the prospect of short commons and damaged tobacco is likewise before his eyes, and, besides he has had a pressing invitation from his comrades,—who have hardly had time to smoke their pipes in comfort, for this month past,—to decline, so he begs to retire, with the "honours of war!"

And thus the old gentleman has done his duty. He has obeyed the orders of his heartless master, that is to say,—by slaughtering as many Frenchmen as he could with safety to himself, and surrendering at the first appearance of danger. And yet the gallantry of the general and his garrison has been extolled as amongst the brightest examples of modern warfare—fudge! To those who remember St. Sebastian and Badajoz, this feat of arms at Antwerp, will remind them of the Battle of Waterloo, at Astley's. It savours, to us, very strongly of the new Christmas Pantomime "Harlequin and Puss in Boots,"—got up at a vast expense, with splendid dresses and decorations—with the new grand moving Panorama of the Citadel of Antwerp, with the shipping on the Scheldt. The nation are first to be astonished with an imposing display of preparation, then comes on the usual scene of kicks and cuffs and jugglery, after which Harlequin trips up old puss, and exeunt severally, amidst a flourish of trumpets!

And thus ends this celebrated representation.—A mere mountebank's stage, raised purposely for a Dutch quack to exhibit his antics upon. Let us hope the ill success of his nostrums will induce him

to turn his talents to a more profitable as well as a more honest calling—when jugglers mount the stilts they should take care what ground they caper upon.

THE RECORD OF FAME.—There is, in the present day, a journal circulated with the true spirit of philanthrophy. It is intended for the gratification of all truly loyal hearts, of our own times, as well as for the instruction of the rising generation, and the general edification of posterity.—Can any one evince a more extensively humane principle? or a more actively benevolent mind than he possessed, with whom such a work originated? Your "papers for the people," must hide their diminished heads before the *Court Circular*, for therein is contained an authentic record of the actions of the great! of what an incalculable benefit would a Court Circular have been, if preserved to us from remote ages. Then we should have been able to have ascertained the precise time that Julius Cæsar ate his breakfast, or Cleopatra took an airing. What labour would have been saved to the antiquary? and with what ease might the lives of the great have been compiled! But, alas! for want of this, how much instructive matter concerning queens and princesses is buried in oblivion. Not so with the great of our own times. Future ages will learn how, on a Monday—"The Dutchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, walked and rode in Hyde Park!"

On Tuesday, how they "rode and walked." On the Wednesday, they will find a blank touching their royal highnesses; but the editor, having, doubtless, received a rap on the knuckles for such an unpardonable omission, they will read with much satisfaction, that on Thursday "the Dutchess of Kent and the Princess walked and rode in Hyde Park, and *yesterday also!*"

Although the benefit of such intelligence to mankind is considerable, its influence amongst the Royal and Noble personages is no less productive of good. The Dutchess of Gloucester, for example, though known to be passionately fond of a red herring for her morning's meal, cannot indulge in so vulgar a luxury with the dread of the *Court Circular* before her eyes.

Thus we see how the actions of mankind are regulated by the dread of public opinion. How salutary a check it is on the inordinate appetites and desires of the great. There is no knowing of what they might not be guilty, uninfluenced by posterity and the *Court Circular!*

"MORE LAST WORDS!"—Amongst the numerous *interesting* accounts of the progress of the siege at Antwerp, received at dropping intervals from various resident correspondents, it is ludicrous to read the strange interlarding of military tecnicalities in their everyday description of proceedings, much after the same fashion as a cockney's report of a volunteers sham fight. It reminds me of the gallant Major Sturgeon with his sword buckled on the wrong side.

The proprietors of newspapers who really spare no expence in the attainmeet of intelligence for the public, would have done better had they engaged military men to furnish their reports. There are

many now in London whose talents are at least equal to any gentleman on a newspaper establishment, and who would have been delighted to go for their expences alone. To be sure if our information had been greater, our mirth would have been less; we should not had the following delectable morsels.

Amongst the horrors of war—for your true Briton loves a horror; he can lunch off a distressing accident and dine off a murder of peculiar atrocity at any time—it is gravely related, "that a howitzer shell *broke a window* in the Place Verte."—"On the night of the 15th, a shell came through the roof of a house, which fortunately did not explode—a Sergeant *gallantly* took it up and threw it out of the window!" "There's an *Atlantic* chap for ye?" as an old Irish captain used to say, when admiring, with a military eye, an athletic grenadier.

Again, what will not great people do for their suffering fellow-creatures—"Her Majesty sent some linen to the hospital at Antwerp. The nation and the French and Belgian armies will hail with gratitude this proof of her Majesty's benificence!" Considering in whose cause the poor fellows have been maimed, their gratitude for such *benificence*, need not swell into a twenty-horse power.

Here we have a specimen of the bathos. "History furnishes few examples of a seige in which an army has submitted with more resignation to the dictates of diplomacy, and has borne with such courage and magnanimity *the rigours of the season!*" Encore,—"It was absolutely distressing to see there brave fellows return to their cantonments covered from head to foot with MUD, and not a murmur!" It would be no joke to encounter such heroes, and particularly, after such a specimen, when we find them absolutely "clamorous to take their turn in the trenches," noble fellows! they won't spare their pipe-clay! But, after all, their power of endurance, though great, has nothing in it half so sublime as that of the gentleman who writes the report. He informs us, that "in the midst of all this, the cannons roar with a *vigour*, to which he was totally unaccustomed."

We have heard of certain animals braying vigorously; but a vigorous roar must be truly terrific!

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Sweet Wining Avon. Written by R. F. WILLIAMS. *Composed by* C. HODGSON.

She stood alone upon the Heath. Written by THE HON. G. F. BERKELEY. *Composed by* ALEX. D. ROCHE. *Both published by* J. DUFF, *Oxford-street.*

Both the above are pretty melodies. She stood alone upon the Heath—is expressive and effective, but not, in our opinion, equal to, Sweet winding Avon. The word Avon, is associated with so many witching ideas, that it would be almost impossible not to feel its influence. Mr. Hodgson has felt its powers, and produced one of the most sweetly flowing melodies that we have seen for some time. The accompaniments are likewise extremely well done; an imitation, towards the close of the air, is at once beautiful and effective.

Smile on Sweet Boy. Written by S. P. Quin. *Composed by* E. J. Nielson. *Oh! Breathe not a Word of our Love. Written by* G. P. Reppingille. *Composed by* W. L. Phillips. *Both published by* Aldridge, *Regent Street.*

The words of the first of these in an imitation of the German cradle song, introduced into the Cadeau. Weber is the composer of the original, and a sweetly simple melody it is. The present air by Nielson, is one of much higher pretension in the style of its composition, but is nevertheless pleasing, and like to become as popular as some of the previous productions by the same author.

Oh, Breathe not a word of our Love—is, we suppose a maiden effort by both poet and composer; at least we never recollect to have met with their names before. The present is by no means discreditable to the talents of either party.

The *Cadeau* or *Das Vergissmeinnicht,* for 1833, published by Johanning and Co., John Street, Oxford Street.

This is nearly the only Musical Annual which has stood its ground. This circumstance is not to be wondered at, for its merits, instead of being as the generality of these publications are, merely novelties adapted to the reigning fashion of the day, are sterling compositions by the first masters, that must live as long as classical music, is sought after and appreciated. The present volume contains above twenty-five compositions, vocal and instrumental, either of which, if published singly, would cost a couple of shillings, and yet the whole is sold, elegantly bound, for twelve shillings.

To point out any one piece as being deserving of praise, would *be invidious,* for they are all excellent in their kind.

The Sacred Musical Offering, Edited by H. Purday, published by Z. Purday, High Holborn,

The above contains twenty pieces of vocal music, partly original and partly selected. The latter portion is, in our opinion, far superior to the former, though that portion is by no means devoid of merit. One piece, by the author of "the Sea," is a composition of the highest order, and which T. Phillips would make highly effective. No musical family, who are seriously inclined, will be long without *the Sacred Musical Offering.* As a New-year's Gift, or Christmas Present, nothing can be superior.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Paris; or the Book of the Hundred and One. In 3 Vols. London. 1833.

Every body has heard the history of these volumes; but some people have bad memories, and we accordingly repeat the score times "thrice told tale."

Upon the failure of M. Ladvocat, the great Parisian publisher, it was, amongst other things, suggested, as one means of restoring his fortunes, that a book got together by the gratuitous exertion of the most celebrated literary men in France, would be, in all probability, effectual. One hundred and one Authors instantly subscribed their names, as contributors to the work. Hence the title of the book. The speculation was a profitable one.

A contemporary of ours, who devotes some space to the review of books, and who would fain obtain credit for oracular acumen, has taken great pains to make his readers believe, that the material of the present volumes is

" vapid,"—but he has prudently declined the pains of proving it. Had the critic, indeed, pointed out any particular papers to which such a term applied, we could have been content upon the " De Gustibus" principle,—but he has not done so; contenting himself, rather, we think, with the cry of " sour grapes,"—so ingeniously consolatory to Monsieur Reynard, the Fox.

In all matters, we beseech you, dear critic, if not to take the will for the deed, at least to ascertain what the deed was to have been, whereto the will has been brought. We do not think it a fair objection to a plum-pudding, that it is not equal to roast beef. The creator of such delicacy had it not in his or her mind to make it so. The benignant purveyor delights to know, that " sufficient for the stomach is the pudding thereof." If an artist carves a cherry-stone exquisitely, we do not think of comparing it with the Portland vase: and we would rather see a festoon of flowers, however wild, gracefully wreathed together, than a would-be Milo, awkwardly and impotently endeavouring to tear asunder some sapling oak, and finding himself in a " cleft stick."

The application of what we have thus written, is obvious enough. The material of which the present work is composed, is light and flimsy, we grant; but we rather admire the buoyancy—the constitutional animal spirits—that national characteristic of the French, which can make something out of little or nothing—than object to their exercise upon such subjects.

We know that we should look in vain for the broad humour of Scarron, or the extravagant wit of Rabelais—what of that? the spring is wholesome and agreeable, nevertheless; and if we cannot come at Burgundy or Hermitage, we must even content ourselves with a cool bottle of Claret.

The work is additionally interesting, as affording us a traveller's-eye view of Paris, and the every-day scenes that delight and destroy " the natives." We are especially pleased with " The Palais Royal," " The Ride in an Omnibus," " The Cabriolet Driver," " The History of a Hat," " The Parisian at Sea,"—and, indeed, with many others.

We hope that the Translator will be able to select for us a second series, of equal merit with the first; and we are quite certain that there is no one more competent to transfuse the spirit, the vivacity, and the ease of the original into our language, than the gentleman to whom this work has been so judiciously confided.

OTTERBOURNE. BY THE AUTHOR OF DERWENTWATER. IN 3 VOLS. LONDON. 1832.

THIS work purports to be " a story of the English Marches;" and is accordingly occupied with the border feuds of Percy and the Douglas's, until the overthrow of the latter on the banks of the Otter. One Richard Farneley, the son of a rich bailiff of Newcastle, and an esquire to " Hotspur," is the hero of the story, which seems especially intended to shew, that merit—the merit of bravery—need not, even in those times, despair of reward; since Richard Farneley, by almost supernatural exertions, and the exhibition of the most undeniable superiority, in point of mental attainments, to all the rest, succeeds, at length, in being created a knight by Harry Percy;—and in gaining the hand of a fair lady, by whose aristocratical father, however, (who could not write), he is compelled to sink the plebeian name of Farneley for the more dignified cognomen of De Coupland.

There seems a great deal of lurking satire in all this. The Author, while he denounces the absurdity of these distinctions, existing, as they did so strongly at that period, leads us involuntarily to turn our eyes to the nineteenth century, in which the march of intellect, the growth of science, the diffusion of knowledge, and the Schoolmaster, have done so much. Alas! —or, we should rather cry, Ha! ha! ha!—the same conventional preju-

dices still exist, and with more rancour than formerly. Where there was no possibility of intrusion, there was no jealousy: here the bitterness is augmented by the knowledge, on the part of the nobility, that they have no longer honours to dispense.

The paths to distinction, lying, as they now do, comparatively open, the aristocracy finds itself in all respects but a very inconsiderable portion of the community, and seeks, accordingly, to compound for respect by exclusiveness; forgetting, or overlooking the fact, that they are the excluded.

"They left not honour but of that were left."

The Novel of Otterbourne is excellently well written; and, maugre a somewhat too prodigal brandishing of blades and breakage of heads, interesting enough. It will repay the expence of time undergone at midnight by the parlour-boarder, "including coals and candles."

SERMONS. BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING, M.A. &c. ALTERNATE MORNING PREACHER AT ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL, HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

THE high literary reputation of the Author of these Sermons, is already known to the public, through his admirable "History of the Crusades," and his no less excellent and interesting "Lives of the Italian Poets." In his professional capacity, he has produced an equally favourable impression of his abilities, as a popular and most useful Minister of the Gospel; and he now appears, we are bound to add, to no less advantage in a more enlarged sphere of utility, by giving to the world the results of his more serious hours and Christian meditations. The volume presents a series of discourses, which, whether considered in a doctrinal, or a moral and practical view, cannot be read by any one without benefit, and without feelings improved and ennobled by the high and pure truths which he so powerfully advocates. They are at once clear and forcible; adapted to every class of society; and, both in style and substance, excellently fitted for private reading, and the bosom of domestic life. In this point of view, both from the size and cheapness of the volume, these Sermons will, we trust, fully accomplish the benevolent intentions of the Author, by diffusing moral light, and religious truth and goodness far beyond the precincts of a single congregation, however respectable.

LYRIC LEAVES. BY CORNELIUS WEBBE. LONDON: 1832.

This is a pretty collection of short poetical pieces, chiefly songs of no common order, preceded by a very modest advertisement, in which the author endeavours to apologize "for certain juvenalities of taste," which he imagines "are apparent in too many instances." We have with much pleasure read "The Leaves" from beginning to end, and can assure our readers, that either the author's judgment or candour is by no means equal to his talent.

POEMS, BY ALFRED TENNYSON. LONDON: EDWARD MOXON, NEW BOND STREET.

This is a beautiful collection of small Poems, by an individual of whom we have hitherto heard far too little. Even the quaintness of expression, and irregularity of the versification which are observable in many parts, bear upon them the impression of genius, that cannot always condescend to be fettered by the trammels of art. The following, though by no means the most favourable specimen that might have been selected, is better adapted to the season than any other which we could have transcribed:—

NEW YEAR'S EVE,

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad Newyear.
It is the last Newyear that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more o' me.

Tonight I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the Newyear's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The May upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the maypole and in the hazel-copse.
Till Charles's wain came out above the tall white chimneytops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high—
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elmtree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave o' mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
Ye'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool,
On the oatgrass and the swordgrass, and the bulrush in the pool.

Ye'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And ye'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid,
I shall not forget ye, mother, I shall hear ye when ye pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but ye'll forgive me now;
Ye'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;
Nay—nay, ye must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
Ye should not fret for me mother, ye have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place:
Tho' ye'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what ye say,
And be often—often with ye when ye think I'm far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for evermore,
And ye see me carried out from the threshold of the door;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my gardentools upon the granary floor:
Let her take 'em: they are her's: I shall never garden more:
But tell her when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set,
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother, call me when it begins to dawn.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad Newyear,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early mother dear.

THE K'HAUNIE KINEH-WALLA, OR EASTERN STORY-TELLER; A COLLECTION OF INDIAN TALES. By JOHN SHIPP. London. Longman and Co.

The following extract from the preface will furnish the reader with the design of the present work:—

"Amongst the various pastimes resorted to for the purpose of wiling away the hours which the sultry heats of Hindoostan doom the inhabitants to pass, in what might otherwise prove wearisome confinement, within doors, there is none of which the natives, particularly of the higher classes, both male and female, Mussulman and Hindoo, seem more fond than that of listening to entertaining stories. Of these, under the several names of *Charitra, Keest'hee,* and *K'haunie,* many are legends of the devout lives, austere practices, and instructive discourses of celebrated Durweish, Fakirs, and other religious characters; many relate the adventures of the most remarkable personages—rulers, warriors, and statesmen—who figure in their annals; some partake of the romantic cast, which distinguishes the well-known "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," while others are simple fables, or mere tales, which serve the purpose of lighter amusement. Scarcely is there a zennanah in which one or more women companions are not entertained, whose chief business it is to tell such stories and fables to their lady employer, while she is composing herself to sleep; and, among persons of rank and opulence, the males also pretty generally indulge in the same practice, of being talked to sleep by their male attendants; and it is a certain recommendation to the favour of the employer, of either sex, when one of these dependants has acquired the happy knack of 'telling the k'haunie'—fable—with an agreeable voice and manner. There are, also, many individuals who practise this species of story-telling as a profession, deriving their means of subsistence principally from the exercise of their powers of amusing in this way parties assembled on festive occasions, in the private residences of persons in easy circumstances, or in the inns, and places of entertainment for travellers, or at the great public fairs: and the more they embellish the narrative with brilliant flights of their own creative genius, the greater their merit in the judgment of their hearers."

The author, in another portion of his preface, says that he does not pretend that these tales "have any merit on the score of either richness of imagination or brilliance of fancy, but hopes that they may be productive of some amusement to his readers."

This hope may, we think, be realized. We have read several of them with much interest, but must say, that so far from partaking of any of the glowing warmth of the east, they are particularly cold, both in the description of either passion or scenery. Nevertheless, "*Minor, or the Foresters of Nepaul,*" is full of romantic interest, but "*Meerah, or the Victim of Avarice,*" is at once repulsive and unnatural. The collection, which consists of nine separate stories, of various length, the following is the shortest, and, therefore, the better adapted for extracting.

NUNKOODAUS, THE COBBLER OF DELHI.

"From time immemorial Oriental princes have been curious in human abortions. They love to compel into their service all whom nature formed in mimicry of man, and hence their story-tellers—the Asiatic Sir Walter Scotts—and their porters are either giants or dwarfs; something out of the common order of nature is dear to their fancy; and, though laughter does not suit the dignified gravity of their deportment, their household is perpetually jostled by some mirth-inspiring creatures, who, if not witty themselves, are, like Falstaff, the cause of wit in others. In Europe the great once found amusement in the fooleries of fools; but, in the east, royal partiality still seeks to distinguish those errors of creation that walk the

earth, and yet scarcely belong to it. One of these was Nunkoodaus, the cobbler of Delhi, not long since riding-master to his majesty of that ancient city, and, for all I know, he may still be usefully employed in provoking the laughter of the sober Mahometans of Delhi.

"Nunkoodaus was a native of that renowned city: and, though he was not the first of his family, it is to be hoped he was the last of his race. He was like nothing on earth, and yet was human. He stood, if he could be said to stand, just three feet six inches high; but, viewed in front, he bore a very strong resemblance to a crab; yet a different prospect presented so many disproportions, that a spectator was at a loss to say what he was like. As he resembled nothing else, he might be said not to resemble himself, for he had a short leg and a long one, a short foot and a long one, a long arm and a short one, a high shoulder and a low one, one foot was turned in and the other turned out, one leg was bowed and the other seemed lovingly to follow it, on one foot were seven toes and on the other five, one hand wanted a thumb and the other had got two, and his fingers violated all the rules of proportion. He was, poor fellow! odd in every thing, and very odd in every thing he said. He had but one eye in his head, and but one ear on it: and the capital of this Corinthian column seemed shorn of its bumpy honours to swell into monstrous aggravation its most prominent feature. It completely overshadowed his eye, and effectually concealed the expansion of his mouth. All the natural colours, with all their variety of shades, were represented in it; and the good people of Delhi honoured with as much reverence the proboscis of Nunkoodaus, as the play-going citizens of London are wont to bestow upon the upturned feature of Mr. Liston. As Orientals are still prone to designate people by convenient soubriquets, it followed, of course, that Nunkoodaus' nose would not be overlooked; and, accordingly, he was known in his early days by the cognomen of the Nosey Cobbler.

Nunkoo's mind bore a great resemblance to his body. There was a strong sympathy between them, and the one was just as crooked as the other; but though, when provoked into anger, he swelled like a frog almost into bursting, and fastened with the tenacity of a leech on the offender, his rage was easily subdued; and a cup of arrack never failed to convert him into a joke-loving, merry-making little fellow. At such a time he could tell a good story, stuffed with Arabian wonders, and perpetrate a barefaced lie with tolerable plausibility. Like other ordinary creatures, he was gifted with a fine voice, and his stall was daily surrounded with the naked amateurs of Delhi, who delighted in his tenor notes. If he had many good qualities, he had, also, many bad ones. One of his best qualities was an aversion to the bottle, and one of his worst was an inordinate attachment to what it contained. When drunk—of this sin he was daily guilty—he seemed to forget whether he ought to walk on his hands or his feet, for he used both indiscriminately. Poor soul! methinks I see him now, waddling along like a plethoric duck, one fellow crying "Allah! what a nose!" another exclaiming "welt, that's what may be called a nose!" while a third enquired if it were a nose at all! Out of these observations grew a fund of vulgar wit, but poor Nunkoo bore it all philosophically; it was what he was accustomed to, and use doth breed a habit of indifference, even in a cobbler.

"Nunkoodaus was the only, and, of course, the darling son of his parents. Like their heir, they loved a drop; and, from a frequent habit of visiting the arrack vender, they dropped into the holy stream while Nunkoo was yet in his eighteenth year. To appease the thirst of grief he got drunk as speedily as possible; and, while that reverie of the brain continued, the ancient cobbler and his noisy spouse were conged and thrown into the river Ganges, the tunfed-grave of millions. When awakened from the stupor of the brain, nature asserted its sway, and a big tear did homage to the tenderness of his heart; but the globular liquid served only to remind him of the arrack-shop,

and thither he bent his way. A few old friends saluted him as he entered, expressing their wonder at the shortness of his mourning. "Nosey," said one, "you are soon abroad." "And why not?" replied Nunkoo; "it is now three days since my father and mother died, and, poor souls! if they have had a prosperous voyage down the river, they are now three hundred miles from this spot; if I wept, they would not hear me; if I groaned, my sighs would not reach them; and, since my sorrow cannot restore them to life, I must needs, Mudasee, take something to keep life in myself." And, so saying, he watered his mouth with the arrack. His heart again softened; and as he bethought himself of his prospects in life, the tears coursed one another down his piteous nose, which a neighbour observing, offered him the consolation of a pinch of snuff. Nunkoo inhaled it with avaricious avidity; but he did not wait to hear the ironical laugh of the donor, to discover that a trick had been played upon him. He sneezed loudly, and again still louder; and on putting up his hand, he found, to his amazement, that the substitute for "pungent grains of titillating dust" had horribly aggravated the deformities of his most prominent organ. He called on Allah in a bad spirit and a good spirit; but as his sufferings excited no pity, he rushed out of the shop, and went he knew not where. He wished devoutly that he could not, as the wags advised him, follow his nose. Overcome at once with rage and arrack, he sat himself down by the way-side, and after swearing a prayer or two, fell asleep. In this condition he was found by a gang of thieves; and either mistaking him for booty, or wishing to play him a trick, they carried him into the country. When he awoke next morning, the sun shone in painful effulgence upon his nose; and his odd figure had collected in wonderment around him the goats and herds of the plains.

Sobriety brings thought; and poor Nunkoo began to reflect on his condition. Where was he? The distant minarets of Delhi informed him that he was not very far from his native city; but just as he arose to return thither, a troop of pilgrims came up. The first sentiment his appearance excited was one of fear: they took him for some genie of the place, and made a detour to avoid him. A priest, more bold than his companions, inquired who or what he was? "Truly," said Nunkoo, "a mender of *soles*, though not of your profession; and though I help to fortify the understandings of my neighbours, they seem to grow no wiser or better on that account." At this moment the priest's horse caught sight of the cobbler, and taking the bit in his mouth, fairly ran away with his reverence. Nunkoo, for the first time that day, burst into one of his horrible laughs; and while the fit was yet on him, a regiment of English infantry came up. Struck by the oddity of his figure, the colonel halted; and pleased with the humour of the cobbler's replies, ordered him to be placed on the back of his own pony. The pony resisted; but his reluctance was overcome, and Nunkoo was fairly seated on his back. When released from restraint, however, the pony endeavoured to rid himself of his burden, for which purpose he set off at full speed. The colonel and all the equestrians present pursued, hallooing like English fox-hunters. The herds and goats fled, and the crows hovered over the fugitives. Poor Nunkoo soon lost the sight of his eye; but as he had taken the precaution to seize the mane in one hand, and the tail in the other, he maintained his seat. The pony, alarmed at his cries, held on his speed, and dashed with fury through the streets and bazaars of Delhi. Rice stands were overturned, and the curry spoiled by the eagerness of the crowd to see this Oriental Gilpin; but the figure of the jockey provoked in all simultaneous fits of laughter. Among those who witnessed the race was the son of the king; and, as he was infinitely pleased with the sport, he ordered that the rider should be brought before him. This being done, the prince went to his father, related the particulars, and so pleased was his majesty with the adventure, that, in grave mockery, he dubbed Nunkoo riding-master

to the king; and once a week, from that time forward, the fortunate cobler had to ride his race round the court-yard, for the amusement of all the royal family, the ladies at such times being allowed to peep at the strange equestrian."

WAVERLEY NOVELS, VOL. 43, NEW EDITION, WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTES. "THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH," No. 11. PRINTED FOR ROBERT CADELL, EDINBURGH; AND WHITTAKER AND CO., LONDON.

The present volume, which finishes the story of "the Fair Maid of Perth," is illustrated by a highly finished frontispiece, representing the heroine of the tale "at the foot of a rock, listening, in an attitude of devout attention, to the instructions of a Carthusian monk." The subject is well chosen, and admirably executed. The design is by T. Duncan, and the engraving by J. Horsburgh. The vignette, which is equally excellent in its kind, is designed by D. G. Hill, and engraved by W. Miller. We understand that the demand for this edition of the works of the quondam Great Unknown has greatly increased since the lamented decease of the celebrated author. This was naturally to be expected, after the additional notoriety which the advertisements for subscribers for an intended monument has given to his name.

VOL. I. AND II. OF A NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION OF THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKSPEARE, WITH A LIFE, GLOSSARIAL NOTES, AND 170 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PLATES IN BOYDELL'S EDITION. EDITED BY A. J. VALPY, M.A. PUBLISHED BY A. J. VALPY, RED LION COURT, FLEET-STREET.

Among the numerous editions of celebrated authors which have lately been introduced to the public, in an illustrated form, we know of none more deserving, or likely to become popular than the one before us. Though all Boydell's plates are not equally excellent, nevertheless, in the manner in which the present edition is got up, viz. in outline, the effect is almost invariably good. The typography is so beautiful, and the paper and manner of getting up so excellent, that this would be considered the cheapest and best edition of the bard of Avon extant, even without the plates, of which there will be twelve or thirteen in every volume. These united claims to patronage cannot be resisted, and we are certain that before the work is completed that it will find its way into the boudoir of every lady, and the library of every gentleman; at least, if it does not, it ought.

DE RAYO, OR THE HAUNTED PRIORY; A DRAMATIC ROMANCE. LONDON. PUBLISHED BY W. KENNETH, BOW-STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

The plot of the above is, the author informs us, founded on a romance entitled "The Haunted Priory, or the Fortunes of the House of Rayo." It has not, we presume, been written for representation, though we think that it might, by a little judicious alteration and curtailment, be adapted for that purpose. It possesses several forcible passages in a poetical point of view, but the sense of the author is, generally speaking, weakened by a superabundance of words. There are, likewise, occasional flashes of wit and humour, with which some individuals that we know would, by the means of a little tact, spice out an act or two. We would advise the author, who has suppressed his name, to turn his attention towards the stage. There is a wide field, and but few labourers worthy of their hire. But he must first curry favour with some of the managers, for if he does not, should he write a play worthy of Shakspeare himself, he will scarcely get it read, much more

performed. They do these things better in France, as Sterne says: there every author's work is read, and if it deserves to be, acted. Here if an author is lucky enough to get his piece read, it is almost sure not to be acted, unless it happens to have been written by one of the choice few. But this state of things will not, we are satisfied, last much longer.

FAMILY LIBRARY, No. 36. SIX MONTHS IN THE WEST INDIES. BY H. N. COLERIDGE, M.A. LONDON. JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

This is a reprint of a work that has long and deservedly been a favourite with the public. There is an exuberance of fancy and an out-pouring of feeling about every page that must at once delight the mind and interest the heart. We could quote from it passages of superlative merit from almost every chapter, but it has been so long before the public that most of our readers are, we doubt not, already acquainted with its contents. If there is any individual to whom it is as yet a sealed book, we would advise him to procure the work immediately. Any extract that our limits would allow us to make would only spoil his relish for the feast which is previded for him in the perusal. We believe that this is the first edition which has appeared with the author's name. It is, with two exceptions, *verbatim* the same as the former two editions. "In this," the author says in the preface, "I have inserted a note and a few verses, but omitted nothing. The book pleased with all its faults, and with all its faults it shall remain."

DRAMATIC LIBRARY, WITH REMARKS, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL. BY GEORGE DANIEL. LONDON. THOMAS HURST, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

We know more than one individual who, after having given orders for Valpy's Shakspeare, countermanded the same on the announcement of the Dramatic Library, fearful that by taking in the two works they might thus have duplicate copies of the Bard of Avon. Sadly will they be disappointed when they receive the first volume of the present work, for it is neither more nor less than eight pieces selected from Dolby's or Cumberland's edition of plays, bound up in one volume. The embellishments are precisely the same, and so are the critical and biographical remarks. The only addition is an introductory preface. But we would not have our readers hence believe that we think lightly of the present undertaking; for, on the contrary, we have always looked upon the edition of which the present work is only a reprint, as the very best companion to the theatre that is extant in the language.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE singularly mild weather of late Autumn, has continued to early Winter, Christmas-eve, and Christmas-day partaking of the mildness and moisture of April. A mild winter under the present circumstances of the population would undoubtedly prove a blessing, yet with some countervailing effect in a probability of the accustomed sequel of a chilly and ungenial summer, defectively productive and perhaps unfavourable to health. The present season affords little novelty or variety for report. The wheat and other autumnal crops, barring interruptions from the weather, formerly stated, have been put into the ground successfully and with good promise, since they have generally, a luxuriant and healthy appearance, warranting no serious complaints. The superior or inferior state of forwardness has been almost

invariably determined by the condition of the lands at seed time—whether in a good medium or too wet, or parched by drought. We have been over some lands in Essex and Middlesex, on which the wheats appeared full, rank, and forward; but on the whole, we do not hear much complaint of winter pride. In the West, the potatoes taken up late, were much damaged by the wet; they are however generally, we repeat, a good crop and and of rare quality. Considerable quantities of barley have been threshed during the present month, and the quality turns out full as bad as we formerly supposed it would. The fine bears a miserable proportion to the black and damaged, unfit for malting, and the middling nearly in the same degree to the black; yet this extraordinary defect of quantity in malting barley has not hitherto caused any very considerable advance in price. The crop of barley, good and bad, is deemed a general average; also of oats and beans. Peas perhaps, in no quarter, reaching that height, but making considerable amends in excellence of quality. In some few northern quarters, turnips are actually described as an average crop, whilst taking them in their generally defective state, a tolerable shift will be made in the Spring, from the reserve of them in consequence of the plenty of grass and the mildness of the weather, which even yet, continues, so that the cattle in many parts are still abroad.

Hops, which some weeks since, appeared to be a rising market, have lately experienced a sudden decline in price and demand, from the circumstance of the duty being declared considerably above the public guess. Certain speculators, it is affirmed, are likely to be touched unpleasantly by this unlooked for turn. The wool trade still continues dull, the consequence of importations, more especially with respect to fine or clothing wool, which we cannot grow at home, from our rejection of Merino sheep, on account of their deficiency in produce of mutton. Fruit in the cider districts, is laid at but one-third of a crop, full bearing being a great rarity in the present season. The quantity of cider made is in proportion to the crop. There is no demand for new cider, but it is expected to revive in the Spring, on account of the scarcity of malting barley. The metropolis, however, and most towns have been well supplied with fruit, with the exception of one or two species, a favourable invalidation of early predictions. Several weeks since, the wheat market experienced a sudden advance, probably from the tenor of Foreign letters, which quoted a brisk demand and rise of price on that side; the exports from thence, beside, had been greatly reduced; another turn has, however, succeeded, with a reduction of five shillings per quarter on fine samples, and much more on the inferior. This second turn may have been occasioned by the large supplies sent to market, as a rent-day resource and a more considerable issue of the bonded Foreign wheat, in order to profit by the advance. Fat cattle have generally found a brisk demand, at, perhaps, some advance of price, throughout the country, north and south, it being on the eve of Christmas; yet from several parts, a directly contrary report is received, describing fat beef and even mutton as almost unsaleable. We never fail now and then to encounter these market anomalies. Again, among the fortunate districts, the exultations from which, we occasionally quote, we have now the pleasure to class NORTHUMBERLAND, from whence we have seen letters exhibiting the following comfortable statements:—"Crops here, above an average. Turnips a full average, of good feeding quality. Stock of all kinds in demand at their late best prices." Yet in the neighbouring principality of Durham, fat cattle and even sheep, said to be slow of sale under a depression of price. Much anxiety has been expressed, in letters published on farming subjects, least a repeal or change should be attempted of the present system of Corn Laws, in the new Parliament; but this apprehension may be set at rest, at least for the present, since Lord Althorp has declared publicly that, many other questions of more pressing emergency must take place of that of the Corn Laws, which he held

to be extreme difficulty, and which, in his opinion, ought to rest untouched for the present. We have long been of opinion that, the present Ministry have a marked reluctance to any interference with those laws.

The metropolitan cattle show took place on the 17th instant. This annual exhibition commenced in 1798, in course, the late made the thirty-fifth, every one of which we have punctually attended, which we probably shall fail to do for the four-and-thirty years to come. This useful institution was founded by the late Francis Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Winchelsea, Richard Astley, Esq. since father of the Club, and several other gentlemen, engaged in Agriculture and stock-feeding. The noble Duke above-named, if our memory serve us faithfully, did also another patriotic act in setting the example, and teaching ns to shear our locks *á la mode de France*, instead of wearing our long hair, in which, according to the old saying, the devil of powder *nestled* in such enormous quantities. The late show presented the usual spectacles of animals from the superior breeding districts, fattened up to their utmost possible capacity. This particular has long ceased to be a novelty. We have reached a degree of excess which cannot be exceeded, for Bakewell himself would have failed in his project of making a sheep *all* fat; and after all, probably, making an animal over fat and beyond a certain point, which may be deemed that of maturity and excellence, is wasteful, and a breach of public economy. As at this late period there can be no longer the plea of a want of experiment, it is submitted, whether it would not be rational and politic, to change the principle and practice of the Clubs, and to award the premiums to the best shaped animals *thoroughly ripe*, instead of to the fattest or over-ripe. There seems to be no doubt that, the greater profit attaches to the larger number of animals, properly, yet sufficiently fattened. We appeal to Lord Althorp, a first-rate judge in the case.

The curse and disgrace of England, INCENDRAISM sleeps not. The town of Lamburn, Berks, has had a near escape. We were sufficiently astonished at being blamed for our early recommendation of the utmost severity in this most abandoned and flagitious crime, the very acme of human turpitude and depravity; but should, in future, through a weak and silly compassion, any mercy, shall we say encouragement, be shewn to scelarats of this description, we shall lose all power of astonishment at any thing which may happen in this wearisome world. We would recommend the settlement of several of the London police officers in the most suspected districts.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s*. 2*d*. to 4*s*. 6*d*.—Mutton, 2*s*. 0*d*. to 4*s*. 10*d*.—Lamb, 0*s*. 0*d*. to 0*s*. 0*d*.—Veal, 3*s*. 6*d*. to 5*s*. 6*d*.—Pork, 4*s*. 0*d*. to 5*s*. 8*d*.; Small Dairy.

Game at Leadenhall.—Pheasants, 8*s*.a brace.—Partridges, 5s. a brace.—Hares, short supply, 4*s*. a head.—Wild Ducks, 6*s*. a couple.—Widgeons, scarce, 4*s*. a couple.—Teal, 2*s*—Woodcocks, scarce, 8*s*. to 9*s*. a couple.—Snipes, 2*s*. to 3*s*. a couple.—The largest young Turkies, about 26 lb. 30*s*. each; smaller from 20*s*. to 10*s*.—Capons, of 7 to 8 lb. 8*s*. each; the supply not so large as formerly.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50*s*. to 61*s*.—Barley, 21*s*. to 36*s*.—Oats, 13*s*. to 24*s*.—London Loaf, 4lb. 8½*d*.—Hay, 50*s*. to 75*s*.—Clover, ditto, 70*s*. to 105*s*.—Straw, 22*s*. to 33*s*.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool 14*s*. to 20*s*. per ton.—Large stock.

Middlesex, Dec. 24.

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LIFE AND GENIUS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK;

WITH HIS PORTRAIT (BY HIMSELF), AUTOGRAPH, AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF HIS TALENT AT VARIOUS PERIODS OF HIS CAREER.

IN this article we foresee that we shall be provokingly parenthetical and divaricating. Our anachronisms will be numerous, yet, in the main we shall be perfectly correct. On such a subject as the Life and Genius of George Cruikshank, the broadest latitude of treatment will, we trust, be allowed: with all the droll vagaries of his pencil, "reeling in tipsy glee" before our mind's eye, it is impossible to go gravely to work. An apparition of one of his grotesque imps—the little fellow who is trying on the breeches in one of the German story cuts is visibly capering after our pen, throwing hairs in its path, and occasionally grinning with all-conquering gravity—aye grinning with gravity, as Liston does now and then, but to a degree a thousand times less provocative—grinning, we repeat, through every aperture in our zig-zag manuscript. He points at dozens of droll figures in every sentence; each letter by his magic influence seems transposed into an overwhelming sketch of personal peculiarity; we unconsciously depict fine oddities of form or face which remind us of our friends, and make us "crow like chanticleer," actually against our free-will; and every line is a rank of funny individuals, all of whom we know, but neither of whom we ever thought ridiculous until now. That O in *now* is heart-breaking: it contains a portrait of a dear bald friend, who wears his head on one side. This leads us to observe that the characters perpetrated by Cruikshank are frequently indelible. Many of his creatures are etched by a mere glance, on the material of which memory is composed. They occur to you in dreams, and you are rouzed from "the arms of Morpheus" when you have not a moment to spare, by your own vociferous and egregious laughter. This is unpleasant and renders you dissatisfied with yourself, for you very well recollect having been tickled into undignified or untimely cachinations by the same thing, two or three dozen times before.

There is another point worth noticing—(the German imp is gone, but a host of funny indigenous fairies, created by George, are now dancing round our quill as though it were a may-pole):—it immediately occurs to a man, whether he have flourished in the Glasgow goose-market, or the London House of Lords, that the faces and

figures sketched by Cruikshank, are those of men, women, and children, with whom the spectator is perfectly familiar: he *feels* that they are portraits, but cannot recollect of whom: he recognizes "that nose," and "this eye;" but cannot for the moment tell to whom they belong. A proud and brutal, yet foolish face, the Glasgow man is certain belongs to one of the contemptable fellows who bring flocks of geese to the market by their red-rag; my lord thinks it resembles somebody with whom he has dined, at a party of brother borough-mongering Peers, in "the good old days"—at any rate, he is confident that the face exists on his once side of "the House."

Yet, we can confidently assert, that George never keeps a note-book—and rarely takes a sketch from nature. His elder brother Robert, *books* every queer head "he comes across." George, however, trusts to the ample stores of memory. Even that felicitous portrait of Rounding, the Epping Huntsman, which is recognized at a glance, by every Cockney sportsman who has paraded his white cords and hired hack, at the Easter Hunt, was drawn "at sixty days after sight." Here is the jolly old "Cock of the Woods."

That droll drawing up of the mouth—that roguish and appreciating twinkle of the eye—that well-filled waistcoat—those indispensables—are all true. He sits before us, just as he did on the day when

we last dined with him. The boots, however, are obsolete; he has left them off, on account of a few infirmities, and now clothes his veteran calves in what our facetious friend Hood terms, not simple *gaiters*, but *five-barred* ditto. He looks, in the cut, just as he did in the chair, when, after Peter Corcoran had proposed, in compliment to our host, "The Turf!" our capital *confrère* rose and said, that he begged gentlemen would not conclude from the toast that his excellent friend, Mr Corcoran, was a black-leg; for he was sure that that gentleman had only given *a bit of turf* for a *lark*.

In a more sober and sedate article we should, at its commencement, perhaps, have given our reasons for writing it. With regard to the present, it is not too late, considering its character, to do so even now. A multitude of boobies have, respectively, had their "nothings monstered" in two volumes quarto. Every petty poetaster—every poetical pullet of Cockaigne has been *brought out* by some one or other of the trashy publications with which his or her little lion-loving friends are remotely or immediately connected. We know aspires, precisely, to what segment of a circle Miss L. E. L.'s forehead and how near Don Telesforo de Trueba's frontispiece approaches to a parallelogram:—there is no major-general of marines, with whose private accomplishments we have not been made acquainted:—a French or Italian cook, or even a Lady Georgiana Mac Doll, if she dresses well, is deemed worthy of immortality, by the proprietors of periodicals; the secretaries of associations, the Godfrey Sykes's, and Mr. Murray's—obtain the honour of having served up to the public, at the printshops,

> ——"on copper-plates
> Their round fat pates,
> Like calves' heads in a larder!—"

Even the myrmidon mistresses of theatrical managers have their memoir and likenesses in character and keeping; yet no avowed portrait—no notice of the life and genius,—of our second Hogarth, whom all the world appreciates, and of whom England may be justly proud, is to be had. We question if there be a single anecdote about him in print. No one, beyond the circles in which he moves, can say whether he is fat and facetious, or lean and lachrymose. Every one knows him pictorially; while only a select few are acquainted with him personally; for he "keeps snug." His biography, as most authors who attempt lives say in their prefaces, is therefore "a desideratum, which we feel happy in being enabled to supply."

His deportment, generally speaking, is severe; his glance bites like aqua-fortis. As he passes through the streets, nobody knows—nobody notices him. He hears the ready laugh at one of his pictorial effusions displayed in a shop-window, mentally curses the engraver who has spoiled his design, and passes on gravely as though he were going to a funeral. We have walked behind him from Dan to Beersheba—from the White Horse in Piccadilly, to the Black Horse in Coventry Steeet, and the pedestrians passed us, looking as though all were barren—as though they had met no body!—But it is high

time to introduce him. Here he is, drawn by himself—on the right, discussing with Hone about the "Slap at Slop," or some other of their joint political facetiæ.

This is a capital portrait of George:—and although done some years ago it is still delightfully like him. An hour ago, George Cruikshank was sitting opposite us, pencil in hand; at this moment, with a trifling difference in apparel and mustachio, gentle reader, if you will condescend to fancy yourself Hone, and *mosaic* yourself into the engraving, George Cruikshank will sit opposite you.

Now for his autograph. George writes a queer, dashing, hurried, run-away hand, much like our own: but his signature is pictorial. The reader may form a tolerably correct idea of it, by magnifying to the breadth of a side of letter-paper, the letters interwoven among the ground lines of the subsequent cut—a tail-piece to the bill of fare, of "Three Courses and a Dessert."

It may be gratifying to the public, perhaps, to learn that George is about our own age;—that he resembles us in having a remarkably pleasant little wife—one who makes most poetical and accurate tea—eschewing the urn and concocting the delectable infusion, with water, from a bright, parlour-grate adorning kettle, just as the liquid has been irritated, *for the first time*, by the caloric material beneath it, to the boiling point. Although she does not personally superintend the toast—it is properly browned and buttered on both sides, under her auspices—of course, therefore we respect and love her. To carry the parallel one point further;—since we entered the matrimonial ring, neither we nor George have ever been able to make out what *this* means:—

By-the-bye, George has committed a species of blunder in the above sketch of which he rarely is guilty: the *right hand* Cupid, judging from his position, is evidently *left-handed*: perhaps the idea was put on wood shortly after the fight between Turner (a left-handed man) and the great little Jack Randall; but this is of little consequence.

The biographers of eminent men generally begin their narratives with the name of William the Conqueror. We are not so happy. Prior to the famous "forty-five," the name of Cruikshank, or as it used to be spelt by its Scotch proprietors, Crookshank, appears to have been recorded only in the Highland fogs. The mother of George was a Mac Naghten. The Crookshanks and the Mac Naghtens were both Charlie Stewart's men. Many of them were killed and more of them wounded at Preston Pans, and Culloden. After the fatal encounter which settled the fortunes of the young chevalier, the Mac Naghtens were among his most faithful friends. The rebels who bore the name of Crookshank were equally disloyal to the dynasty of the Guelphs: and, as we have often heard from an old man of this family, men of the two races frequently held meetings for the discussion of political questions, which, as they were all of the same opinion, invariably ended in an enthusiastic conflagration of their joint and several wigs.

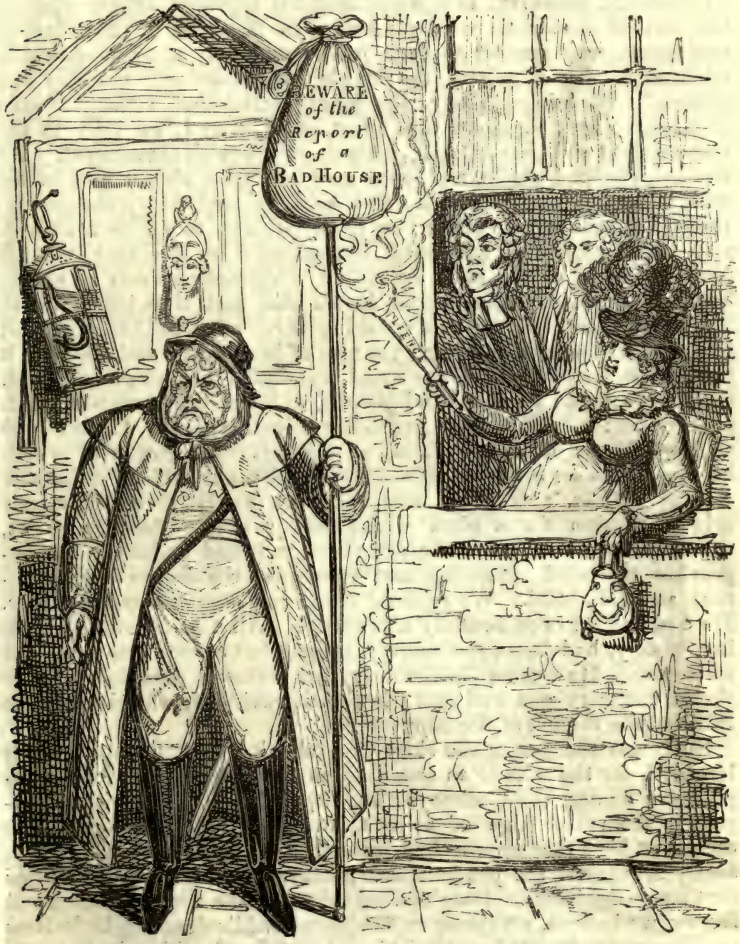
Had George Cruikshank lived in the "famous forty-five," the result of Charlie Stewart's speculation might have been different. His progenitors were doubtless "stout and stalwart;" but what were their cuts at Preston Pans, and Falkirk, compared with his in Hone's political facetiæ? How immeasurably more formidable is his sixpenny pencil, than were their claymores! It is a question if a sketch of George the Second, "done after the life," with the same truth and felicity as the following specimen of George the Fourth

would not have wrought more for the Jacobite cause than a great victory. Who, if any opposition King had been set up would like to have acknowledged such a "high, mighty, and puissant Monarch"—such a "Defender of the Faith" as this?

This is "the most *finished* gentleman in Europe." Look at the floor. His Majesty "the King of Hearts" has been "playing the

Deuce." The star has fallen; but the loose garter is ready with its excuse—*Honi soit*,, &c. How *very* drunk his Majesty is to be sure! There's a bonnet on the corner of the skreen, and three or four bottles, or so, under the chair. The candles have not been snuffed lately—the Royal hand became incapable about half an hour ago.

Let us take a view of him in another light:—it is quite clear that he was more than sublime, for with a touch, absolutely impalpable, he becomes more than ridiculous.



He is here waging *watchmanly* war against his wife.

But now let us, at least, attempt to be a little regular in our proceedings. We have brought down the Cruikshank race to the heroes of Culloden: to them succeeded Isaac, our talented friend's

excellent father. He was a native of Edinburgh, or its neighbourhood, and at an early age evinced, without the slightest tuition, considerable powers as an artist. Some of his sketches, which we have seen (done when he was a boy), possess a force, truth, and effect, which, among the productions of self-taught genius, have rarely been surpassed. He wished to be a painter; and his mother—we believe the good woman was a widow—eager to second her darling boy's aspirations, placed him, at once, on trial with a friend. Young Cruikshank, however, soon found that his intended master was not the sort of master he wanted; being, in fact, one of those honest tradesmen, who append to their names, on cards and door-posts, in addition to that of painter, the double designation of "plumber and glazier." Disdaining putty, the young artist soon returned home in disgust; and, for some time after, gave himself up fully to the transcendant delights of free, jocund, and boyish amusement. He strolled, climbed, swam, and, once now and then, almost against his will, felt compelled to sketch a fine bold, rugged, rocky outline; to transfer a droll face to paper; or to perpetuate, so far as his materials would permit, an accidental, but splendid bit of colour in "the heavens above or the earth beneath." *Originally* he *was* an artist; but the engravers into whose hands his best drawings fell, so butchered them, (we are now speaking of his after-life,) that he lost that ambition which had been the idol of his youth; and, finding it impossible, on account of the cruel translation his designs suffered, to achieve fame, he contented himself, as his family increased, with making money. Thus was a promising painter spoiled. Little can be said in favour of those plates, at the left hand corner of which he blushed to see his name subscribed; and yet the elder Cruikshank was in feeling, perception, and taste, AN ARTIST! On seeing his original design for a plate which was perfectly familiar to us, we have been startled at the deterioration it had endured: the engraving was weak, annoying, and repulsive; the design fresh, vigorous, and delightful. We rejoiced in the one—we detested the other. He had indeed been brutally transferred. All that constitutes feeling, poetry, had been, not merely abused, but turned into the vilest caricature. He was not ludicrously, but seriously parodied. In his sketch the story was well told; in the engraving, it was given in the Billingsgate version of the coppersmith.

Such was the fate of the elder Cruikshank. But, to return to his boyhood, for the sake of an anecdote, as well as to account for his appearance among the Cockneys: one day, while bathing with a companion from the edge of a rock, towards the summit of which the sea at high tide approached, an event occurred that very pleasantly brings out the prudent and persevering characteristics of our northern neighbours. Isaac's friend inherited the name of Ross, and is now, we believe, a veteran on the Times: while dressing, little Ross unfortunately dropped one of his silver shoe-buckles in the sea. Isaac Cruikshank, having no interest in the mishap, put on his clothes and went home. Ross, however, remained; and, after he had sat for two or three hours with his legs dangling over the edge of the rock, a humane gentleman thus accosted him:—"My lad, I've seen

you sitting thus for a long time; I hope you have no sinister designs: fearing that you might, I have left my house to come and prevent them. Suicide is quite unwarrantable—you 'll understand—especially in a boy. How would you like to have your mother see the corpse of her dear child cantering, like a deal plank, over yon waves. For shame, lad; go home, and don't think of it;—go home;—go home."—"No, thank you, sir," said Ross.—"Why not, then, eh?"—"Because, you see, sir, I've dropped my shoe-buckle, and I'm waiting for the low water, that I may make sure of it on the sands below."

Soon after this circumstance, a gentleman was so infatuated with Isaac's talent, that he offered to take him to London, and make a man of him. On his arrival in the metropolis, the fellow wanted to transform the young genius into a lackey: Isaac resented the insult by instantly quitting the rascal's house, and, without a shilling or a pencil, threw himself upon the world. He had previously, without assistance, acquired the *modus operandi* of etching. Ignorant of his topographical position, he entered a shop in the Minories, where minor engravings were sold. With the most winning artlessness, he solicited and obtained employment. "Will you oblige me with a tool or two?" said he, to the shopkeeper.—"What! no tools?"—"None."—"Well, it 's rather odd; but I 'll venture to lend you a few."—"Thank you sincerely, sir—but about the copper?"—"Well!"—"I havn't a plate in the world; I 'm just come from Edinburgh,—if you 'd only trust me with one—." "It 's a risk, to be sure, for you may spoil it; but I don't much mind if I do: – there."—"Many thanks to you, sir; I 'm a friendless lad in this great town, though in Scotland there 's many that would stand up for me to the last drop of their blood. Would you permit me to do the plate at that little desk behind your counter?" The shopkeeper was at first amazed; but, after a few moments' consideration, he gracefully acquiesced, like a good Samaritan as he was; and in a very brief period "little Isaac" earned a guinea! It was his *first*, and we are told by competent authorities, that the ceiling suffered from his vehement leap when it was placed in his hands. All this is decidedly honourable to the young gentleman's prudence, perseverance, and talent. We should be proud of such a son; and Miss Mac Naghten was happy—no disparagement to her personal attractions or good qualities of heart and mind—in being blessed with such a husband.

The young artist thenceforth obtained full employment. As he grew up, he displayed from time to time considerable powers as a caricaturist. "In process of time" he married—as young men *will*—and had a family. I. R. Cruikshank was his first-born; George, his second. Both selected their father's profession, and while George was digging away at his father's plates and dishes, I. R., being some years older, was painting miniatures, and supporting himself. I. R. had studied in the Academy, and Fuseli once paid this high compliment—considering from whom it emanated—to one of his drawings:—"That is very good!" George wished to follow his brother's steps, and accordingly drew a figure from the antique, in order to obtain admission. *It was his first and last.* On presenting it to Fu-

seli, the latter said:—"Well, you may go in, but you must fight for a seat." George found it would be necessary to do so, if he wished to profit by the Keeper's gracious permission, for the students were so numerous, that he could not approach near enough, even to see the outlines of the principal figures—his powers of vision being, at that time, particularly weak. They have become keen enough since, as witness his works. Not being inclined to distinguish himself in the way indicated by Fuseli, he put his portfolio under his arm, and went home; nor did he subsequently return, except to attend the lectures.

His active mind soon found an equivalent for plaster and marble. Debarred as he was from the study of "still life," he determined on studying life itself, in a school which was neither destitute of energy, expression, or *character*. His gallery was the tap-room of a low public-house, situate in one of the lanes which branch off from the great thoroughfares towards the Thames. Here, after sunset, there was always a large quantity of miscellaneous material—Irish coal-whippers, Billingsgate Bellonas, Black Sals, Dusty Bobs, &c., whose frolics and features he was accustomed to study, night after night, through a friendly hole in the shutter, which he had picked out for the purpose with his graver. Hence his matchless delineations of low life—the perfect identity, so to speak, of his *rows*. His fights are nothing like "effusions of fancy;" they do not resemble a scene that *might* be, but one—as the spectator feels—that has been. The sketch of Michael in Search of his Wife, in "More Mornings at Bow-street," for instance, is a piece of self-evident truth; it is a peep through a hole in the shutter of The Black Boy, in Bone-alley. The Gentleman in the Tin-pot—but let the cut speak for itself—here it is:—

In his father's designs, George now and then had permission to fill up a corner with "a little bit of his own." Gradually he obtained a larger allowance; and, at length, he drew his first caricature. His father liked it sufficiently well to offer it to a publisher, who agreed to purchase it when engraved. He did so. This was at the time of the Walcheren affair. The subject was Sir William Curtis embarking on board a well-provisioned craft for the seat of war. How many old portfolios will this announcement cause to be rummaged!

Not long after, the death of the elder Cruikshank occurred, and George quietly succeeded to the business, which increased under his management to such an extent, that he invited his elder brother, (I. R.) to abandon miniature painting, and join him. No sooner had the sagacious I. R. infused himself into the concern, than a strike was made for wages. The market price of large caricatures, drawn and etched, copper included, had usually been twenty-five or thirty shillings; I. R. insisted on their being quoted in future at three guineas. What could the poor publishers do? No caricature would be received unless the name of Cruikshank appeared on the face of it. Their wives and families must be supported, and they submitted to the extortion, although it is said, their average profits on each plate were reduced, by the gross overcharge, from fifty guineas to fifty pounds seventeen shillings, or thereabouts. This was too bad, considering the unfortunate publishers drank wine, and had their gigs to keep.

For many years the brothers continued "jointly and severally," to execute caricatures, chiefly political, with most of which such of our readers as have beards to annoy them, are doubtlessly familiar. "One of the million" is thus spoken of by the Author of "The Cigar in 1825:"—"There is a caricature of his (George Cruikshank's) extant, the scene of which is the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly. A knot of cads, coachmen, old women, butchers'-boys, and all those droll, but true creatures which are usual in his sketches, are scrambling, tossing, tumbling, and fighting in most terrific confusion on the pavement. In the centre of the group appears a Life-Guardsman, with his head, shoulders, and half his body boldly visible above the heads of the belligerents. He is walking through them with calm dignity, his head erect, and his eye just glancing down his cheek at the row below. But he seems to be in another element. The mighty tempest below troubles him not; he pursues his steady course through the squabble like a seventy-four sailing among a crew of cock-boats. I told George that the fellow was fine; but it took me half an hour to bring him to my way of thinking. His objection was, that one of the Life-Guards may be seen so acting in a similar situation every day in the week." The same writer thus supports our statement as to George's felicity in the portraiture of "persons not present:"—"I am convinced that his eye unconsciously receives, and his brain unconsciously hoards up the droll visages which enrich his designs. Those immortal French musicians" (the Author here alludes to a capital caricature) were drawn long after they had left this country. George had never taken any particular notice of them,

and yet they are all capital portraits." And again;—"I have actually beheld the original of the Long Gentleman in Peter Schlemil, (a German tale, illustr ted by Cruikshank, which we shall notice by-and-bye;) I know when and where George saw him; and yet it is a thousand to one against his having any recollection of meeting with such a man. He has merely elongated his limbs and carcase, and somewhat *diabolised* his countenance;—it is nevertheless a portrait."

All this we firmly believe to be true; it is one of George's happy peculiarities, as we have before said, in other words, not merely to make faces but likenesses—likenesses which every body *all but* recognizes. Who is there, for instance, that has not, somewhere or other, although he forgets precisely where, met with this Irish gentleman, roaring and ripe for a bit of battery? We quote the creature from "More Mornings."

The eyes and features are certainly national—they belong to a class; Hibernians of a certain grade in society seem to scorn the very earth thus, in common, when excited; the costume, including the disconsolate dragged coat, is general; but our irritated friend has something about him which may be termed particular: he is not even *one* of a class, an order, a genus, or even a species; he is an individual—a variety. He lodges at number nine in some alley.

To give another case:—Here is a jockey, who is not peculiar to "Three Courses," (though taken from them,) but who has been seen on every course in the three kingdoms. He is well known at Newmarket—the Doncaster folks are intimate with him. Mr. Bland inquires if he isn't "the chap who broke his leg?" Chifney forgets his name, but perfectly remembers having "beat him by half-a-head." He is a feather-weight; the tips of his toes support him with ease; he is afraid to laugh out heartily like a man; we fear he'll have to carry a shot-belt; he has evidently overdone it this time in training. The brawny blackguard Dentist in this cut must be familiar to every man who has travelled; he is ostler at the Rose and Crown, or the Hen and Chickens. The juvenile Jack-o'-lanthorn, who is being

relieved of a tooth, gratis, by Will-o'-the-wisp, feels at once "pained and astonished at his friend's proceedings:" it is clear that the pitch-fork is a surprise upon him—he had had no reason to expect it. On suffering his dental domestic enemy to be tied to the stall-post, he had evidently flattered himself that no such course would have been adopted: the *pull* has just commenced; his whole weight is on the string, and as the gentleman in the next stall, whose hair has been recently conscious of a mane-comb, foresees with grim delight, in another moment he will be on his back minus a molar. Jack is a fellow who could not help being hoaxed; Will is one who could not help hoaxing him: he always has been and always will be a hoaxer; the other has been a *butt* all his life.

These are not solitary bits of pictorial biography; but, on the contrary, in George's works, such information abounds: on the brow of nine-tenths of their population a condensed memoir is graven; they are ticketed and labelled; we see at a glance what line of conduct they have adopted—in what society they have moved—whether or not they are in their usual station—"how they are off" in the world, &c. In the Illustrations of Time, the fat knock-kneed fellow, with his eyes half-closed, who is telling the man in the travelling cap that the mail has started full twenty minutes, is a publican who decidedly commenced his career as a potboy. His master died, and the widow finding "Joey" or "Gekup" useful, married him off-hand. He knew the customers and the ways of the house; besides, she didn't wish to be pestered by that old fool Pettifer. Mr. Jones, too, began to grow quite disagreeable, and she durst not affront him; and as for the master sweep—drat the man! Well, Joey or Gekup—we think his name is Gekup, and so be it—Gekup, although the landlady's husband, and "up in years," is still the landlady's potboy. She keeps the key of the till; he puts the house "to rights" after the company are gone and the bar is locked; he lights the fires and

brings her breakfast in bed "of a morning:" he retires at two, gets up at four to make tea "for the Dorchester coach;" withdraws again for half an hour, and rises for the day at five. He never had a good night's rest in his life. He takes a nap in the skittle-ground every fine afternoon; and sips the porter from every pot to which he is invited, for the good of the house. He is not fat—he is blown out like a bad shoulder of veal. You might treat him as a caoutchouc football with impunity. His wife thrashed him the night before last, because *she* broke a cracked coffee-cup, and so spoiled her *set*.

The miserable man who is "behind time," has been so all his life. "Delay" is plainly written on his face; it would form a good frontispiece, aye, or even a title to Cogan's work "On the danger of being dilatory." Like the *first* Billy Pitt's coadjutor in office, the trumpery Duke of Newcastle, he looks as though he lost half an hour every morning of his life, and sweated like a calf broke loose from his pen, throughout the day, in fruitless attempts to overtake it. His wife yonder, the lady bustling up in the back ground (dragging a child that inherits the virtues of papa and mamma, and is and ever will be eminently behind-hand), beats him hollow in the difficult art of doing nothing. She has pushed him forward as a picquet; her despair is visible; still she has hopes, or she would not hurry and drive and drag on the brat at that rate; for she knows that lazy people—and this is their eventual ruin—often are lucky. They dine at five nominally, but dinner does not appear until half-past six or seven. They are anxious to be *au fait* to the news, and they read yesterday's paper. One of their mutual relatives—for they are cousins—sent to them on his death-bed, stating how happy he should be if they would procure him a few oranges. As they had great expectations from the old gentleman, they sent him an entire chest—three days after he had died, having previously, by an energetic codicil, transferred their legacy to Mrs. Sims, a lady who is honoured with their mortal detestation. The wife was the posthumous child of a rich and provident father, who unconscious of her future appearance in the world, had divided at his decease the whole of his property among his visible offspring. The husband was a twin; but his mother's barony and entailed estate descended to his elder brother, who contrived to see the light three minutes before him. Should he ever obtain a reprieve, or a pardon for an innocent friend under sentence, he will arrive with it at Debtors' door five-and-twenty minutes after the supposed delinquent, on whose life depends the annuity on which he exists, has been cut down and given over to his friends. When he has an important appointment, and is scarcely in time, he meets with Cross or Mrs. Lorimer.

Then again there is the deaf postillion of "Three Courses and a Dessert." Why the fellow has been deaf these twenty years. How luckless are those two fond lovers who, when striving to outstrip the speed of angry fathers, and uncles in uniform, trusted themselves—Joey Duddle—to thy guidance! Thou didst not hear the perch-bolt of thy chaise snap—thou didst not hear their screams—thou trottest on intent only on thy duty of "getting over the ground." Allow

us to introduce thee. Joey Duddle, the deaf postillion, ladies and gentlemen; what think ye of him?

Speaking candidly now—has not Joey been deaf for a considerable period?—The animals of Cruikshank are equally retrospective; their past achievements are strikingly apparent from their present pursuits. To illustrate our remark, there is the horse bestridden by Gilpin (how afflicted his face looks!) which never was completely "broke in;" he is a runaway, to the bone! Conscious, as we are, of our superb powers of equitation, we should be sorry to put our foot in his stirrup: he is a downright bad one. Fancy yourself that disconsolate cock, just under his frequent hoof!

To return to our narrative—George and his brother flourished as caricaturists for several years. At length, satiated with political fun, they determined on trying what they could do in another line. "Life in London" was the consequence, and its effect was prodigious. Every watchman had his Tom, and every night-constable was perfectly acquainted with Logic. Moncrieff wrote a piece from the cuts; for, as he told Egan, he had burnt the letter-press as being perfectly useless—and it proved the most successful drama that had ever been produced. At its fiftieth representation, we—even we—were compelled to see it from the orchestra—seats in the boxes being utterly impossible, unless one could condescend to an undignified rush!

George's idea as to the consummation of the metropolitan exploits, was not, however, fulfilled, either by Egan or Moncrieff. His plan was not without a moral. He would have closed the career of Tom in a workhouse—that of Jerry in a hospital—and that of Logic in a ditch. He certainly intended to have inflicted poetical justice on each of his characters—but he was thwarted—much to his annoyance, even up to the present day.

"Life in Paris" followed; but it was not so successful as the Tom and Jerry affair. Soon after, the brothers parted; and George brought out his brilliant embellishments to Hone's Political Squibs; than which nothing pictorial ever produced so great an excitement. Soon after the conclusion of Hone's works, Canning came into power, and George was floored. He could not render popular, and, comparatively speaking, liberal ministers—although Canning opposed manumission of the slaves, and the repeal of the Test Act—pictorially ridiculous; he loved political liberality, and the same feeling so completely sways him at this moment, that he would not point a pencil against our present monarch or Earl Grey, or Baron Brougham, for the universe. What was the consequence? Simply that he found himself in possession of ten fingers, a set of teeth, and nothing to do. In this dilemma he proposed to illustrate books: but so little were his stupendous powers at that time appreciated, that previously to obtaining a commission, on the Points of Humour, he was requested to furnish specimens! He condescended to do so: they electrified Baldwin and Co., and, on their publication, amazed the public. Lockhart, in Blackwood's Magazine, occupied several pages in discussing the young artist's merits, and thenceforth he became in requisition. Let us recollect, if we can, a few of the books that he was successively entreated to illustrate! There was Wight's work of "Mornings at Bow-street," and a book already quoted, by the same facetious *wight*, entitled "More mornings at Bow-street;" "Peter Schlemil;" "Italian Tales;" "Hans of Iceland;" "Life of Lord Byron;" "German Stories;" "Tales of Irish Life;" "Punch and Judy;" "Tom Thumb;" "Johnny Gilpin;" "The Epping Hunt;" "Three Courses and a Dessert;" "Greenwich Hospital;" "Tim Bobbin;" Punch and Judy;" "Roscoe's Novelists," &c. &c. All these, and the anecdotes and critiques connected with them—jointly and severally; a consideration of George's occasional failures, and incapacities; his devout aspirations to quit the ludicrous, which he contemns, for the sublime, which he admires; his extraordinary powers, considering the paucity of his academical acquirements; his fancy and invention; his "Scraps and Sketches," in which the full extent of his ability is shown—for in them he is neither fettered by the conceptions of authors—nor the punctilios of publishers; the history of his attempting to paint in oil, from his earliest efforts;—in fact a full estimate of his genius, humour, and graphic labours—his days of toil over faces "no bigger than peas," which to the unconscious public seem to have been hit off "at a moment's notice"—his style of execution as a draftsman and an etcher, and all that we have not already narrated about him—must be postponed until our next number. We have only just reached his "high and

palmy state;" and the prospect of criticism and illustrative cuts is so large, that we close our eyes in despair on the long but luminous vista. Let us see how the night wears.

We have gone to our window—there is a clear and defined streak, gleaming, like a bar of iron, fresh from the forge of the Cyclops, across the eastern horizon—the shepherd is whistling on the hills—the doe is awake in the valley—the lark has gone abroad—the fox has sneaked to his earth—the young eagles are looking out for their prey—the gas-lights dwindle—Welch milk-maids are waddling beneath the lacteal influence of their tin pails—it is morning within two degrees of Greenwich latitude—our feather-bed solicits us, and we cease to see what we write, for our eyes, like those of a sleepy child, are sorely afflicted with visions of

Flying Dustmen.

THE ADRIATIC BRIDE.

SCARCELY had Ziani, on his return to Venice, made the Doge acquainted with the unfortunate result of his pacific mission, than he went through the city with a throbbing heart, to see if the plague had yet taken possession of Daponte's cottage. Malapiero followed him, for Ziani had disclosed to him the secret of his love, and he now shared the anxiety of his friend. It was necessary to pass through a considerable part of the city, which disclosed many frightful scenes to their view. Many of the most populous streets were desolate; from several open houses was heard the low moaning of its last inhabitant, dying alone, amid the corpses of those most loved. Dead bodies were lying on the steps of the palace, whither they had dragged themselves to obtain relief. Children were clinging to their dead mothers, sucking in the poison from their livid but still cherished lips; and in the midst of this frightful scene of misery and horror, men dressed in black were seen stalking about with cold indifference, silently placing the dead on carts, and affixing tickets to the houses, bearing the frightful word EXTINCT.

Ziani's heart was seized with dread and horror, but love and anguish gave wings to his steps,—he flew to Daponte's dwelling.—The first object that struck his sight, was the appalling ticket on the door.

In vain did Malapiero endeavour to hold back his friend; he rushed pale and like a maniac into the hut, crying out; "Giovanna, Giovanna!"—But the hut was empty, the bodies had been taken away;—furniture and clothes were lying about in disorder. Ziani would not quit the hut; he wished to die where Giovanna had ceased to exist, and Malapiero was obliged to take him by main force out of this abode of death.

As they quitted the cottage, a frightful noise at some little distance, announced a tumult, and they saw an immense crowd of people rushing towards the palace of the Doge.

"Come Ziani!" cried Malapiero, "forget your own sorrows! come, our presence will be necessary."

The people attributed the whole blame of their misfortune to the Doge; they thought, and with justice, that his imprudent delay, on the island of Scio, was the sole cause of the destruction of their fine fleet, and had brought death into their houses, instead of the advantageous peace they had expected. They were accustomed to the greatest sacrifices; they did not shrink from shedding their blood in defence of their country, but in their own homes, to see the lives of all that were dear to them falling a sacrifice to the imprudence of one person, was what they could not brook, and they called for vengeance, in the voice of despair and rage. The angry populace surrounded the palace of the Doge; "down from the throne;" they cried; "down with the traitor, who has brought us the plague instead of peace!" The Doge placed dependance on the body-guard;

but even amongst these, were fathers and sons, who had lost those that were dear to them, so that the tumult continued to increase. Vitali determined therefore to risk every thing, and confiding in the love of the people, who had ever been devoted to him, he left his palace, and endeavoured to tranquillize their mind. With stern dignity, arrayed in his ducal dress and ornaments, he appeared in the midst of the populace who were preparing to attack his palace.

"Here am I, my children!" said he; "judge me if you will, it is not I, but God who hath sent the angel of death amongst us!"

At the sight of his venerable figure, the people drew back an instant, and just at that moment Ziani and Malapiero arrived, who endeavoured to appease the enraged multitude. But several voices again cried out; "down from the throne! No mercy for the traitor! down with him!" Suddenly a voice was heard from behind, crying out, "make way! make way! where is the man that has murdered my wife and children?"—With these words, an enraged old man pressed forward from the crowd, seized the Doge with the fury of a maniac, and plunged a dagger in his heart!—The unfortunate Vitali sunk a victim to his fate, while the assassin walked unimpeded through the astonished crowd, holding aloft his bloody dagger.

But Ziani immediately recognized him to be old Daponte,—he hastily pursued him through the deserted streets, and seizing him by the arm, cried: "wretched man, where is your daughter?"

Daponte looked at him with frenzied laugh; "has death then spared you?" said he: "well, come then, I will lead you to your bride!"

He then, without giving any further answer to his questions, conducted him through several by-streets, to a solitary church-yard. In a corner of it, on a wretched heap of straw, lay Giovanna struggling with death. Daponte, when his wife and other children had breathed their last, quitted his hut, and half frantic, had brought his daughter to the cemetery. In the madness of despair, he had wished to put an end to the torments of his cherished child, and to his own existence, and for that purpose, had gone into the city to procure a dagger. He was there hurried along with the throng of the enraged populace, and nearly in a state of frenzy, had struck the victim of his vengeance.

Ziani threw himself on his knees by Giovanna, and called loudly on her beloved name.—She opened her eyes, and recognized him, and while a sweet smile played over her pale, disfigured countenance, she made a sign to him to leave her. He thought not on the frightful danger of contagion, but raising up the diseased object of his affections, he carried her to his palace, while Daponte followed.

Ziani used every means in his power to save his Giovanna; he never left her bed, and watched over her beloved existence, as though he would scare away the monster that would rob him of it. His care was crowned with success.—The ferocity of death was subdued by such affection, and while himself and Daponte miraculously avoided all infection, Giovanna slowly recovered.

The assassination of the Doge, had thrown all well minded people into the deepest affliction. The violent death of their chiefs, had

already several times nearly effected the ruin and destruction of their republic; and the dangerous custom of rising against their princes on the least pretext, and requiring justification of their conduct, by the voice of sedition, was found so pernicious, that they began to think of powerful means to quell such occurrences. At length, the only existing power, the Guarantia, instituted a grand council of 740 members, who elected from among themselves, sixty of their most approved men, called Pregadi, in whose hands the business of the State was placed, and out of which body was formed in later times the Venetian senate. The election of the Doge was given up to eleven of these. The people submitted cheerfully to this new regulation, and the plurality of voices decided for Orio Malapiero; as it was principally to the activity and prudence of his measures, whereby he exposed his life a thousand times to danger, that the cessation of the plague was finally to be attributed.

But Malapiero was totally free from pride or ambition; his country was more to him than glory and renown, and his penetrating glance quickly perceived, that it required a greater mind than his own, to hold the reins of government at this important moment. With noble frankness he presented himself before the electors, and modestly declined the honour done him. He convinced them by the force of his eloquence, that the difficult situation of the republic required a man, who should not only inspire all parties with respect for his superior courage and strength of mind, but who should draw the eyes of the people on him by his riches and distinguished name, and concluded by intreating them to transfer the honour they had intended him to his friend, Sebastiano Ziani, in whom was combined all these qualities, and who alone could fulfil all these expectations. The electors, struck with admiration at the noble-minded Malafiero, and convinced of the truth of his reasoning, elected Sebastiano Ziani, without one dissentient voice, but on the express condition that his connexion with Daponte's daughter, which was now universally known, should be immediately broken off; for the vacillating populace, which had at first called out loudly for the death of the Doge, now mourned him, and execrated his assassin. It was therefore justly conceived, that a Doge could never be loved and respected who should unite himself to the daughter of a murderer.

Malafiero hastened, overjoyed, to his friend. "The election is over!" he cried out on seeing him, while his eyes sparkled with the consciousness of having subdued himself.

Ziani looked at him, and his countenance beamed with pleasure as he took his hand: "Heaven has directed the electors!" said he; "for if I can read in your eyes, I think I may venture to welcome you as Doge!"

"Not I!" replied Malapiero; "Heaven protect the electors and my country! You are the Doge!"

Ziani's countenance was instantly lighted up with ardour and enthusiasm: he raised his hand, as though taking an oath, and said:—"Since my people have placed their confidence in me, may God grant me energy and wisdom in ruling them!—I swear that I will never render myself unworthy of the throne!"

The enthusiastic friends sunk in each other's arms. "I am a witness of your present oath to Heaven," said Malapiero," and have a sacred right to remind you of its fulfilment!"

The Deputies from the Senate came to salute the newly-chosen Regent, and to invite him to appear before the electors. Ziani went, accompanied by his friend, amid the loud rejoicings of the populace, to the palace, where the election had taken place, and which was now to be confirmed. He was occupied with the delightful sensation of possessing the love of the people, and of rendering himself worthy of it: but Giovanna's lovely image filled up the back-ground of the picture; and the sweet thought frequently darted across his mind, of seeing this angel of innocence sharing the sovereignty with him. Agitated by these pleasing emotions, he entered the Hall of the Electors:—but a cold shivering seized him when he heard the conditions. He long stood trembling and silent, incapable of comprehending it. At length he said:—"No! you have calculated falsely! Keep your crown, if you wish to purchase with it the happiness of my mind! I do not understand governing a people who would wish to tear such a deep-rooted affection from the breast of their Prince: they require a tyrant!"

On saying which, he quitted the astonished electors, with pride and coldness, and returned to his palace. He hastened to the room inhabited by Giovanna and her father, and, embracing her with ardour, said:—"You are now perfectly recovered, my Giovanna, will you still delay becoming my wife?"

"No!" she answered softly, and clung to his breast; "but I cannot comprehend how I can render myself worthy of you, for I never suspected that it was the great Ziani I loved; but I feel that I belong to you alone!"

Ziani now pressed old Daponte to allow his union with his daughter to take place in the evening. He would avoid all parade, and would take no farther excuse, as he thought he should be able to act much more freely when once Giovanna was his wife. In the meantime, the people had become acquainted with the motive of Ziani's open refusal to accept the throne; and the stronger the general wish became to confide the government to his hands, the more did their hatred increase against the assassin of the Doge, Vitali Micheli, who now appeared to attach himself with his guilt to Ziani's fate. A deep murmur passed from mouth to mouth, like the hollow, portentous noise before the eruption of a volcano. The people sent deputies to the Electors, requiring that the crown should be again offered to Ziani, and insisting on the imprisonment and punishment of Daponte and his daughter. Fresh deputies came from the Senate: he would not see them, but sent word, that on the morrow he would make the Electors acquainted with his decision.

In the meantime, Malapiero called on his friend, and used every argument to dissuade him from his purpose: he reminded him of his oath, and of the time, when he once told him in Constantinople, that love should be sacrificed for one's country! But all his eloquence was vain.

"You do not know what you require," cried Ziani, much agi-

tated; "you would tear from me the tutelary genius which would make me a father to the people! What has Giovanna to do with the crime of her unhappy parent? She is an angel sent me from Heaven, and it is only by her side that I can fulfil my vow!"

Malapiero soon perceived that he should lose the confidence of his friend, if he urged the subject any farther. He therefore inquired kindly after Giovanna's health. Ziani's heart now opened, and he disclosed to him how near he was to the happiest moment of his life, as that very night she would become his for ever. Malapiero was startled, as he saw but too well, that by his rash act, the best hopes of his country would be destroyed, and the throne for ever lost to Ziani. He was silent, but quickly formed his resolution.

Scarcely had Ziani left his palace to make the secret arrangements for his marriage, when Malapiero went to old Daponte and his daughter. He found Giovanna, her countenance lighted up with a heavenly smile, forming her bridal wreath, while her father was sitting in a corner of the room, absorbed in deep thought, his eyes seemingly fixed on vacancy. She went cheerfully up to him, gave him her hand, and asked:—

"Are you coming to my wedding? Will you now be *my* friend, as you have ever been my Ziani's?"

"Yes, that will I ever be! Lovely creature," said he, much affected, "I am come hither to prove to you and Ziani the sincerity of my regard. But what is the matter with your father? Does your marriage not please him?"

"No!" said the old man: "No! I shudder at the wedding. In my breast, there is no longer place for joy, loaded as it is with the consciousness of murder!"

"Oh, my unhappy father!" cried Giovanna, embracing him; "willingly would I sacrifice my existence, could I restore you to your former peace of mind!"

"Could you also sacrifice the wreath you have made yonder?" asked Malapiero significantly.

Giovanna looked at it long, while her eyes filled with tears, and then said:—"Yes, I would also sacrifice that!"

Malapiero now threw off all restraint, and candidly related to her what had happened. He pointed out to her with enthusiasm, that Ziani alone was capable of saving the Republic from destruction, and that the country had the sacred right of requiring from him the sacrifice of his love for Giovanna.

"Has, then, his great heart not space sufficient for his country and for me?" asked Giovanna, trembling.

"No!" cried Daponte, his eyes sparkling with unwonted animation. "No! you must not be his wife! The people are right; the daughter of a murderer must not ascend the sacred steps of the throne. In the frenzy of despair, I plunged a dagger in the heart of the Doge,—will you now, Giovanna, in the frenzy of love, destroy the still greater hopes of your country?"

Malapiero took advantage of the disposition of the old man: he seized Giovanna by the hand, saying:—"You would have sacrificed your bridal wreath to the peace of your father; the peace of your

country is now laid in your hands: here stands the friend of yourself and Ziani, but likewise a true citizen, who asks you what you will do?"

Giovanna stood pale and trembling before him, looking fixedly at the wild, rolling eyes of her father. She then walked slowly up to the table, took up the wreath, held it to Malapiero, and said, in a low voice, while scarcely able to support herself:—"Here is my sacrifice! Heaven protect my country!"

The old man caught his fainting daughter, and laid her on a couch. In great agitation he seized Malapiero, drew him towards Giovanna, and proudly said, "See, that is my daughter!"

Giovanna at length recovered. Her strength of mind gave her courage to consent to the plan formed by Malapiero, which was, before night to leave the palace secretly with her father, get on board a vessel, and flee to some distant country. Malapiero promised to induce his friend to accept the crown.

It was scarcely night when Ziani, his heart overflowing with affection and joy, returned to his palace with a priest, who was to unite him to his beloved Giovanna. But he found her apartments deserted: a piece of paper, containing the following words, lay on the table beside her bridal wreath:—

"Ziani! you stand between the throne and my bridal garland. The country is right; you can only choose one of them. The crown is offered you by thousands of our poor unprotected citizens: the bridal wreath is presented you by the hand of an insignificant girl. Your great mind will easily distinguish which you ought to accept; but, to spare you the struggle, I flee hence. If you really love me, do not endeavour to discover my retreat, but render my country happy!"

Who can describe Ziani's feelings!—So near the moment of fulfilling his most ardent wishes, he saw every thing vanish before him, like the visions of fancy. "Giovanna!" he cried: "Giovanna! you have not left me voluntarily! But they shall not wrest you from my bosom! Your bridal wreath is worth more to me than all the crowns in the world!"

He called all his domestics together—offered a large reward to any who might discover traces of Giovanna; and rushed out himself in pursuit of her.

During this time, Malapiero had accompanied the fugitives to the harbour, and procured them a vessel, in which they instantly set sail, by the clear light of the moon. He then hastened back to Ziani's palace, feeling that he might be of service to his friend. But not finding him there, and having long sought him in vain in every part of the city, he returned again to the harbour; and was alarmed and confounded, when he here saw Ziani on board his galley, which was just pushing off, in pursuit of Daponte and his daughter, whose track he had been successful in discovering. To detain him, was not now to be thought of: he had scarcely time to jump on board, and accompany his despairing friend. Ziani was determined to sacrifice every thing to his affection: he was deaf to every other feeling, and stood immoveable on the bow of the vessel; his eyes

fixed on the dark waters, as though he would discover the traces of Giovanna's flight on the bosom of the waves, on which the moon-beams were lightly playing.

At length, when the first rays of morn coloured the ocean, a vessel was discovered at a distance. Ziani was the first to discern it. "Row on!—row on!" he cried: "yonder is my Giovanna!" The oars struck deeper into the waves—the galley cut quicker through the waters, and brought them shortly near the vessel. Ziani soon recognized Giovanna. She stood at the bow of the vessel, as on the morning when she sang to him in the fishing-boat, clad in a white dress, glowing with the crimson rays of the morning dawn; but she made a sign to him to return back; and when he extended his arms towards her, and called on her loved name, she cried to him in a voice of earnest entreaty, "Desist, Ziani, and listen to the voice of your country, which calls you!"

But Ziani heard her not. "Ruin to my country!" he cried. "I despise the throne which dishonours such affection!" He urged the rowers to ply their oars, and they soon reached the fugitive vessel. Neither Giovanna's affecting entreaties, Malapiero's ardent and persuasive eloquence, nor the heavy curses thundered against him by old Daponte, were capable of restraining Ziani, who seized a board, intending to throw it across to the little vessel, when Giovanna called out to him, inspired with the most noble courage:—

"Terrible man! why do you thus profane our love? If you force your way into this boat, I shall seek refuge in the arms of death!"

Still Ziani heard her not. "You are my own Giovanna!" he cried; "and no power on earth shall tear you from me!" He threw the board hastily across, and was already half over, when old Daponte sprang forwards, brandishing a sword, to oppose his passage.

"I will stand here between my child and my country!" cried he. "Hazard the contest with me if you will."

Ziani was no longer master of himself: he unsheathed his sword—and, overcome by his passions, rushed upon Daponte. When Giovanna saw her father and lover engaged in this fearful strife, and both bleeding profusely, she quickly fastened the cord of a small anchor that was lying on the deck of the vessel, round her slender waist, and calling out, "Farewell, my Ziani! I die for you and my country! render it happy, and think of me!" she cast herself courageously into the sea, pulling the anchor after her, which drew her down to the bottom of the unfathomable deep.

Struck with horror, the combatants let fall their weapons. Ziani would have plunged into the waves, to attempt her rescue, had not Malapiero powerfully held him back. The sailors also wished to save her, but Daponte opposed them. "Leave my child in peace," he cried; "she has chosen her path."

Ziani lay senseless in the arms of his friend; Giovanna remained firmly anchored at the bottom of the sea, and the two vessels returned slowly back to Venice.

The populace were informed, by Ziani's domestics, of the reason of his hasty departure. They had placed all their hopes on this man; and more furious than ever against Daponte and his daughter, they

ran in crowds to the harbour, and had already seized several vessels, to go in pursuit of Ziani, and bring him back, when they saw his galley returning, and hailed its approach with an universal shout of joy.

Ziani awakened as out of a dream, and looked with surprise around him. "Do you hear your people call you?" asked Malapiero. "Do not you hear them requiring peace and happiness of you?"

But Ziani was silent—his eyes fixed on vacancy. Daponte then seized his hand, saying, "Have you forgotten Giovanna's last words? Shall she have sacrificed her life in vain?"

Ziani did not answer. He looked fervently up to heaven, while the big tears rolled down his manly cheeks, and stepped silently into the boat which was to take him ashore.

The people pressed round him when he landed, crying out, "Accept the crown, Ziani!—take the crown—you must be our Doge!" They kissed his dress and hands—threw themselves down before him;—mothers, with their children, clasped his knees;—the tumult was excessive. No sooner did they perceive old Daponte, than several voices cried out, "There is Vitali's murderer! Down with him and his daughter! They will also tear Ziani from us!" A number rushed forward to seize him. Ziani then proudly raised his head, and demanded in silence—

"Whoever dares to lay hand on Daponte," he said with dignified firmness, "is a dead man! I am now your Doge, and will judge him myself. You have chosen me to be your chief, I acquiesce in your wish, but be on your guard, for I ascend the throne, with a heart dead to the tender feelings of humanity!"

He was now conducted in triumph, amid the shouts and acclamations of the populace, to the palace of the Senate, where he informed the electors that he was ready to accept the crown. Thus did Ziani ascend the throne—but his heart remained desolate!

Daponte gave himself willingly up to justice. Ziani submitted his case to the Senate, and Malapiero defended the old man so successfully, that he was acquitted by this august assembly, in consideration of his daughter's noble sacrifice. Daponte then became Ziani's most faithful attendant.

By the firm and wise measures of the new Doge, the republic was soon restored to peace and tranquillity, and again attained its former pitch of glory. The people, who idolized their present sovereign, but ever considered his murdered predecessor as a martyr to intemperate fury, now loudly expressed their wishes that Ziani should unite himself to the beautiful Bianca, Vitali's daughter, and thus endeavour to obliterate from her mind the melancholy fate of her father. His friends also pressed him to marry, hoping that the deep grief which constantly preyed on his mind might be soothed by female tenderness. But Ziani, who lived like a hermit in his own palace, remained inattentive to the wishes of his friends and the people, and gave Bianca's hand to Malapiero, who already possessed her affections.

During this time, the Emperor Frederick had never ceased perse-

cuting Pope Alexander the Third, who. finding himself elsewhere insecure from the implacable hatred of his rival, and trusting on the friendship and patriotism of the republic, at length took refuge in a monastery at Vienna, where his wish appeared to be to live retired. But the republic was proud of having the head of the church under its protection; and the Doge, accompanied by the nobles, brought the Pope with great pomp out of his solitude, into a magnificent palace prepared for his reception. They offered to mediate between him and the Emperor, and sent a splendid embassy for that purpose to Frederick, who dismissed it however with contempt, and insisted on Alexander's being given up to him. But Ziani, who knew the strength of his country, answered firmly in the negative to this insulting proposition, and preparations were accordingly made for recommencing the war.

Pope Alexander felt that his fate was now entirely in the hands of Ziani, and thought it politic to use every means in his power to unite the Doge's interest to his own. He had a niece, the Duchess Valdrada, whose excessive beauty, being in as great renown as her immense possessions, the richest and most distinguished nobles of the country became her suitors.

Alexander had reserved to himself the disposal of her hand, and as he had already rejected several powerful aspirants, he now ardently hoped through her means to attach the Doge for ever to his cause. He therefore invited her to Venice, where her beauty and charms, far exceeding the renown which had preceded her, and being also a pattern of every feminine virtue, each was eager to render her homage. Even Ziani acknowledged that he had never seen a more perfect woman, and paid her the most distinguished marks of respect. As the Pope discovered that Ziani's noble figure had made a deep impression on his niece, he considered his plan of the union to have succeeded, and thought it was now incumbent on him to speak with the Doge on the subject. News arriving at this time that the Emperor Frederick was preparing a powerful fleet to send against Venice, under the command of his own son Otto, the republic, inflamed by the exhortations of the Pope, and the glory of protecting his sacred rights, did not hesitate going out to meet him with only thirty galleys. When Ziani went to take leave of the Pope, and ask his blessing, the latter said "Go courageously to battle, my son! my blessing is stronger than a thousand swords. I have destined an incomparable jewel for the victor, the hand of the Duchess Valdrada."

Ziani went out with his squadron to meet the enemy, and found Frederick's fleet on the coast of Istria, where a dreadful battle ensued. Ziani fought like a lion, with Malapiero and Daponte by his side. The latter fell. The superiority of the enemy was great, but they could make no stand against the bravery and warlike skill of the Venetians. Many of the ships were overpowered, several were set on fire, and when at last Ziani and Malapiero boarded the Admiral's vessel and made Prince Otto prisoner with their own hands, the contest was decided, and the remainder of the fleet escaped.

The conquerors returned triumphantly to their harbou, laden with booty. Never had the republic gained a more splendid or important

victory. The news of it had reached Venice before them. The Pope was overjoyed, for he plainly saw, that after this mighty blow, which had thrown the Imperial Prince into their hands, the Emperor must now humiliate himself before him; in order therefore to celebrate the return of the victor, he manned a number of vessels and sailed from the harbour, accompanied by the Senate and the higher order of the Clergy, to meet the Doge.

Whilst the warriors of Ziani's fleet were rejoicing and shouting, he stood thoughtful and melancholy on the deck of his vessel, looking down silently on the sea! Malapiero drew near him, and seizing his hand said:—"My Ziani, are you now satisfied with your fate?"

Ziani looked at him mournfully; "I am," he answered, "but do you know what day this is?"

It was the feast of the assumption, the same day on which, two years before, Giovanna had buried herself in the waves. "See," continued Ziani, "we shall soon reach the sacred spot where the angelic girl sought refuge in the arms of death, from the wild frenzy of my passion; and now without any bridal wreath, adorned only with the cold laurel, I am passing like a stormy cloud over the watery couch of my beloved Giovanna, who lies slumbering there, the sleep of eternal rest!"

Malapiero endeavoured to divert his mind by conversing with him on the important advantages of the victory, and ventured to mention the name of the beautiful Duchess Valdrada. But Ziani shook his head calmly, and said; "I plainly see that you are all calculating falsely! My heart, filled with the eternally beloved and sacred image of my Giovanna, and love for my country, finds no place for any other feeling."

They now perceived at a distance the splendidly adorned vessels, which were conducting the Pope and his magnificent suite to meet the conquerors. The mariners mutually saluted each other with shouts of joy, and as the vessels drew up together, the Pope went on board the Doge's galley, where he embraced him before all the people.

"You are the greatest hero of your time," said Alexander, "the pride of your country, and the support of the Church! I am come to bring you blessings and thanks!"

Ziani sunk on his knee before him, but the Pope, after placing his hands upon him, raised him up, and continued:—"But I bring you also my son, the promised reward; receive from my hand Valdrada's betrothing ring; she will salute the victor as his bride!" On saying which, he presented an elegant gold ring to the Doge.

Ziani took it, but his hand trembled, and his eyes, which were raised towards Heaven, filled with tears. "Do you know this spot in the sea?" he asked his friend in a whisper. Malapiero answered by a mournful inclination of the head, for the ships were now stationary, exactly on that part where the waves had closed over the lovely form of Giovanna. Ziani at length recovered himself, and turning to the Pope, said: "The reward you offer me, Holy Father, is far greater than I merit; but I am already betrothed!—here lies my bride! permit me, in your presence, to affiance myself once more

to her!" And so saying, he dropped the ring into the sea, and looked anxiously after it as it disappeared amid the lightly curling waves, and sunk beneath to his bride, who had found a nuptial couch in the vast depths of the ocean.

But the Pope, who put a different construction on Ziani's words, replied, "Well said, noble Duke! The sea shall henceforth be your bride, you have gained her by force of arms. In remembrance of this great day, I command, that you and your successors shall annually, on the feast of the Assumption, wed yourselves in this manner with the sea, as a testimony of your sovereignty over her, which I here concede to you!"

The Venetians shouted with applause at the institution of this feast, which so much flattered their pride: but Ziani with a look of deep melancholy, pressed the hand of his friend, who had alone understood him.

After they had entered Venice in triumph, Ziani sent his prisoner Prince Otto, as a messenger of peace to his afflicted father, and Venice had soon the proud pleasure of seeing the Emperor and the Pope brought to a reconciliation within its walls, by the mediation of their great Doge.

Ziani remained unmarried, and celebrated several times the feast instituted by himself and the Pope, on the day of the Assumption; but ever with the sentiment of a sacred unalterable love for Giovanna, and he cast down the betrothing ring, as a testimony that he remained true to her till death.

Ninety-one Doges have ascended the ducal throne since Ziani. During the space of six hundred years, they have celebrated the feast of the Marriage with the Sea. But none were acquainted with the deep and tender sentiment which urged the founder to cast the first ring into the waves, and while they all, in their own vain opinions, conceived they were wedding themselves to the sea, as a proof of their power over it, its immense waves were only the silken curtains to Giovanna's bridal bed, whereon she slept, embosomed in the watery chambers of the fearful deep, and received the betrothing rings, only as a testimony of the tender and inviolable fidelity of her Ziani. V.

PUSS IN BOOTS AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

The daily papers tell us that her delectable little Royal Highness has been to Covent Garden for the purpose of seeing "Masaniello" and "Puss in Boots." We are sorry for it. "Masaniello" to be sure might have taught her some wholesome truths, but of "Puss in Boots," nothing favourable can be said: for it is *a modern pantomime.* It is cruel to take children to see such an exhibition. Pantomimes, as at present perpetrated, are decidedly diabolical; they are even worthy of being knocked on the head by the mace of Lord Brougham. Why has he not shaken his wig at them? He knows that they are not merely absurd but flagitious—thatthey make felony outrageous fun —breaking of heads a mere cracking of jokes—cruelty pleasant—and swindling amiable. As the keeper of the king's conscience, we are

satisfied, that, had an opportunity offered, he would have put in a protest against the little princess being exposed to a pantomime. But doubtless Sir John Conroy and the Lord Chancellor differ, as well in this, as in other respects, and the consequence has been the Princess Victoria's honouring the representation of the pantomime by her presence. We repeat that we are sorry for it.

Modern pantomimes are not merely nonsense—they are eminently obnoxious and detestable. Their aim—if aim they have—is to make the rising generation as bad as that which is about to pass away. They are "inventions of the enemy:" they first *obtained* under the influence of Tory principles; it is high time that they were swept away "at one fell swoop," by a Whig act of Parliament, and that, too, without the least remorse—for Bologna has flitted, and where is Grimaldi?

Is it possible that pantomimes are subject to the holy hand of the hoary licenser? If so, how does he justify his erasures of "damme's" in farces and comedies? What is a damme to a knock-down blow? How can it be more iniquitous than the stealing of all kinds of commodities by a clown? Let Mr. Colman consider this, and like a moral man, steadily refuse to license another pantomime—if he can: but to speak the truth, we doubt his power. The licensing act, if our memory do not deceive us, recognizes no such potentates as a deputy licenser, nor is the phrase, "two guineas," mentioned in either of its sections.

But now, as to Puss in Boots: all pantomimes are bad, but of all pantomimes, one founded on the story of Puss in Boots must needs be the worst. The nursery tale is full of enormities. The cat is a regular scamp—he commences his career by poaching—next by false pretences, and most outrageous hypocrisy—but why trouble ourselves to be vehement? The tale, to all people of common sense, will speak for itself; after the reader has glanced through it, we will venture to ask if a pantomime founded upon its leading events were likely to improve a young lady who may, perhaps, become one's queen. Here is an abridgment of the story.

"A miller died leaving his youngest son nothing but a cat: the poor young fellow complained bitterly of his fate; the cat bade him be of good cheer, and procure a pair of boots and a bag; the youth contrived to do so. The first attempt puss made was to go into a warren, in which there were a great number of rabbits. He put some bran and parsley into his bag; and then stretching himself out at full length, as if he was dead, he waited for some young rabbits, *who as yet knew nothing of the cunning tricks of the world*, to come and get into the bag (a pretty example to delude the unwary). Scarcely had he lain down before he succeeded as well as could be wished. A giddy young rabbit crept into the bag, and the cat immediately drew the strings, and killed him without mercy (mark this, gentle reader, the cat kills the giddy young rabbit without mercy!). Puss, proud of his prey, hastened directly to the palace, where he asked to speak to the king. On being shown into the apartment of his majesty, he made a low bow, and said: 'I have brought you, sire, this rabbit from the warren of my lord the marquis of Carabas, who commanded me to present it to your majesty with the assurance of his respect.' (What a good specimen of imposture! How this must have confirmed the moralities of the princess! the cat was evidently an ancestor of our 'some gentleman.')

"One day, the cat having heard that the king intended to take a ride that morning by the river's side with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world, he said to his master:—'Take off your clothes, and bathe yourself in the river, just in the place I shall show you, and leave the rest to me.' The marquis did exactly as he was desired, without being able to guess at what the cat intended—(Thus it was the fashion, at one time, for my lords of the treasury to make fools of monarchs.)—While he was bathing the king passed by, and puss directly called out as loud as he could bawl:—'Help! help! My lord marquis of Carabas is in danger of being drowned!' The king hearing the cries, and recognizing the cat, ordered his attendants to go directly to the assistance of my lord marquis of Carabas; and the cunning cat having hid his master's clothes, under a large stone, the king commanded the officers of his wardrobe to fetch him the handsomest suit it contained. The king's daughter was mightily taken with his appearance, and the marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast upon her two or three respectful glances than she became violently in love with him—(all highly instructive and natural)—The cat, enchanted to see how well his scheme was likely to succeed, ran before to a meadow that was reaping, and said to the reapers:—'Good people, if you do not tell the king, who will soon pass this way, that the meadow you are reaping belongs to my lord marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mince meat.' The king did not fail to ask the reapers to whom the meadow belonged? 'To my lord marquis of Carabas,' said they all at once; for the threats of the cat had terribly frighted them—(what a complete Castlereagh!)—Puss at length arrived at a stately castle, which belonged to an Ogre, whom he first persuaded to assume the form of a mouse, and then cleverly gobbled him up before he could get back to his proper shape again. The king's party soon after arrived: the cat said the castle was his master's; and the king was so much charmed with the *amiable qualities* and noble fortune of the marquis of Carabas, and the young princess too had fallen so violently in love with him, that when the king had partaken of a collation, he said to the marquis:—"It will be your own fault, my lord marquis of Carabas, if you do not soon become my son-in-law." The marquis received the intelligence with a thousand respectful acknowledgments, accepted the honour conferred upon him, and married the princess that very day. The cat *became a great lord and never after ran after rats* but for his amusement."

Truly, this reads like a bitter political squib. What says my Lord Howe? If it be not so, it is decidedly improper as a pantomime, especially for the Princess Victoria; it may teach her things of which she had much better be ignorant; in real life, Master Puss would have been transported, and the Marquis of Carabas hung. Poetical licence cannot now-adays be tolerated to such an extent: we live in a matter-of-fact age, and nonsense is no longer to be endured even in our nurseries. Puss in boots commits every crime mentioned in our statute books: the deeper he plunges in delinquency, the higher he exalts his master: he is, in fact, a thorough-going tory man of all-work: but let not the youthful princess imagine she will find his prototype in the rising generation: the race fortunately for her Royal Highness, and especially for the public, is extinct. Bad as the few are who oppose the many, it would be difficult, nay impossible—for we are anxious to give the devil his due—to find a puss in boots even among our conservatives.

PROFESSOR SMYTHE AND HIS OPINIONS.

Of Professor Smythe, the Lecturer on Modern History at the University of Oxford—his personalities and opinions—a very interesting account is given in a work on the eve of publication, the proof sheets of which are lying before us.* The author is evidently a man who has seen a great deal of the world; and one who is not only possessed of very acute powers of observation, but of the means of communicating his experience and impressions in a remarkably neat, clear, lively, and pleasant style. His matter is very miscellaneous; and, as the title of his book implies, he treats alternately of "The Court, the Camp, the Quarter-Deck, and the Cloister." He is full of anecdote—and tells us much about "living ladies and gentlemen," of which, but for him, we should have been ignorant. In his clerical and nautical sketches, he is so felicitous and true, that we are half inclined to rank him as Chaplain of the Fleet. He is evidently intimate with a great number of Deans, Bishops, Post-Captains, and Rear-Admirals. He is not much less acquainted with authors and statesmen. Of Earl Grey, he tells the following story:—

"A summer or two ago Earl Grey was afflicted with a most singular disorder; for continually present to his mind's eye was a bloody head. The features rigid in death—the lead-like lifeless eye—the brow convulsed in agony—and the neck, from which drops of gore seemed to trickle—these features form no very agreeable porirait. Such, however, as it was, no art could exclude it from the Earl's presence, and it embittered every moment of his life.

"Change of scene was prescribed, and his Lordship came to Devonport; but there his enemy followed him, and confronted him, turn where he would, with its fixed and steady gaze. He then went to Endsleigh Cottage, a beautiful country seat of the Duke of Bedford, near Tavistock. For once he seemed to have distanced his pursuer, and for many days enjoyed the luxury of being *alone*. But to a large dinner party given there, the bloody head came, uninvited, and stationed itself opposite to its old intimate, whom it harassed and disheartened with its presenee, till the companionship became unbearable, and the Earl abruptly and in disorder quitted the table."

The paper which has pleased us best, is that on Professor Smythe, of which the following is the cream:—

"It was my good fortune to have heard the entire course of Lectures given by Mr. Smythe, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge; and in particular, that portion of them in which he, for the first time, brought his labours down to the French Revolution and the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly. It was curious to listen to the terms in which he alluded to that memorable era. 'It was a great calamity to mankind that the French Revolution failed; that this grand experiment in the cause of liberty—this grandest of all causes—was *mismanaged!*' .... 'I do not attempt to write the history of the French Revolution; I can only allude to those events which you must study for yourselves. Some idea should be formed of it by you all, and as soon as possible. You should not go into the world, or long remain in it, without some settled persuasion on this momentous subject.....The French Revolution failed—failed in all

* Whychcotte of St. John's; or, the Court, the Camp, the Quarter-Deck, and the Cloister. 2 Vols. 8vo. Effingham Wilson.

the expectations which wise and good men formed of it.....In the Revolution there was selfishness on the one hand, and rashness on the other. It failed. The causes of its failure I propose to your careful consideration. I should esteem it no mean praise—I should deem it a sufficient reward if any thing I have here said has the effect of turning your attention to this grand subject.'

"He is said, I know not with what truth, to have been the tutor of Brinsley Sheridan. At all events his political principles are, and ever have been, without any compromise or concealment, those of the Whigs; and the appointment which he holds was conferred upon him (it is in the gift of the Crown) in the brief interval during which that party held office in 1806.

"He is understood to have been at one period a constant contributor to the pages of the Edinburgh Review. That his powers of composition are not confined to prose, his exquisite lines addressed to the memory of Dr. Currie, those on Henry Kirke White, and some very beautiful poems which were quoted in the Review referred to, and pronounced to be the offerings of his muse, are an ample testimony. It is difficult to give in few words a satisfactory sketch of him. He lives in a world of his own. The motives, actions, feelings, failings of the silent dead, are infinitely more familiar to him than the fleeting politics of his own day. His companions are those who have long since appeared and faded from this shifting scene. The petty rivalries of the moment—the passing animosities of the hour—affect him not. They possess for him no interest. He declines understanding them, and will not permit his repose to be disturbed by them.

"His studies seem to have perfected in him the noble qualities of moderation and forbearance—qualities not only admirable in themselves, but valuable in the extreme, when considered with reference to one who has to enforce the study and lessons of history on a youthful audience. Severe to himself, he is lenient and kind to a degree in the construction he places on the actions and intentions of others; and the only moment in which he appears really ruffled, is when music, of which he is a devoted and enthusiastic lover, and to enjoy which he spares no expence and declines no trouble, is marred or mingled with the senseless chatter of some noisy babbler.

"You would like to see him? We are late: it wants but one minute to ten. Away to the anatomical schools. Here, in this dark, dingy lecture-room, his little black mahogany stand placed straight before him, his right arm a little extended, the left resting on the small portfolio which contains his lectures—his whole appearance indicating the gentleman of the old school, but strongly characteristic of extreme *bonhommie* and kindness of disposition—stands the popular Professor. Hark! he has just finished some brilliant passage—a part of his well known lecture on Maria Theresa:—Who that has heard it can ever forget it?—or has summed up his elaborate analysis of Frederick the Great—or has closed his exquisite portraiture of the follies and sorrows of the unfortunate Antoinette, and a murmur of applause which they cared not or could not control, has burst from his delighted auditory.

"Take another view. You see that tall and somewhat gaunt figure, in a green coat and black velvet collar, bright buff waistcoat, knee

breeches, and white cotton stockings, powdered, with round shoulders, and rather a stoop in his gait—yes, he that is striding away before us on the Trumpington Walk, with his hands behind him—his master's gown curiously tucked up into a roll, and most unceremoniously disposed of, as if it fettered the motions of the wearer, and was an appendage he would gladly dispense with—there goes the boast of Peter-House, totally abstracted from the present, and revelling in recollections of the past.

"It is difficult, where there is so much that is admirable, to select specimens of excellence. But his lecture on the Flight to Varennes—on Maria Theresa—on the American War—on the unfortunate Antoinette—and Frederick the Great, are those which are least likely to fade from the recollection of his hearers.

"His voice is peculiar. Your first impressions of it are unfavourable; that it is harsh, wiry, thin, and inharmonious. Yet, so completely does he identify himself with his subject, that those passages which require irony or pathos; lofty indignation, or winning intreaty; cutting rebuke, or generous pity; are delivered with a truth, a fire, a force, and feeling, which set criticism at defiance. Those who have observed him narrowly, will have noted two peculiarities in his utterance of the words "squadron" and "bosom." Instead of the generally received pronunciation, he sounds them as if written "*squaydron*" and "*bussum.*"

"The following insulated passages are not hazarded with the intention of giving an adequate and complete idea of Professor Smythe's lectures. I am thoroughly sensible of the vanity of such an attempt. But they may convey some idea.

"The passages, as they appear here, were taken down in a note-book in the lecture-room. The little given is, I believe, accurate. Those best acquainted with his lectures, will be the first to admit the difficulty of doing them justice. As one attempts to follow him, passage after passage presents itself, of such exquisite beauty and brilliancy; bursts of the purest pathos follow each other in such rapid succession, that you forget or abandon your intention, and throw down your pencil in despair:—

Louis XIV.—"He was in some respects unfortunate. He became a ruler of the earth when quite an infant. His education was neglected. His ruling passion was vanity—the mere love of praise. He was an actor. He was eternally uneasy and anxious for an audience. He was incessantly desirous to exhibit. At his levees—in his drawing-room—on his terrace—at his meals—he was ever acting the grand posture-maker of Europe. Throughout the whole of the royal day he had his exits and his entrances. It was for ever a drama, and the hero of the piece was Louis. Even at the chapel it was the 'grand monarque' at his devotions. No ideas, however overwhelming—no apprehension of the sanctity of the Being he was addressing, seems for one instant to have banished from his view, the tinsel trumpery of human grandeur.

"Out of forty-nine years,—these bounded his reign—he had twenty-nine years of war. One million of men were sacrificed. A succession of battles was to be fought, attended with the most frightful carnage: the tender were to mourn, and the brave were to die; that Louis might be called 'Great!' At the close of his life, when the pageantry of power was about to cease for

ever, he seems to have been first sensible that he had mistaken the first duties of a sovereign. 'My son,' said he on his death-bed to the Dauphin, 'cultivate peace as the source of the greatest good. Avoid war as the source of the greatest evil. My example in this respect has not been a good one. Do not imitate it. It is this part of my reign that I most regret.'"

Louis XV.—"I have announced and must continue to announce to ye the reign of Louis XV. a prelude to the French revolution. The chief points in the foreign politics of this reign are the acquisitions of the Duchies of Lorraine and Barr; and the interference of the Duc de Choiseul in the affairs of Genoa, by which the island of Corsica was annexed to the French monarchy. Disputes had arisen between the Corsicans and the republic of Genoa. The Genoese wished to know what they were to pay the French Government for the hire of troops to reduce that island. The Duc de Choiseul proposed higher and higher terms—at length the possession of the island itself. He then announced himself as a mediator—affirmed that it was a dependence far too uncertain and burdensome for a republic like theirs, and that it would be for their advantage to be relieved from it. The negotiation was carried on so secretly that the jealousy of England was never awakened, and he succeeded—succeeded by slaying the brave with his bayonets, and bribing the irresolute with his gold. But there is a righteous retribution which awaits nations as well as individuals. Who could conceive from this island, so betrayed and trampled on, from its inhabitants, so cruelly enslaved and remorsely butchered, one should arise who should crush the Bourbons under foot—one to whom thrones were footstools—one who should become the bitterest scourge of monarchs, and of France in particular!"

Fenelon.—"He was tutor to the Duke of Burgundy. This prince was the grandson of Louis, and heir-presumptive to the throne—the hope and promise of France. His history is curious. This prince was at first headstrong, profligate, and cruel; but, by the instructions of wise and good men, and the never-ceasing care of Fenelon, became so well-informed and accomplished, so virtuous and discerning, that if he had lived and come to the throne, it is quite a problem whether the French Revolution would have occurred. For him the Adventures of Telemachus were written. And we may suppose them to have been the subject of those great moral and political lessons which he endeavoured to impress upon the young duke's mind. They were considered quite a satire upon the character of Louis XIV.—upon his despotism, his selfishness, his love of war, his jealousy and ambition. He presses the importance of the equal distribution of justice; how seldom a search is made by sovereigns for good and great men, and consequently how rarely they are approached by them! He inculcates peace, which he proves to be the grand aim and object of every wise and good ruler. His work was deemed an elaborate satire upon the character and pursuits of the reigning sovereign. He was banished to his bishopric of Cambray, not so much on account of his religious heresies, but because his political lessons were not relished by the court."

Louis XVI.—"He was too gentle and benevolent for the times in which he lived. He was not of a temperament to resist the machinations of those who were opposed to him. Louis was resolved on two things only: not shedding the blood of his people, and not giving up his religion. He sat in his palace at the Tuilleries, observing every thing, but preventing nothing.

"The king meant well. He had the good of his country at heart; but he lost the moment when concessions can be granted with dignity, and accepted with gratitude. Had the king been less of a good man, and his ministers more adroit, we should have had no Revolution."

French Noblesse.—"It is melancholy to reflect on the conduct of the noblesse at this critical juncture—the interval between forming the two houses; their miserable jealousy, their selfish policy, their narrow views.

They forgot that early reformation is an amicable arrangement with a friend in power. Their conduct resembled that of the savage in his canoe, who sleeps upon the stream till the stream becomes a torrent, and he is precipitated to his destruction."

America.—"The contest between England and her colonies then came on, and France took the unhappy step of interfering on the American side. But how was an opportunity of humbling her ancient rival to be resisted by the French cabinet or the French nation? The arrival of Franklin at Paris created quite a sensation. The king, however, had scruples—hesitated—and when signing the treaty with the North American colonies, observed to the minister—'You will remember, sir, this is contrary to my opinion.' France thus fanned the flame of liberty when it was burning her to the core! Governments who so comport themselves in the midst of their difficulties, seem rather to earn their destruction than to meet with it."

Rousseau.—"Let the reader pause before he visits at all the unhealthy region of French literature, Above all, let no man, in the absence of every thing that can mislead or inflame, surrounded by the softening influences of domestic life, think himself safe when he ventures into the magic circle of Rousseau. In him intelligence and insanity were united—the moralist and the logician—the master of the heart and the advocate of infidelity."

Flight to Varennes.—"It was a wretched night which the royal fugitives passed at Varennes; and a miserable journey—an eight day's journey, for the national guard marched before them—from Varennes to Paris. The queen's hair turned gray in the course of it. The queen had a dressing-case, without which she could neither travel nor exist! Nothing could be more absurd than the conduct of the women about the court. Seated in all the luxurious softness of their boudoirs, what a charming thing, they cried, is a revolution! What a charming thing to be ever in motion; to have constant secret meetings at one's house; to sanction an edict by a smile; to animate a patriot by a gesture!"

Courtiers.—"Men who are singularly careless auditors of public accounts, and by no means uneasy in the possession of sinecures.

"Eloquence should attempt one great object, and entirely succeed, or entirely fail. Eloquence and wisdom are very different things. They are sometimes united, but seldom. A command of language, retentive memory, and glowing conception will make an orator, but not a wise man. Enthusiasm is the soul of the one; deliberating calmness the governing principle of the other.

"Servility is not loyalty; nor attachment to liberal sentiments, republicanism.

"Practicability should always be considered by him who contemplates reformation. He who proposes a change which can never be carried into execution, does nothing—does worse than nothing; because he makes the very idea of improvement ridiculous.

"Toleration is the respecting of a fellow-creature's religious opinions, be they what they may, merely because they are his religious opinions.

"Civil Liberty is the first of national blessings. It may sometimes be endangered, not by the strength, but by the very weakness of the executive power. Civil liberty is, of all things, the most frail and perishable: arbitrary rule, the most hardy and indestructible.

Members of Parliament.—"There are many who are mere debaters in parliament, not statesmen."

Parties.—"You must have parties, or there will be no freedom of thought—as in Turkey and Persia, where no parties exist."

NATIVE POLICE IN NEW HOLLAND.

EVERY traveller, who has enjoyed an opportunity of personally observing the American Indians, the natives of the Polynesian groups, and other dark races, must have been struck with the amazing powers of vision and smell they enjoy. The acuteness of their senses appears to have been designed by Providence to compensate for their want of intellectual acquirements. The truly simple aborigines of New Holland, who have been designated as the last link in the chain of humanity, or the most distant remove from civilization, have been found to possess those powers in a pre-eminent and astonishing degree. Among many well authenticated instances of their displaying their truly wonderful acuteness, the following seems worthy of remark, particularly as it is connected with a strange and inexplicable circumstance that occurred about the same time, not many years since, and which may be found on the records of His Majesty's Supreme Court at Sydenham.

A free settler, by name —— Fisher, who had long successfully cultivated a grant of land in a remote district, and was well known to be possessed of a considerable sum of money, had been for some time missing at the nearest market-town, whither he had been in the habit of repairing with cattle and produce for sale. An inquiry was instituted by his acquaintance; and his head servant, or rather assistant on the farm, a convict, who had lived many years with him in that situation, declared that his master had left the colony for some time on business, but that he expected him to return in a few months. As the man was generally known as Fisher's confidential servant, his assertion was believed, although some expressed their surprize at the settler's abrupt and clandestine departure; for his character for honesty and sobriety was good, and, as far as was known, he owed no money in the colony. The month's wonder, however, soon subsided, and Fisher was forgotten. His assistant, meanwhile, managed the farm, bought and sold, and spent money freely. If questioned, which was but rarely, he would express his surprize at his master's delay, and pretend to expect him daily.

A few months after he had first been missed, a neighbouring settler, who was returning late on Saturday night from the market-town, had occasion to pass within half a mile of Fisher's house. As he was riding by the fence, which separated the farm from the high road, he distinctly saw the figure of a man seated on the railing, and at once recognized the form and features of his lost neighbour. He instantly stopped, and called to him familiarly by name; but the figure descended from the railing, and walked slowly across the field, towards the farm-house. The settler, having lost sight of him in the gloom, proceeded on his journey; and, on his arrival at his plantation, informed his family and neighbours that Fisher had returned, and that he had seen and spoken to him. The news soon spread

from farm to farm; and most of the neighbouring settlers repaired, the next day, to visit and welcome their old friend. On inquiry, however, Fisher's assistant declared that he had not arrived; and affected to laugh at the settler's story, insinuating that he had probably drank too freely at market. The neighbours were not so easily satisfied: their dormant suspicions were awakened, by what they now began to consider a preternatural apparition; and they applied to the magistrates of the district, who directed an immediate and strict investigation to be instituted.

Several natives, of well-known sagacity and fidelity, are attached to the Paramatta police, as constables, and are of invaluable service in tracing and pursuing bush-rangers, and other criminals who have absconded. One of these, known by the name of Sam, was ordered to examine Fisher's house and farm, and to endeavour to find traces of him in the bush. He set off, followed by most of the settlers belonging to the Nepean and other neighbouring districts, who had been collected by curiosity and intense interest. The farmer who had seen the figure resembling Fisher, pointed out the exact spot; and the black, having examined the railing, discovered a dark brown stain on the split timber, which he scraped, smelt, and at once declared to be "*white man's blood!*" He then, without the least hesitation, set off in full run, after the manner of a staunch blood-hound, towards a pond not far from the house. A little dark scum was floating on the surface: he scooped some off with his hand—smelt—tasted it—and cried out, "*White man's fat!*" Having tried the field, backwards and forwards in different directions, as if to recover the scent, Sam led the chase to a small coppice. Here he bored the earth in several places with a ramrod, smelling the point every time, until he paused, pointed to the ground, and said, "*White man here!*" The spot was speedily dug up; and a corpse, sworn to by the neighbours as that of Fisher, was discovered, with the skull fractured, and in a state of rapid decomposition, evidently many weeks buried.

The guilty assistant was immediately arrested, and tried at Sidney, on circumstantial evidence alone—strong enough, however, to convict him, in spite of his self-possession and protestations of innocence. He was sentenced to death; and previous to his execution, made an ample confession of his guilt. He declared that he had murdered Fisher, while *sitting on the very rail* that the settler had pointed out, *about three months before the appearance of that extraordinary apparition;*—that he had, in the first place, dragged the body to the pond, where the black constable had discovered traces of it; but, that after it had been some days immersed there, his apprehensions of detection had impelled him to remove it to the coppice, where he had buried it by night, and alone.

R. L. V.

MORE COMMON INCIDENTS.

The sun had set in a shabby and, I may add, an untradesman-like manner,—considering that the city of London was under his immediate control as to day-light. He had been ensconsing himself in a sort of pancake-looking shroud ever since one o'clock, partially "suspending his payments," like many hundreds of the bustling trowser'd tribe that waddled beneath his beams; and preparing, like them too, to perpetrate his final "systole." The gentleman's complete insolvency becoming public long before three o'clock, I was most inconsiderately left to pack, as well as I could, two portmanteaux, which I had stationed on two chairs near my lodging windows. My suburban locality enabled me to command the view of a quiet assemblage of countless cabbages, covering an immeasurable area of land. The constant identity of the Savoy scene, was judiciously relieved by the cacophony of a cooper, who "practised in chambers" in the yard below. When engaged in what he called "heading" and finishing off, the prevailing sounds were not select enough to be pronounced truly delightful: in fact, his lucubrations were an acoustic calamity; and I felt but little commiseration for him, on *hearing* that his business fell off daily. I must however confess, that the fellow was malleable enough, considering; for when I tossed him out a shilling,—the understood fee for a reprieve,—he manumitted his hammer, and regaled at an adjacent tap until he became beastly drunk, so that he had, evidently, some faint notions of decency.

The fog soon compelled me to address myself to my candle-box; and thence soliciting one of the gloomy *sixes* which found refuge therein, I bade it go forth and grapple with our mutual fuliginous antagonist. And now a splendid emanation in the shape of Jockey-Boots, from the museum of that Archimedes—Hoby, was duly disposed of, with a few other valuables, in one of my portmanteaux. I commenced the lower works of the other with a stratum of white cords; my dress suit followed; and the exhibition closed with my cravats, enclosed in my cambric-frilled shirts. If any wonder exist at the threatened exit of a *Kit*, so admittedly exclusive at that period, from a back-room lodging second floor, it remains for me to remind the rising generation, that, no longer ago than a quarter of a century, any *bachelor* of gentlemanly manners, education, and connexions, who could command a clean shirt and a decent suit, had seldom occasion to sculk clandestinely into Williams' Boiled Beef Shop, 89, Old Bailey, for his "feed."

The tables of many amiable families always commanded a cover for him, after a first introduction. Few ever inquired or ever cared where he lodged; and those who were guilty of such gothic coarseness of tact were unhesitatingly *labelled*, and had their places assigned them among other cloudy samples of uncrystallizable vulgarity.

Having finished packing, my bodily investment occupied little time or care, proposing, as I did, to travel all night by the coach.

Instead, therefore, of taking a farewell dinner with one of my town acquaintance, I requested my landlady to get me a chop and a potatoe. Not being, either in a position or a mood to exert any epicurean hypercriticism upon the culinary effusions of my hostess, I experienced but a few trifling convulsive twitches at its appearance, when I found that the animal portion of my meal had been *fried*, and the vegetable ditto *roasted;* the more especially as the former seemed to enjoy a most exemplary quietude, in a perfect looking-glass of fat. But as to the roasted esculent, the deviation seemed to infer an offensive and personal reflection upon my moral habits, for all civilized communities know, that a man who would eat a roasted potatoe would stick at nothing.

After having transmitted a porter with my luggage, I proceeded to the coach-office. My inside place assumed, I tranquilly resigned myself to that moral abstraction which a man of 23 may be supposed to indulge in, on the eve of a matrimonial excursion. The silken links of my imaginative chain were rudely dislocated by the coach-door opening to give ingress to a methodical sort of a man, endowed with a head displaying the unruffled uniformity of surface presented by an early kidney potatoe. A few remarks, exploded by this personage, allusive to the state of the markets at Manchester and Bristol, corroborated by the material existence of four books of patterns which he released from his pockets, and deposited in the seat of the coach, dismissed all question as to the *calling* of my fellow traveller. I booked him, of course, as a tailor's bagman.

Two very fat elderly ladies, evidently sisters, and whose sex, to have judged solely from their countenances, would have puzzled a fairish physiologist, were soon ushered inside to complete our number, and we made progress through the inn-yard and gateway in solemn silence, nor do I remember that this taciturn disposition of our party, seemingly adopted by mutual consent, was much, if at all intruded upon during our journey to Bristol. From time to time we separately went through the usual ordeal of sullen coachmen claiming their shilling or eighteen-pence; neither was there withheld, from the refreshment-needing and time-stinted traveller, the solacing tribute of British brandy-and-water *boiling hot at the coach-door*. The man of patterns appeared somewhat attentive to the calls of hunger, as he managed, by dint of repeated importunities, to dissipate a Bologna sausage, as thick as the cartridge of a six-pounder.

On our arrival at Bristol, I lost no time in obtaining a passage for the shores of Monmouthshire, where, at the house of an old and valued acquaintance, I fully anticipated meeting, as visitors, an elderly relict, with her only daughter, in whose future prospects I felt a more than ordinary interest. My host was a retired West India planter, of sober age, lately married to a spinster-heiress, who at some remote, but not to be nicely ascertained period of her life, had been five and forty. She was not a "good one"—she was many degrees distant from a good one. She was as the fruit of a crab-slip ingrafted upon a sloe-tree stem—sour and astringent.

I met Eliza, my fully intended, and alone too, in the park, while crossing it, in my impatience to arrive at the mansion of my friend. We walked and talked, brushing away the crackling hoar-frost which

sparkled beneath our feet. The naked trees spread their straggling arms, whitened with rime, and sighed to the northern gale, which swept beneath the cold blue sky. I began to be sentimental: "Now, dearest Eliza," I exclaimed, as my arm was raised to encircle her waist, "have your own arguments, aided by my unremitted correspondence with your mother, had the effect of removing her scruples to sanction an union, without which life and future prospects are but as a blank to my"—

Here my effusion was interrupted by a noise resembling the fall of some heavy body, followed by two consecutive sounds of incidental and lighter projectiles, vehemently cast upon the turf. On turning round, I beheld the Welch rascal to whom I had entrusted my luggage, sprawling like a walrus ashore, with my portmanteaux a little in advance of his carcase. The wretch had received orders to go round to the mansion by the carriage-road, but having much affected the appearance of a neat public-house, in a village that skirted the park palings, over which I had trespassed, he had dallied awhile with the inmates, and decided to follow my example, to make up lost time. This was not the worst of it; the fellow's assiduity had been so exemplary, that he was beastly, mortally drunk. I looked down in despair upon the disreputable vagabond, as he struggled to recover his footing, and felt personally involved in the disgrace.

A horseman, accompanied by a servant in livery and two greyhounds, now came cantering in the distance, and Eliza ran to meet them. I immediately followed, and shortly recognized my friend and host; the scene was soon explained to him; his servant took charge of my effects: and the bibulous transgressor was paid and dismissed.

After having transacted the indispensable to my toilet, I glimmered into the drawing-room, and was there introduced to the other visitors. These consisted of a Mr. Groutledge, own brother to my hostess, with his wife and two daughters, Iphigenia and Musidora. Then followed the 'Heer' Grave van Raven, a count of Belgico-Dutch extraction. He was a sallow tall middle-aged man, surmounted by a furiously wild *chevelure*, through the mazes of which, he incessantly thrust the fingers of his left hand, divorced from each other at right angles of twenty-five degrees. I scarcely know which his hair best imitated, a collection of whale-bone shavings, or the bristles of a porcupine imperfectly saturated with Hunt's matchless. The hideous profusion of gloomy dismal reeds and rushes, sprung out, in part, from a spongy parsnip-coloured forehead, most ruthlessly dibbled by the small-pox. His eyes were strictly national. His nose had apparently commenced its journey in classic conformity with the noble Roman profile; but, after having described two-thirds of the destined arc, there was an abrupt descent of the cartilage, in the form of a valley, from which suddenly emerged a hillock, whose obtuse apex enabled it to give expansion to a pair of nostrils, assimilating in diameter, those of a Bellicose dray-horse. His upper lip and chin had been decisively of surreptitious acquirement;—either in the shape of murder and theft, or a fore-closed mortgage on the person of a Siamese baboon.

When dinner was announced, we all rose, and as there were three males in company, my seniors in age, I naturally wished to shew due deference to their years, by allowing them to couple with the three old women, on the way to the dining-room; and prepared myself to gain the arm of Eliza. But my lady hostess, who seemed to have guessed my purpose, instantly sailed forward, and offered me her arm, at the same time directing the abominable Van Raven to attend upon my coveted partner. At the dinner table, I had the felicity of being regaled with the landscape of his face grimacing '*à l'impossible*' to the beauty I adored. Eliza's mother, sat contemplating the sacrilege, with the most confirmatory composure;—and suddenly a flood of fire broke in upon my veins. I now wondered, and was shocked at my own dulness, in not having noticed a hundred incidents, tending to bear upon the fact I dreaded. As the inferences which I drew darkened into conviction, I thrust my soup plate from before me, refused every delectable dish, and helped myself to some boiled brisket of beef—an enormity, which I mortally execrate. The Heer van Raven appeared perfectly at his ease, and quite content with his companion; the fellow even opened wide his pewter eyes, and coolly asked me to take wine.

Whilst employed in ruminating upon my beef, I witnessed some murderous efforts of my hostess to develope a couple of fine woodcocks, upon whose mangled carcases her *mistaken* knife and fork had produced an effect equal to the ravages of an exploded shell. I instantly proffered my services, to appease the louring frown of her husband, who silently deplored the havoc.

Meantime a light cloud of vulgarity tainted the atmosphere of Mrs. Groutledge, who indulged in the dubious practice of making a selection of morsels on her own plate, and shooting them, by aid of her knife, with remorseless perseverance into that of her husband, occasionally uttering the anodyne remark, that "they always did so at home." This little interesting and confidential disclosure did not appear to be duly appreciated by my host; on the contrary, he looked most diabolically disgusted.

The lady-company soon retired. On our *re-union* with them in the drawing-room, I took my seat by the side of Eliza, at the piano, where she was preparing to join Musidora in a duet. Just as I had made up my mind to retain my station all the evening, so as completely to exclude any objectionable proximity of the detested Van Raven to Eliza, the clearest and most brilliant tones of a flute suddenly glided into the harmony of the female performers, combining the most powerful intonation and the most exquisite taste and expression, with such a rapidity of execution as I had never heard equalled, or even nearly approached. The piano ceased as if by enchantment, and forth from behind the folding-leaves of the skreen egressed the bowing Van Raven, with the magic instrument beneath his arm. Of course, his powers were again and again enlisted in the service of the fair instrumentalists, and it would be paltry and little of me not to confess that he was evidently a musician of the highest order.

On a move to the supper table being proposed, I offered Eliza my arm, and followed the last of the company. During the short *tête-*

à-tête which the brief promenade permitted, I found my worst fears confirmed; the Heer Raven was openly approved as the future son-in-law of the old woman;—the title of countess for her daughter being so intoxicating as to determine her not to hesitate a moment.

A coursing party was fixed by our host for the next morning, and the sun's first glance had hardly fallen upon the frosted windows of the stables, ere we found him among his stud. Each soon had his mounting assigned him. The drab-coloured trowsers of Groutledge struck me as hardly "the thing" in such cases, and though the close-fitting light-blue pantaloons and Hessian boots of the Dutchman offered a shade more pretension, they still were, in the most charitable construction, eminently vulgar.

I took occasion to solicit a moment's conversation with the Heer, and he politely assented. "Now, Monsieur Le Comte," said I, "as you are without doubt aware that I am the accepted lover of Miss Eliza, you will instantly, as a gentleman, see the propriety of my requiring you to withdraw any pretension you may have formed to that young lady's hand: at all events, after you have satisfied yourself by personal reference, that your further attentions will prove offensive to herself."

The Comte paused an instant, either to make his decision, or to arrange his language; for it is true that he had no little conceit of his powers in our island orthography and accentuation.

"I shall be tell you, sare," replied he, stretching his hessian'd legs, and causing his right hand and head to gesticulate with the synchronous exactitude of a paralytic mandarin, as he spoke—"I shall be tell you, sare, to consign my claims for that aimable partner of my future days, who enjoy the *privilege* of my affection, and has the consent of the parent yield to my wishes. You are, Mistare, to know that my titles and my properties give my suits very preferably to your own. You have now my sentiment, nor do I believe myself in the case to change of intention."

Having effected this splutter, his nostrils expanded like the crimsoned wings of the Flamingo.

"Un moment, Monsieur," said I, as he wheeled round—"my card."

He bowed; but gave me to understand that, situated as he was, he felt no repugnance in flatly declining a meeting. He now dashed his toe into the stirrup, and attempting a sprightly vault, reached the saddle with a sonorous fracture of his tight blues. Before he had well attained his seat he checked the reins suddenly, the mare backed precipitately, and *declined* him over her right ear. A groom came forward and picked his hat up—the Heer picked himself up.

Arrived at the coursing ground, we had several excellent runs. At length we got sight of a fine spanking hare which had obtained a very considerable start of us over the high ground. The dogs were slipped; my host rode hard to lay them in, and away we sped after him, until a broad old fence of blackberry-brambles and sloe bushes opposed our comet-career; the Heer dared not either take the leap, or dash through it; he had dismounted, and was ingloriously trying to grub his way with his hunting whip, and lead his mare through. Something pernicious and implacable shot through my feelings at the

moment, and I obeyed it. Riding full and determined at the opening gap, and giving the Heer one short holloa, *when he was close under my nose,* I drove my horse through the fence, scattering like chaff before the wind in advance of me, the hat, whip, and rueful corporate material of the Belgic projectile. Pulling up as soon as I calculated he could have got himself decently together again, I retrograded, and exclaimed affectionately, "You are hurt Mynheer, perhaps;"—although, really, a profusion of bramble scratches, a very considerable hemorrhage from the nasal glands, and an eye hermetically sealed by the simultaneous conjunction of two precocious black puddings, the one above and the other beneath, were the only pathognomic evidences, strictly speaking, of the *feat* he had performed. My interest in the phenomenon having ceased, I rode on to join my companions.

Long before dinner I received the cartel of the Heer in due form. I replied, by fixing Bristol and pistols as the place and arms;—time I left to himself; and courteously added, that if he gave a preference to the small sword, I should yield him the privilege. Briefly recapitulating the correspondence to "mine host," I took leave on one of his horses, after having dispatched a letter to a friend at Bath, requesting him to assist me in the meditated amusement.

The immediate arena for contest, was just beneath the marly fortification of the Romans, on Clifton Downs, close to the windmill. Von Raven's friend was an acute little Frenchman, and evidently a *militaire* of some pretension. He bowed in a superb style to *my* friend—took the pistol-case from his hands, and examined the sample. "*Ah! par exemple, voilà des pistolets delicieux. Voyons donc l'épée, mon cher,—Eh! ma foi si j'ose vous conseiller—tenez—un petit instant: je m'en vais vous faire voir.*" He then unrolled from his cloak, two plain small swords, classically adapted to their *work;* and, presenting one to my friend, apologized for the liberty he took, apprizing him that *his* principal had availed himself of the permission to choose his weapon;—a concession on our part for the *honnêteté* of which he hardly knew how to make suitable acknowledgments.

A few passes soon made it clear to me, that my antagonist was no novice in the art. His eye was quick, his arm strong, and his science as perfect as a Dutch school could administer. His very first movement, after crossing my blade, was a powerful and well-directed effort to disarm me. I saw clearly from this, that he held my science, as an Englishman, very light. In our progress, he was induced to change this opinion, and be a little more on his guard; for it happened that I had 'graduated' in a French Ecole d'Armes—and before he could recover a clumsy Belgic lunge, intended as a 'finale,' I rapidly consigned his weapon to the turf: and there he stood, grim as a new-crimped Dogger-Bank cod.

He turned about to resume his upper apparel, uttering sundry expletives against his debonnaire friend, whom he upbraided for having persuaded him to prefer the small sword. The Frenchman disdainfully denied the charge. '*Tu en às menti—misérable!*' screeched the Heer. I instantly walked up, and, thrusting a pistol into my opponent's hand, requested him to confine his quarrel to myself, and make a full meal, if he were still unsatisfied. But the fiery little *militaire*

pushed me aside—snatched the pistol I held, and cried, "*Est-ce moi qui en ai menti, polisson que tu es. Je te couperai la figure-sacré Perruquier!*" Then giving a preparatory *spit* on the ground, he slapped Mynheer's face, in true foreign pugilistic *règle*. It was too late now to interfere; nor could the Frenchman have been pacified. He strode away from the groupe—wheeled round at twelve paces—and my friend and I were compelled to become bottle-holders.

It was arranged that I should utter, as signals, '*un*,'—'*deux*,'—'*trois*.' Van Raven levelled as '*un*' fell from my lips; and before '*deux*' could be pronounced, his adversary's hat was perforated by his ball.

"*Sacré cochon!*" exclaimed the *militaire*, who reduced his prim but well-worn beaver to proper discipline, and levelled his barrel as he spoke.

"You shall reserve your fires, sare," shouted the Heer, "since the triggers of my pistols have shot themselves before I was aware of myself."

"*Vous me pardonnerez, bien*," coolly responded the *militaire*, who, before the expiration of another moment, scientifically buried his bullet in the *biceps flexor cruris* of his friend. All that humanity could suggest was promptly executed, to alleviate the misfortune of poor Van Raven. We saw him safely conveyed to Clifton, and there left him with his *camarade*.

Six months after, I learnt that he was united to Eliza's mother, who had previously driven me to the necessity of inducing my beloved to elope. I have since often had occasion to suspect that the appellation, '*Perruquier*,' bestowed upon him by the hair-trigger amateur, was not quite irrelevant to Van Raven's early professional avocations. The old lady was no Ninon De l'Enclos. Long before Van Raven saw her, she had ceased to be fascinating. In fact, she had become desperately objectionable—as the mothers of beauties frequently do, when their daughters come into full bloom—to all except those who, blessed with tonic reminiscences, cherish and adore each wrinkle, as being the grave of a by-gone dimple. Her income was, however, not merely nominally inviting to a pecuniary gastronome without a guinea—(nothing has transpired, since the marriage, of the Heer's "properties,")—but securely fastened by last will and testament (I abhor its horrid *clause*) on the back of my dear Eliza's estate. He is too phlegmatic to beat his wife—or, it may be, that he makes a passably good husband, because the old lady's provision is saddled on the property, only for her own life. His hair, I am told, has become more brambly than ever. His nose, however, appears to have been wholly decomposed by the remote and immediate effects of his pop-gun propulsion through the aperture bored by himself in the blackthorn hedge: the nasal feature no longer presents its former pleasing variety of hill and dale,—being now flat as the Lincolnshire fens:—nor does it retain its once admirably soft, suetty tint; but after having flirted with every intermediate shade, from livid purple to yellowish azure, has permanently assumed that carrion green hue, which, as the Heer has discovered, is supremely attractive to blue-bottles and blow-flies.

K. K.

THE ART AND MYSTERY OF FASHIONABLE NOVEL WRITING.

In former days, a strange opinion was held by many good writers, that study and perseverance were essential to the character of an author. A Pythagorean silence was enjoined upon the unpractised pen, and it was even declared by a Roman gentleman, whose *vers de société* are still read, that no work should be publicly born, until it was nine years old. Modern times have become less scrupulous on this point. The scale of merit has been graduated with greater nicety, and the time bestowed upon any composition, is proportioned to its intended or probable durability. The architect of the present day, knows how to raise a building which shall exactly last a certain number of years, and the fashionable novel writer follows a similar plan in building his *stories*.

It is a notion to be rejected, that invention must necessarily lay the foundation-stone and ingenuity raise the superstructure. Such birds as are unable to make nests for themselves, repair the vacant dwellings of their predecessors. In the same manner, a young novelist had better adopt a successful plot of forgotten date, than trouble himself unnecessarily with the formation of a new one. A good plot is like a model-doll; you may dress it in any style, and disguise it with any ornaments you think proper.

If the adventurous tyro disdain an obligation to a compeer or a superior, he will not find it quite impossible to do the needful himself. An artless confession was once made by a dramatist of some merit, that he often sat down to write a comedy without any preconceived notions of its design, and that he went on writing and writing, till the plot obtruded itself upon his notice. The ill-natured critic may doubt whether this acknowledgment had not been rendered unnecessary by the very writings in question; but the prudent novice may take advantage of the hint.

The first volume may easily be filled with appropriate descriptions, genealogies, and the requisite preparations for mystification. In the second, difficulties and mysteries must occur, and whatever happiness presumed to peep forth in the first, must gradually be converted into misery. Vice should be active, and virtue wan and wavering. The third volume must, of course, untie the knots, smooth the wrinkles; hang, or otherwise dispose of the wicked, and reward the good.

In the course of your story you will find it of great advantage to introduce political matters; to expose what you consider (whether rightly or not, signifies little,) electioneering intrigues; and to hint at a private acquaintance with cabinet concerns. By so doing, you will, in all probability, be looked upon as a present or ex-member of parliament, or a future candidate, or perhaps as the talented partizan of some less talented politician. You will be considered identical with the hero of the tale, and have the satisfaction of hearing that

your book could not have been written by any one who was not well acquainted with the secrets of political intrigue.

Never commence operations until you have read two or three metaphysical treatises, at the same time taking care to study them with extreme carelessness. Your object must be, not to gain information, but to acquire the means of imposing upon your fellow-creatures. To become deeply versed in metaphysical language is a work of supererogation; but to be able to prattle in a few of its set phrases is an useful accomplishment. Never throw away an opportunity of starting an abstract question, and of dwelling upon it with all the attention which it demands. Whenever you first mention love, poetry, or puff-paste,—cravat, remorse, or silk stocking, you must enter into a dissertation upon its nature and qualities, and utter a rhapsody upon its charms, intermingled with salutary observations upon its corruptions and dangerous influences.

You cannot but have seen the necessity of introducing in the course of the plot sundry striking events, which, by prescriptive right, claim a place in every novel, and which may be varied and modified as the author may please. His chief aim, however, must be to make them striking; and this he may do at the expense of his readers' nerves, the consistency of the plot, and the dignity of human nature, without any apprehension of condemnation or failure: he should, therefore, prefer a duel to an action for libel, and a murder to every thing.

Heroes may vary in their peculiarities of character, as much as authors themselves, but, unlike the latter, all should have a decided tendency to perfection. You may, if you please, follow Xenophon's plan, and make your hero the model rather than the copy of a man. This has been done with success in one instance by an amiable and talented lady:—indeed the dear creatures who flirt with the pen, are uniformly and unequivocally given to exaggeration. Whatever may be the subject of their ruminations,—religion, love, politics, natural or moral descriptions, every thing is drawn in colours unnaturally vivid. They are never satisfied with making virtue fascinating and vice repulsive, but raise the one above the limits of our admiration, and sink the other below the bounds of our belief. The novel at which I have just hinted is a striking illustration of my remark. The creature of the writer's imagination is placed at sundry times, in sundry critical situations, from all which he extricates himself with grace and innocence. I will just mention one:—a married lady falls as desperately in love with him as a woman can do; she quits her house, runs to his lodgings, and throws herself into his arms. I must confess that when I came to this part of the story, I was seized with an involuntary shudder. To my simple mind it appeared impossible that the authoress could separate the parties with entire credit to herself and them. The time of the occurrence was night, the tempter a beautiful woman, the tempted a man. How then does Diana interpose? A knock is heard at the door; the lady swoons as was to be expected, and the gentleman, unexpectedly enough, snatches up his fair visitor, puts her into a hackney-coach, and conveys her back to her own house!

It is to be inferred—the novel in question being a favourite—that if you please, you may make your hero quite perfect, but the generality of readers will like him the better perhaps, for approaching more nearly to the level of their own nature. He may transgress his own perfect notions of propriety, in a spirit of civil obedience to the prejudices of his less moral fellow-creatures. For instance, in a fashionable work now before us, the hero, although perfectly moral in theory, accepts a challenge, because, had he refused it, not a young lady in the kingdom would have read a line further. He then writes a long letter to his father, in which he expresses very filial acknowledgments for the advantages he has derived from a moral and religious education, expresses his horror of the crime of duelling, and finishes with an explanation of the unnecessary necessity by which he is bound to "go out" in direct opposition to his principles!

Whatever your hero may be in point of morality, he must be *personally* perfect. In this particular, no medium can be tolerated. Ladies, who form the majority of novel readers, set too high a value upon time, to lose it in reading the adventures of a man who has red hair, or who is marked by the small-pox. On the other hand, a very handsome fellow may be made rather naughty, if he be reformed towards the end of the third volume. You cannot ever be wrong in giving him black hair and a pale face; he must be tallish and saddish; his figure must be elegant, his eyes expressive, and his voice musical. The same observations, with a slight alteration in particulars, will apply to heroines. In their case, beauty must be inseparable from virtue, if it be the author's intention to excite interest in favour of the latter. You will find it of advantage to give your heroine a younger sister, or a cousin, always observing that they must be as unlike each other, bodily and mentally, as two persons of the same family usually are! It is very judicious and successful to represent them at a hair-curling *tête-à-tête*, and to expatiate upon their bare feet and glancing ancles.

In descriptions of persons and things you must always be elaborate, but not luminous. Ladies excel in this branch of composition. Scenery, manners, dress, and predicaments are all delineated by them with befitting accuracy. From the furniture of a room, to the emotions of a heroine, they are circumstantially exact, and inform you how the curtains are hung, and the chairs covered,—how the hair is dressed, the mouth quivers, the tears scald, the throat becomes choaked, and the heart throbs, in despite of tight whalebone, with painful expressiveness. The followers of Sappho are not yet extinct; for, even in this artificial age and prudish country, there are ladies whose imaginations are warm and whose pens are glowingly expressive. As they must be presumed to know best what pleases their own sex, you cannot be wrong in gallantly following as far as they lead.

Whether you understand French or not, you must never lose an opportunity of using French phrases in the management of your dialogues. Make your ladies and gentlemen talk five times as well, and your vulgar characters five times as ill, as they do in their respective spheres of real life. Your style must be varied by a

judicious use of grotesque similes and distorted metaphors. It is not your fault that such ornaments are considered droll and clever by the majority of novel readers.

A due regard must be had to euphony in selecting appellatives. You may as well make your principal characters vulgar or ugly, as give them unmusical or even common names. There is no moral reason why the mind might not be interested as much in the loves and adventures of Edward Tomkins and Clarissa Jones, as in those of Edward de Lacy and Clarissa Vivyan; but conventional prejudices interfere, and they must not be treated with contempt. Letitia Jenkins may tear her hair, or commit any other extravagance which is permitted by the laws of romance, but so long as she remains Letitia Jenkins, she must not expect sympathy. In the same manner, any young gentleman who is entangled in the meshes of love, or tossed upon the waves of passion excites our laughter rather than our interest, if he happen to be the son of a Ramsbottom or a Sheepshanks.

SONG.

LOVE AT SEA.

Love hath wandered o'er the waves
  Full of frolic, full of guile,
Now, to Syrens in their caves
  Teaching many a song and wile;
Now, on moonlit waters calm,
  Rocks the urchin in a shell;
Now to isles of gold and balm
Waving with the feathery palm
  Guides his caravel:—
Love hath gone to sea.—No more
Let him come on shore.

Love hath flown on noiseless wing
  Where the ship at anchor lies,
Won from its unerring string
  Through the sail his arrow flies·
Oft around the slumbering crew
  Pleasant fantasies he weaves—
Dreams of maidens far and true,
Singing lone the summer through
  In their bowers of leaves:—
Love hath gone to sea.—No more
Let him come on shore.

Love hath roamed the earth too long
  With his quiver full of fire,
Bowing proud and weak and strong,
  Sword and sceptre, pen and lyre:—
Fitter is the ocean wild
  With its hours of changing tide,
Empire for the fickle child,
Now tormenting, now so mild,
  Now elate with pride:—
Love shall rule the sea.—No more
  Let him come on shore.

H. F. C.

SUPPER SCENE WITH COLOCOTRONI.

In the summer of 1827 I sailed from Sicily as supercargo of a Genoese brig, laden with salt and warlike stores, for the use of the Greeks. The Sicilian salt is considered by epicures to be the finest in the world, and is the more valuable in Greece, as the salt of the latter country has more similitude to coarse dirty saltpetre, than to that most useful and universal of condiments. Having a discretionary power as to the disposal of the cargo, and not choosing that it should fall into the hands of a private individual, I avoided the populous ports of Hydra and Spezzia—well knowing how strongly the organ of acquisitiveness is usually developed in the inhabitants of those islands—and ran into Castri, the ancient Hermione, situated on the southern coast of the Argolide. It is now a miserable village, consisting of two or three dozen wretched huts, and inhabited solely by tillers of the ground, and tenders of flocks.

The time of my arrival was just prior to the meeting of the Syneleusis, or National Assembly, and the whole country was divided upon the important question whether Damala or Castri should be the place of meeting—the Archipelagians declaring they would meet at no other place than Damala, and the Peninsulars—laudably emulating their obstinacy—persisting in vindicating the right which they affirmed Castri had to that distinguished honour. The existing government having, in conjunction with the islanders, given their voice for Damala, Colocotroni, who has a spice of the Tory in him, and opposes every government of which he does not form a part, or which does not satisfy the insatiable cravings of his avarice, had, as a matter of course, taken part with the Peninsulars; and, being determined that there should be, if not a national, at any rate an assembly at Castri, had made his bivouack there, bringing with him four or five hundred Moriotes, and the half-Turk, half-Gree khoary old lord of the fruitful vineyards of Gastouni, old Sessini, the Talleyrand of the Peloponessus.

I had scarcely dropped anchor amid the beautiful ruins of the ancient port of Hermione, when I was hailed by a boat, from which a Tchaous* stepped on board, who after the usual salutation inquired—"What ship is this?"—"The San Lorenzo."—"Anglice?"—"No! Genovese."—"Where from?"—"Palermo."—"Whither bound?"—"Don't know."—"To whom consigned?"—"Can't tell."—"What is her cargo?"—"Various: chiefly salt."—"Show me some."

I ordered a basket of it to be brought up, and the Tchaous, after cautiously tasting it, burst into an exclamation of surprise and delight. "Ma to Theon! Ti paraxino pragma! (Oh! you Virgin, what a wonderful matter!) Salt it is not! it is snow. What a beautiful thing is Frank salt!"

* Tchaous is a word borrowed in common with many others from the Turks. The rank of the Tchaous may be compared to that of a Lieutenant, though his authority seldom extends over more than ten or a dozen men.

He then requested of me the basket for the table of his Excellency. "Who," said I, "is his Excellency?"

"What news is this!" exclaimed he; "do you not know that his Excellency, the General Colocotroni, Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Peloponesus, has sat down in Castri to await the assembling of the deputies?"

"But how," said I, "should I know all this—I, who come from Sicily?"

"True," said he, "but ekiete roomee? (Have you any rum on board?")

"Yes!—Vera* fabrica de Jamaica."

"Oh! beautiful! Let us have a bottle of it up."

As I did not care to let it be known that I understood Greek, the above conversation was carried on in a *lingua Franca*, an *olla podrida* of tongues, chiefly French and Italian. The Tchaous's exclamations were, however, made in his native dialect. The bottle of "roomi" was brought, and after having drunk a glass of it, he smacked his lips, and chuckled—"Forza! Spirito! Panagiotaki †*Kerata*," added he, addressing one of his attendants; "go to the General, and tell him here is a Frank dog, whose ship is laden with salt that is whiter than the ghost of the great grandfather of all the Franks. And *roomi*, tell him—vera fabrica de Jamaica! Ogligora keratopolo—Ide morée! Begone! you blockhead."

Panagiotaki Kerata went over the side with all the agility, and something of the style of a scared monkey. The Tchaous, after taking a second draught of the "spirito," distributed the rest amongst his comrades.

"Signor Capitano," said he, "his Excellency the General Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Peloponessus loves rum; and, moreover, it is usual when a Frank ship arrives to make a present to the Megalopsekos, the great soul of the place—that is, if there be a great soul—and likewise to his officers."

"I will send his Excellency a dozen bottles, and you will perhaps accept of three for yourself."

"Meta khacas! (With joy!)—may you flourish for a thousand centuries! Have you any ‡barooty—any gunpowder?"

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* The rum Vera fabrica de Jamaica, which is so much esteemed in the Levant, is neither more nor less than three-water grog, well sweetened, and sells for fourpence a bottle. I need not add that my rum was of another quality.

† Kerata is translated by the Italians "cornuto," and by the French "cocu." The epithet is, generally, when applied in anger, accompanied by holding up two fingers to the forehead; and he who makes use of it does it at the risk of his life, as the Greeks, though careless of any thing that may be said of the honour which is in their own keeping, are especially tenacious of any imputation on that which is in the custody of their wives; and, strange to say, whether married or not, the word *kerata* is equally offensive. This does not prevent it being applied jocularly, as a term of familiarity, and its diminutive *keratopolo*, even of endearment, being in universal use between parents and children.

‡ Barooty: the Greeks are particularly fond of fine English sporting powder, which they use for priming only, as the extreme coarseness of their own unfits it for such a purpose. You can make a Greek no more acceptable present than an ounce or two of fine powder—excepting always, money.

"No," said I, "but I have some coal."

"Oh Kaimeno! I am burnt—no gunpowder, but coal*—what thing is this?"

I ordered one of the men to bring up a basket of coal, and, in the meantime, endeavoured to explain to him its uses.

"Ah," said he, "I am down upon you—(few persons are aware that this is purely a Greek idiom)—it is charcoal!"

The basket was placed before him, and having persuaded himself that it was *bonâ fidê* charcoal, and of no greater weight, he attempted to lift a huge lump of it, but not having put sufficient strength to it, he lost his equipoise, and tumbled head foremost into the basket. He jumped up in a fierce passion—swore with an oath that my mother was an impure person—that he had been very familiar with my faith—that the Franks were all liars, and that he was too cunning to believe that the devil himself would ever think of making a fire with black stones, and ended, by attempting to fire his pistol at the coal, but it flashed in the pan, which Greek pistols very often do. I calmed his rage by taking him forward to the caboose, and shewing him the coal in combustion. Snatching up a small quantity, he put it in his pipe and smoked it; finding it unpleasant, he tasted a piece raw, carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and deposited it in his pocket.

The discovery of the fact that Frank fires were fed with black stones, completely overwhelmed the faculties of the poor Tchaous. For the combustion of such a material he could find no parallel, and he who had come on board as proud as a Padisha, prepared to quit the brig as humble as a chidden dog. The individual who held the main ropes squinted after a most sinister fashion, with his left eye. The Tchaous started back as though Apollyon had bestrode his path, but suddenly recollecting the counter-charm, he spat copiously over his shoulders, first to the right and then to the left, and blowing in the man's face as he passed him, descended to his boat, which by this time had returned. He sat himself sulkily down in the stern-sheets, and commenced making the sign of the cross, which is done by the Greeks as follows:—They join the thumb and two first fingers to represent the Trinity, and then, pretending to pick up dirt from the ground, they touch the forehead, the pit of the stomach, the left breast, and then the right; which series of actions the Tchaous continued as long as he remained in sight. There is a sect amongst the Greeks who make the cross from right to left, but they are held in abomination by the orthodox cross-makers.

Meanwhile I had despatched a boat with my "†baksheesh" to the General, who in return invited me to supper, which invitation I very readily accepted, glad of an opportunity of making the acquaintance of so notorious an individual as Colocotroni, and thinking thereby to learn how I might dispose of my cargo, so as to meet the intentions of my employers.

* Till the arrival of the *pompori* or steam-boat, the Greeks, with some few exceptions, could form no idea of mineral coal, and the landing of the first cargo at Napoli created as much sensation as the news of a great victory.

† Baksheesh is a Turkish word, signifying a present.

I landed about six o'clock in the evening, and after walking for a mile and a half over ploughed ground, thickly bestrewn with fragments of sculpture, I arrived at the bivouack of the Moriote chieftain and his *trusty* Palikars. There was no tent—no shelter for himself or his men but their good capotes, and here and there an olive tree. Many fires were burning, and several fellows were busily engaged in preparing the repast. I took especial notice of an animal, somewhat larger than a good-sized hare, spitted on a ramrod, supported horizontally by two pieces of stone, before a blazing fire of pine branches, and turned by a dirty looking lad, who was sitting tailor-wise at one end of the spit.

The entrails and the reeking skin* lay close by, and, from the latter, I took the animal roasting to be a lamb. An individual, whose blood-stained fustinella proclaimed his office, was plaiting up the tasteful inwards—not very delicately washed—which, as he finished, he cut into lengths of six or eight inches, and laid upon the hot embers. The liver of the lamb was trussed under its fore leg, as that of a fowl under its wing.

On being recognized by my friend the Tchaous, he rushed upon me, folded me in his arms, and, after bestowing a most energetic kiss (which I could easily have dispensed with) upon either cheek, he condescended to the Frank mode of saluting, shook me by the hand, and saying his Excellency was all impatience to see me, led me off unresisting to his master. Colocotroni arose from his seat as I approached, extended to me his right hand, while with his left he removed the phesi from his head—a mark of respect which a Greek never pays to his countrymen, and only to a Frank when he wishes to gull him.—"Kale spera sas! Welcome, a good evening to you," said he, "the benevolent Franks are always welcome partakers of the hospitality of a poor Klepht!"†

"Your Excellency is wrong," said I, "to apply such an epithet to the General Colocotroni, whose flocks and herds are upon every hill in Argolis."

"The Signor Capitan has stood in Hellas before," said he: "but if I have fat sheep, I have hungry men, so let that pass; but come, nothing new?—Milordos, O Konckran! Where is he?—why does he not come to us?"

"When I left Palermo," said I, "I heard Lord Cochrane had sailed from Marseilles, and I expected to have found him here on my arrival."

"Would to God he were come! He would soon burn off the beards of all the Ottomites."

"He will not leave," said I, "so much as a single hair upon their heads for the angel to carry them up to Paradise by."

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* The Greeks never suffer their meat to hang before cooking. In most cases it is put warm upon the spit, which is generally either a ramrod or a hedge stake. It is invariably tender, and were it not for the custom of over-roasting would be unrivalled. I speak only of their lamb and kid; sheep and goats are rarely killed, and then only consumed by the poor.

† Klepht (a title in which the Greek chieftains rejoice), is a mountain robber, or, one who never submitted to the Turks.

"He will make concubines of all their mothers. But we Peloponnesians—have we not done something? We have walked from Patras to Kalamata, without seeing a single Turk."

"Your Excellency is very brave, and the Moriotes are invincible; but the Arab dog, Ibrahim, shuts himself up in the fortresses, and Greek lead and Greek steel, or that which is more irresistible than either, Greek courage cannot always pierce a stone wall."

"Ha, ha!" said he, "but let him recollect Trippolitza, and tremble."

"Your Excellency took the town, and washed out some of the injuries Greece had received from her cruel enemies, in the blood of all the men, women, and children in the place. Your Excellency is a Turk-eater and a drinker of Ottoman gore."

"But come," said he, "the supper is ready:—let me present you to the wise Sessini, the President of the National Congress."

I made a low bow to the President of the National Congress, who had nothing remarkable in his appearance, except the look of cunning, which displays itself in his face in a thousand wrinkles.

Colocotroni is a more remarkable-looking individual than might even be expected from a knowledge of what he has done. He is of middle stature, stout and well-proportioned, with a large aquiline nose, and a dark restless eye. His dress is generally full as dirty and far less gay than that of the meanest of his followers. His manners are those of a barbarian, but a barbarian accustomed to command. He is of a Moriote family, and spent his early life as a mountain-robber; but being unsuccessful he went over to Zante, where he is said to have lived for some years quietly exercising his trade of a butcher, till, on the raising of the Albanian regiments, he managed to gain an appointment under General Sir Richard Church, and was engaged in the affair of Parga.

The Chieftain took his seat at a small circular table about six inches in height, which it was insinuated had been brought from the village on purpose to do honour to the Frank: I was placed on his right hand and the President on his left; the remainder of the space being occupied by the chief captains of his host, while others of inferior grade, to the number of twenty or thirty, arranged themselves in irregular groups about us. Table-cloth, knives, forks, spoons, plates, dishes, or other indispensables to a western feast, I observed none. In the centre of the table was a huge wooden bowl about two feet in diameter, containing a "salata," or I should rather call it a "Salmagundi," being compounded of sardellas—a sort of anchovy, Tarragou, cresses, lettuce, cloves of garlic, black olives, and abundance of onions, the whole being flavoured wiih a dressing of garlic, oil, vinegar, wine, and salt, beaten into a cream in a mortar. Here and there was a piece of "kashkaval," a cheese of goat's milk, manufactured in Anatolia, varying in diameter from three to four feet, and in thickness from a quarter of an inch to an inch. About the table were scattered pieces of coarse dark bread and some sea biscuit. The entertainment commenced by our drinking to each other's good health in a very small quantity of *raki*, that is, aniseed-brandy. This is a universal custom in the Levant, to promote appetite.

"Eh! Viva! Signor Capitano," said the General as he finished his dram, "will you not eat some salad?"

I nodded an assent, but fidgetted about with a piece of biscuit that I might have an opportunity of seeing how the natives intended to proceed, lest I should commit some solecism that might ruin me with them. I had not to wait long; the General plunged his hand into the bowl, and grasping an immense quantity of the esculents, sopped it well in the dressing and crammed it into his mouth, the superfluities dropping on his chin and naked breast; he then picked out an anchovy, and dexterously stripping it from the bone with his nail, one half he thrust into his own mouth, and the other, to my utter discomfiture, into mine, saying, it was "bono per lo stomacho," a piece of choice Italian which he made use of more than once during the repast. With a desperate spasm I gulped down the anchovy, and called for some wine. A chitza* was handed to me by a beautiful dark-haired maiden, who, I afterwards understood, had been compelled to take upon her the office of Hebe, a custom very prevalent amongst the dissolute soldiery of Greece.† I took care to touch the tip of my chin, my forehead, lay my hand upon my heart, and say "the teen hygeian sas," before I raised the chitza to my lips.

The salad having speedily vanished, my gastric nerves were next put into a state of insurrection by the approach of that sanguinary wretch the butcher, with his accursed plaited tripes. They appeared to be very highly relished by the company assembled, but I positively and peremptorily declined to partake of them. The lamb was next served up, that is to say it was laid upon the board, still upon the spit. Colocotroni drew forth his *ataghan*, and making several gashes in it, and pointing out with his finger to me the part I was to lay hold of, with two or three cuts of his knife he separted it from the mass. It consisted of three or four ribs (the lamb was small and had been killed, as usual, when about a fortnight old), and notwithstanding all my European prejudices, and my disgust at the "modus operandi," I never remember to have eaten any thing so delicate, so tender, so delicious, in the whole course of my life. The General, having helped himself and the President, passed the mutilated carcase to the rest, with a special, and as it appeared to me, wholly unnecessary injunction not to eat the head. It was not without some horrible misgivings, that I soon after saw the caput mortuum returned to him, having previously been split in two. He commenced operations upon it, by taking out the tongue which he chopped into three portions, two of which he distributed with his fingers to myself and Sessini, keeping the third himself. I was delighted to see him swallow the brains, a portion of which I had entertained fears he would have inflicted upon me. I was, however, compelled to take the disgusting equivalent of an eye, (Sessini being honoured with the other;)—a

* A chitza, a rudely-fashioned flat-round barrel, containing about three quarts, rather inconvenient to drink out off.

† The Greek soldiers, when they enter a village, compel the peasants, with blows of the ramrod, to furnish them provisions, and force their daughters to minister to their orgies.

complete eye—comprehending, retina pigmentum, pupil iris, &c. from the execrable point of his ataghan. As soon as the fragments of the feast were cleared away, the board was spread with dried figs, almonds, preserved grapes, dates, and a variety of sweetmeats. The chitza was replenished, torches were lit, and the luxuries of clean water, soap, and towels, presented by the hands of the maiden before mentioned. One peculiarity of a Greek feast, I have omitted to mention, which is, that every man at the conclusion loosens his sash, and the more frequent eructations of flatus he can summon up, the more honour is done to his entertainer, who never fails to receive it as such, and in return for this very equivocal compliment, makes the acustomed sign of salutation, and wishes his guest a good health. It not unfrequently happens that a Frank is found fault with for non-compliance with this disgusting custom. The Greek will say, "You have not enjoyed your meat. You do not belch."

"It is done," said the General, "does the Effendi drink smoke."

"Verily."

"Bring the Effendi a tchibouki,—give the gentleman a pipe."

A cherry-stick tchibouki, about four feet long, was brought me by a fellow who smoked it till he got it into full fire, then passing the amber mouth-piece through his hand to dry it he laid his hand upon his heart and presented it to me, saying, "Oriste tchibouki Effendi," (command the pipe, sir.)

As the generous wine went merrily round, the scene became one of uproarious jolity. We toasted all the powers of Europe that either were or were supposed to be friendly to Greek independence, drank deep perdition to the Austrians, and utter annihilation to the Turks; even old Sessini grew fierce, and wished himself a soldier, as he said, "solamente per bevere del' sangue Austriaco."

We had the Romaica, the remnant of the ancient Pyhrric dance, and songs, heroic, pastoral, and errotic. Nothing happened to disturb the general harmony, except a trifling dispute between two vaunting Bobadils, which was to me a source of great amusement. They called each other liars, thieves, knaves, cowards, every thing but Keratades. Colocotroni, however, soon stopped the quarrel; he drew a pistol from his belt, cocked it, and swore he would send the lead through the head of the first who dared to utter another word.

It was far into the night before I bade adieu to the hospitality of the "poor Klepht," and I believe I was more indebted to the guidance of my friend, the Tchaous, for safe conduct on board the brig than for any particular discretion of my own.

SECRETS OF THE BOOK TRADE.

Publisher. WELL young gentleman, have you brought the manuscript?

Author. Yes sir; and it is my wish to publish a volume.

Publisher. I never publish single volumes, or even a couple; for the expence of advertizing is the same for one as for a dozen. Nothing less than three will pay the publisher, and more than three the public will rarely read? Cannot you spread out your materials into the orthodox number, and convert your Janus into a Cerberus?

Author. Certainly I might, but it would weaken and deteriorate my work. If I had two pipes of wine to sell, would you like me to dilute them with water until they filled three?

Publisher. Yes, if the public were content to pay the price of three. But pray of what does your manuscript consist?

Author. Of essays in prose and verse.

Publisher. Nobody reads essays, and as to poetry, it's a perfect drug in the market, unless it be religious, when it will sometimes run like wildfire, or rather, like a leaden bullet; the heavier it is, the greater the hit, and the farther it will go. If the saints take it up, they will presently puff a bubble into a balloon, and metamorphose a Montgomery into a Milton.

Author. I am happy to say, the majority of my poems are of a devotional character.

Publisher. Indeed: then there may be hope. What particular dogma do you uphold, and what sect do you more especially attack, reprobate, and condemn?

Author. It has been my endeavour to assert the beauty of Christianity in the abstract, as the religion of peace, love, and charity, and, therefore, I condemn nothing but the *odium theologicum,* and the spirit of intolerance, wherever it may be found.

Publisher. My dear sir, this will never do! allow me to lick you into shape a little. They who call themselves pious and serious people, think they cannot better show their love of the Creator than by hating all their fellow-creatures who differ from them, whether they believe more or less; and the smaller the difference the greater the rancour. Are you not aware, that religion in England is a matter of hereditary fashion and faction, and that ever since the time of the cavaliers and roundheads, the upper classes and the gentry go to the established church, while the rest of the population betake themselves to dissenting chapels, meeting-houses, and conventicles? The public would read religion just as they practise it; so that if your poems be not controversial—if they be not either an attack or a defence, you will be accused of lukewarmness, perhaps of infidelity, and will be infallibly decried by all parties. Virulence is our only selling commodity, no matter on which side it be exercised;—in spiritual writings every thing is tolerated except toleration.

Author. To such an unchristian spirit I will never pander. My

poetical attempts invite every christian to hold out the right hand of fellowship to his brother.

Publisher. If they did, their left hand would soon be at each other's throat. Sir, it will never do: liberality in religion would be a sort of satire, in which it would not suit me to be concerned. Could you not write a novel? Nothing sells better.

Author. If I made the attempt, I would not imitate any of my predecessors, for it seems to me, that there is room for great improvement in this species of composition. Why should we go on, year after year, stringing tales of mere amusement, like so many Arabian Nights' Entertainments in English, which, with a few exceptions, not being calculated to make the world either wiser or better in any one particular, are thrown aside and forgotten as soon as they are read. A department of literature so popular should aim at higher objects, and by addressing itself to the momentous subjects that now engross public attention, should forward the march of society, adopt the spirit of the age, and lend itself to the great cause of human improvement.

Publisher. Would'nt sell, sir; would'nt sell. People like novels, precisely because they are free from all such topics—because they are a mere recreation, and amuse rather than instruct. Any other amendments?

Author. Yes; I would have justice done to the lower orders, whom our novel-writers either neglect altogether or shamefully misrepresent, by introducing none but ignorant and vicious characters, to be made the butt of their ridicule and reproach. This is not less impolitic than illiberal; for, instead of fomenting the differences between the two classes, already sufficiently irritated against each other, a lover of his country and of truth would assign their fair share of knowledge and virtue to the inferior orders, endeavouring to impress upon all, a sense of their mutual dependence, and to excite a feeling of reciprocal esteem and respect. Novel writers have started up in France, who devote themselves almost exclusively to scenes and characters of humble life, and the illustration of popular manners.

Publisher. Very likely, sir, but it would never do in England, where we pay the poor rates, and subscribe to charities cheerfully enough, but desire not to make any further acquaintance, even in our reading, with the class beneath us. What has exploded Crabbe's poetry, in spite of its fidelity and beauty, but that it makes us conversant with those objects of our dislike—with peasants and paupers, with mendicants and mechanics? And now, sir, as you seem to be in a hurry, I beg to wish you good morning.

Author. Oh! good morning, sir. [*Exit Author.*]

Publisher. I suspect that fellow to be radically speaking, a dangerous character.

RAILWAYS AND CANALS.

Although the splendid advantages of the railway system have become already apparent in the mining and manufacturing districts of England, we regret, that more than ordinary opposition has been arrayed against its progress. In the vast and immensely varied and complicated commercial interests of this great nation, it is certain that no improvement can ever arise without producing a partial loss to the few whose capital is invested in works which the improvement supersedes; and in proportion to the extent of the change, is the corresponding disadvantage to former speculators. Thus, the rising powers of the railway system, are bringing on the entire annihilation of many millions of property invested in canals, the alarmed proprietors of which are struggling by Parliamentary opposition, and by distorted and unfounded statements and calculations, through the medium of the press, to stay the progress of these splendid undertakings. Among other publications on this subject, we have been particularly interested by two pamphlet letters upon the comparative merits and advantages of railways and canals, by Mr. Thomas Grahame, a gentleman connected with the Ardrossan, or Paisley canal; and containing a description of certain experiments and observations made at Glasgow in 1832. This writer details the particulars of a novel discovery in the practice of canal navigation, from which it appears, that contrary to all former calculation, the facility of draught is immeasurably increased by the adoption of a rapid pace upon canals; for, in the words of Mr. Grahame, "two horses on the Paisley canal, draw with ease, a passage boat with its complement of seventy-five or ninety passengers, at the rate of ten miles an hour, whilst it would kill even double that number of horses to draw the same load along the canal at the rate of six miles an hour; and it would be decidedly easier to draw the load at the velocity of fifteen miles an hour than at the rate of six miles. The ordinary speed for the conveyance of passengers along the Ardrossan canal, has for two years, been from nine to ten miles an hour; and, although there are fourteen journeys along the canal per diem, at this rapid speed, the banks of the canal have yet sustained no injury." This important change in the practice of inland water-carriage, is made the foundation by Mr. Grahame, of certain calculations tending to demonstrate the greater cheapness of transit by canals than on railroads; and before proceeding to expose the delusive nature of his statements, we acknowledge with great pleasure, that the pamphlets of Mr. Grahame are only too late to effect any material service to the nation, and would have formed an invaluable communication about twenty or five-and-twenty years ago.

Let us examine a few of Mr. Grahame's other statements:—"the canal conveyance to London," says he, "is already far cheaper than that on railways; and the Liverpool and Manchester railway company, in their competition with the water carriage, have obtained but a very trifling proportion of the traffic from the canals. The ex-

pences of conveying even this fraction of the trade, have been so enormous, as to make it doubtful whether the railway company do not suffer a regular loss upon their carrying trade, which is defrayed from their profits as coachmasters." Now, this is all undoubtedly very true respecting the one particular railway from Liverpool to Manchester—the worst and most extravagantly planned, built, and managed in all the British dominions; but is by no means true of many other railways, such as that from Stockton to Darlington, where the rate of conveyance does not exceed one halfpenny per ton per mile, whilst the rate on the Manchester road is precisely *nine times* that sum, being twelve shillings per ton for the whole distance, which is thirty miles. The cause of this enormous rate of carriage upon the Liverpool railway, is the great and entirely needless cost of steam power, in the use of which the Directors persevere, at a loss to the public of some hundreds of thousands per annum.

Let us suppose that the use of these steam engines were discontinued, and the entire carrying trade of the railway were performed by horses. First, it is necessary to remark, that a decrease of speed would be altogether immaterial in the conveyance of goods, for the short distance between Liverpool and Manchester, since the waggons might travel in the night; or, starting at three in the morning, might arrive in six hours, drawn by horses, as effectually in time for business as though conveyed as at present in two hours by unnecessary steam. By the substitution of horses, in the place of steam engines, the rate of carriage might be at once reduced from twelve shillings to one shilling per ton!—a change which would effectually shut up the canal—increase the dividend upon the stock of the railway—save almost a million per annum to the merchants of Manchester and Liverpool, and through them, to the mass of the people, who consume the commodities carried upon the railway.

We prove this assertion by the following calculations. The weight of goods now annually passing between Liverpool and Manchester, amounts to about fourteen hundred thousand tons; and as no canal could compete with a railway at the rate of one shilling per ton, which involves the loss of eleven-twelfths of its present revenue, it is certain, that the whole fourteen hundred thousand tons would thenceforth be carried upon the railway. Now, fourteen hundred thousand shillings at the rate of one shilling per ton, amounts to the annual sum of 70,000*l.*, whilst the expence of conveying these fourteen hundred thousand tons will be shewn to amount to no more than the sum of 23,040*l.*, leaving a profit of 46,960*l.* The average amount of tonnage will be about four thousand tons per diem; and one horse upon a railway can draw twenty-five tons a distance of ten miles, at a pace of five miles an hour, and return with another load of twenty-five tons; thus performing two stages, or twenty miles, and conveying a load of fifty tons per diem. One hundred and sixty horses will, therefore, be required for the conveyance of four thousand tons; and as there will be three stages in a distance of thirty miles, the entire number of horses between Liverpool and Manchester, will amount to four hundred and eighty. The weekly cost of maintaining four hundred and eighty horses, we will estimate

at the abundant rate of twenty shillings per horse, intending that sum amongst so large a number, to cover the expence of feeding, stabling, attendance, and other incidental charges. This amounts to the sum of 480*l.* per week; and the annual charge for an establishment of four hundred and eighty horses is, therefore, 23,040*l.*, which sum deducted from 70,000*l.*, leaves a balance of 46,960*l.* for paying the interest upon the stock, the expence of management—the purchase and repair of waggons, and all the general expences of the railway. The stock upon which interest is paid, amounts to about the sum 800,000*l.*, the annual interest of which is 40,000*l.* at the rate of five per cent., which must be allowed to be a good return from a concern more substantial, certain, and unfailing, than any real property whatever. Thus, after paying a dividend of five per cent., we have a clear sum of 6,960*l.* remaining for other expences, from the carriage of goods alone from Liverpool to Manchester. To this sum of 6,960*l.* is to be added the entire revenue derived from passengers, which Mr. Grahame asserts, now pays the entire expences of the railway, covering also a loss upon the conveyance of goods, and yet affording the shareholders a dividend of seven and ten per cent. The entire receipts from passengers we find accordingly to exceed the sum of 200,000*l.* per annum; but as we have already, by the substitution of horses for the conveyance of goods, converted the present loss into a dividend of five per cent. with a balance of 6,960*l.* remaining for the general expences of the railway, it follows, that less money will now be required to be made by the conveyance of passengers, and therefore, a corresponding reduction may be made in the rate of passage. We propose, then, to convey the carriages by horses, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, whereby the diminution of the cost by the disuse of steam, added to the vast increase of passengers by the shutting up of the canal, will allow the rate of passage to be lowered from seven shillings, and three shillings and sixpence, to two shillings and one shilling, for each individual; one or two steam carriages being still maintained for the conveyances of the mails and passengers at a superior fare. Thus at this low rate of passage we may reckon upon the receipt of an additional 70,000*l.* per annum, which will give the sum of 40,000*l.* for an additional dividend of five per cent.; (the stock of this railway having risen about one hundred per cent. above par, ten per cent. is required in justice to the recent purchasers,) with a balance of 30,000*l.* remaining to be added to the sum of 6,960*l.* cleared by the carriage of goods. Thus, after paying the shareholders a dividend of full ten per cent., we have the sum of 36,960*l.*, finally remaining for upholding the railway, being upwards of 1,000*l.* per mile for a distance of thirty miles. When, therefore, we see that the affairs of the company will be improved by this change of system, and that a million per annum will be saved to the public, now paid to the steam engine builders and to the Marquis of Stafford, for carrying fourteen hundred thousand tons upon the canal, at the rate of twelve shillings per ton; and when it is remembered, that not the Directors and the shareholders only, but the public generally, are interested in the most economical management of railways, and the consequent reduction of the rate of carriage, and

thence, of the necessaries of life,—Acts of Parliament, which cause the violation of the property of unwilling individuals, not being passed for the sole benefit of the Directors and stockholders, but for the general welfare,—it is time that a different course of management should be required to be adopted by the Directors of the Liverpool and Manchester railway.

It will undoubtedly be answered, that twenty-five tons, conveyed ten miles in two hours, is an exaggerated estimate of the powers of a horse upon railways. Indeed, in the lectures of Dr. Lardner, upon the steam engine, that learned person is made to estimate the daily performances of a horse at twelve tons conveyed a distance of twenty miles at the rate of two miles an hour. But upon the suppositions and calculations of Dr. Lardner, this is very far from being equal to the conveyance of a load of twenty-five tons, even for a distance of ten miles at the rate of four miles an hour—the rate of draught being represented as decreasing in a very rapid proportion, by an increase of speed, even in the proportion of one hundred and fourteen to fifty-three, from four to seven miles an hour. But with every possible respect for the authority of Dr. Lardner, we beg to suggest, that this is an unfounded and insufficiently considered calculation; for the principle operates in a manner *the very reverse* of this supposition, owing to the increasing *impetus* upon an increased speed, for which Dr. Lardner has made no allowance whatever. This, upon a railway, where the resistance is slight, and the weight conveyed so heavy, is an immense consideration; and if the force of traction be twelve times greater upon a turnpike road than upon a level railway, so the impetus will be twelve times greater upon a railway than upon a turnpike road. It is the increase of impetus which facilitates the draught of the boats upon the Ardrossan canal, when drawn at the rate of twelve miles an hour, as described by Mr. Grahame; for if the towing rope were suddenly to be severed, the boat, without any other propelling power than its own headway, would, probably, proceed for a distance of a quarter of a mile; but if the rope attached to a barge of similar weight, and travelling at the rate of only two miles an hour were similarly severed, the barge would, probably, proceed but a very few yards.

The practice of the Directors of the Ardrossan canal ought undoubtedly to be introduced upon all railways, for similar advantages are produced by an increase of speed in land carriage; and this indeed may be illustrated by the instance of the Birmingham mail, as described by Dr. Lardner. He says, that "the mail weighs two tons, and is conveyed at the rate of ten miles an hour." Therefore, at the rate of one hundred and fourteen, at four miles an hour, to thirty-two at ten miles an hour, the same four horses would draw the Birmingham mail, though it weighed more than seven tons and a half, which is known to be double the load of the four-horse waggons of the London coal merchants, though not travelling at a rate exceeding two miles an hour. But if the Birmingham mail weigh two tons, many of the stage-coaches are heavier built, and carrying sixteen passengers, with a due proportion of goods, will weigh more than four tons, and yet travel at the rate of ten miles an hour; to corres-

pond to which, the weight to be drawn at the rate of four miles an hour would amount to more than fifteen tons, which of course could not be moved by any four horses in the world. Therefore, we entertain no doubt whatever that a rapid rate of conveyance, with short stages, and rest and refreshment intervening, is the most economical expenditure of the powers of the horse, and contrary to the doctrine of Dr. Lardner, that twenty-four tons may thus be conveyed with incomparably more facility at the rate of five miles an hour, the proper pace for an English cart-horse, than twelve tons at the rate of two miles an hour. The experience of Mr. Grahame, "that it is much easier to draw a boat along a canal at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, than at the lower velocity of six miles," is equally true with reference to railways; but though twelve tons, according to the estimate of Dr. Lardner, were the utmost daily performance of a horse, conveying that load for a distance of twenty miles, still the number between Manchester and Liverpool would only be required to be doubled, at an encrease of the expense of 23,040*l.* per annum, which sum would amount to an additional charge of four pence per ton upon the conveyance of goods, and even at the extreme charge of one shilling and four pence per ton, it cannot be contended that the railway would continue to be opposed by the tedious canal.

I do not assert that horse power is in reality cheaper than the steam-engine, upon a properly constructed railway; but the Liverpool and Manchester, and all other yet existing railways, are inapplicable altogether to the economical use of steam locomotive power, and were probably not projected for the use of any other than horses in the conveyance of goods.

Enough has already been said, however, to prove that no comparison whatever exists in the cost of conveyance by railways and canals, for we have seen that upon the Manchester and Liverpool railway, a charge of one shilling per ton produces a splendid dividend of ten per cent. by the employment of horses alone; from which it follows, that for a distance of one hundred and twelve miles, the estimated length of the London and Birmingham railway, the charge will not exceed three shillings and sixpence per ton; whereas the present cost of conveyance by the canal, from Birmingham to London, is *three pounds per ton*—almost twenty times the rate upon a well managed railroad. And as the railway is thus a more substantial, cheap, and durable conveyance, never obstructed in the winter, and requiring none of the immense expenditure for cleaning out, and attendance and repair of locks, banks, and walks, it is certain that the canal will be no longer able to compete with the railway. With regard to the wide difference in the cost of steam locomotive engines, as compared to the labour of horses upon railroads, we believe the true cause to be in the entire inapplicability of the steam-engine, in its yet cumbrous construction, to the purposes of motion. The friction and enormous weight of so monstrous a mass of iron, coal, and water, added to the load of the usual train of waggons, is calculated to defeat even the stupendous powers of the steam-engine. A locomotive engine may be justly compared to a moving animal, the load of fuel and of water corresponding to the provender and

water of the horse; and a steam coach or a locomotive engine on a railway, moves under the disadvantage of a horse burthened, in addition to a load, with his own supplies of water, provender, and corn. The wear of locomotive engines upon the Manchester and Liverpool railway, has, from this cause, proved so expensive, as materially to defeat the advantages of this great work; for an engine of the value of one thousand pounds does not endure for a period of three months, and thirty-six locomotives are required to be maintained, to supply the daily complement of six. Previously to the opening of the Manchester railway, no just experiment had indeed been made of the cost of locomotive steam power, and until the steam engine shall be yet vastly simplified in its construction, we hold that its cost will be fatal to its use, and that the interests of the shareholder and the public require, that for the present it should be abandoned.

When reduced to their lowest practicable cost for conveyance, boundless indeed will be the results of the railways, which, at an early day, will throw their giant arms across the commercial divisions of this great empire. Cities now covering a circumference of miles will die away—dispossessed of their peculiar advantages, from the vicinity of harbours, rivers, coal, and the useful metals; the most inland districts will enjoy the advantages of sea-port towns; and property will become equalized in value, to the most distant portions of the kingdom. The rail-road projected from London to Dover will alone overturn the grandeur, and even the very foundations of the modern Babylon—for it will assign to Dover the entire shipping business of London, and finally close the Thames. The expensive and circuitous navigation of the Downs and the river will be avoided —millions per annum, now paid for pilotage, dock dues, and the innumerable charges of the Thames, will be saved to the commerce of the kingdom—the sea-faring population will be drawn off from the pestilential haunts of the port of London—and the plough will soon pass over the ancient and filthy towns upon the Thames; the banks of which will exhibit a beautiful, still, and natural scene—a most desirable view, although anticipated by Volney with great regret. For London is one immense monopoly—engrossing through the court, the East India Company, the Bank of England, and the various departments of the government, the expenditure of almost all the revenue of the country; draining and weakening the provinces. The distribution, and not the accumulation of wealth, should be the true object of all commercial legislation—and the rail-road projected from Dover to Birmingham should receive the most zealous support of the government, if only to scatter the stagnant treasures of London through the impoverished and distant inland districts of the kingdom.

It is, indeed, to be most deeply regretted, that the opposition experienced in the upper House of Parliament should cast so disheartening a prospect upon these splendid undertakings. Upon the Birmingham and London rail-road alone, the parliamentary expences have already amounted to the vast sum of £40,000; and it is not reduced to a certainty, that the expenditure of double that sum will ensure the passing of the bill. This forms so great a proportion of the expence to be incurred for the entire undertaking, that we would suggest to the directors of that and similar works, that measures may

be taken to obviate the necessity of applications to Parliament at all. The immense sums thus expended, would abundantly suffice for carrying a railway, by a private company, though by a more circuitous course, and through the lands of consenting proprietors. When it is remembered that the splendid canal undertakings of the late Duke of Bridgewater were executed by one private fortune, and without any parliamentary advantages whatever, we cannot doubt that, amongst the wealthy speculators in this great nation, there are abundant resources for the intersection of the kingdom with railways, carried on from town to town by private individuals, or small companies alone. It is indeed devoutly to be wished, that in the present stagnant condition of our commerce, these works may be seen to proceed with rapidity, and that the renovated spirit of our reformed institutions may influence the progress of a system, the results of which will be boundless to the future welfare of mankind.

ITALY.

We gaze on thee and grieve,—so sweet and sad
Thy beauty shows—like some fair creature cross'd
By love, and lured to ruin—though still clad
With all that fatal beauty which hath cost
A life of sighs,—the lovely and the lost.
Our tribute is a heart-ache unto thee;—
But on thy sons, whose shameless brows are gloss'd
With smiles, while shackles load their limbs,—the Free
Scowl down, as Honour scowls on abject Infamy.

Time spares thy mortal glories—but the soul—
The Roman soul that sway'd the world erewhile—
His stream hath quench'd,—or the abhorr'd control
Of Vandal-Robbers dared not now defile
Thy hallowed halls with foot-stains of the vile:—
A mournful lustre the too-brilliant day
Throws still o'er many a huge old haughty pile,
Alas! Perdition gluts on nobler prey—
The free and fiery race that rear'd them—where are they?

Sadly the heart surveys thy callous shame,
And sickens on its moral,—when the tide
Of swelling Fate upon the heights of Fame,
Exalts the nations,—from their tumid pride,
Down with the shrinking ebb they sink, to hide
Their humbled heads in blank Oblivion's grave;
Or, darker doom! are broken down to bide,
Like thee, the wretched portion of a slave,
Resigning, with a smile, the noblest boon God gave!

But Sibyl-Ruin's bodement, like a blight,
Thus hails Earth's proud ones, from this wreck of doom:
"Your haughty Noon but ushers such a Night,
Time for the mightiest reareth such a tomb;—
Ay, sceptic Scorn's lip-curling port assume—
But what *she* was, are ye—or can ye be?
Dream ye absorbing Ruin fails of room
For pettier victims, at fell Fate's decree?
Annihilation's breath shall blast the phantasy!" W. G. A.

THE FRENCH CONVULSIVES,

WITH A SPECIMEN.

The popularity of those French writers who form what has been termed the Convulsive School of Romance, shows that the public mind of France is affected with a morbid craving for the contemplation of physical horrors. The old Revolution gave birth to the school of Davide, whose proffered civilities the merciful and tender-hearted Flaxman repelled with disgust,—the painter having filled his portfolio with sketches made during the dying agonies of those whom he had aided in condemning. To the three days of July 1830 may be attributed the production of numerous French works, recently published, which display, most daringly, the convulsions of human agony, the poverty, degradation, and criminal propensities of the lower classes. Conscious that a familiarity with the terrible in fact has rendered the generality of the French reading public callous to all ordinary condiments, the authors in question, rouze, excite, and gratify it by the strongest stimulants which art can supply. They depict scenes of violence and atrocity, of crime and bloodshed, with their adjuncts, horror and despair, and misery of the deepest shade. The dismal Morgue, the hospital, the prison, and the scaffold, all are depicted with painful force and accuracy. Their delight is to dwell upon the dark side of humanity, to exhibit the leprosy of the heart as equalling, if not surpassing that of the body in hideousness. It would seem as if they had pared their pens with a scalpel, and had mingled blood with their ink.

Such is the school which ranks Jules Janin among its disciples. His first performance, the Dead Ass and Guillotined Woman is a singular little work, and, on its appearance, gave rise to much speculation in the literary circles at Paris. It was generally imagined—and the jocular allusions of the work itself abundantly countenanced the conjecture—that it was merely meant as a burlesque on Victor Hugo's Dernier Jour d'une Condamnée, and an attempt to beat that author at his own weapons, while the deep earnestness and *con amore* style of the execution seemed to identify it with the author's personal feelings and to stamp it with his own image. His next work, La Confession, was an additional confirmation of the latter opinion, and decided his adherence to the Convulsives. L'Ane mort et la Femme Guillotinée is a little work of great power, emulating the simplicity of plot and poverty of incident of the Greek drama, and depending for its effect on the novelty of its manner, and the skill and power of the author in the management of his materials. It is understood to have literally fulfilled the prediction hazarded by him in his preface; "that it was such a book as the reader would, twenty times, throw down in disgust, and feel himself compelled, as if by a spell, to take up again." It contains a forcible sketch of a young peasant girl's career. Of the scene in which he introduces his heroine, in all the freshness and vivacity of untainted youth and beauty: the following is a hasty translation:—

"I was on the road to Vauvres, filled with the happiness of existence, of breathing, of feeling a pure and warm air circulate around me,—admiring like a child the slighest flower that bloomed, and remaining whole quarters of hours to watch the picturesque wind-mills turn round with magisterial gravity. On a sudden, precisely at the corner of that road, so ill kept, so narrow, so stony, and yet so much loved, which leads to the tavern of the Bon Lapin, I beheld a young girl on an ass which was running away. Oh the ravishing sight! It will be before my eyes to the end of my existence. The young creature was rosy, animated, rather full grown, with a neck of surpassing beauty. In her terror she had lost her straw bonnet, and she cried out in a sweet voice, 'stop!' But the luckless ass continued at full speed, and I allowed him to do so. I liked that aerial motion, the animated fear, the danger which surrounded her—a girl in the hands of chance, and that chance at my controul. She cried out—nobody was there but myself and my dog.

"The ass stopped suddenly—the young girl fell—I uttered an exclamation and caught her in my arms. The ass galloped off through the fields. Scarcely had I hold of her, gazing on her as on a prize that belonged to me, when she raised herself with a brisk motion and set off in pursuit of her *palfrey*, exclaiming 'Charlot! Charlot!' My dog continued running and barking, and Charlot was at his utmost speed.

"My first care was to pick up the bonnet; it was a common straw bonnet, with a faded riband, a vile blue flower, and yet there was something about it which revealed a good and kind hearted disposition in its owner; she was now at a distance.

"Rouston, my dog, at length brought Charlot back to me. I mounted upon the saddle with the straw bonnet on my head, and entering a little wood I proceeded slowly along.

"The young girl continued to exclaim 'Charlot! Charlot!' She was at the skirts of the wood more rosy than before, sobbing with uneasiness; and when at length she again beheld her Charlot, she sprang forward and threw herself upon his neck, embraced him, and called him by a thousand dear appellations. 'Here you are,' Charlot, said she to him—and she embraced him. The animal stood quietly, while I, still posted in the same place, remained unnoticed, and while seated as I was upon his back, I would have given my life for one of those fresh kisses thus lavished upon Charlot. Charlot absorbed all her thoughts.

"At last she raised her head,—'Ah! there's my bonnet,' said she, with delight; then she gazed at me with her large black eyes, and observing that I was seated upon Charlot, she sat down in front of me and the donkey. She restored order to her hair, wiped her brow, replaced her bonnet on her head, heaved a heavy sigh of fatigue, and rose as if to say to me, 'Get out of that.' She seemed determined not to leave me her Charlot a moment longer. I dismounted, she sprang to her saddle, and away bounded Charlot.

"Never had I seen a girl more bewitching, more blooming, more fresh! But for me, not a word, not a look. I was all admiration, but I had not a word to say to her. What *could* I have said? Charlot and her hat had engrossed her whole attention. And again, I am not one of those sceptics, devoid of all morality, who lay it down that there is but one way of feeling an interest in a woman. I have a thousand very innocent ways. You tell me of taking their hand: now I ask you, was it not happiness ineffable to have seen her run, sit down, get up, to have heard her call Charlot, to have covered my head with her straw bonnet, to have passed beneath my chin the riband which had touched hers, to have been leaning over her while she embraced Charlot.

"The young girl and Charlot were ever recurring to my heart. The graces of the one, lively, elegant, healthy, light; the beauty of the other,

spirited, well-proportioned, hardy, active; those handsome ears which menaced the skies, that smile of playfulness which defied misfortune, that trot so light and graceful, this motion so graceful, so animated. I had become infatuated with both! And then they understood each other so perfectly! the name of Charlot fell so naturally from her lips! Happy pair! neither had bestowed the least attention upon me. I, who had pursued them with so much ardour, who admired them so much, they had not once looked upon me.—Meantime I was retracing my steps by the shortest road, no longer taking notice of the new born herbage; nor the windmills, or any part of the delightful landscape which in the morning had engaged me. I was melancholy and ill-humoured, like a man quite astonished at finding himself alone. An incident aroused me from my reverie. I was passing by a great boor of a peasant, a rustic in every sense of the term, who stalked behind a miserable ass loaded with dung; he was beating the poor animal beyond all conscience.—'Ah, Charlot,' cried he, after a particular infliction.—Charlot!—I turned round—I gazed—luckless animal! it was he: it was he that bent under that disgraceful burden: he that but a short time since pranced beneath that ideal form; he carry dung and writhe beneath the lash! What a sudden transition! what an unexpected metamorphosis. I passed in front of Charlot, casting a look of compassion on him, which he returned me as well as he was able. I was unhappy for a week: that young girl and this rustic, myself, and this manure gatherer upon the same back, and then I know not what dismal presentiment would cross my mind, touching the fate of the pretty village girl."

This incident has made an indelible impression on our author's mind. In vain he visits the Bon Lapin at Vauvres. Henriette is no where to be seen. From being gay, jovial, and light-hearted, he becomes melancholy, morose, and *ennuyé*: the dark reflection of some passion, à la Werther, overcasts his mind and clouds his existence. To this new state, there is wanting an end, a heroine, in a word, unity, the young peasant girl of Vauvres. At length he finds her.

"I met her one morning in turning the corner of a street. She had no longer her faded straw bonnet, her fresh crimson complexion. Yet it was she; neither her gloves or boots, nor her new bonnet, nor the silky rustling of her robe, nor her constrained or quiet pace, prevented me from recognizing her. It was Henriette. She walked with an air of dignity, with declined head and furtive look: although she stopped at all the milliners shops and wherever there was anything to be seen, yet she had the appearance of being in a hurry, and of wishing to proceed quickly; but the present moment was stronger than her resolution and subdued her will. In fine, her modest air, her becoming deportment, the practised reserve visible in her whole person, caused me to conclude that she was *lost*."

He follows her steps, and after witnessing the utter indifference with which she gazes on two or three exhibitions of calamity and distress they meet—enters with her into the *Morgue*.

"The morgue is a little building which seems to mount guard in front of an hospital: the roof is a dome, clothed with marine herbs, and with an evergreen plant, which has a charming effect. The morgue may be recognized at a distance; the waters that lave its base, are black, and clogged with filth. You enter without question; the low portal is always open. The walls perspire. In the midst of this solitary hall are arranged four or five stone tables, upon which are stretched as many corpses, sometimes, as during the great heats, and the new melodrames, two bodies to each table. On this day there were but three; the first was an old man who had frac-

tured his skull by falling from a third story, precisely as he was finishing his day's work, and on the point of demanding the slender remuneration which was due for it. It was evident that the unhappy man after long years of toil had become too feeble to pursue his laborious trade: the gossips of the place, and this place was to them a delightful rendezvous for diversion and prattle; related amongst themselves, that of three children left by this old man not one would recognize him, lest they should be liable to the expense of his burial. Beside the mason was exposed a young child, crushed to death by the carriage of an opera girl; its form was half hid beneath a black and humid piece of leather, which had been thrown over his large wound. You would have said, it slept, forgetting the lesson and the ferule of its schoolmaster; above his head hung his cap, his green neckcloth, his embroidered jacket, soiled with dust and blood, the light scrip, containing his luncheon, in the centre. On a slab apart, lay the body of a young man, overspread by the livid hues of death. Henriette stopped short, here, and without changing colour, exclaimed, as to herself,—'It is he.'"

The deceased was a young English nobleman, who, like the author, had seen her upon Charlot, in all her original purity; and infatuated by her charms, had sacrificed for her the prospects of the highest and most glorious of earthly careers, and finally his life. Satisfied with finding herself at liberty, she would have departed with the single ejaculation, "It is he," but she is politely requested to witness the application of galvanism to the body, at which operation she assists with the utmost composure and indifference. All this, it must be owned, looks too monstrous and improbable, and even allowing the widest latitude to the imagination, in the manufacture of the terrible, seems too rapid a descent into horror. In the next glimpse he catches of her, she appears in a totally altered condition. She has become a fine lady, and to acquire consideration, an ostentatious supplicant for public charities. In this character he is one morning surprised by a visit from her.

"It was two o'clock; a burning summer's sun scorched my side of the street; my blinds were closely drawn; upon my table was a most charming bouquet of roses; my apartment was fresh and brilliant, lighted only by a single joyous sunbeam, which, victorious over all obstacles, and coloured by my white and blue curtains, fell upon an exquisite head of Madonna, which seemed fresh from the pencil of Raphael. That young beauty was ushered in. She was alone, she was full dressed, she fanned the perfumed air of my apartment, and on her countenance I retraced the lively carnation which had before struck me. I received her with marked attention and kindness; she who had not taken the least notice of me in the crowd of society, had come to me, at an hour as improper as if it had been evening. She was sitting there, opposite to me, looking at me, speaking to me—there for *me*.

"'You have come to see me at length, my fair Henriette,' said I to her, as I handed her a chair, in the style of a man who addresses an old acquaintance, or rather like one who knows whom he is addressing, and who begins without ceremony. 'Henriette!' rejoined she, 'do you know my baptismal name?' 'And Charlot, Henriette; what has become of Charlot?' 'Charlot!' and she stared at me, as if trying to recollect if she knew me, or it might be, to dissemble all knowledge of Charlot. This forgetfulness pierced my heart. 'Yes, Charlot,' rejoined I, more moved than before. 'Charlot, that you loved so much, that you embraced with transport; Charlot, the gentle Charlot, whom you cantered in the plain of Vauvres; Charlot, who one day caused you to drop your straw bonnet; that poor Charlot that I have seen?'

"She drew out a little album, bound in morocco, with steel corners, and without replying to what I had uttered, said, 'I collect on behalf of the Foundling Institution; how much will you give me?' 'Nothing.' 'Do, I beg of you, for the love of me. At the last collection I had one hundred and twenty francs more than Mademoiselle de ——. I shall be miserable if she surpasses me to-day.' 'Do you know what a foundling is?' exclaimed I with vehemence. 'Not yet,' replied she. 'Go and learn it then, and after you have passed through the hospital—miserable, faded, trembling, covered with shame, come hither, call my servant, speak to him of Charlot, and I will give you alms.'"

Some time after, yielding to an accidental flow of spirits, he resolves to enjoy one day of happiness—to give himself up to the illusions of his imagination. Insensibly he is led to direct his steps upon Vauvres, and finds himself in the garden of the tavern of the Bon Lapin. While recalling to mind the joyous hours he had passed beneath its arbours, he perceived at the further end of the garden a fine lady, richly dressed.

"She was seated opposite a handsome young man, who seemed to speak to her with warmth, while she listened with anger or disdain. The attitude of this woman attracted my attention, the elegance of her form made me anxious to see her face. I know not what vague presentiment it was that told me I should recognize her, but I looked in vain; she did not turn her head. At the same moment, an infirm old man, led by a female equally advanced in years, entered the garden, and begged an alms. There was nothing unbecoming in his tone, nothing plaintive in his voice. I pitied him. After me, he addressed himself to the fine lady. She repulsed him rudely, and he was on the point of departing, when, having examined her more closely, 'Wife,' said he to his companion, 'how very like our daughter that lady is.' The poor woman heaved a deep sigh—at a glance she had recognized her child. The old man would have embraced her, would have pardoned her, but she turned away with disgust. 'In the name of thy grey-haired sire, I conjure you, my child, to acknowledge your parents, who have so long bewailed your loss!' and she averted her head. 'In the name of heaven,' exclaimed the mother, 'recognize us, for we forgive you!' Silent still. 'In the name of Charlot,' exclaimed I, 'turn your eyes upon your aged father, on his knees before you!' The old couple stretched forth their arms, but at the name of Charlot she arose, and with averted head left the garden, followed by the young man, whose amazement was visible in his countenance."

But awful retribution is at hand—Henriette is fast approaching the rapids, which are to hurl her down to the lowest deeps of degradation, misery, and crime. After a quick transition from her high and palmy state of splendour and opulence, to the loathsomeness of the hospital, and from the hospital to the lowest haunts of infamy, she is plunged into a dungeon for murder. He feels a kind of infernal joy at finding that by this crime she is his—entirely his, until she shall be delivered over to the executioner, and he resolves not to stop until he shall have placed her beneath a tomb. He obtains admission to the prison, where, through an aperture in her dungeon, he watches whole days the demeanour of the captive, and studies her slightest motion. She proves *enceinte*, and is removed to the Bourbe. There he visits her, after she has become a mother.

"The word mother carries with it something to be respected, even at the

Bourbe. A woman yielding her breast to a child—that child who draws its existence from her—that tender and attentive protection which she alone is capable of bestowing upon it—that little heart which begins to beat upon that maternal bosom—all this begets a forgetfulness of the crimes of a woman—of all her treachery and weakness: it would seem as if the love she bears her child absolved her from the consequences of all the rest—that the life which she has given replaces the life she has taken away. With these feelings I entered the apartment on the morning Henriette was to die. Her calmness, her attitude, and all that I knew of her early years, and of her horrible misfortunes, produced a violent effect upon me. I begged to be left alone with her; her child lay asleep upon her bosom. I approached her. 'Do you recollect me?' said I. She raised her eyes, and by a motion of her head gave me to understand that she did. It was easy to perceive how much it cost her. 'Henriette,' said I, 'you see before you one who has adored, who still loves you; if you have any last request to make, confide it to me—I will see it complied with.' She spoke not a word in reply, but there was a tenderness in her look—poor girl! if you had given me such a look at a former period—but one such look, you had been mine—mine for ever, and I had been wholly thine. 'Henriette,' said I, 'it is then true you must die. So young, so beautiful—you, who might have been my wife—who might have brought up our young family, and enjoyed a happy existence; and, at length, an aged grandmother, with silver locks, die on some fine autumnal evening, without pain, surrounded by your grandchildren: but a few moments, and adieu for ever.' She still continued mute—she pressed her infant to her breast, and wept. They were the first tears I had observed her shed. I watched them gently trickling down her cheeks; her child received them all. Thus bathed in tears, I looked upon that child as my own. —'At all events,' said I, 'this infant shall be my son'— The door opened before I had concluded the sentence—'That child is mine!' said a man who entered. I turned round, and recognized the jailor of the prison. 'I have come in search of my child,' continued he, 'it shall not be in the keeping of another. Come, Henri,' added he, drawing from a box a white cloth; and approaching the mother without looking at her, he seized the infant as delicately as he could; the poor little creature slept suspended from its mother's bosom—violence was necessary to remove it from that place whence it drew the principle of its existence. The mother remained passive—the infant was enveloped in the cloth, and carefully placed in the box. The old jailor was triumphant. 'Come, Henri,' said he, 'the mother dishonours not the child, and you shall not be touched by Charlot.' He departed—it was time that he did so. "Charlot!" Henriette raised her eyes at the word. 'Charlot!' said she, in an unaltered voice, 'what does he mean?' and she trembled with emotion. 'Alas?' said I, 'Charlot in the prison dialect signifies executioner.' 'I recollect it;' she replied, adding, with an expression indicative of grief and regret—'Oh! how guilty I am—what severe warnings did you give me! what a name you pronounced in my ears, without its being possible to misunderstand you. What days of happiness lost! what misery incurred by not having listened to you! For I understood you—I felt your meaning. I remembered all; I loved you as you loved me, but I thought myself humbled—degraded, and from that hour I date my ruin. Forgive—forgive me;—in the name of Charlot forgive me!' and she held out her arms to me, and I felt her burning cheek touch mine. It was the first and last time."

Then follow, in rapid succession, the Place de Grève, with its terrific apparatus, its gay and heartless ministers, and its assembled thousands of spectators: the execution, the burial in unhallowed ground—nothing is wanting to the terrible finishing of the picture.

He purchases the body of the deceased for three hundred francs, in spite of a gentle request from the executioner's daughter, who besought her father, with a most sweet smile, to grant her the fine black hair of the convict to make a tower. He superintends the burial with care and tenderness, but the next day, when he visits the tomb, he finds that it had been robbed for the school of medicine, while the women of the neighbourhood had appropriated the grave clothes to their own use. "I then found," he says, "that had it been otherwise, her miserable destiny had not been entirely accomplished!" Charlot had long before been devoured by dogs at the Barrière du Combat.

Such is Mr. Janin's first sally into the regions of the terrible in fiction. That the production is gloomy, exaggerated, and sometimes disgusting in its details, breathing of shocking realities, as well as trenching too closely on the confines of decency, it is useless to deny; that it has, with all its faults, an air of *vraisemblance*, a positive identity with what is actually passing in the world around us, it would be impossible to controvert.

BREAKING COVER.

Among the various mortifying disqualifications under which the Irish Catholics laboured, previously to the passing of the Emancipation Bill, the Disarming Act, prohibiting them from having in their possession any offensive or defensive weapons, appears to have been not the least galling to our Hibernian fellow-subjects; inasmuch as it debarred them in many instances, in cases of real or supposed aggrievance, from that *dernier resort*, which the natives of the "Emerald Isle" have preferred, from time immemorial, to the more dilatory as well as uncertain redress offered by a court of law. An ungenerous or timid adversary, especially if a member of the government church might (as has been more than once the case) evade a hostile meeting with a Papist, on the ground of the above-mentioned disqualification.

A circumstance of this kind occurred in Mallow, county Cork, about the latter end of the last century; when the appellant devised a whimsical and ingenious experiment to evade the law, and put himself on a level with his over-scrupulous antagonist. Mr. Flynn, a respectable Catholic hatter, was, or supposed himself, grievously insulted by Mr. Patrick Doolittle, a tailor, of the Established Church, residing in the same town. Having in vain endeavoured to obtain *satisfaction*, (in the national and current sense of the word,) and being given, moreover, to understand that the orthodox tailor magnanimously declined giving him the meeting, for no other reason than, lest by so doing he should be the proximate cause of subjecting Flynn to the penalties in such case made and provided, the spirited

hatter resolved on changing his religion, *pro tempore,* and actually read his public recantation, during morning service, in Mallow church. There, as fate would have it, Mr. Doolittle chanced to be present; and great was his astonishment and consternation, at the unexpected, unhoped-for conversion of his mortal foe to the true faith! Had it taken place in St. Stephen's Chapel, he would, doubtless, have deprecated, in parliamentary language, the "indecent haste," &c. with which Flynn had deserted his party. Howbeit, the tailor saw and acknowledged the necessity of taking immediate measures to avoid bloodshed. He made a precipitate retreat from the church, and took sanctuary in the Roman Catholic chapel, which stands in the same street. There having openly professed himself an unworthy member of the church of Rome, he was cordially received, and initiated by baptism, and other usual ceremonies.

Mr. Doolittle, however, had scarcely time to congratulate himself on his escape from the dreaded *duello,* when he was disagreeably undeceived by a practical illustration of the proverb, "*one good turn deserves another.*" The courageous hatter felt indignant at what he could not but consider a paltry subterfuge; and was not to be put off (like an old beaver) so easily. He therefore took an early opportunity of seeking a conference with his *quondam* priest and father-confessor, who found him a willing convert. A slight nominal penance sufficed to reconcile him to the placable church which he had deserted; certainly through interested, but by nomeans through mercenary motives. He lamented his backsliding in due form; and renounced the damnable heresies to which, in an unguarded moment, he had subscribed;—all this *once more* in the presence of the alarmed tailor, who now began to be convinced, that no points of doctrine, however tough and knotty, had strength to bind over his Protean antagonist to the peace. Nothing, he could clearly see, was left him, in this emergency, but to *break cover* again, and seek refuge in the bosom of his mother church; and this he effected with all imaginable speed; sending, at the same time, a notification to the angry hatter, that their opinions on religious matters were so diametrically and irreconcileably opposite, that his conscience would not permit him, Doolittle, to retain any faith whatever, that might at any time be embraced by so blood-thirsty and unchristian an adversary as Flynn.

We are assured that the foregoing anecdote, improbable as it may appear, is an *absolute fact,* well known as such by most of the inhabitants of Mallow; and that every circumstance, even to the names of the polemical warriors, is accurately detailed.

SOME GENTLEMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

SAMPLE THE SECOND.

[In the first sample of my Memoirs (Vol. xiv. p. 17.) I mentioned some of the difficulties which I had to encounter, at an age when one's experience must necessarily be limited, and one's judgment, consequently, far from mature: in the present specimen I purpose giving some idea of the position in which I was placed by circumstances, at a more recent period of my humble career; begging the reader, however, to observe, that although upwards of forty, I was nevertheless yet a stranger to much of that practical wisdom with which I have since become acquainted (it may readily be guessed at whose cost), and therefore more exposed than I now am, perhaps, to the dangers of social life. Even at present I am far from being in a condition to feel secure, although I have seen a good deal of the world, and am, as nearly as I can guess, about fifty. This is the fact, and I take a sort of malicious joy in avowing it. My acquaintance for many years past having constantly been in the habit of prophesying, in an unpleasant tone of confidence, that it was not possible I could live long. I glory in having disappointed them; but candour compels me to confess that they have sometimes, to a considerable extent, been warranted in their gloomy predictions—death having more than twice or thrice actually stared me in the face; I may even venture to say, that nothing but great professional skill could have saved me from his clutches. In one instance my days would, as I have reason to believe, have been most certainly numbered, had I not been removed to another clime; which, however, such is my disposition, I ventured to quit long before, strictly speaking, I ought to have done so; consequently, although apparently in good health, even at this moment I am not perfectly safe from the horrors of a relapse. But *n'importe*, I am in tolerable spirits, and hope to make old bones yet. And here I cannot, justifiably to my own conscience, omit acknowledging the kind and brotherly notice which my former specimen met with from the Editor of the Spectator, who doubtless felt for my trials. He is, I am told, a benevolent, good creature, in easy circumstances, whose friendship I should be most happy to enjoy, because I am sure, from what I have heard, it would, to a man of my pursuits, prove decidedly advantageous. But I must set him right as to one point: he fancies, as nearly as I can guess from his observations, that I am a person of whom he has heard, but never saw, named Harry Stoe Van Dyck. This gentleman has, however, long been gathered to his fathers; I, on the contrary, as I need scarcely observe, am still alive; and so far from being a person whom the Editor of the Spectator has *merely heard of*, I am not only known to him, but, although our acquaintance has never been sufficiently intimate to be made so beneficial to myself as I could wish, he was, as I well remember, one of my guests, on the only occasion in my life when I indulged in the extravagance (being usually frugal and unostentatious) of presenting my friends with three courses and a dessert. At present I would rather not reveal my name, for to me notoriety has always been disgusting.]

"Few things, my dear," I observed to Mrs. Garnet, "in domestic economy, are so obnoxious to censure, as a raw red and green coloured cobweb which some people stretch upon their floors, and denominate a Kidderminster carpet. One feels the wood through it at every step, especially when in one's pumps or slippers. The Venetian variety is

also, but in a less degree, detestable. Brussels one can bear, and indeed for summer it is scarcely offensive; no *English* gentleman, however, can feel truly at home from the beginning of September until the end of March, unless he treads upon Turkey. He who doubts or denies this has never reached a certain station in society—at least so I think: what say you, my dear?"

"I agree with you," replied Mrs. Garnet; who, however, judging from her aspect, had been so occupied in the business of the breakfast table, as not to have followed the current of my observations. I therefore repeated them, because I always like to be understood. She made the same answer as before. A pause ensued, during which she fidgetted frightfully, creamed my coffee twice, and sweetened it three or four times in rapid succession.

Somewhat agitated, as any man of nice feeling would be, at the display of such symptoms, I took her by the hand, and pressed her most affectionately to tell me what had happened. "Nothing at all, Dick," she replied, throwing her arm fondly around me.

"Nay, nay, my love; your tone, your look, those pale lips, that evidently forced smile, this nervous agitation of your dear hand—"

"I had a sleepless night, you know, Dick."

"True: I had forgotten. A drive to Mitcham this sharp, clear, October morning—"

"No, Dick, I had rather remain at home; I feel chilly. Pray poke the fire."

I was proceeding to obey her, when she almost snatched the instrument from my hand, and began to commit very energetic havoc among the Wallsend, which, to tell the truth, would, as it struck me, have done well enough without the least assistance. In fact, it burnt beautifully. I stared, and perceiving from the asperity of her profile, that all was not right within—(for Mrs. Garnet, although deliciously temperate in general, broke out into effusions peculiar to married ladies, occasionally,)—feeling that the atmosphere of her temper was somewhat hot and cloudy, I decided on being absent until the approaching storm should have vented its wrath upon somebody; and protesting that I felt qualmish, and in want of fresh air, ventured to order the cab. Our fellow had no sooner shut the door, than my wife turned sharply upon me, and asked if I really proposed to venture out and drive her own horse.

"Certainly," said I. "I am perfectly well, you know. The neighbours may perhaps be amazed to see me, after having been confined to my room for so many years, venturing to drive such a spirited steed, the very Hotspur of horses, as you state him to be, and possessing such a name as that of Beelzebub: yet it is notorious, that since my visit to Judge's chambers I have been recovering rapidly, and within the last few days I have shown myself to all the people opposite at the drawing-room windows. They see that I am convalescent, why therefore should I not go out? And why not venture to drive Beelzebub? A lawyer, you know, is a match for—but I won't conclude the trite and offensive observation. Besides, if *I* can't manage him, your groom, who has driven him these three years, of course can, and he shall go with me; unless, indeed—"

"But why not take a longer jaunt, Dick?" interrupted Mrs. Garnet. "I will confess to you, that for many days past I have felt perfectly satisfied as to your being quite able to leave the house, but delicacy would not permit me to say so until you mentioned it yourself. You have done so, and I now may ask—why this preliminary drive? Why not book your place for Edinburgh, or take the Calais steamer, or stroll into the city after nightfall, at once?"

Of course I inquired what in the name of every thing on earth she meant, protesting that I never felt so astonished and mystified in the whole course of my life, and concluding with a slight impeachment as to the validity of her intellect. She stared upon me with an expression of stupid wonder. "My dear," said I, "your restlessness last night has evidently so shattered your nerves, that your situation distresses me. You have been very low-spirited lately—you have indeed; I have remarked it, though I said nothing, hoping that it would wear off when I could take you out. But you won't venture with me, that's the fact. Well, I'm not angry—not I. Take Tom, as you used to do when I was bed-ridden; or if you cannot muster up sufficient energy for that, be persuaded to be put in possession of more iron: I will send for a series of tonics which—"

"No, Dick, I'll swallow none of your prescriptions—that's flat!"

"Unaccountable, foolish, womanly prejudice! What! because I am now practising the law, is it to be concluded that the results of my early medical studies have completely evanesced?"

"No: but you are artfully leading me, Dick, from my topic. I have been thinking of it all night. In plain English, it is time for us to part."

"Part!" I exclaimed; "your proposition is most odious and unreasonable."

"Fiddlestick!" said she: "you ought, in honour, to be off. Go to America; take enough to pay your passage, and fifty pounds extra for contingencies."

"But why, my dear—you are certainly mad—why should I go to America? Neither business nor inclination calls me to the new world. Why quit my present position in society? Here I stand, with every thing pleasant about me; aged forty-three, it is true, but with a good constitution; a wife whom I idolized when she was a girl, although another had the felicity of being blessed with her maiden love—that Abaddon in canonicals, the Rev. Decimus Pontypool—an establishment unexceptionably comfortable, nay, elegant; a good connexion—speaking as an attorney,—managed entirely by a confidential clerk, who—"

Mrs. Garnet, I blush to say it, here interrupted me by the most indecent laughter, which she wound up with an impudent denial of my identity.

I only ask any man, if he would not have played the very devil at this? But, with more temper than people men possess, I began to reason the point. Mrs. G., however, soon interrupted me, thus:—"Your gravity, Dick, is excessively droll, but, joking apart, you must go. I'll give you fifty pounds for your trouble, but you must really *bolt!*"

"Am I in debt, then?" cried I. "Is the name of Garnet—"

"Nonsense! your folly begins to disgust me. Drop it, I beg."

"Folly!" Mrs. Garnet. I don't think that at this time of my life, equally removed as I am from the stages of first and second childhood, I am likely to act as an imbecile. Let us look—my love, at our relative positions. Your husband, Garnet, a rascally attorney, dies at Gainsborough: you smother the circumstance, continue to take out his certificate as though nothing had happened, and carry on his business by means of an active managing clerk, giving out that Garnet, poor fellow, although his intellect continues vigorous as ever, is bed-ridden, and not fit to be seen, at 'the cottage.' You don't even administer, but enjoy his property without even paying the legacy or probate duty. Indeed, you act as a woman of sense throughout. Very well, all goes on swimmingly, until some impertinent puppy of an attorney, who owes you a grudge, ventures to suspect that Garnet is dead. The fellow carries his folly so far as to solicit a summons for Garnet to appear and establish the fact of his existence. You happen to meet with me; you state the facts, and enveloped in Welsh flannel, after having starved myself into a becoming paleness, I personate the deceased. Every body has forgotten me—time and disease have done much in altering my features—I am judicially recognized, and thenceforth commence my recovery. Now that I am hale and hearty as ever I was in my life, you coolly talk of my trapesing off to Edinburgh or elsewhere!"

"Ha! ha! Dick," exclaimed Maria, playfully filliping my cheek; "I see by your manner, that you meditate a bit of roguery, but no matter, I shan't be nice to a shade; at any rate we won't quarrel for a trifle one way or the other, will we?"

"Certainly not; but what do you mean by lugging the very offensive substantive 'roguery' into our discussion? Allow me to tell you, Mrs. Garnet, that I have all along determined to act in this affair strictly according to the dictates of my conscience. When I met you in Tooley Street, after a long, and to me, most painful separation, I had not a shirt to my back—such had been my indolence—now thanks to my exertions in your behalf.—"

"Well, well, I see your aim, but to the point at once. We lose time, for if we talked for a thousand years we should not understand each other better than we already do. The fact is, you're a poor needy devil, willing to make the most of a wind-fall, and I don't blame you; for you can't well afford to oblige even so old a friend as myself, *con amore* or any thing like it. In mentioning fifty for contingencies I spoke at hazard, and was not up to the mark, I admit. But come, we wont higgle like hucksters: name your own price; there's my hand, Dick—I give you a *carte blanche* for the bargain; but don't be unreasonable."

"Unreasonable! Egad, Mrs. Garnet, it's you who are unreasonable. Do you think every spark of particular passion for yourself, of common gallantry for that sex which you so adorn, is dead within me? Inspect this lovely hand! Reflect on your fine form—for you are still decidedly a beauty—".

"Ha! ha! ha! Oh, Dick! Dick!"

"Besides there are all the little elegant comforts—the cab and

Beelzebub—the Turkey carpet—the cottage which I have not yet seen."

"Nor ever will, my dear fellow, for it exists only in my own imagination: but then, to be sure there's this house, centrically situated—"

"In good repair—"

"Held for a long term, at a moderate rent—"

"Not a chimney in it smokes—no drafts, no rattling old windows, and no noisy children, Dick!"

"True, my dear! I sup full of felicity. Then again, we must not forget my former identity, which, you may readily guess, annoyed me as much, and stuck to me as closely, wherever I went, as the old man of the mountain did to the shoulders of Sinbad."

"A hump which you couldn't pitch like a porter does a package of suspicious goods and run away from it."

"No: in fact Garnet is the safest name I ever wore."

"And you've been rather volatile, Dick, eh?"

"Uncommonly, as I am free to confess."

"Ha! ha! but now for the climax of all this badinage. Is it a serious proposition of one hundred guineas—there or thereabouts—little more or less?"

"My dear Maria, I cannot bear this. You won't look at things in a proper light."

"A hundred and fifty then?"

"Providence, though late in life, has beneficently interfered on my behalf—"

"Two hundred pounds?"

"And shall I be such an ingrate as to reject its proffered blessings?"

"Make it guineas."

"My affections, safety, ease, comfort, and a thousand other considerations admonish me not to cast my bread upon the waters—"

"Pshaw! don't be rapacious!"

"Pythagoras, in his remarks on the transmigration of souls, has divinely observed—"

"Oh bother Pythagoras! Don't bring him in as a mock-bidder, or Socrates, Plato, and Euclid will presently follow. Take my final offer of two hundred and fifty—money down, Dick—and let the hammer fall."

"Don't call me Dick, dearest! my name is Jonathan, Jonathan Garnet; a bourgeois and objectionable appellation it is true, but possesses such solid advantages (for even to say nothing of you, there's the business you know, and the safety as well), that hang me, my love, if any consideration on earth shall tempt me to part with it. Henceforth I am an attorney who has been very ill; you have recognized, Lord Tenterden has ratified me as such, and it would be bad taste on my part —"

"Of course Dick, you're joking still—joking on the broadest possible scale."

"I made no reply; but fixing myself firmly in the elbow-chair which I occupied, after having poked the fire with all the emphasis

of decided ownership, I gave her a glance so seriously negative, that the dear susceptible little woman shrieked with emotion, rose, staggered towards my plate, snatched up my anchovy knife, and made a desperate lunge, which, had it been successful, would have laid her open to a capital imputation. Of course, therefore, I parried it; pushed her back—what less could I do?—and she dropped on the hearth-rug in violent hysterics. The chamber-maid and cook, alarmed by her toscin,—the shriek which I mentioned, now burst into the room. I bled her to profusion, while partially delirious. Being convinced, however, that there was no reason for alarm, I left her in the care of her women, and—the cab being at the door—just jumped into it and took a brief bold dashing drive about town.

Beelzebub proved to be a perfect darling: he possessed action as well as pace; kept both head and stern gallantly up; and unlike many fast-goers, he was neither cat-hammed nor goose-rumped. I gloried in him. Maria's groom was an ass. He had dwelt on the reins with so dead a hand as to irritate the noble nag: the consequence was, that he had pulled the cab, not from the collar but the bit. I could have cuffed the fellow where he sat, (for I had taken him with me,) but for the anachronism of a man, who hadn't been out of his room for years, thrashing his groom. Rhino, the name to which the rascal answered, was amazed at my tact and Beelzebub's obedience. The animal found himself treated by a master-hand, and might have been driven, with the velocity of an arrow, through the most encumbered streets, by the slender pilotage of a pack-thread. Several highly respectable looking persons, after having stared egregiously, took off their hats as I passed, to make amends for the offence of having, as I guessed, foolishly taken me, at the first glance, for some low vagabond whom they knew. Rhino was astonished at the multitude of persons who recognized me, after having been so long an invisible invalid; while my perfect generalship in all the minutiæ of cab-driving, produced, in his appreciating bosom, a sensation of positive awe. The fact is, that without vanity be it spoken, although I succumb to Apsley, the Nimrod of the Sporting Magazine, in "tooling a team," I sing second to no man,—so bountiful is nature—as a buggy whip over the stones. All this is parenthetical, and by-the-bye; but I have so little to brag of that I may perhaps be allowed to mention my comparative superiority in the trifling article of driving "a one-horse shay."

On my return, Maria was in bed; but so successful had been my depletion, that she was now quite composed, and had even admitted our managing clerk to a consultation, literally over the counterpane, on some urgent topic. I dined alone and undisturbed; but just after my filberts and parmesan had come in—(I always marry them in my mouth)— I heard a faint feeble irresolute tapping at the door. I dictatorially shouted the usual shibboleth, and he who managed the official regions below stairs slowly sneaked in. His name was Gruel. He stood about five feet six, and might be forty; but there was no telling how his account stood with time to any certainty. He wore a wig—smooth, brown, and oily as the plumage of a duck. He fought in armour, for no adversary ever saw his eyes. They were protected

laterally as well as in front by large green glasses; he had not discovered that expression dwells as much about the region of the mouth as about that of the eyes; and consequently deemed himself safe while the latter were concealed, although the lips, naked and exposed as they were, to so erudite a glance as that with which circumstances endow a man of my experience, reveal, with the nicest accuracy, what is going on within. I have always found that the deepest villains are, in apparently minor, but really most important points, the greatest noodles: this it is, that—fortunately for the public—hangs so many of them; and some odd day it will hang our sleek friend Gruel.

When he entered the room his humility was so aggravated, that an innocent spectator would humanely have wished that the fellow, for his own sake, could have sunk through the floor. I, however, not only saw, but by what dropped from Mrs. Garnet, knew that he was a dead rascal, who, notwithstanding his apparent imbecility, possessed steam-engine power. I therefore asked him to sit down and take wine with me. He glode forward, and seemingly oppressed by the consciousness of his own insignificance, dwindled into a chair: on the edge of which an abrupt incident compels me to leave him until the first of March.

UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PROPERTY.

As the present system of society has advanced, the *natural* relations of man to man have been broken up; they now recognize each other as only so many several parts of the political machinery. The grasping game of exclusive property has annihilated social feeling, and the cant of political economy is superseding even the cant of religion. The fanatics of both are conspicuous for one and the same error—the neglect of the question of morals—an important part of true polity, whether civil or divine, and the essential base of human happiness. The zealot is busy to make man fit for a future state;—the political economist, in making the most of him for this. The one seizes on his soul; the other on his body: between the two he is left without voice or volition on his own behalf; he toils to produce that which he never enjoys, and dies in fear of that which he has never examined.

Neglect and indifference to mankind in the *mass* is the pervading vice of our social arrangements. Those monstrous anomolies—preferring the lesser number to the greater—valuing production beyond the producers—seeking partial wealth instead of general happiness, are such standard deformities of the body politic, that, like all the malformed, we have grown into self-complacency, and continually allow ourselves to be flattered on the subject of our political beauty. Humanity has become a drug—sacrificed, remorselessly sacrificed to the production of wealth; which is all in all, and the hinges of the human machine are only oiled to enable it to work; while its exertions, be they attended with what extent of suffering they may, are

regarded with as little interest and less sympathy, than the motion of the paddle-wheel of a steamer. Political economy is making us mere calculators, and would close the safety valve of even such little charity as may be remaining. The poor of this country now actually look to the prisons as places of refuge, thank the magistrate that commits them to "durance vile," and stand to be branded, no longer sensible to the blush of shame. Is not this a fact to turn every bed of down into one of torture?—to convert the banquet room into a place of reproach, where common sympathy would forbid the few to feast while their fellow-creatures famish? But from one end of the nation to the other, the most gross inequality of property has numbed common feeling; the poor man forgets the privileges, and the rich man the principles, of humanity. Factitious habits, by rendering association partial and exclusive, annuls all sense of common kindred, and in the estimation of the luxurious, the Lazarite is a different order of being. But let the new-born of the palace and the peasant's hut change places:—will birth or breeding triumph in their future character? Thus it is, that systems are stepdames to Nature's children—the capabilities God has given his creatures for happiness is suffered to run waste like water, and toil is carried to torture to perpetuate monopoly and misery.

Horace Walpole says, "If angels have any fun in them how they must laugh at us!" It may as truly be said, if they have any pity in them how they must weep for us! The people of this unhappy planet seem engaged in a sort of game at blindman's buff, and custom is the band used to blindfold the eyes of their reason. The authority of precedent is the warrant for practice, and, amid all the outcry for reform, we seem to forget that, of which "The Gentleman in Black" at the City Theatre nightly reminds us, that "all that is custom now was innovation once." Reform can only properly pause when perfection is attained. The march of reform therefore is not likely to be very limited, unless among those who, like the Chinese, make the immature institutions of past ignorance and inexperience the rule of future measures. "Of all the fallacies with which man has attempted to gloss his expedients, there are none more evidently false than that which infers the duration of a social system from the length of time it has already existed." Thus speak sthe greatA merican novelist—thus thinks every rational creature whether speaking it or not.

The present time has one consolation—the light of knowledge is abroad. Some may say, "What good has it done? There is not more happiness now than in times past—perhaps less." This may be true. There is an intermediate state preceding any great change. Knowledge now enables the people to *see* abuses and absurdities; it will next enable them to mitigate, and at last, let us hope, to remove them. The happiness of the past was something like the stolid quiescence of Curran's client, who declared he never knew how ill he had been used till he heard his counsel state his case in court. The power of opinion is omnipotent, the increasing power and privilege in *expressing* opinion will give the moving force to that mighty engine which, under the guidance of knowledge, will enfranchise mankind.

AN OLD WOMAN.

THE PRESENT CRISIS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The year 1833, we venture to predict, will be memorable in the annals of the world. Clouds are gathering upon the political horizon of our own continent. From one end to the other, Europe, though apparently in profound repose, is internally agitated by the attrition of the two great principles—that of the many and the few. Though her physical energies seem dormant, the mind of man is progressing. In the western world the Federal Republic of the United States of America—that Republic, whose rapid rise to its present elevated rank in the scale of nations is unparalleled—is threatened with desolation—it is perishing by the very principles that first gave it existence. The reasons alleged by the State of South Carolina for the non-execution of the tariff, are precisely the same as those urged by Franklin and Washington in 1781, as the grounds of separation from the mother country.

The dissolution of this great Republic, and the probable failure of the mighty experiments in government of which it has been the theatre, will be a fine subject for political parties to illustrate their various prejudices. The upholders of despotism will sing pæans over its downfall—the lover of liberty will mourn over what appears to be the stern condition of man, to run alternately the career of improvement and of degeneracy—while the philosopher will recognize the unerring operation of that great political axiom countenanced by the highest authority, and proved by experience—"That the natural property of small States is to be governed as a Republic, of middling ones to be subject to a monarch, and of large empires to be swayed by a despotic prince, and that, therefore, the spirit of a state will alter in proportion as it extends or contracts its limits." The framers of the American constitution were not blind to an opinion confirmed by the history of every government in the old world; the difficulties that attended their undertaking were manifest. When the idea of a Confederate Republic presented itself, a kind of constitution was formed, which, according to the great Montesquieu, has all the internal advantages of a republican, together with the external force of a monarchical government. The *expanding* quality of such a government was peculiarly fitted for the United States, the greatest part of whose territory at that time was uncultivated.

But while this form of government enabled them to surmount this difficulty, it led them into another—it left them without precedent or guide; and, consequently, without the benefit of that instruction to be derived from the history of other nations. Several associations, both in ancient and modern times, have been called by the name of Confederate States, which have not, in propriety of language, deserved that appellation. The Achæan league, the Lycean confederacy, and the Amphyctyonic council in ancient—and the Swiss Cantons, the United Netherlands, and the Germanic Body in modern times—but none of these assemblages constituted a *new one*, and do not, therefore, correspond with the full definition of a confederate republic.

Thus, in forming this system, they derived no assistance from the history of the past. But to be left without a guide or precedent was not the only difficulty in which the framers of the American constitution were involved. They found themselves embarrassed with another of peculiar delicacy and importance—the very key-stone of their political edifice—we allude to the *drawing a proper line between the national government, and the government of he several States.* By the articles of the first confederation, which were ratified by Congress, July 9th, 1778, it was agreed that each state should retain its sovereignty, freedom and independence, and every other power, right, and jurisdiction, not expressly delegated to Congress. But these articles being found inadequate to the purposes of a federal government, the present constitution was proposed and ratified by all the States about eight years afterwards. The fundamental distinction between the articles of confederation and the new constitution lies in this.—the former acted only *on States;* the latter on *individuals;* the former could neither raise men nor money by its own authority, but lay at the discretion of thirteen different legislatures; and without their unanimous concurrence, was unable to provide for the public safety, or the payment of the national debt. The impossibility of such a government answering the end of its institution, soon became evident. In framing the new constitution, to establish a broad and distinct line of demarcation between the general government and the state legislatures, was the first desideratum, and proved an operation fertile in difficulty and embarrassments; for although it was easy to discover a proper and satisfactory principle on the subject, by enacting that whatever object of government is confined in its operation and effects within the bounds of a particular state, should be considered as belonging to the government of that state, and whatever object of government extends in its operation or effects beyond the bounds of a particular state, should be considered as the prerogative of the general government;—still, however satisfactory this principle may be found in theory, its practical application was felt to be of great difficulty, and fraught with future danger to the Union.

In order to lessen or remove the difficulty arising from discretionary construction on this subject, an enumeration of particular instances in which the application of the principle ought to take place, has been attempted with much industry and care, but the result has shewn that it is only in mathematical science that a line can be described with mathematical precision.

It has been remarked that civil government is necessary to the perfection of society. We may add, that civil liberty is necessary to the perfection of civil government. Civil liberty is natural liberty itself, divested only of that part, which, placed in the government, produces more good and happiness to the community, than if it had remained in the individual. Hence it follows that civil liberty, while it resigns a part of natural liberty, retains the free and generous exercise of all human faculties, so far as it is compatible with public welfare. But in forming a constitution for an union of confederate States, it was also necessary accurately to establish and define another kind of liberty, which we may distinguish by the appellation of federal liberty. When a single government is instituted, the indivi-

duals of whom it is composed, surrender to it a part of their natural independence which they before enjoyed as men—in like manner when a confederate republic is instituted, the communities of which it is composed surrender to it a part of their political independence which they before enjoyed as States. They resign to the national government that part, and that part only, of their political liberty, which placed in that government will produce more good to the whole than if it had remained in the several States—retaining only the free and generous exercise of such faculties as are compatible with the welfare of the general and superintending confederacy. Such are the written provisions of the American constitution, but which have long been, and are still, the subject of vehement and fierce altercation. It would occupy too much space to examine the various arguments adduced for and against the adoption of this constitution; suffice it to say, that almost every passion which could agitate the human breast, interested both States and individuals for and against the adoption of the proposed plan of government—and the period of time that has since elapsed, has rather served to complicate than simplify the question of States' rights. One on which we constantly find the best informed Americans divided—we have observed that the fundamental distinction between the first articles of confederation and the present constitution, consists in this, that the former acted only on States, the latter on individuals. Under the new constitution one legislative, executive, and judicial power pervaded the whole union, and gave a stability to the general government which never could be attained while the acts and requisitions of congress were subject to the revision of thirteen legislatures, and while thirteen distinct and unconnected judiciaries had a constitutional right to decide on the same subject. The people of the United States gave no new powers to their rulers, but made a more judicious arrangement of what they had formerly ceded—they enlarged the powers of the general government, not by taking from the *people*, but from the *States' legislatures*. They took from the latter a power of *levying duties* on the importation of foreign merchandize, and transferred it to congress for the common benefit of the union; they also invested the general government with a power to regulate trade, levy taxes, and internal duties on the inhabitants. According to this view of the American constitution, the independent sovereignty of the various States is more virtual than real, for all matters concerning the welfare of the whole union have been transferred to the genetal government, and consequently, a refusal on the part of one or any of the States to execute the acts of congress amounts to open rebellion. Such, in fact, is precisely the view taken by the President General Jackson, who in his recent proclamation to the State of South Carolina, does not hesitate to pronounce the late acts of the convention of that State as rebellious, and threatens in case of need, to follow up his declaration by coercive measures.

The principles set forth by the head of the American Executive, in the able State paper above alluded to, are, it must be confessed, apparently founded on truth and justice. A State refusing as a member of the confederation, to recognize the laws common to all

the confederate States, may be said to raise an absurd pretension. But the convention of South Carolina has not committed this logical inconsistency; in refusing to execute the Tariff, in threatening to resist, she has expressed her will to separate from the union, in the event of coercive measures being resorted to. The question is therefore altered, and hinges upon the following considerations. In ratifying a treaty of indefinite union, did the representatives of South Carolina bind their descendants *ad eternitatem*, whatever might be their wants, under every new combination of circumstances? Or did they give to the other States the right of constraining them by force to remain members of the confederation, which they would find a source of misery and oppression? These, it must be confessed, are knotty questions, on which we will not venture an opinion, while their solution by force of arms we feel is pregnant with danger.

But it does not appear that things have yet reached this fatal extremity in the United States, for it is not the first time that symptoms of division have manifested themselves. Such an extremity as would disfigure the magnificent character which hitherto the American Union has maintained, we hope may be yet far distant. The enlightened solicitude of the American government, and the sound sense and patriotism of the people will yet, we predict, carry the vessel of state safely through the shoals that have suddenly crossed her course. General Jackson, in his admirable proclamation, does not found his arguments upon that diabolical principle so common among the governments of Europe, that the government can do no wrong—but while he threatens to enforce obedience, still uses the language of conciliation—nay, he even hints at a modification of the Tariff system, which may have been carried too far, deprecating only the unconstitutional act of the convention of South Carolina.

For it appears to be admitted on all hands, that the actual policy or unpolicy of the Tariff itself as a commercial question, is wholly unconnected with the point at issue between the general government and the refactory state. Congress wished the Tariff to be wise and just; the convention of South Carolina have by a large majority willed it to be unjust, iniquitious, and oppressive—the question is not whether the Tariff be just or oppressive, but whether the act of the convention be constitutional. The chief force of the argument contained in the proclamation is directed against the assumption of the right of resistance on the part of any individual State, or portion of the union, to laws which have been passed by the authority of the collective legislature.

The attrition of these two principles in the American constitution, teaches us at once the inability of human ingenuity; and that every human constitution carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The mighty forces of local interests and discordant possessions, will gradually dissolve the friendly attachments and sense of common interest, that have hitherto cemented the union; interfering regulations of trade, and interfering claims and interests of territory, will as wealth and population increase, render it impossible to harmonize, under one uniform system of government, the discordant interests and selfish passions of the various parts of that immense territory at present embraced by the Federal Union: for like every thing that

exists in this world, the power of States and companies is limited; they diminish in ratio to the area of their circumference.

The future doctrines of the limited States of America afford room for various speculations; the rapid development of her maritime power has been watched with an eye of jealous uneasiness in this country; and the preservation of our maritime supremacy in the course of another half century, has been asserted to be at best problematical. This is an opinion to which we should be willing to allow due weight, could it be shown that the integrity of this mighty republic will be preserved through that period of time. But passing events rather point to a contrary conclusion, and, once dissolved, England will have nothing more to fear from her maritime greatness; for the different sections, into which she will split, will be too much occupied with their own internal jealousies and dissensions—leaving out of the question the wide field they will present to our diplomacy, which will render them any thing but formidable to the nations of the old world.

SPARROW-PUDDING NATURALISTS.

One of the most extraordinary signs of the times, is the great and still increasing popularity of almost every branch of Natural History. A few years ago, Zoology was a word almost unknown to "ears polite;" very few works on the subject were published, and those only found purchasers among the scientific. Most people had read Buffon "in their younger days," and deemed it pure waste of time to pore over any other book about "birds and beasts;" Buffon being deemed all wise and infallible. It was supposed that he had "garnered, yea, even unto the gleaning," every fact worth knowing as to Natural History; that he had taken a true and philosophical view of the creation, which appearing, according to his accounts and arguments, although exquisite in parts, a sad, disjointed, bungling affair on the whole, the subject was voted a dead bore by the thoughtless, and proved a stumbling-block to the thinking, who were amazed—staggered, to find that numerous living things were apparently created for no other purpose than to endure a life of physical misery. The study of Natural History was even condemned by some as tending to bring about infidelity; and the science slumbered in odium, so far as regarded the public, for a number of years. Meantime the most ludicrous errors were accepted as standard truths—in short, every body believed in Buffon.

Lately, however, a new spirit hath sprung up. Natural History has ceased to be the study of a few, and has become the enthusiastic pursuit of many. Thousands and tens of thousands of men, women, and children, of all nations, and all grades in society, and in all parts of the globe, are daily labouring with delight, to increase our stock of knowlege on this important subject; so that with a rapidity that is truly astonishing, the distorted phantasmagoria of ignorance and presumption are being rapidly dispelled, and man begins to see "in

its true form and colour, the beauty, grandeur, almighty wisdom, and beneficence of the creation."

But in effecting this revolution, some excesses have been committed, and Natural History is at this moment so completely disorganized, that some time will probably elapse before a proper advantage can be taken of our recent discoveries. We want an important work, grave in its character, uniform in its design, and embracing all modern discoveries, to settle the public mind on the subject. The spirit of speculation and individual action is going too far; a being of stupendous intellect is required to reduce our frittered and chaotic elements of truth into order. It is true, that the stupid and tyrannical old dynasty has been overthrown, but anarchy threatens to rise upon its ruins. "The Animal Kingdom" is full of parties, each of which is partially right, but enormously wrong. So much obstinacy and partizanship exist, that to amalgamate the conflicting elements appears to be a gigantic task. Every little circle of systematists has its idol, its autocrat—every village its Gilbert White; Allesley, if our memory do not deceive us, has its Rev. W. T. Bree.

"Anent" this gentleman, the present paper was projected; but we have been unconsciously betrayed into "the general subject," which, by the bye, we purpose discussing at the earliest opportunity more at large, and in a more serious mode than that under the influence of which we now write. Messrs. Macleay, Vigors, Bennett, Swainson, Gray, Woods, Yarrell, Sowerby, Samouelle, Kirby, Mantell, Spence, and Buckland, we know and respect the greater part of you; but we have a word or two to say, in a friendly mood, to each. Of course we agree with all of you on one point, (and with many of you on several,) namely, that the old lion, Buffon, is done up; so completely done up, in fact, that even Rennie, the *popular* writer, and august Professor of Zoology at the King's College, ventures to kick him. Poor devil! Poor Count de Buffon!

But touching the Gilbert White of Allesley—the Rev. W. T. Bree, who is invariably spoken of as "the *amiable* naturalist" by all his fellow-contributors to the Magazine of Natural History*:—In the last

* This publication is conducted by the talented veteran, Loudon, one of the most useful literary and scientific men of the present age. Delightful *bonhomie* is his peculiar characteristic. Those who, without knowing, talk to him, fancy that he is a mighty pleasant and well-informed gentleman, who has never done any thing, and who has nothing to do. Such, however, is not the fact; he has produced some of the most valuable and important Encyclopedias published by Longman and Co.; he edits the Gardener's Magazine, as well as that of Natural History, and he has now in the course of publication an Encyclopedia of Rural Architecture; which in our opinion ranks amongst the most intelligent, important, and practical works that ever issued from the press. Its numbers have frequently been noticed in terms of high commendation in this Magazine as they appeared; but not content with this, we purpose devoting some pages to a review of the entire production, as soon as it shall have been completed; feeling, as we do, that the time has gone by when mere literature formed the staple commodity of periodical reviews. We are anxious to keep up with the spirit of the age, to be useful as well as agreeable, to "bring out" those publications that aim at higher objects than the mere gratification of the present moment. Among these, Loudon's works occupy a conspicuous place. The Magazine of Natural History ought to be present wherever a periodical is found. It

number of that entertaining and truly valuable work, the Rev. W. T. Bree has rendered himself very pleasantly obnoxious to censure; so has a Master of Arts, named Dovaston, of Westfelton near Shrewsbury; with whom it will suit our convenience to deal first.

Quoth this eminent Stagyrite, in an article concocted for the purpose apparently of applauding himself, "I can discriminate almost every kind of tree, as it is called upon, either solo or in score, to take part in the grand choral harmonies of the tempest. Now it ROARS deep and still (roaring *deep* and *still* is beyond our comprehension,) among the oaks just behind this book room; anon it BREATHES hoarse and hollow (*breathes* hoarse and hollow!) upon the dark old Scotch pines of the *Cider Mill grove;* GROANS through the sycamore, and lime avenue 'that weather-fends my cell;' RATTLES *the bony boughs of the skeleton ash* (there's for you, followers of Byron!); HOWLS through the elms (quite in taste, for they are to be converted into coffins,); HISSES, and each obviously different (each what?) in the cedars, spruce and silver fir; WHISTLES through the larch; WHISPERS in the Weymouth and the Aphornousli; and suddenly WHISKS a solitary cypress; while the evergreens and dry-leaved hornbeams keep up a constant accompaniment, each after *his* kind!" How swollen, tumid, and absurd a paragraph is this! Here is a gentleman who professes to recognize each individual voice in a concert of trees; and of what does that concert consist? Why (we entreat the reader to check us by the verbs in the paragraph quoted) of roaring, breathing hoarse and hollow, groaning, rattling, howling, hissing, whistling, and whispering! What an exquisite musical treat! What a Pistol of a Naturalist!

Having thus settled the affairs of "John F. M. Dovaston, Esq. A.M." let us turn our polite attention to those of "that amiable naturalist," the Rev. W. T. Bree, M.A. (Query, what is the distinction between these literal honours? Is M.A. a cut above A.M., or vice versâ?) The last-mentioned gentleman, "that amiable naturalist," in the Number of the Magazine of Natural History already quoted, has indulged the public with a few addenda as to the eccentric architectural propensities of birds. He gives cuts and cases. Among the

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is full of interest, full of information. Loudon suffers his contributors to "prattle apace," as though they were sitting by his own fire-side; he never interrupts, he never corrects their little absurdities, but leaves the castigation of the delinquent to the sense of the company. And most preciously, to say the truth, are the culprits chastized by their fellow-labourers in the vineyard. If a contributor happen to commit an error, or to hazard an absurd speculation in one number, he is certain to be held up to scorn and ridicule in the next. Naturalists soar above mere bantering; they are, all of them, little and great, in earnest, and deal home strokes to offenders. No fool, therefore, can flourish long in Loudon's Magazine; a shaft from the "Retrospective Criticism" is sure to bring him down. If an assertion in one *livraison* escape obloquy or contradiction in the next, it may be deemed tolerably valid. Were the work *lunar*, we should not print the article to which this is a note; for we should feel certain that the delinquencies of the Sparrow Pudding Naturalists in the last number would be fully castigated in the next; but as the Magazine appears only every second month, we do not scruple to admit an article, the sense of which would doubtless appear, in some shape or other, in Loudon's next, published in March.—EDITOR.

latter, we find an account of a pair of robins, which built for two successive seasons against the church bible of Hampton in Arden, Warwickshire. "The worthy vicar would on no account have the birds disturbed, and accordingly introduced into the church another bible, from which to read the lessons." This is all very well, very amiable, very "bird-beloving and humane," as Leigh Hunt would say; but shortly after, the Rev. W. T. Bree, M.A. states, (without indignant exclamation, or comment of any kind!!) "that a friend of his in Staffordshire has half a score or more (of sparrow-pots) *suspended* on pegs, in suitable places about his house and buildings. The sparrows," adds our humane and intelligent informant—the 'amiable naturalist,' "*take freely to the pots*, and produce several broods in the course of the summer; and *thus*, not only are several broods of these predaceous birds *destroyed*, in a season, *but* A GOOD SPARROW DUMPLING is also, from time to time, *supplied to the table!*"

We should very much like to know the name of this reverend and amiable gentleman's Staffordshire friend. Is he in the church? Has he a family? Did he ever build a house? Is he too an "amiable naturalist," or a pluralist on a small scale—a clerical *bon vivant* occasionally seen at the ale-house? Does *he* "*take freely to the pots?*" Of what age is he? How is our friend's health? When is he expected to "step below?" In what latitude and longitude is he to be found? We are going down to the potteries next week, and should like to see a man whose daring and original genius invented such capital wall-fruit as sparrow-puddings. When does his gathering commence? Of course such a genius would not put himself to the expence of plucking; doubtless he knows the exact nick of time when his nestlings are sufficiently fat for dumplings, and yet totally unfledged. Does he boil every brood in their own pot? If so, we should respectfully beg leave to suggest an improvement; instead of *clay* he might use *paste*, thus every pot would prove a pudding, and he might save himself the trouble of twisting necks or cutting throats. We can scarcely conceive how he contrives to protect his eyes from the desperate bills of the parent-birds, in whose presence he immolates their offspring, over the sill of his back parlour window: does he wear spectacles? Why does not some enterprizing publisher bring out his portrait? It would certainly sell. Witness the success of that of the young man who not very long ago did something similar at Leicester. Suppose our Staffordshire friend had been the worthy vicar of Hampton in Arden, against whose church bible a pair of robins "built for two successive seasons;" like that excellent man:—"he would on no account have the birds disturbed:" on the contrary, he would doubtless have "introduced into the church another bible, from which to read the lessons;" because, in process of time the dear little creatures might constitute the basis of a most delectable dumpling.

CALAMITIES OF LIVING MEN OF GENIUS.

Up to the present hour, men of genius seem equally obnoxious to calamity, as when Savage pined in a prison, Otway starved, and Chatterton committed suicide. The fatal heir-loom still exists, and attends the inheritance. Frightful misfortunes have darkened the career, however splendid in appearance, of many popular and gifted writers. Genius is naturally sensitive—morbidly so in many cases. How many men of splendid talents are there at this moment, in this very city, pining away their existence in obscurity, for want of that fostering care that others more fortunate, though less worthy, have enjoyed. The vulgar victim of bodily affliction exposes his leprosy to the multitude, and solicits charity:—the more exalted martyr suffers and expires under calamities he is too proud to reveal.

Brooks was a man of a very benevolent disposition, and considerable powers of mind. He had written some good verses; and, what was more to the purpose, had brought out some good saleable books, which gained him more than fame—it gave him the ear of the publishers; and with this followed, of course, a comfortable income. Brooks was no starving poet. He had a comfortable house, well furnished. He had, moreover, a clever and amiable wife, and always a guinea for a needy friend.

One day, while sauntering down Oxford Street, he accidentally met with a fellow climber of Parnassus, but in very different circumstances to himself. Poor Spencer's coat was absolutely threadbare;—his hat, had he worn it six months by the sea side, could not have betrayed greater symptoms of atmospherical influence. In fact, he was the beau ideal of a poet—there was no mistaking *him*.

"Well, Spencer, my dear fellow," said his warm-hearted friend, extending his hand, "I have not seen you for some time—how are you going on?"

"Oh, miserably, sir—miserably. It's a wretched world. I am bowed down by necessity—obliged to forego what my mind tells me I am capable of, to furnish myself with the mere means of existence. What I have already done—books which the world has been pleased with, are, in my mind, but mere gaudy butterflies—they will die with the season. If I had but the means to finish a great work which I contemplate—but that is folly—that cannot be my fortune."

"But surely," said Brooks, "surely some means could be devised."

"None," cried the other, energetically. "I have no resource but in my ink-bottle—and I cannot starve. Ah! how I envy those of better fortune! Were I in affluence, then would I go on triumphantly—hewing colossal groups out of the living rock—not as I am now, carving cherry-stones—toiling at trifles I despise. My friend," added he, in a subdued voice, "I am sick of the world—sick at heart—and care little to remain in it."

Brooks was moved:—he could not but compare his own good fortune with that of the destitute being who stood before him, and his

heart yearned to his distresses with the kindly feelings of a brother and a man.

"Stay," said he: for the poor heart-broken poet had already left him. "Stay—I am an author, like yourself, and live by my pen; but am fortunately better placed in society, though with much less genius. If it is in my power to prevent it, you shall not be cast upon the waters. Come to my house—be with me for half a year, and execute your great work. I have a spare room, where you shall sleep and work, You shall fare as I do; and you can use your time to the best advantage."

"My dear Brooks!" exclaimed the astonished poet, "you overwhelm me. I know not how—"

"A truce with feeling, Spencer," said his warm-hearted friend. "The invitation is freely given—every thing will be very pleasant. Come to-morrow."

We will pass over the poet's extasies, and the expressions of his gratitude; but, on the next morning, we find him seated comfortably at the breakfast-table of his friend, and treated with all kindness and consideration by Mrs. Brooks. It would be tedious to dwell on his lengthened visit: suffice it to say, that every thing was made as pleasant for him as his friendly host had intimated. After breakfast, he regularly retired to his work at the poem which he expected was to make his fame. The anticipations of his friend were scarcely less sanguine than his own; time flowed on; and from the hours he laboured, much was augured of the progress of his work. Feelings of delicacy, on the part of Brooks, forbade any other than casual inquiry; for, like a jealous artist, the poet seemed unwilling that his work should suffer from criticism in detail. He was determined to astonish his friend with the full blaze of his genius. He was right. If ever you would produce an effect, never endanger it by partial exhibitions.

In the mean time, Spencer dined regularly with his friend *en famille*, or with an occasional party, as it might happen. Sometimes, after dinner, he strolled out for exercise—visited his acquaintance—lounged at the theatres—or returned to his room after coffee;—in short, he was quite confiding and comfortable. His work was proceeding rapidly, but the contents of his writing-desk were still secret.

"Well," Brooks would say sometimes, "how do you get on, my boy?"

"Gloriously!" was the reply.

Six months had now nearly elapsed—the finishing was only wanting to the work. He was revising it carefully, previously to submitting it for Brooks's approbation; who, as it drew near completion, became more than usually anxious. His wife likewise partook of his feelings: for so jealously had Spencer kept his secret, that neither the subject of his book, nor even the title, had escaped him.

One day they had waited some time for Spencer at dinner. He was usually punctual, and Mrs. Brooks rather remarked it; but her husband thinking he had finished the work, and might bring the manuscript down with him, would not let him be disturbed. An

hour passed, but Spencer came not; so Mrs. Brooks becoming impatient, rung for the servant.

"Have you informed Mr. Spencer that dinner has been waiting?"

"O yes, ma'am—I called him—but I suppose he has fallen off to sleep again."

"To sleep again!—What does the fool mean?" said Brooks impatiently.

"I mean nothing more than the truth, sir; and I did not know that it was any secret," said the girl, pettishly.

"Well, what is it, girl—what is it?" said Brooks, gathering anger with every word.

"Why, sir, I dare say, Mr. Spencer is in bed and asleep, as he is every day of his life, from breakfast till dinner!"

Brooks looked at his wife aghast, and she returned his astonished stare. But there must be some mistake; the fact, as represented, was incredible. Brooks rushed up stairs—entered Spencer's room without ceremony—and beheld his worst fears confirmed. There lay the poet, snugly coiled up among the bed-clothes—no wreath of laurel about his brows, but his head encased in a woollen night-cap. He was wrapped in visions indeed—but they were drowsy ones. Brooks cast his eyes about the room, anxious to catch some token of toil—none—not a line—not a scrap—not even an ink blot on the floor!

The noise made by Brooks on entering, awoke the bard. He opened his dreamy eyes only to encounter those of his incensed and disappointed friend. Explanation there was none—apology was useless. It is needless to say further. The man of genius returned once more to his garret, to complain bitterly of the world, and of Brooks in particular.

A good moral may be found to the above anecdote, in the story of a certain swindling wag, who loved to live at the expence of any body, rather than his own industry; and in pursuance of such principle, made his way to the court of an eastern king. "Please your majesty," said he, "I have one of the greatest wonders of the world. It is an ass that I have nearly taught to speak; but I lack the means to finish. If you would benevolently support me for twelve mouths, the ass would make my fortune."

"But," inquired the sultan, "what security shall I have of your performing your contract?"

"Oh, any security your highness pleases," returned the teacher of asses.

"Well, if you will stake your life in the performance of your contract, it shall be as you wish."

"Gladly!" returned the fearless speculator; and he was forthwith assigned apartments and attendants.

About six months passed very pleasantly, when he was visited by one of his former friends, who found him living on the best, and riding on his ass, to give him a lesson.

"Why, what foolery is this?" said his friend. "You have staked your life on an impossibility; and for one poor twelvemonth's food, you will forfeit your existence."

"Tut, man!" said the other; "that's by no means certain. I have many chances—."

"I see none."

"Then you are a fool. Why, before twelve months, the city may be burnt about our ears—the plague may take off half its inhabitants —or, perhaps THE ASS MAY DIE!"

So thought Jones, as he calculated his chances beneath the bedclothes—"THE ASS MAY DIE!"

Now for case two.—Calamity the second.—Jenkins, a young bard of considerable fame, was always feelingly alive to the infirmities of young publishers. A very good-natured bookseller at the West End of the Town, had scarcely got his shutters taken down on his "opening day," when Jenkins paid him a visit, bearing a huge roll of what seemed to be manuscript, but which in fact was mere *dummy* under his arm. This he stated was all but finished; it would assuredly eclipse the most popular of his previous productions, and upon his honour, Mr. So-and-so (the victim) should bring it out—should secure the valuable publication of it, on his own terms, by the mere momentary advance of ten or twenty pounds for which Jenkins was just then unexpectedly pushed. He hated applying to friends on these occasions—he would rather at any time go to work like a man of business, and instead of an unpleasant *amicitial* loan, obtain a commercial advance. Mr. So-and-so must know that his books sold —(this was true by the bye) and he would doubtless see the prospective benefit of publishing his very best.

Poor Mr. So-and-so bit; and Jenkins departed with his roll and a checque for 20*l*. About half-past eight the next evening, So-and-so had occasion to step into a coffee-house near Charing Cross. The moment he entered, his ears were convulsed by uproarious bursts of merriment proceeding from a party of gentlemen in a snug box at the upper end of the room. The next moment a voice which he fancied he had heard before, insisted on "silence for a toast." To his utter amazement the publisher's health was drunk with nine times nine, why or wherefore he could not conceive. The rattle of the glasses had subsided before our friend, the publisher, recovered from his surprise. At last curiosity overcame politeness, and wishing to know to whom his gratitude was due for such a mark of esteem, he ventured to the other end of the room upon some excuse, and casting a sidelong glance into the box, beheld to his infinite dismay the distressed poet, seated with some jovial companions round a table covered with long-necked bottles of every vintage of France!

The effect was that of an apparition upon him; for in every one of those long-necked monsters, he beheld the ghost of his cheque! The man of business has often since been known to declare that sensations of the most peculiar description are created in him at the sight of a poet; and at the bare mention of a distressed man of genius, he incontinently buttons up his breeches pockets.

But now for the crowning calamity to this garland of cypress! Another gentleman, an attic wit, and likewise a man of genius, though unfortunate—a man who has unhappily experienced those vicissitudes

attendant on the life of one whose mind is the "source from which his wealth is drawn," has nevertheless, occasionally continued to employ his wit to some purpose. He is a dramatist of no little fame; and the sentiments embodied in a tragedy of his writing cannot be surpassed in elevation and purity. They do honour to the head and heart of "genius."—Churchill's character will however, be better understood by the relation of one of the many interesting passages of his life.

He was in the habit of making frequent trips to Paris for the purpose of watching the progress of the French drama. His pleasing manners and reputed talent gained him an admission into excellent society there, and if the common place ideas of finance had not intervened he would certainly have determined on an abode in the Parisian capital. One day, when at dinner with a large party, a lady complained bitterly of the dishonesty of tradesmen and of jewellers particularly—numerous anecdotes were instantly related of gold alloyed, diamonds changed, and pearls divided, by this most rapacious class. The lady further remarked, that she was the more concerned at this notorious breach of faith in the fraternity, as she had a very valuable set of cameos sent her from Italy, but dared not entrust them into the hands of any tradesman to set.

"My dear madam," said Churchill in his most insinuating tone; for the lady was a beauty, and the bard was kindness and amiability itself—"I am delighted, my dear madam," said he, "that it is in my power to relieve you from this difficulty—I have lately taken under my protection a young artist, who promises to be really wonderful. In the setting of the higher description of jewellery—he really gives a beauty to gems beyond their value; and as to his probity."—

"Oh! Mr. Churchill, you delight me;" returned the fair owner of the cameos, "You will so much oblige me by making an arrangement with your protegé—I will send him the cameos immediately with instructions."

"He will come to me in the morning," observed the bard, "as I have a trifling commission for him, and if you send them to my rooms, I will take care he shall attend to them." Many thanks on the part of the lady, and protestations of delight at serving her, on the part of Churchill, followed; and after dinner the lady's brother with great consideration for the young tradesman, begged Mr. Churchill to give the young man some 20*l.* in advance—as gold for setting, he knew was expensive, and the work was to be done in the most costly manner.—Some time elapsed, and the lady waited patiently to see her cameos; but they were not finished. "Cameos take a long time setting," Mr. Churchill observed.

A longer time crept on, and the lady was dying with impatience to see her darling treasure,—still the artist was most provokingly dilatory. At length the lady began to labour under considerable annoyance, in which many of her friends participated. "It's quite cruel!" she said.—"It is very strange!" echoed her friends. At last somebody hinted one morning, that Mr. Churchill had been at the Diligence office to take his place for Calais on the following day. This piece of intelligence on being confirmed pretty nearly sent the

poor lady into fits; but her brother—God forgive him!—began to suspect Mr. Churchill had been imposed on by the artist, and that his sister's cameos had vanished by some process equally efficacious as that which melted Cleopatra's pearl. No time was to be lost—he went straightway to Churchill's apartments, and just caught him in the nick of time.

Now, whether any thing like confusion was exhibited by Mr. Churchill, at this meeting, does not appear; but it is quite certain, that the brother's suspicion of the artist took another direction.

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed Churchill, after much preliminary conversation, "I really don't know where the rascal lives."

"What, sir! entrust such valuable property to a stranger—an unknown! Come, come, Mr. Churchill, I am a man of the world. You have, perhaps, been to the *rouge et noir* tables. I can understand—now tell me where I can redeem those baubles for the poor girl, and I pledge my honour to keep your secret."

Churchill hesitated; but after many assurances of secrecy from the brother, he took his visitor by the hand, and said "I don't deserve this generous treatment. It indeed makes me hate myself. Your gentlemanly hints are not unfounded. A debt of honour has, indeed, compelled me to pawn the cameos. But, as I live, at the earliest opportunity, my dear sir—"

"I think nothing of the money—you are welcome to it," interrupted the generous brother. "Give me the documents, and I will redeem the cameos."

"My kind, benevolent friend!" cried Churchill, with emotion; "how deeply do I regret this calamity of mine!"

"Well, well, I understand. Give me what I ask," said the other, extending his hand, "and nothing more shall be said about it."

"Thank you:—you're very obliging—but—"

"But what?"

"I've sold the tickets!"

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Nell Gwynn.—This is not one of the pleasantest pieces which has been produced of late years, but it is *the* pleasantest; being written in the very spirit of Charles's age,—or rather of Charles's youth. We have no hesitation in saying, that *Nell Gwynn* is one of the dramas which ought immediately to be sent to France—either "*per estafette*," or through Mr. Bidwell, of the Foreign Office, in order that the French dramatists may retaliate upon our genuine English authors by producing an original piece "*from the English*." The dialogue is natural and easy—pleasant and fresh from *Cha*tham; the intriguing is high and dashing, as though from *Rochester*. The gaiety and life of those gallant days sparkle up, as though the Author had plunged his bread into the Champagne of Charles's time, and set the creaming at work again.

Nell Gwynn is truly a delightful little drama—full of pleasantries, —easy pleasantries, in dialogue, character, and situation. The old coffee-houses; the old orange-women; the old night mirth-hunters, are re-created, and flourish afresh in their old recreations. You almost wish to call for the drawer, and bid him bring another bottle and another wit. *Nell* herself is delightful: she goes through the part of Eleanor enchantingly up to the last scene, when you are delicately left to know, that she is destined to be "*the* Nell." The last scene is too good and too quiet for any but a French audience,—the draft on an English imagination being above the assets. Our blessed newspaper critics speak of the last scene as "an unfinished one:" we certainly have but one earthly wish, and that is, to impale a newspaper critic, and "repeat the entertainment every night until further notice."

Mr. Jerrold is fortunate in having had his little drama carefully produced at Covent Garden, where scenery and costume are correctly arranged, and where all the performers work with one heart. At Drury Lane, Nell would have gone to—one of her own rhymes—not to speak it profanely. The scenery there would probably have been out of "The School for Scandal," and the dresses out of "Rob Roy." The chair-scene, where Nell speaks for Orange Moll, would have been played by a music-stool; and the prologue would have been apologized for, and kindly read, at a short notice, by an epilogue. There is, in truth, a nice art in getting up a piece which belongs to *Covent Garden*, and never visits *Drury Lane*.

The acting is admirable. Jones is not, perhaps, quite "over the water to Charley;" but he is well dressed, and played pleasantly. Old Blanchard must have lived in the olden days, and doubtless escaped back into life on the opening of the tomb of Charles at Windsor. Keeley's Orange Moll is man-mollified. Nothing can be better than the quiet drunken entreaty to be seen home by the gallant who took him to the coffee-house. Miss Taylor is admirable. Indeed she cannot fail, in her prologue-hat, to bring *brimming* houses. Her style is suited to that of Nell when she is *Miss* Nell, and before she is *Mistress* Nell.

This original little English drama will live, and be beloved when the petty-larcenies from the French are utterly at rest. We recommend all play-goers of pure taste to hasten to Covent Garden the very next time

"The curfew tolls the *Nell*."

Successful Authors.—A person whose appearance bespoke extreme poverty, made his appearance a short time since at the Mansion-house, and claimed relief. He stated himself to be the author of one or two hundred successful dramatic pieces. If this be the fortune of a successful and veteran author, what must the tyro-dramatist expect. And why should an author repine—he is born to suffer. His mind is the soil from which others reap the harvest. Let him not attempt to stir from his place in society. The fool to his palace —the philosopher to his tub. Pity is all he can rely upon, and that is the only food of which he may eat his fill!

We once heard a sleek-faced comedian—who by the way, poor fellow, could barely afford to keep a carriage and servants—commiserating the situation of an indigent genius. It forcibly reminded us of the fashionable butler, who, when his mistress suggested that his wages actually exceeded the pay of an ensign in his Majesty's service, replied, in a tone of the deepest commiseration, "Ah Madam! I do indeed pity those unfortunate gentlemen!"

Influence of Legal Advice.—A recent robbery report concludes in the following manner:—

"Mr. Broughton asked the prisoners what they had to say. Their solicitors, who were in attendance, advised them to say nothing, *in consequence of which they declined doing so.*"

The prisoners were doubtless persons of experience: they knew that one half of the miseries which prevail in this country might clearly be traced up to taking the advice of attorneys; they, therefore, cautiously acted in direct opposition to that of their legal friends. Were so prudent an example extensively followed, at least fifty per cent. would be struck off the sum total of human suffering.

Ichthyological Loyalty.—We are informed by "The Brighton Herald," that a remarkably fine sturgeon was lately caught by one John Cadman, and by him presented to his Majesty. The journalist likewise directs our attention to a singular fact—that the sturgeon has never been known to accept the invitation of the Brighton fishermen but during the periodical visitations of the King. What a moral does this apparently trifling circumstance convey! What an example does it afford! Here we have a trait of true nobility—of devoted service to the King, to his person, and to his table. No vulgar palate will he condescend to tickle—nothing less than royal, or, at least, right honourable jaws, will serve his turn. Which of all the parasites of court, would equal in devotion to the royal person, this noble-minded fish!

Of all the servants in which a monarch has to rejoice, none comes so near the sturgeon as the soldier. He is the sturgeon of the land. With what satisfaction must the King of the Dutchmen have listened in the morning to the account of the number slaughtered at Antwerp during his repose. "Gallant fish!" he would naturally exclaim, "had you lived, you should have had a cross!"

Daring Exploit.—Lord Londonderry's friends seem to be determined that his talent shall not be hid in a napkin. His great discovery in domestic economy—his new mode of expunging a nurse, was, as our readers will recollect, within a week after he had hit upon it, mentioned in every corner of the kingdom,—economists of all classes ought to be grateful for this hint. About a year ago the provincial critics expatiated considerably on the novel and dignified idea of getting up "*private* theatricals in high life," at Wynyard Park; and on "the rich vein of humour" which ran through his lordship's performance of Marmaduke Magog," the parish-constable and beadle: now, *his capacity of being carried,* by virtue of whip and

spur, upon post-horses, from London to Durham, in four-and-twenty hours, is condescendingly made known to an admiring public. The height to which his lordship's genius has arrived, will be seen by the following paragraph.

"QUICK TRAVELLING.—Lord Londonderry is stated to have been speaking one night, during the last sessions, in the House of Lords, and to have been at his own door in the county of Durham (250 miles) on the next." Like young Rapid—a character much in his line—the Marquis always contrives to "keep *moving*." It would be interesting to know what cattle he "paired off."

EDITORIAL AUDACITY.—The conductor of a weekly paper daringly asserted, a short time since, that "every body knows when he has a cold!"

INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT.—In a provincial print we find the following intelligence:—"RYE still *keeps up*, though daily in danger of a *decline;* but BARLEY remains in *a most languid state!*"—Poor Barley!—very unkind of Rye.

ANATOMICAL DISCOVERIES AT BRIGHTON.—For many years has the flourishing and aristocratical town of Brighton laboured under the disadvantage of possessing no heraldic arms; and its public documents have exhibited a sad plebeian appearance for the lack of some gentle device. The arms of Sussex had been lost. Various and ingenious were the speculations of antiquaries; but their labours, as usual, proved nothing. The late Mr. Lee, with a hardihood almost romantic, insisted on the adoption of the "Rose and Crown," as the legitimate insignia of the county; but these, alas! were proved to belong to EAST GRINSTEAD!

For a long time were the hopes of the Brightonians thus cruelly sported with; till at length it was the happy lot of WILLIAM BALCOMBE LANGRIDGE, ESQUIRE, LATE CLERK OF THE PEACE—after long and painful research, to discover and restore to his afflicted townsmen the long coveted treasures. The arms are now used in the public offices. But the good luck of the townsmen did not end here. Fortune, as though weary of persecuting them, not only restored their arms, but, as appears by the following paragraph, was yet more liberal.

"A *new* hell has lately been opened in Brunswick Square, under the management of a well-known *leg*."

Here, then, we find them making another step towards civilization. The last and most essential member, towards the formation of the body corporate, is, however, still wanting—they lack a head!—and it is said, that all the wit of the community cannot furnish *one!*

The nature of their leg can be pretty well understood. What their arms are, our correspondent has not informed us; but report says, that, as though in rivalry to the splendid ROSE AND CROWN of the East-Grinsteadians—those of the Brightonians are, the SHIN OF BEEF AND SADDLE-BAGS!

ARISTOCRACY IN THE OUTSKIRTS.—A scene was enacted the other day at Worship Street Police Office, in which Mr. Twyford and the beadle of Norton Falgate were the principal performers,—the other parts were filled up by some "low people," who had incurred the wrath of His Majesty of Norton Falgate, by selling fish to the poor about Shoreditch. It appears that in and near certain parts of the metropolis, where the "lower classes" form the majority, a sort of market is made up, and commodities are sold suitable to, and within the means of, the poorer inhabitants. By this traffic, a very industrious class of persons are enabled to keep their families from the parish, and themselves from idleness and crime. But such a state of things was highly reprehensible with the aristocracy of Hoxton Square and Bishopgate-Without. The gentility of Shoreditch and of the Hackney-Road felt shocked at the presumption of these humble tradesmen becoming independent of overseers and parish dignitaries—and, above all, the sensibility of the Beadle of Norton Falgate was too refined to endure the smell of fish!

Forthwith all these offenders, with their baskets, stalls, and commodities, were pounced upon by parish fiat—the posse of delinquents, escorted by the dignitary of Norton Falgate, wearing his gold-laced hat, and bearing his stick of office, were ushered for judgment into the presence of the sages of Worship Street.

The reader, who may be in the habit of reading police reports, will doubtless anticipate the justice these poor industrious people received. Some less enlightened individuals, however, might suppose that a worthy and humane magistrate would be delighted to find such a class of persons independent of parish assistance, and encourage them to continue their honest, praiseworthy exertions. No:—*they were all sent to jail!*

Humane and enlightened magistrates are they who soothe the sorrows of the poor. Poverty is hard to bear; but it is rendered lighter by commiseration and even borne cheerfully. But when honest industry is rewarded by contempt—when poverty is punished as a crime, the condition of the poor can be considered but little better than branded galley-slaves, doomed to toil and suffer without hope and without reward!

One poor fellow, who had served his country for many years as a soldier, complained bitterly of being ruined and sent to jail, for endeavouring to gain a livelihood for his six little children; but it availed him nought with the worthy justice, and the beadle of Norton Falgate.

"You must go to jail;—you have no right to sell fish!" exclaimed the humane magistrate.

"One half of which, *your worship, stinks!*" echoed, with equivocal emphasis, the waggish dignitary of Norton Falgate.

Fortunate poor! how ought you to congratulate yourselves on the destiny which has placed you under such considerate rulers—your industry protected—your exertions encouraged—your complaints patiently heard, and redress freely given. Happy country! happy people! that can boast a Shoreditch Solon—a Beadle of Norton Falgate!

COMPARISONS OF MURDER.—Few nations have acquired such a taste for the marvellous and the horrible as the English. The guillotine in its best days never possessed half the attraction amongst the Parisians that the new drop at Debtors' door does at the present moment in this enlightened capital. A murder of any *interest* is, beyond comparison, the most fascinating announcement of modern days. How many stony hearts of newspaper proprietors does it not soften with the pleasure of expected profit! To them, even a good fire, provided it be attended with loos of life, is a great relief; but a murder of unexampled atrocity at once increases their property twenty per cent. It is then that the abilities of the editor are brought into equal play with the fire engines. All the atrocities of the case are dressed up in his choicest style. All the "further particulars," "additional particulars," and "latest particulars" are insinuated under the choicest and most seductive variety of type. The Sunday placards appeal directly to the imagination, and many a reluctant sevenpence is elicited by their eloquence. Who could resist the following specimens?

Horrible Murder at Paisley!
Ditto ditto, under atrocious circumstances, at Gosport!!
Ditto ditto, peculiarly atrocious, at Enfield!!!
Ditto ditto, under circumstances of the most aggravated nature, at Manchester!!!!

The relative enormity of each is further aggravated by the ingenuity of typical illustration. Thus, Egyptian designates a case of rare ferocity; but few arrive at the dignity of black letter. Plain ROMAN CAPITALS convey a specimen little beyond child's play. Manslaughter sneaks in the most unobtrusive form; except during a great scarcity, when the appetite of the murder-loving public is whetted by a long fast,—then inferior cases are magnified, and the amateur on his Sunday-morning's walk, deluded by the typical importance of some vaunted atrocity, rushes forward with his tendered sevenpence, and finds to his inexpressible indignition that he has been cajoled of his coin by the mere murder of an obscure Irish tithe proctor!—an event, in his opinion, totally unworthy of commiseration or large type.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT BOTANY BAY.—Botany Bay is making rapid strides in the great march of improvement. The establishment of schools, improvement of roads, and facilities for conveyance are among the leading features of advance. In the article of wives, the colonists have lately received so abundant a supply from the mother country that it is calculated even widows will be shortly no rarity. Notwithstanding such promising appearances, the ancient habits of the settlers are not entirely relinquished,—we cling to the associations of our youth with a fond tenacity—hence, the gazette of New Sidney announces numerous convictions for "stealing in a dwelling-house." In some points, however, the colonists have improved. Intimation is benignantly afforded as to the fares for travelling by the mail, and a curious notification ensues:—"Evil-disposed persons are cautioned against crossing the road in front of said coach, which circumstance has several times occurred, to the great danger and annoyance of his

Majesty's mail, as also to the lives of passengers." Evil-disposed persons in this country generally employ themselves *behind* coaches rather than before them, as Lord Sandon testified the other day at the Police-office when he lost his portmanteau.

An advertisement of an Almanack reminds us strongly of the style of O'Connell—it is piquant yet forcible. The writer is evidently from the sister isle,—he tells us that all government announcements will be "given *at full length*, but in a *consolidated form*."—A work of three volumes has been printed at Sydney for the London market, and from it we find, that however aristocratical honours may be depreciated in England they are decidedly on the rise in Botany Bay, for the name of the printer is emblazoned on a shield, supported on either side by a FLAMINGO and a KANGAROO!

THE MARCH OF MILLINERS.—Not a line do we read but contains matter for instruction or astonishment. Every milliner furnishes a moral. If we are more amazed than taught the fault lies in our own dulness: yet we are sometimes tempted to believe that certain passages of our teachers would go far to puzzle a conjuror. To give an instance:—"For evening dress we must *quote* one very seasonable *parure*—a robe *ponceau baroge mousselaine de laine* over a petticoat of *penceau* satin. Madonna bands and hair without ornament, save a few *ponceau* velvet bows, and a pearl *agraffe*. *Dog-collar necklace round the throat of very large pearls.*" We confess our utter incompetence touching this paragraph. A dog-collar round the throat of a large pearl bothers us entirely. We have therefore submitted it to the learned Miss ———, who has pronounced it to be a beautiful specimen of the "unknown," and referred it to professor Irving. The professor has placed it before the elders and we wait the result with impatience.

LEADENHALL-STREET LEGISLATORS.—Overgrown chartered monopolists are the great enemies to improvement. They know the tenure of their property to be unjust, and they become more jealous of their fictitious rights in proportion as their claims become more generally questioned. The East Indies are a vast mart for capital and industry. There, the merchant, the agriculturalist, or the artisan, would find a boundless field for the exercise of talent and industry, and could the communication with England be shortened, no country presents greater inducement to the colonist. But the East India Company are aware that were such an object to be accomplished their empire would be at an end—that long voyages, large ships, and expensive establishments are their only safeguards; therefore every offer to facilitate our communication with the East encounters their serious opposition. Mr. Waghorn has proposed to establish an overland carriage which would accomplish in sixty or seventy days that which now occupies five or six months. The present ruler of Egypt would afford every facility: his great object is to enlighten his people; his late victories will render him sole master of Egypt, and render the journey to the Red Sea, heretofore beset with difficulty, comparatively of easy accomplishment. The British

Government have signified their wish to cooperate in a project, the advantages of which are so manifest; but the speculation is unpopular with the East India Company. *Of course it is!*

State of Science at Oxford.—Students are proverbialy poor and extravagant. Some amusing stories are related of Oxford scholars—of their difficulties, and the address by which they extricate themselves. Your wag generally turns his wit to account, and makes it a passport to other men's purses or kitchens. A full purse has created eternal friendship,—a well stocked larder has inspired the most devoted love. The following very smart specimen of Oxford wit has lately appeared in some of the weekly prints, the journalists having been evidently hoaxed by the cloistered wags of the University:—"Numerous depredations have of late been committed in the rooms of the young men of more than one of the Colleges of Oxford,—*principally* by the abstraction of *money* from their desks and drawers." Heaven help the poor thieves who endeavour to eke out a livelihood from such a scanty source! The fact is, the paragraph in question is a mere *ruse* to escape certain unpleasant interrogations as to "when it may be convenient," and so forth—and a very clever invention it is. But to make the poor thieves the cat's-paw,—if they were ever reduced to such a necessity it would make them turn honest men in despair. Thieves may be very ingenious gentlemen; but it would puzzle a thief to rob a scholar.

Alarming Invasion.—It was with feelings of a most painful kind that we received the intelligence that another and more extensive horde of lawyers are about this year to be let loose upon society. No fewer than 30,000 have, it seems, qualified themselves for plunder, and many have already commenced their trade. For what wise purpose of Providence, the Crocodile and Shark are allowed to infest the waters is beyond the reach of human sagacity, and that lawyers should be permitted to prey upon society without check or limit, is equally incomprehensible. Four-fifths are unable—even supposing they had the inclination—to gain an honest livelihood: they are obliged therefore to promote misfortune amongst their fellow-creatures that their own gain may be insured. In trade, when competition is great, the public are the gainers—in law the principle is reversed, the greater the number of lawyers, the greater the amount of misery. We laugh at the poor Spaniards—we call them an infatuated priest-ridden race! but habit has rendered familiar our own rapacious task-masters. The priest takes his tithe and is content; but who ever satisfied a lawyer? We grumble at taxation, we fight with the clergy for their tithe, we pray against plague, pestilence and famine, and yet we tolerate lawyers, the greatest curse of all.

Britsh Glory.—Thrift, unholy thrift, has been the curse of this country, Gain has been our triumph—gold our idol. By its means we have raised ourselves to what has been called the pinnacle of prosperity; but as surely does it contain the seeds of our destruc-

tion. We have overthrown kingdoms to build them up anew—we have unseated tyrants to place others in their room—we have slaughtered millions of our fellow men—we have caused an amount of misery which no imagination can conceive, and we have tickled ourselves into the belief that this is Glory! And by whom has this amount of Glory been won? By our present wretched and starving poor! Our mechanics, our artisans, our labourers of all classes, our wives, children, and infants—their toil has produced the means of our national Glory—they who have worked at the loom, the mill, and the factory. With them have originated the crosses, the titles, the honours—without them all the lords in the land could never have destroyed a nation, or massacred a people!

And now that the glory has somewhat faded, let us peep behind our tinsel trappings and see the result—a starving population, and a debt more than the property of the nation can repay. If you wish a further insight into the causes of our national prosperity, look at the reports of the Factory committee—look at it well, all you that lavish money on Bible associations, and weep tears of joy at the reported conversion of a savage. You may possibly be brought to believe that objects nearer home have some claim on your sympathy and regard. The frightful details which have been brought to light in these dens of suffering and iniquity, could in no other nation find a parallel. None could contemplate such degradation but a soul-debased money-loving set. The heathen glories in the tender mercies of the scalping knife and tomahawk; but to undermine the moral and religious feelings, to prostrate the physical strength, to charge the brow of youth with the cares of age, to subdue the buoyancy of childhood by the whip of the task-master, to dim the sunny days of infancy with toil and tears is the glory of the British manufacturer!

Peculiar Distress.—The following announcement has been extensively circulated by the newspapers:—

"Insolvent.—Mr.—(we omit the name,)—of Drury-Lane Theatre came up from the King's Bench on Tuesday, and passed the Insolvent Debtors' Court!"

We protest against this pompous heralding of private misfortune. What is there extraordinary in any gentleman of Drury-lane, or of any similar establishment, creeping through the loop-holes of the law, which the humanity of the legislature has introduced especially for the relief of the oppressed. It will hardly be believed that this gifted individual when at Drury-lane was not in the receipt of more than 8*l.* or 10*l.* per week! How could any actor, even of inferior capacity, exist on so paltry a stipend? Fortunately for the managers this disgraceful fact was not generally known at the time, or there can be little doubt but that they would have been visited with the indignation of a justly incensed public. What is there extraordinary then in this individual adopting the course he has? Actors are an ill-used race. The best of them does not gain more than 50*l.* per night, and considering the brandy and water they drink, it is not a

stiver too much. Few gain more than 30*l.* per week, and the misery entailed by such poverty is truly afflicting. The Insolvent Act seems to be introduced especially for their benefit. More than four-fifths of their unfortunate profession have been at different times reduced to the necessity of adopting this unpopular way of paying their debts. To be sure a few of them fancy such a process disreputable, and therefore avoid the necessity by singing at the chapel of some foreign ambassador. Such delicate disinclination to take advantage of the Insolvent Court cannot be too highly commended.

Condescension of the Comet.—We find by the daily papers that the Comet is now to be seen a little above the horizon; but as such a direction is rather vague, and as our luminous friend will not be tied by his tail to any particular spot, his card of address is given, and the route of his wonderings *clearly* pointed out. He is at home any odd evening about half-past eight "in the constellation Cancer, forming a triangle with Pollux in Gemini, and Procyon in Canis Minor;" and he may be met with about ten, "midway between Pollux and Regulus in Leo!"

Nothing can be more clear than this. It must be evident to one of the "meanest capacity."

Dutch Discretion.—Old Chassé, the terror of Frenchmen, and the glory of "Mynheer Nick Frog," has proved that he possesses the better part of valour—discretion. He has chosen comfortable quarters in France, safe from bombs and bullets. A short time since we spoke somewhat in disparagement of his Dutch Majesty, conceiving that he had acted the part of a cruel despot, to whom the lives of his fellow-men were as nothing in comparison with a certain diabolical feeling called revenge. Upon reflection, however, the conduct of the king of the Dutch will admit of milder interpretation. From a false feeling of honour, he might think it necessary to defend the fortress; but to render the affair less sanguinary, he appoints an old gentleman to the command, who notwithstanding an imposing warrior-like blustering, is one of the kindest and most peaceful of men. He has a just horror of the demoniac spirit of war, and moreover knows how to take care of himself as well as any Dutchman, that ever ensconsed himself behind a dyke.

"The apartment in which General Chassé lately lived was at one end of a casement fronting the south, and *not exposed much* to the fire of the French. It is situate at the end of the *provision* store, and near a *pump*. There was nothing of value remaining, yet some persons, in their eagerness, sought even a slight memorial of the spot in which the old General *heard* so many thousand shells bursting around him. The ground and the ramparts are ploughed up; broken shells, cannon balls, and wrecks of houses are scattered amidst walls devastated by fire. Yet *the provision store had received but one shell.* There were several hundred barrels of *provisions, bread* in abundance,

and the *pumps* in the casemates were untouched. *The chapel is a striking ruin!"*

The old gentleman's position here is strongly marked! He is a man after our own heart,—he keeps his eye on the bread-basket. Naturalists should class a Dutchman amongst the crustaceous order of animals,—place a specimen on the top of a tower or on dry land, and he feels as strange as a Dutch plaice in a pipkin; but only let him make his way into a ditch, and it would be a bold Frenchman that would stop his floundering.

Among the more important consequences of the surrender of the citadel, we find the following announced in the list of fashionable departures,—"Some noblemen and officers of the Guards left London for the scene of hostilities, the moment intelligence had arrived that the *firing had ceased!"*

MILITARY PROMOTION.—We are informed by the Horse Guards intelligence, that "Lord Sussex Lennox, has *sold his company* in the 7th Fusileers to Lord H. F. Chichester." Lord *William* Lennox, if we recollect right, *sold his company,* some time ago to Miss Paton—at—what was her salary?—and a precious bargain she made of it.

LOVE OF PLACE.—The following announcement is rater interesting:—"ISLE OF MAN.—Lieutenant Governor *Smelt,* the *sole* governor of the island since the death of the Duke of Athol, departed this life on Thursday week, at his residence, Castle Rushen, at Castletown. His successor is Colonel *Ready!"*—Poor Governor *Smelt,* it seems, has exchanged his *sole* Governorship for a better *place;* but there never was Governor yet, whether of *man* or beast, that had not a Colonel Ready to step into his shoes!

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

GOLDEN RULES FOR CIGAR-SMOKERS. BY THE EDITOR OF THE CIGAR. LONDON: T. RICHARDSON. 1833.

THIS gentleman, "the Editor of the Cigar," has long been the acknowledged potentate of puffers. In the very elegant little book before us, he has recorded, with much liveliness of style, the results of his experience as "a glow-worm." The work must needs prove exceedingly acceptable to those who are desirous of selecting Havannahs with judgment, and smoking them with taste.

ROSCOE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.—DON QUIXOTE, VOL. 1, 8VO.

EVERY one ought to have a copy of Don Quixote; and those who do not possess such a desideratum, cannot do better than buy the present edition; for it is not only the cheapest, but the best in every respect. It is enriched with notes by Lockhart and Roscoe; and with cuts by Cruikshank and Meadows. It is pleasant to see such artists working in couples; to find Cruikshank—not George the Fifth, as the Tories have called him, but George the Great—thus allowing a junior rival elbow-room in his own palace. George's etchings are exquisite; and the fancy portrait of Quixote, by his fellow-labourer, is a striking likeness; to say the truth, it ought to be; for the artist, to our knowledge, has been well acquainted with the Don these twenty years.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GERMAN LIFE. IN 2 VOLS.

WE do not like the name given to this collection of tales. They are not Lights and Shadows of German Life. The title is calculated to mislead those who, having "supped full of horrors" at the table of Hoffman, or La Motte Fouqué, have no longer any appetite for a third course of the same highly-flavoured dishes.

It is but justice, however, to the present work, to state, that we have not heretofore seen any of the tales here presented to us,—some of which have considerable merit; which does not appear to have been injured by translation. In a lighter style than the generality of German stories, are "The Military Campaigns of a Man of Peace," which remind us, but very slightly, of The Adventures of the Army Chaplain, by the inimitable Jean Paul.

A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE WESLEY FAMILY.

A VERY interesting publication; especially to those who observe the tenets of this great divine, and founder of Arminian methodism.

THE MINSTREL, AND OTHER POEMS. BY JAMES VANSOMME.

WE must congratulate Mr. James Vansomme on having achieved two hundred and thirty-one pages of verse—his industry deserves commendation—we can appreciate it. Mr Vansomme may congratulate *himself* on having written some very pretty verses, which, we dare say, he does, and will, without our advice. "The Minstrel" is unpretending, and, therefore, to our minds acceptable; and the "other poems" unobtrusive and pleasing.

THE HOUSE OF COLBERG. BY T. J. SERLE.

MR. SERLE is the well-known author of an admirable play called "The Merchant of London." It was exceedingly well received, which had emboldened the author to this second attempt. The tragedy has not been so successful on the stage; but as a work it is inferior to few of modern times.

THE ITALIAN EXILE IN ENGLAND. BY COUNT PECCHIO.

This volume is written with remarkable power and spirit, by a very able and intelligent man, whose patriotism and noble endeavours to free his own country from the thrall that binds her, has driven him to seek an asylum in this. His observations upon our manners and customs are racy and pleasant; and, while his good-nature and attachment to our soil frequently lead him into excessive admiration of things which boast in reality no particular excellence, his sketches are well drawn, and in strict accordance with truth. We may be allowed, perhaps, to introduce the count to the reader, in his

own person, and we have no doubt he will be found to be an exceedingly shrewd and entertaining fellow. Thus he speaks upon a point, of which his misfortunes, and experience, have unhappily, too well qualified him to judge:—

"In London, as in almost all the country towns, there is a society, which has for its object, to provide a lodging for the houseless. Where is this wonder, then, if England is herself the asylum of all the unfortunate? Venice, in her days of glory, was the sanctuary of all the oppressed, whether by kings, by princes, by republics, by popes, or by anti-popes. England, which in the importauce of its commerce, and its dominion over the sea, is the Venice of our times, displays the same universal hospitality. Either from justice, or from policy, or from a sentiment of generosity, and a feeling of her power, she collects under her vast ægis all the conquered and the wrecked, whoever they may be. There is scarcely a single nation in Europe which is not her debtor for protection afforded, at one time or another, to a number of its people."

In a livelier tone he remarks with great accuracy upon a disposition which we think might have been generally applied to all mankind, but that the habit grows with indulgence:—

"The English people are greedy of novelty; childish in this alone, they make no great distinction between good and bad—they want only what is *new*. They pay for the magic lantern, and pay well, but they always want fresh figures."

Paganini, the Siamese twins, the spotted boy, Taglioni, Robert Montgomery, the learned pig, and other extravaganzas, cry amen! to this. One other extract, and we leave the count to the liberal consideration of the public:

"The young women of England, under a stormy and inconsistent sky, have hearts and minds peaceful and serene, always equable, and always docile. My amiable countrywomen, under a heaven perpetually smiling, have hearts and minds continually in a tempest. The former are educated for quiet and domestic felicity;—everything conduces to this end, the order and system of their lives, the simplicity of their food, the climate, compelling them to live in-doors, all tend to soften, or set to sleep, their passions. While the latter, animated by the continual sight of the world, stimulated by a thousand objects, now treated tyrannically, now over-careful, carried to the theatres and crowded streets, and educated to give vent to their passions, brought up, only, to be haughty and spirited. A true and excellent comparison of the English women and the Italian, may be found in the 'Corinna' of Madame de Stael. Corinna, all fancy, all impulse, all love of glory, was unhappy, and would have made her English lover unhappy, had she married him. Lucia, instead, all good sense, sweetness, modesty, and filial affection. was happy in her obscurity, and promised happiness to her husband. Lucia, after spending two hours of the morning in painting a beautiful rose, satisfied and contented, shuts it up in her portfolio. Corinna is dissatisfied and discontented with her talent, unless she declaims a hymn, and receives thunders of applause from thousands of auditors."

Letters of Sir Walter Scott.

These letters are edited by the Rev. R. Polwhele, and chiefly addressed to him. Every thing associated with the name, habits, or propensities of a great man bears a certain interest. We love to know what dish he relished, what coloured coat he wore, if he went to bed and rose like other people, yawned and stretched when he was somnolent, danced when he was gay,

and swore when he was angry: his every action becomes public property. We demand a thorough description of him, and must be, somehow or other, indulged. If the immortal bird from whose wing any one quill was filched with which he wrote any one line, could be identified, we should proclaim at once a solemn exhibition of the same, appoint a committee to consider the propriety and expediency of embalming it, and forthwith consecrate it a formidable rival to the cackling preservers of Rome itself.

While we welcome these letters as being Sir Walter's, we cannot but marvel at the manifest independence of delicacy exhibited by the Rev. R. Polwhele, in thus publishing matter mainly respecting himself; wherein he and his poem, "Local Attachment," figure in most amiable colouring; and the confessed plagiarism of Sir Walter from the said poem is touched upon with such kindly and parental vanity. The reverend gentleman omits no opportunity of advertising himself;—as the gratifying fact, that "Archdeacon Nares was much pleased with my review of Marmion in the British Critic," will amply shew. The republication of a review of a poem of his, entitled "Fair Isabel," which we confess we never heard of till this day, is a masterly step in the art of book-making. We may mention also the reproduction of an "Autobiographical memoir of Sir Hussey Vivian," as a considerable move in that art, the particular connexion between which and letters of Sir Walter Scott we are puzzled to discern. On the whole, this volume, deriving interest only from its association with that great name, can be perused only with that feeling; and the reverend editor must rest satisfied that he has done his best to render the reputation of his friend subservient to his own vanity and interest.

HINTS TO A FASHIONABLE MOTHER. BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

A very useful work, and dedicated to a quarter where female education, with a view to the prospects and character of women, is shamefully neglected. Advice of this nature cannot fail to be beneficial.

FRENCH WINES AND POLITICS. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

ANOTHER of Miss Martineau's illustrations of political economy, admirably written with the same philanthropic, and though we differ with Miss Martineau on some considerable points, we cannot be blind to the excellence of her intentions; to the ardour of which, rejecting a certain judgment, may be attributed, we imagine, our dissent.

THE WESTERN CORONAL. BY MRS. CHILD.

A COLLECTION of pieces by the well-known authoress of various works for children, prose and verse; remarkably pretty, and written with great elegance and feeling.

THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN.

WE think it had been better for the reputation of the author of "Chartley the Fatalist," and the "Robbers," if the "Invisible Gentleman" had never made his appearance. He is a personage for whom we can feel no possible interest: an individual, in short, whose only claim to our respect is the facility he possesses of withdrawing his person from our presence so expeditiously, and in so summary a manner, that barring or kicking him out is quite unnecessary. We rarely remember to have met with a less prepossessing or more intolerable young man. A joke he hardly seems to understand, much more wishes to execute; and it is our opinion, be it known, he

who cannot relish a joke is a barbarian, bad in heart, and destitute of every fine and noble sentiment.

The supernatural, it is our belief, can never be rendered familiar; deprive it of its mystery, and all interest in it is gone. The magician's wand—the mystic circle of the demon—the witches' broom-stick (an heir-loom in all wizard families of any standing and respectability)—and all the solemn abracadabra of sorcery, are indispensable adjuncts to, and promoters of, an interest, which, without them, undoubtedly could not exist. A naturalized witch would be of all things a being most absurd and contemptible: take her from her moors, pare her nails, and employ sundry bars of soap upon her, and at the best she will make but a bearable domestic; the demon, after the same fashion, from his early addiction to ignious pursuits, might possibly be converted into a tolerable cook; but in general these anomalous species are irreducible to common and every-day action—they must be left to the wilds and woods, there to work their deadly purposes alone.

The story of the 'Invisible Gentleman,' such as it is, and which might, perhaps, have formed an entertaining paper in a Magaxine, runs thus. A young gentleman acquires by the application of an ointment to his ears, the marvellous power of rendering himself invisible at pleasure; throughout, however, those ears themselves, of frightful longitude, are fearfully conspicuous. Much consternation ensues, therefore, among the family with which he is residing, and divers and multifarious arrests, duellings, quarrels, upbraidings, wonderings, regrets, and sorrowings, are the result; for in his fits of absence, when he shuffles off his mortal coil, he shifts himself so ill, and contrives to exhibit feats so little becoming his state of invisibility, that he gets little better than buffets for his pains. It should be mentioned, a pale-faced stranger invests him with this power, who, afterwards, is introduced to the reader as a fat yeoman, by name John Bull. Whether our author implies here a political renovation of 'glorious John,' we know not, but certainly it is a 'consummation devoutly to be wished.' Of this materiel we think something might have been made, but we are bound to say our author has created but indifferent amusement from it. The other personages are drawn according to the best models of 'our old masters'—models which have flourished from time immemorial, and which again and again will be inflicted upon us, so long as fine gentlemen continue to think scrawling over a ream of paper pleasant pastime, and entitles them to the distinction of 'literary characters.' A squire, a nabob, a brace of damsels, and a booby, are the unfailing stock upon which your novelist sets up in trade, which, with a reinforcement of old maids, bluestockings, illiterate porters, and chamber-girls, do wonders; the writer is straightway in in the mouths of half the fops and duns in London.

We now leave these volumes to the public; admonishing the author to avoid with scrupulous anxiety the flippancy and imbecility of style miscalled ease, adopted by too many of our modern novelists. To make a great deal out of nothing is very well for a man of genius, but the general writer had far better provide himself with a sound plot, and thereby ensure interest, than string together a series of chapters bearing little affinity to each other, and possessing, moreover, no particular excellence to recommend them.

THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE:—THE GHOST HUNTER AND HIS FAMILY.

IT is to be expected that the public will welcome, no less than we ourselves do, the promise that the present work holds out, which appears replete, not only with absolute benefit, but with real mental enjoyment to both of us, in, we hope, many forthcoming monthly volumes.

We thank heartily, and in good earnest, Mr. Ritchie, as well for the treat he proposes for us, as for the spirit he has shewn in attempting to break

up a monopoly that has served the purpose for so long, of enriching one or two Booksellers at the expense of what are somewhat gratuitously termed, the reading classes.

In truth, our posset has been drugged too long with most baleful extracts from the brains of creatures who in any other age, or to speak openly, in any other state of the market, had not dared to inflict, even to disgust and loathing, their noisome trash upon us. The time is surely fast coming, when we may anticipate that our messenger, charged to call at the Circulating library, shall not bring forth, in the shape of a neat octavo, a lethargic, self-acting, slumber machine, "to steep the senses in forgetfulness," For, let us reveal, we know what is good, and, unlike Bottom the weaver, do not reject the "new nuts" of the fairy Queen, or the queen of romance, or any other spouse of a royal master. We would not "rather have a handful or two of dried peas."

Therefore, do we hail and give greeting to Mr. Banim's excellent tale, the first of the series entitled, "The Ghost-hunter." We know not how long it is since we have read anything half so interesting or so well written. Those who delight in scenes of real, yet humble life, and in true and natural delineation; they who revel in romance, and take pleasure in coquetry, will be equally amused and gratified to their hearts' content. As an Irish story, it is, without doubt, excellent. The characters are drawn boldly, and conducted with considerable skill through the various channels of the tale; the females are full-length portraits from the life, and true and womanly in every respect. The plot of the tale (but this is holy ground, and must not be profaned) is, in its way, admirable.

To conclude;—we are on the tenter-hooks of impatience till the hour of the new month come round, when we shall welcome "Schinderhannes," by Mr. Ritchie.

We hope that this work will meet with that full and entire success which such an undertaking in every respect deserves.

Four Letters to the Bishop of London. By Thomas Curtis.

The subject upon which these letters are written is one of the greatest possible importance and moment, and is treated by the Rev. Gentleman with commensurate earnestness and ability. Why continued alteratious, intentional and other departures from the authorized standard "of 1611," are permitted to disfigure the holy Book upon which our religion is grounded, we are at a loss to determine. It is absolutely necessary that there should be some arbitrary standard, the observance of which the legislature should enforce in the University issues of the Bible. Mr. Curtis has sufficiently shewn by numberless examples, the negligent and most reprehensible manner in which that sacred book has been published of late;—typographical errors in abundance;—and it is high time, we think, the Right Rev. Prelate to whom these letters are addressed, interfered and took effectual measures against their recurrence. We can recommend with great confidence these letters to the perusal of all.

Geography in all Ages. London, 1832.

We never remember to have seen a work so fully answering its purpose—more extended in its views—more admirable in its arrangement—and more complete in its execution than the present. Geography, attractive to every eye, is here thoroughly mathematical, physical, and political, in a form the most pleasing, colloquial, clear, and definite, presented to the student. Historical particulars concerning it from its earliest cultivation by the Assyrians and Egyptians, to the time of Charles the Fifth of Germany, are treated of with a fidelity and simplicity much to be commended. The bye-ways,

rugged nnd abrupt, sinuous and intricate, wearying and perplexing, that distract and amaze the searcher after knowledge in his first essay, are by such hands as the author of this work, rendered easy and accommodating—he is, as it were, a social companion on the road—an easy intelligent fellow, in the midst of whose stories we find ourselves at the end of our journey, and only grieve we have no further fellowship. The grave mysterious doctor makes more blockheads than ever he will discoveries, and contrives more to obstruct the way with doubts than ever his wisdom will serve to remove again.

Our author thus describes his motives and views in his preface ;—

" The great principles upon which Geography ought to be studied, so as to become auxiliary to the momentous purposes of individual improvement and social utility, the events which, transpiring in successive ages, have materially influenced the political state of the world, and subserved the progressive advancement of the knowledge of its diversified empires and inhabitants ; the distinctive natural features, the internal economy, the religious creed, the natural characteristics of the different countries of the old and new continents, and the probable effect of those mighty moral agencies which are now in operation in almost every region, and in almost every variety of the human race—the author has endeavoured to describe and to illustrate, as far as his abilities would permit, and as his limits would allow."

We regret our limits will hardly allow us to say more of this excellent work—it is unapproachably, without question, the most perfect of its kind yet published. It is impossible in a cursory review of its contents, to distinguish errors, which in a work so elaborate, must necessarily have found place ; but, even from the imperfect examination of it, which its magnitude and our time would permit, we may with satisfaction pronounce it a most invaluable composition of ancient and modern Geographical knowledge.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The busy seed-season of Lent is hastily approaching, and great exertions are making on all hands to put the lands into a befitting state of preparation. We have, in our late Reports, described the state of the heavy and clay lands, from the continued mildness and moisture of the season, rendering it either altogether impracticable or useless to ventnre upon them with the plough or cart teams, for the purposes of sowing and manuring, or winter fallowing. Thence the lateness of the wheat-seed season upon so great a part of the heavy lands, on a certain part of which it has been found impracticable to get the wheat in ; consequently, such lands remain over year, waiting a favourable change of the weather, either to be sown with wheat or a spring crop, should that be deemed more eligible. The weather, however, has continued in the same state of moisture until within these few days, and similar difficulties are experienced in fallowing for the Spring crops, the sowing of which must either be late or imperfectly performed, particularly with respect to drilled crops, unless a favourable change of the weather shortly supervene. Of this we entertain some hopes from the experience of the last three or four days, during which the frost, though far enough from severe, has been continuous ; and should it fortunately last during two or three weeks, the lands above referred to will be dried and rendered friable, and in a fit state for stirring, weeding, manuring, and receiving the spring seeds in good time.

The constant moisture of the atmosphere during Autumn and since, has revived among the farmers the old dispute of to which plan the preference is due in a wet season, autumnal ploughing and fallowing the lands, or leaving

them unploughed and whole until after Christmas. We have never seen cause to recede from our early opinion. The labour of working and cleaning light lands is absolutely trifling, compared with that indispensable to the wet and heavy; thence the former may be left whole throughout the winter without risk. Not so the latter, which requires so much more labour and length of time, and is so difficult of access in wet weather, that with it time should be taken by the forelock. Under whatever circumstances of weather, heavy lands should be broken up in the Autumn, the earlier the better, and laid up in narrow ridges to be furrow-drained, or in case of frost and dry weather, that the greatest possible extent of soil may receive the benefit and improvement most desirable for it. The advantage of this practice will be apparent in early Spring, and fullly appreciated by the farmer, in the improved and ready state of the lands for the remaining operations. The difference of climate, or as Marshal, were he living, would phrase it, *climature*, between ours and that of the opposite continent, the smallness of the distance between them considered, is remarkable. Whilst the rivers in Holland and Belgium have been already frozen to hackney-coach proof, the frosts in our country have been scarcely severe enough to cover the surface of a brook with ice of half-a-crown thickness.

Little of novelty presents in respect to the growing crops. In some districts the later sown wheats have got a-head of the early sown; in others, the former were scarcely above ground on the commencement of the present month, and had not the season been unseasonably mild, they would not have appeared to greet the new year. For the most part, however, this important crop is luxuriant and promising, suffering from no enemy but the slug, which in some instances, fortunately bnt few, has made a tremendous havoc. In an excursion during last month, we were informed by a farmer of a seven acred piece of wheat, the thickest on the ground, and the finest in the vicinity, devoured in numberless spots by those vermin, as if fed off by sheep. As an experiment to try the efficacy of a remedy long and often recommended, a top-dressing of lime and soap-ashes was carted upon the land. The young clovers and artificial grasses generally are so forward and luxuriant, that frost of any severity or length will be nearly fatal to them. The little clover-seed which has been thrashed fully sanctions the opinion of the goodness of that crop, whilst sainfoin proves generally defective both in quantity and quality. To the unexpected great improvement in the turnip crop, which we noted in our last, may be added the present prevailing opinion, that it is now clear of danger from the rot. The quantity of keep abroad, where, from the mildness of the season, live stock has been generally supported with the aid of a small quantity of hay, has economized both that crop and the turnips to the degree of putting an end to all apprehension of a scarcity of food in the Spring, a piece of good fortune of no slight consequence to stock-feeders, considering the scarcity and general bad quality of the straw, so great a part of it blighted, musty, and calculated rather to injure than benefit the cattle fed upon it. Even in the north of Scotland the season has hitherto proved so mild, as to offer no interruption to the operations of husbandry, which are generally in a state of great forwardness. The slight frosts they have had proved very beneficial to the turnips, by preventing them from running to flower, and preserving them sound and nutritious; but that crop to the northward of the Tweed has not experienced a resurrection equal to that of ours in the south. The crop of turnips in Scotland, however it may have preserved its quality, is said to be so defective, that considerable quantities of potatoes will be required in the Spring as cattle food. The complaint seems general, that the low price of this now indispensable root returns no profit, notwithstanding the considerably reduced growth of last season. The Scotch farmers are fully stocked with cattle, in consequence of a resolution among them not to comply with the low and ruinous

prices offered for stores in the Autumn; and their speculation affords a probability of success, since cattle, and sheep particularly, wear the appearance of a rising market. As to the latter, they have not not done well in England, excepting upon the driest grounds, the constant moisture of the atmosphere, ever inimical to sheep, giving rise to the apprehension of a new edition of the rot. We hear nothing yet of the early lambing season. The hop trade continues dull for the reason assigned in our last, and if wool be rather more inquired after, we hear of no advance of price; should an advance take place, it would speedily be met by an importation from the continent. Pigs continue to fetch a good price, and the speculation is, that horses of the superior kinds, from their never-failing paucity, will be worth even more money than during the last season.

The old story is still current, of a larger breadth of wheat sown than in any former season, with the addition that, the motive most prevalent with the farmers, is the large sum with which that crop furnishes them. The fall of price, and stagnation in the wheat market before Christmas, that most expensive and rent-paying season, was a heavy blow upon the country, already ruinously depressed. Considerable loss and inconvenience were also experienced by the obligation to use the flail, a slow mode of taking advantage of the market at a critical time. We need not wonder that all letters from the country are querulous and desponding, the case of the majority of those engaged in agriculture, is really lamentable; its causes, to those who know and reflect—obvious; the crisis—inevitable. In the meantime, they who are engaged, can do no otherwise than quit, or wait the event.

Let no British farmer delude himself with the vain expectation of new laws in opposition to the import of bread-corn. It has ever been periodically necessary, and from the vast increase of population, it is now, and probably must continue, indispensable. We have listened to certain high-flown declarations about growing corn enough for the consumption of the country, could the growers be assured of a remunerating price. But how stood the matter when wheat was seven or eight pounds per quarter? We, however, should rejoice to witness such a noble attempt, the first and best step towards which would be clearing our land from weeds, and growing corn in their stead. As to the necessary process for removing this expensive nuisance, our language affords the best and most instructive book on the subject, and universally known, though it be more than a century old. Its practice has long, though *partially*, been adopted by our best and most successful cultivators. Neither the names nor nature of weeds are of one farthing consequence; their existence is the matter at issue.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s.* 0*d.* to 3*s.* 8*d.*—Mutton, 2*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.* 0*d.*—Veal, 3*s.* 0*d.* to 4*s.* 8*d.*—Pork, 3*s.* 4*d.* to 5*s.* 0*d.*

Game at Leadenhall nearly the same as last month.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 44*s.* to 64*s.*—Barley, 22*s.* to 34*s.*—Oats, 15*s.* to 24*s.*—London Loaf, 4lb. 6*d.* to 8½*d.*—Hay, 60*s.* to 84*s.*—Clover ditto, 70*s.* to 100*s.*—Straw, 28*s.* to 32*s.*

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool 15*s.* to 20*s.* per ton.

Middlesex, Jan. 21.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

The continuation of the Cruikshank paper is in type: but articles on topics of a more temporary nature, compel us to postpone it until next month. We are sorry to see our kind critics calling George *a Caricaturist:* he does not deserve so mean a character. He certainly has done caricatures; but the majority of his graphic achievements are as true to nature as those of Wilkie or Hogarth. This, in our next number, we shall prove.

From the Author of "The Cave Song," and another very promising piece of poetry, we shall be glad to hear again. Would we could say as much to forty or fifty of our other rhyming correspondents!

What is E. B. doing? We expected, ere this, to have heard from him again.—We have two Edinburgh correspondents; both of whom we are inclined to cherish. The communication of one, we have, as he will see, already rendered available. The other, who gives us a very natural idea of one of De Vega's fellow dramatists, shall speedily be afforded "a clear stage, *and no favour*"—at least to him.

K. K., as well our beloved personal condiment—the antagonist to pepper—and the gentleman "in French Convulsions," were each either too late or too long.

Rosa Crookshank—shall we call you Mistress or Miss?—Your paper never reached us. Our change of publisher, arising from a change of proprietorship, *but not a change of principles*, has probably occasioned the calamity. We will make further inquiries; and, in the mean time, will promise to peruse any thing you may send us—your name is such a spell! George, by-the-bye, substitutes UI for the double O. How is this?

The MSS. entrusted to Mr. T. H. by H. M., were not "made over to us:" but we will institute an inquiry respecting them.

Of the paper by H. H., entitled "The web is wove," we know nothing at all: it shall, however, be sought for.

G. A. is inexperienced, but possessed of some talent. Let us see some more of his Views of Rural Life in Scotland. He strives at too much effect.

T. E. M. is not quite up to the mark yet. He may, however, "try again." We know nothing about any of his MSS. except the last.

Mr. Gough's two Poems have not reached the present Editor: of course the gentlemen preserves copies; therefore, no loss to the human race can have been sustained.

A. R. G. can have no reply *left at the Publisher's*. We cannot make Mr. Tilt a postman: he has quite enough to do already. If people will not give us their addresses, we cannot give them answers. *No communication whatever may ever be expected from our Publisher.*

From W. M. we shall not feel, by any means, insulted to hear.

"The Spanish Ladies" is not bad enough to reject, yet not quite good enough to accept. The Author, we opine, can do better. Let him try.

Mr. Mc. Caul's papers never came into possession of the present publisher or editor.

"Some Gentleman," hangs fire, owing we presume, to the "abrupt incident alluded to in his last paper. A ten pound note is left for him at Tilt's.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

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ABSURDITY OF CAPT. BACK'S ARCTIC ENTERPRIZE, AND OF THE PROPOSED EXPEDITION BY SEA.

THE various attempts of our scientific navigators, who in recent years have gone forth to break the icy barriers of the north-west passage to the shores of the Americas, have yet produced no result beyond the very amusing volumes which detail the adventures of Parry, Franklin, and the other enterprizing spirits who have pierced the recesses of the Polar Seas and Regions. For very many years the attention of the public has been at intervals engaged with the buzz of preparation for the departure of expedition after expedition; and, though all hope of substantial commercial advantage to be derived from the discovery of a north-west passage, has long since passed away, it is yet creditable to the British, that for purposes purely geographical, large sums have been cheerfully expended:—"the nation of shop-keepers" is always in the van to promote the extension of the domains of science.

Enough has been discovered of the Polar regions, to prove that, in the event of a discovery of a passage, no regular use could be made of that icy track of navigation; and before many years, the completion of a canal or railway across the Isthmus of Panama, by cutting off a navigation of ten thousand miles round Cape Horn, will form the long-desired communication with the shores of the Pacific, and supersede the necessity of a precarious and dangerous passage by the Polar Sea. Still, to this wealthy and magnanimous nation, it is undoubtedly an object worthy of very considerable expenditure, to complete the geographical theory of the earth—to solve the mysteries of the polarity of the needle—to examine the vegetable and mineral productions of the Polar world—and to carry the lights of christianity and civilization to the roaming natives of those dismal and solitary regions.

It has therefore been with no ordinary interest, that we have watched the progress of the late subscriptions for the equipment of

an expedition in search of the gallant and enterprizing Captain Ross and his brave companions. And if in the exercise of our duty to the public, we think it expedient to point out the inefficiency of the plans proposed, assuredly it arises from no want of sympathy and deep interest in the fate of our enterprizing countrymen, now perhaps pining in the agonies of famine, and "hope deferred."

The principal members of the land expedition have, we believe, already embarked at Liverpool for New York; and it is presumed that they will arrive at Montreal, the real starting-point, on the 10th of April. The route to be then pursued, is the usual one for the fur-traders in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company, by the Autaway, French River, the Great Lakes, and Lake Winnepeg, to the Great Slave Lake, which comprizes a distance of two thousand five hundred miles from Montreal. This point is expected to be reached *in the middle of July;* and at the Great Slave Lake, Indian guides and hunters will be engaged to accompany the party to the Great Fish River, which falls into the Polar Sea, and is about three hundred miles, at that point, from the wreck of the Fury. The mode of travelling upon the Lakes, is by canoes of birch-bark; but at Cumberland-House, one of the four stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, the party will embark in battaux, which are better adapted for conveying the provisions, tents, ammunition, and stores. The chief dependence for food, will consist of pemmekan, or the dried flesh of buffaloes or rein-deer, with such game as may be procured upon the way.

The expedition will winter at the Great Fish River; and previously to retiring to quarters, Captain Back proposes to proceed, for a limited distance down the river, in a light canoe, with eight well-armed companions, in the hope of obtaining some information respecting Captain Ross and his companions, from the Esquimaux.

In the ensuing spring, the whole party will proceed down the river to the wreck of the Fury, which is *supposed* to lie about three hundred miles from the spot: though it appears that the course of this river has never yet been explored, and insuperable obstacles may perhaps intervene, to defeat the entire purpose of the project. Should the party, however, succeed in reaching the wreck of the Fury, and no trace of Captain Ross be there discoverable, it will then be necessary for Captain Back and his companions to retrace their steps to the winter-quarters at the Great Fish River; and in returning, it is intended to erect land-marks and signal-posts on peaks and capes, to arrest the attention of Captain Ross and his comrades, should they happily be endeavouring to return by land.

In the second spring, the expedition will again emerge from winter-quarters at the Great Fish River, to the shores of the Polar Sea; and after due search in various directions, in the summer of 1835, if it should fail in discovering any satisfactory tidings of Captain Ross and his party, it will set out on its return to England.

Our readers will observe, that the expedition first traverses on foot a distance of three thousand miles of country, from Montreal to the Great Fish River; and this without horses, bread, or conveniences of any description whatsoever—their sole subsistence, during their

immense route, being dependent upon supplies of pemmekan, and game casually killed upon the way. Then, after the exhaustion and debility occasioned by the privations and fatigue already undergone, commences the winter in quarters at the Great Fish River, with a continuation, for five long months, of unvarying animal food; and, in the spring of 1834, begins the true labour of the expedition. We fear, indeed, that cold, privation, and disease, will thin the numbers of the party, before emerging from winter-quarters—and that few of those who survive will ever return to winter-quarters again, in the following year. Of all the attempts hitherto made to winter in the Polar regions, we believe that a very scanty remnant of the crews have ever resisted the effects of cold, scurvy, and mental despondency: and greatly do we fear that, of the present expedition, few will again reach their native country. Allowing that no dangers threaten the party from the Indians, the wolves, or other enemies of the stranger in those regions, we can see no substantial relief which can be afforded to Captain Ross and his companions, by men who will themselves be exhausted, and in no better condition than their fellow wanderers in those solitary regions. It is also worthy of remark, that if Captain Ross and his party be now in existence, and within a distance of three hundred miles from the Great Fish River, there is every probability that they will yet find their way, stocked with supplies from their own vessels, to the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company. Upon a full review of the project of the land expedition, and the necessity of passing at least one entire winter in the Polar regions, we are compelled to express our fears, that it will prove utterly futile and unsuccessful. It may be characterized as a curious and cruel absurdity, supported by public subscription, and countenanced by a humane and enlightened government.

We cannot but think how infinitely more judicious it would have been, to have concentrated all the subscriptions of the public, and the donation of the government, upon the single purpose of fitting out a steam-vessel, to proceed, in the present spring, to the wreck of the Fury. The necessary search might thus have been effected in a single summer. If Captain Ross and his comrades be now in existence, still the intervention of another year, which must elapse before the arrival at the Polar Sea, of Captain Back, may be fatal to the party. But a steam-vessel, departing in the present spring, would arrive at the wreck of the Fury very early in the summer, and there replenishing her fuel, by breaking up the timbers of that vessel, might proceed to the very highest latitudes ever yet attained, and return in security in the autumn.

A steam-vessel of the smallest burthen—thirty or forty tons—would be sufficient for the purpose proposed; and being partially rigged, the voyage to *the confines* of the ice might be made, without the consumption of any fuel whatever: by the use of sails, in periods of fair wind and at all available times, the stock of coal to be conveyed might be much reduced, without detriment to that celerity of operation which must be the soul of this enterprize. We believe that steam offers the only certain mode of reaching the scene of the fate of Captain Ross:—for we hold it to be highly improbable,

that he has not penetrated far beyond the wreck of the Fury. The most reasonable conjecture is, that by means of steam, he has advanced into trackless fields of ice, from which, on the exhaustion of his fuel, he has never been able to emerge. We think it highly probable that he still exists—for his arrangements were made for an absence of many years—and in every probability his vessels are yet unharmed, amidst mountains of impassable ice.

No sailing vessel will in any probability ever reach this ill-fated crew: —for when we recal to mind the rapidity of the adverse current, and the heart-breaking toils of Captain Parry and his companions, who strove in vain to accomplish even the remaining fifteen miles to the 84th degree of north latitude, in order to secure the reward of £10,000, offered by the Board of Longitude, we feel assured that no effectual progress will ever be made in those seas, except by the use of steam.

We therefore submit to the patrons of this generous undertaking, that a steam-boat will be the only effectual vehicle of proceeding in quest of our gallant countrymen: and most devoutly do we wish a prosperous termination of an enterprize which ranks among the foremost of those humane and magnanimous efforts, which pre-eminently distinguish this country from all surrounding nations. The managers of the affair have already committed one glaring absurdity: let them not, after this fair warning, be guilty of another.

BITS OF BIOGRAPHY.

No. I.

Blake, the Vision Seer, and Martin, the York Minster Incendiary.

Blake was an embodied sublimity. He held converse with Michael Angelo, yea, with Moses; not in dreams, but in the placid still hours of night—alone—awake—with such powers as he possessed in their full vigour. Semiramis was often bodily before him; he chatted with Cleopatra, and the Black Prince sate to him for a portrait. He revelled in the past; the gates of the spiritual world were unbarred at his behest, and the great ones of bygone ages, clothed in the flesh they wore on earth, visited his studio. He painted from spectres. I have seen several of his pictures—of men who died "many anno-dominis ago," taken from their ghosts. The shadow of a flea once appeared to him, and he drew it.

His may be deemed the most extraordinary case of spectral illusion that has hitherto occurred. Is it possible that neither Sir Walter Scott, nor Sir David Brewster, the authors of "Demonology and Witchcraft," and "Natural Magic," ever heard of Blake? Allan Cunningham, unless I am grossly mistaken, had, even prior to the appearance of the former work, introduced the Vision-seer to the public—in which of his productions, however, I cannot recollect; so

that, being unable to refer to what he has narrated on the subject, I am in danger "of repeating upon him." But this shall not daunt me.

Blake was not the victim of a mere optical delusion. He firmly believed in what he seemed to see. He had no doubt but that the spectre of Edward the Third frequently visited him. He painted the monarch, in oil, at three sittings. Bruce would now and then call to converse with him. He recognized at a glance the ghost of any great personage the moment it appeared. He had no doubt of its identity. His friend Marc Antony had not sent in his card: no one had announced him: yet he knew the Roman, and named him at first sight.

About midnight the illustrious dead used to drop in upon him: sometimes their visits were short, but, frequently, as protracted as he could wish. I have been present on these occasions. One night, while we were engaged in criticising his own extravagant, yet occasionally sublime illustrations of the book of Job, engraved by himself, he suddenly exclaimed, "Good God! here's Edward the Third!" "Where?" "On the other side of the table: *you* can't see him, but I do; it's his first visit." "How do you know him?" "My spirit knows him—how I cannot tell." "How does he look?" "Stern, calm, implacable; yet still happy. I have hitherto seen his profile only, he now turns his pale face towards me. What rude grandeur in those lineaments!" "Can you ask him a question?" "Of course I can; we have been talking all this time, not with our tongues, but with some more subtle, some undefined, some telegraphic organ; we look and we are understood. Language to spirits is useless." "Tell him that you should like to know what he thinks of the butcheries of which he was guilty while in the flesh." "I have, while you have been speaking." "What says his majesty?" "Briefly this: that what you and I call *carnage* is a trifle unworthy of notice; that destroying five thousand men is doing them no real injury; that, their important part being immortal, it is merely removing them from one state of existence to another; that mortality is a frail tenement, of which the sooner they get quit the better, and that he who helps them out of it is entitled to their gratitude. For, what is being hewn down to the chine to be compared with the felicity of getting released from a dreary and frail frame?" "His doctrines are detestable, and I abhor him." "He bends the battlement of his brow upon you; and if you say another word, will vanish. Be quiet, while I take a sketch of him."

His widow, an estimable woman, saw Blake frequently after his decease: he used to come and sit with her two or three hours every day. These hallowed visitations were her only comforts. He took his chair and talked to her, just as he would have done had he been alive: he advised with her as to the best mode of selling his engravings. She knew that he was in the grave; but she felt satisfied that his spirit visited, condoled, and directed her. When he had been dead a twelvemonth, the devoted and affectionate relict would acquiesce in nothing "until she had had an opportunity of consulting Mr. Blake."

After his trial, MARTIN, the York Minster Incendiary, became an inmate of Bethlehem Hospital, St. George's Fields. On learning this I gave him a call. It was an awful visit; not as regards my friend himself, but as regards such as were under the same roof with him. I went into a yard appropriated to those who had been acquitted of various crimes on the ground of insanity. Some were walking to and fro, singly and in groups; many were sitting about in the sun, conversing on common topics; one was practising a pirouette; another took off his hat every ten paces, threw it in the air, then dropped rapidly on his knees, assumed the attitude of vehement supplication for the smallest possible division of time, arose before the hat fell, and attempted to catch it, not with his hands, but his head. He frequently succeeded, for long practice had rendered him skilful at this strange, mad, miserable game. A third, with his hands fettered to an iron band belted about his loins, entreated me to give him a few halfpence to buy tobacco. The keeper whispered his crime in my ear, and I shrank from him with mortal disgust. A pale attenuated creature, of gentlemanly manners, offered me snuff: we talked for a few moments as to the relative merits of Bolongaro and Hardham's Thirty-Seven, and an exchange of boxes was the climax of our conversation.

Many years before, I had been present at the trial of a man for an attempt to kill his wife, after having lived with her in uninterrupted concord for almost half a century. She was the principal witness: the case was clearly proved, and the judge called on the prisoner for his defence. It amounted to a simple denial of the imputed crime. Aggravated at this, the poor wife rushed up to the bar, exclaiming with a simplicity that even affected the clerk of the arraigns, "Oh! John, wilt thee make me out a liar too? Hasn't thee done enough? He's *mad*, gentlefolks, he *is* truly!"

And over those iron spikes which surrounded that terrific pew the old pair thrust out their gaunt and shrivelled arms, and in a convulsive hug forgot their mutual misery. They had had nine children, all of whom were dead but one; and he, the youngest, was supposed to be far away, fighting as a corporal of Sepoys, in the torrid East.

"Mad!" exclaimed the Judge, "what does the poor woman mean? How is this?" "Oh! my lord," said an old man, in a timid faltering tone, "he has been mad, off and on, these two years. I'm sorry to bear witness against a neighbour, but truth is truth."

The Jury rose—the barristers rose—the whole court rose, and the Judge energetically exclaimed, "Man, come forward! Good God! we might have capitally convicted—we might have legally murdered him! Had the wife dropped the least hint—poor ignorant creature—that he was insane——"

"I be'ant insane," blubbered the aged prisoner, raising his head from his wife's shoulder. "I be'ant mad," he vociferated, still hugging the decrepid darling of his youthful days: "I be worse—I've had a fall—I be wicked—I knew what I was about. You *may* deceive yourselves, but you can't deceive me." The human rock had been touched by the mystic rod; his tears had gushed out; but

whatever might be his present state, it was satisfactorily shown that he had been a lunatic; and he was accordingly sentenced, not to death, but to be disposed of as His Majesty should think fit.

I found the old man in Bethlehem: *he had wept himself blind.* The keeper, who wore a clean smock frock, observed that he did nothing but cry; *that he was washing himself away*—I use the man's own words—that, not having handkerchiefs sufficient to sop up his tears, he had taken to the skirts of his coat, and they were consequently as dripping all day as though he had been in a funny, and heedlessly allowed them to hang over the gunwale! I'm sorry for it, but I can't deny that I laughed heartily, recklessly, desperately, at the fellow's exaggeration.

My cachinnations, and they were quite involuntary—I could not have smothered them had I been in a mourning coach—unfortunately awoke a wretched maniac in a cell below. I did not look through the bars, to which many of the madmen flocked to see the tiger in his cage; but I fancied him, stretched upon straw, stark-naked, and horribly writhing under a metal fetter upon every one of his muscles. His voice was that of a fallen archangel. There was a mysterious, an appalling mightiness in it. Every sound that he uttered was dreadfully pictorial. Physically, I merely heard him; but, mentally, I saw Sampson struggling! He must have been superhuman. He was an Italian; yet he uttered nothing like the Tuscan. He had a language of his own: it bore no affinity to any among those which are spoken by the sane; still it was intelligible—the heart understood it. His theme was evidently sublime wrath, and colossal agony. His groans were Satanic: his despair was equal to that of the dethroned Saturn. An imaginative man may fancy what would be the bitter bellowings of an African lion bound down by the grisly honours of his mane to those sands which he was accustomed to spurn; but they would be gentle as the cooings of a dove compared with *the ocean roar* of this maniac. It was awful; it was sublime; it seemed to have had no origin; to be without end: it was, to the soul, eternal. It gave the bodily ear an idea of *one* of the million tremendous choristers, who, excited by intensity of anguish, make the vault of a Presbyterian hell vibrate with their horrible glees. Would that I had never heard it!—

The greater part of those who surrounded me seemed so calm and rational, that I ventured to ask the keeper if he thought they were all *really* mad? "No more mad, sir," he replied, "than you or I; their infernal passions and propensities make them appear so. When a man commits a common crime he is regularly hung, but if his offence be perpetrated under circumstances of *original* atrocity, he is inferred to be insane, and consequently saved. Nine-tenths of the fellows here are mere monsters of iniquity: there are indeed a few poor wretches who labour under delusions which it is impossible to eradicate—I'll shew you a specimen."

I followed him to a cage which contained a common-looking man in a frieze coat, grey breeches, and mottled worsted stockings. "There," said he, "is a mad murderer: he came here because he killed a pedlar. He would take as much delight in destroying you as a

cat would in killing in a mouse." The keeper retired for a moment, and the madman walked to the substantial grating. "Don't believe him, sir," said he; "he is a brutal villain. This morning he beat me to such a degree that I was mashed into the circumference of a pint-pot; no thanks to him that I have recovered my proper dimensions!"

But now for Martin:—He had an apartment on the first floor. I followed the keeper up the stone staircase, and a little way along the granite gallery. He took out his bunch of keys, ran over them, and soon found the right one. We were opposite a repulsive, austere-looking door. He opened it. I glode in, and the next moment found myself locked up with a madman. The keeper, treating me *en famille*, had gone away, leaving me and my visitant perfectly safe, if "fast bind, fast find," be incontrovertible. High in the opposite wall of the bleak and well whitewashed apartment, aloof from all human access by the inmate, was a grated window. Assurance had been made doubly sure. If Martin could have grown a pair of wings on his shoulders, it was impossible to get out. The aspect of the room told the inhabitant at a glance that he was imprisoned for life; that the four naked walls constituted his future world. On my left there was a plain comfortable bed; on the right stood a table and *one chair*. Every thing was painfully clean and orderly; the furniture was evidently under the inspection of a committee; there was not the slightest appearance of that sort of temporary *litter* which evinces that a man is in his own house, and can do as he likes: the inanimate articles were in quiet subjection—in perfect keeping.

But where was the lion of this solitary den?—On the chair, close to the table, drawing a bishop with seven heads—under the influence of absolute fatalism—undaunted by its bituminous breath, rushing into the open jaws of a colossal crocodile! The artist disappointed me: he had none of the sublimity of his great brother, the painter of Belshazzar's feast; he was crude, ignorant, impotent. His sketch was a mere exaggerated matter of fact, madly conceived, and contemptibly executed. It made me pity him. He stood up, and never in my life had I beheld a human being in appearance so perfectly harmless. Passion never seemed to have ploughed his forehead with its adamantine keel: the surface was smooth and unruffled as that of a villager's babe. I dived into the depths of his eye, but brought up neither monster nor pearl: it was barren—it was common-place—there was nothing in it. It *grinned*, not sardonically—but because it seemed to have nothing better to do. The mouth was feeble, almost inane. I sought earnestly for some lurking expression, but could find none—not even the ghost of an idea flitted over his features.

Still he looked like any thing but a bedlamite: there was no fearful aberration of intellect visible. Had I met him on the highway I should have concluded from his lineaments that he was one of the most gentle of God's creatures: apparently he would not injure a worm. With an unsheathed poignard in his hand, I could have slept calmly—contentedly—under his wardenship. Smiling simplicity was the prevailing character of his countenance. It required an effort to make me feel that I was talking to the incendiary of York Minster.

His manners were modest and rustic: he conversed like a good-humoured cottager, not overburthened with sense, or made sulky by circumstances. He was not merely resigned, but perfectly satisfied: he wanted nothing but lots of Indian ink, and Brookman's black lead pencils. Although in his way a reformer of the church, he knew nothing of Wickliffe—he had never heard of Luther or Calvin. He was, upon principle, an antagonist to episcopacy, and he thought that the best way of pulling down the priests of Baal was to burn them out of their high places. I had made him out in my mind's eyes a Prometheus. I expected to have found him sublime; but he was quite insignificant.

On one topic he approached to rude eloquence: it was relative to the kindness of his brother, who had taken the poor fellow's son under his wing, and meant, if possible, to make an eagle of him. In treating this subject he became slightly figurative; but his metaphors were not made out; he could not manage them; they were faintly—timidly bitten in upon the surface of a mist. There was no seeing them clearly; they melted when attempted to be understood. His imagination was not merely muddy, it was mean. He grovelled in the puddles of common-place. Of his orthography, this is a specimen, written under one of his most favourit epictorial subjects:—"Thay hould Harmett (the old hermit) hinn is fir-skeen Kap hand Klooaak (in his fir-skin cap and cloak.")

His advent to Bethlehem deeply chagrined Hatfield. The latter, since Peg Nicholson's death, had been the principal character within the walls, but since Martin's arrival he had ceased to be supremely attractive: the York Minster incendiary, by his more recent atrocity, had monopolized the visiting interest, and no man more deeply deplored the popularity of another than Hatfield did that of Martin.

REVERIE.

"Perchance, e'en now, the mighty deep
Before thine eye is rolled,
And wandering where his billows sweep,
Thy soul flies back, like mine, to weep
O'er pleasant times of old.
Perchance the waves, with silvery crest,
That crisp and curl above,
Have kissed the sands thy foot hath pressed,
Or bathed with foam thy snowy breast,
Or felt thy tears of love.
Perchance the winds that cool my brow
Received thy latest breath,
And bear some sweet and solemn vow
Which human ear can never know,—
A fugitive from Death.
Far, oh! the waves that darkly throng
In crowds across the sea,
May only chaunt the requiem song—
The dirge of mourning hearts prolong
In anguish deep o'er thee."

C.

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA*.

Among the most intelligent and impartial of our recent travellers in the new world, is Mr. Adam Fergusson, a Scottish country gentleman, who visited the Canadian provinces, and a portion of the United States, in the summer of 1831. Mr. Fergusson sailed from Liverpool, for New York, in the month of February, in that year, and upon his arrival bent his course northward, by the Hudson River to Albany, and from that city by Lake Champlain to Montreal, and down the River St. Lawrence to Quebec. From Quebec he returned to Montreal, and thence proceeded, by steam navigation, to Kingston, York, and the Falls of Niagara, coming back through Buffalo, Rochester, Geneva, and Auburn, to the city of Albany, and thence again to the city of New York. During this route, although it was completed in a somewhat hurried and galloping fashion, Mr. Fergusson made many valuable remarks upon the comparative merits and advantages, for agricultural emigrants, of the United States and the Canadian provinces, proving we think most unquestionably—that in all that regards climate, similarity of modes of agriculture, and general resemblance to the mother country, the British farmer will find his interest upon the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence River.

He visited the district now possessed by the Canada Land Company, the affairs of which body would appear to be well managed, and promising most beneficial consequences to the province, by the concentration of much capital and labour in a single spot, contrary to the great evil of these colonies, a scattered and scanty population, without unity of strength, wealth, or power. The soil in the district of the Canada Land Company is dry and calcarious, and Mr. Fergusson indeed remarks, that a substratum of gypsum prevails over the whole extent of Upper and Lower Canada. He found the settlers universally thriving, healthy, and happy, and every where scenes of plenty and contentment presented themselves. In the neighbourhood of Guelph, a town belonging to the Canada Land Company, are many very fine farms, of one of which Mr. Fergusson remarks:—

"I was struck with the conspicuous activity and industry of a Negro family. Numbers of these poor creatures are ever watching an opportunity to escape from bondage in the Slave States of the Union, and are to be met with in various parts of Canada. It has been alledged that the Negro will prove too indolent for labour in a state of freedom, a remark which, without stopping to prove unphilosophical, and at variance with every principle of

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* 1. Practical Notes made During a Tour in Canada, and a portion of the United States, in 1831. By Adam Fergusson, of Woodhill, Advocate.—William Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1833.

2. A Moral and Political Sketch of the United States of America. By Achille Murat, Ci-devant Prince of the Two Sicilies, and Citizen of the United States.—London, Effingham Wilson, 1832.

3. Three Years in North America. By James Stewart, Esq., 2. vols.—Cadell, Edinburgh; and Whittaker and Co., London, 1833.

human nature, was here most signally contradicted. The same remark applies to various other farms noticed in even my limited excursion, and the one in question exhibited a set of as busy and happy dingy countenance as the philanthropist could wish to look on—whilst the appearance of the farm spoke to the steady labour which had been employed—and the barn (the test of a thriving colonist) was the largest and handsomest I passed."

A few miles further was the town of Galt, founded by the celebrated writer of that name, who was formerly the acting commissioner for the Canada Land Company. The soil in this district is excellent, and the neighbourhood very highly salubrious. Such advantages, combined with those of gratuitous conveyance by the company, and the fair and honourable terms which may be expected from the agents, induces Mr. Fergusson to think that no part of the Canadas presents a better opening for a respectable settler. Not far off was another industrious and prosperous negro, located by the way side. He had invented an useful implement which was denominated a live plough. It is pleasant to witness those instances of negro capacity and industry which cross the path of our traveller, and we trust that his testimony will not be without its weight in the approaching great question of the expediency of negro emancipation.

From New York Mr. Fergusson proceeded southward, to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the city of Washington, where he obtained an interview with General Jackson, whom he describes as "a tall, thin old gentleman, of plain, unaffected demeanour."

"He talked (continues our author) with kindly feelings towards Great Britain—inquired into my own views, and the opinion I had formed of America. He mentioned certain portions of the continent, as in his opinion, favourable for settlers—(he is partial to warm climates)—and finally dispatched a message by his private secretary, Mr. Hayward, the chief commissioner of the Land Office, to come to him, that I might make his acquaintance. The president then inquired whether, as regards emigration, I felt inclined to prefer Canada or the States? In reply, I stated that I was much pleased with what I had seen of Canada, and that I believed he would not think the worse of me for having some bias for our own settlements. 'Certainly not, sir, and I have no hesitation in saying, that as far as regards climate and soil, it is a matter of indifference in my opinion, whether emigrants go to Canada or come to us; but I will say (with some emphasis) that they will find *more* stirring in the States'—a remark which is perfectly just—but which I am far from admitting to be any discouragement. The resources of Upper Canada remain to be developed. Mr. Van Buren observed (and it was the only observation I heard which could be said to have a smack of the court) 'that he had been always particularly struck by the steadiness and success of the Scotch settlers.' At the same time, and without any undue national partiality, I believe that he is amply borne out by facts. It was highly satisfactory to hear the liberal and friendly expressions of these statesmen towards Great Britain, and to witness the satisfaction with which they received my assurance, that in all my promiscuous intercourse with American citizens (with only one reception unworthy of notice) I had every where met with a congenial and growing feeling of confraternity and good will."

On Thursday, 2nd June, 1831, a brilliant day, with the thermometer at 86°, Mr. Fergusson set out from the Federal city to visit Mount Vernon, the home, and now the final resting place of the

illustrious General Washington. It stands about fifteen miles from the capital, in a fine situation, over-looking the Potomac River, and with noble woodland scenery upon every side. A negro boy conducted our traveller to the tomb of the immortal Father of America, whose remains lie in a small vault, covered with a plain marble slab, and bearing the inscription, "Tomb of the Washington Family," and underneath, "I am the Resurrection, and the Life, &c." The house at Mount Vernon was also inspected by Mr. Fergusson, who saw there a very extraordinary curiosity, *the key of the Bastile*, which had been deposited by General La Fayette—a judicious offering—in the very sanctuary of liberty.

Mr. Fergusson now bent his steps again northward, and with the thermometer ranging from 92° to 94° in the shade, he proceeded to Baltimore, and from that city, by steam, to Philadelphia and New York; whence he again embarked, upon his return to Europe, in the packet ship George Canning. After a pleasant passage of twenty-six days, he again landed in his native country, having been absent only five months, and his entire expenditure, he informs us, amounted to no more than the sum of £145, of which about £70 were laid out in apparel and books. In addition to the valuable agricultural information with which his work abounds, it is impossible to take leave of Mr. Fergusson without expressing our warmest admiration of the temperate and gentleman-like spirit which pervades his observations upon the people, manners, and political institutions of the United States, contrasted with the mean and self-interested abuse put forth in recent years by the Trollopes and Basil Halls, who pandered to the aristocratical tax-devourers of this nation: it is a delightful change to witness the progress of a gentleman of fortune, talent, and station, passing through this insulted country, willing at least to be satisfied. His work, we think, is calculated to atone to our transatlantic brethren for the venomous malignity of some other writers.

A moral and political sketch of the United States of America has been recently published by Colonel Achille Murat, son of the late King of Naples and The Two Sicilies, a gentleman, whose fortune, since the political wreck of his family, has been cast in the United States. The work is in the form of Ten Letters, addressed to the Count de Thibedeau, a French nobleman; and the observations of Colonel Murat are principally directed to points of the higher order of politics and morals. The first numbers of the letters are dated from the residence of the writer at Tallahassie, in East Florida, where citizen Murat has become a landed proprietor, a lawyer, a postmaster, an owner of negroes and an American wife. He has now, however, abandoned the back settlements of Florida, obedient to the sound of the trumpet, which, at the breaking out of the French Revolution of July, summoned all the unquiet spirits to the forthcoming scramble for crowns and powers. We do not find, however, that he has succeeded in his desires; for a barren commission in the army of King Leopold, is the only portion of the loaves and fishes which has yet fallen to his lot, though we believe that he

re-crossed the Atlantic, in the fullest confidence of recovering possession of his paternal kingdom of Naples and The Two Sicilies.

The first letter of this work contains a general and very able review of the three great divisions of the American Union, the Northern, the Western, and the Southern, the palm being awarded to the latter! for the luxuries of a land of slavery appear to have pre-eminent charms in the eyes of Achilles, the son of Joachim, that was the King. The second letter contains a history and review of the state of parties from the foundation of the American Constitution to the present time. His sketches of the several late candidates for the office of President of the United States, are graphic, pointed, and true to character:—

"John Quincy Adams, of Massachussets, son of the former President:—The greater part of his life has been passed in public employments, but always out of the United States. He has been a professor of Belles Lettres, and is altogether a literary man. He is remarkable for his style, and his reserved and diplomatic manners, and is of that school that believes it to be necessary to deceive the people in order to govern them.

"Andrew Jackson, of Sennassee, educated for the bar, where he greatly distinguished himself. At the commencement of the last war, he headed some militia, and displayed great military talents against the Indians. He gained the famous victory of New Orleans, and saved by his civil—and no less than by his military talents—all the west from invasion. He is distinguished for his austere republicanism, the clearness of his views, his uprightness, probity, and purity above all suspicion.

"Henry Clay, of Kentucky:—His career has been legislative, he was one of the Commissioners to Ghent. He is distinguished by his eloquence, his address, his talents as a lawyer, and his personal amiability,"

Perhaps, however, some objection might be taken to the panegyric of Colonel Murat on the latter gentleman, whose personal amiability has not been proved we think by a very frequent recourse to his case of duelling pistols, when opposed in Congress by the adversaries of his crooked and narrow-minded system of protective policy. The infamous bargain of coalition which took place in 1825, between the parties of Adams and Clay, called forth some deservedly severe remarks from the veteran of the Rodnoake, John Randolph, whereupon the said John was himself called forth to meet the *leaden* arguments of Henry Clay. Clay is also the founder and most fierce supporter of the tariff system, which now threatens to embroil and destroy his country.

The third letter is filled with descriptions of the origin, growth, and present prosperous condition of the western settlements of the United States. It contains much valuable information upon the system of disposal of the public lands, and concludes with some very whimsical views of the policy and probable consequences of the annexation to the United States of all the British dominions, both north and south of the Union, the West India islands and the Canadian provinces. Much as we have been accustomed to hear of the probable desertion of our colours by the people of Canada, and which as a point of political economy, is an event not only not to be dreaded, but perhaps devoutly to be wished, we have never before, except in

the vapourings of the planters of Jamaica, heard any discussion of the probability of our islands in the West Indies passing into the power of the United States. These are the opinions of Colonel Murat:—

"The British possessions upon the Continent and the West Indies, are organized provinces, having their legislatures and their laws. To unite them to the Union, nothing is to do but to admit their Senators and Representatives to the Congress. But, God preserve us from them! The augmentation of influence which the southern interest would receive, would be far from equalling the proportion which would accrue to the States of the north. In the present state of the Union, it is the only chance of dissolution which menaces it."

Among much profound observation, we are astonished indeed at encountering these strange notions, and our readers will probably not form a very high opinion of the political sagacity of the gallant colonel, who deliberately advances that the probable acquisition of the West Indies and of Canada, forms the main danger which threatens the stability of the Union!

The fourth letter is the most remarkable in the work: it treats upon the subject of slavery, upon which question we have never yet encountered sentiments so tyrannical and truly ferocious as those of citizen Murat. Whilst the advocates of the slave holders in general confine their defence to reasons of the expediency, utility, and legal authorization of the system; the writer before us dwells, upon the other hand, upon the extreme propriety and justice of man holding in bondage his fellow-man. The system of Colonel Murat would appear to banish from the world all justice, humanity, and mercy towards the weak; for the strength to capture and to hold the negroes who were originally imported from the coast of Guinea, is here made the foundation of the present rights of the proprietors of slaves.

"All labour," (says Achilles) "deserves its price. Merchants went to the coast of Africa, and there purchased slaves from nations that had no compact with theirs; these slaves were sold either in virtue of their society, which considered slavery a legal punishment, or, because they had been taken in war, and appropriated to the use of the conqueror. But the merchants might have taken them for nothing, as that would not have affected their right. *If I catch a wild horse in the plains of Missouri, the trouble of taking and taming him, and the risk that I run of his escaping, are all considerations* WHICH CONSTITUTE THE PRICE I PAY. The intervention of society is limited to satisfying itself, that none of its members had an anterior right to my booty."

Such robber sentiments as these we have not seen for a very long time, and suppressing our own abhorrence and disgust at their perusal, we will satisfy ourselves to quote the remarks of the author of the Note upon Negro Slavery which is subjoined to the volume.

"The spirit of kingcraft is evidently still strong within the bosom of this writer. The Tories would do well to import him into England, to preach this doctrine of castes and of passive obedience. He would doubtless be a strong opponent to the Reform Bill, and a decided advocate for the patriarchal despotism of the Duke of Wellington. Dionysius, when he lost his power over men took to keeping school, that he might have boys to punish; and even so M. Achille Murat, when turned out of the two Sicilies, buys

negroes in the slave States, to keep up the remains of his 'severe dignity' and 'noble pride.' But thinking it better to command whites than blacks, as soon as he heard of the Three Days, back he came to Europe to join in the melée, and if occasion offered, to lay claim to some spare crown which might fit his head."

The fifth letter treats of the state of religion in the United States, and here, as usual, the sentiments of Monsieur Achille are bold, original, and disdaining all disguise. He denounces, in turn, the sects, camp meetings and missionary societies of the United States; and from his descriptions of the vulgarity, knavery, and hypocrisy of the great body of the clergy of the Union, we are induced to suppose that our transatlantic brethren, though nominally not subjected to an established church, yet labours under a greater weight of ecclesiastical tyranny than any European community whatever. "There is certainly no clergy so costly to the people as the American clergy," says Colonel Murat, "but it is only fair to add, that these contributions are strictly voluntary, and I, for instance, have no right to complain, for no preacher ever received a cent from me." It is the opinion of the Colonel, that the influence of the clergy is destined, however, to decrease and disappear in the United States; for the power of a priesthood, he considers to be inconsistent with that perfect freedom of discussion which prevails in this great republic.

Letters six and seven, treat of the administration of justice in the United States; and though this subject is discussed in a most luminous manner, yet, from the extreme similarity of the legal institutions of the United States, to those of this country, we fear that this portion of the work will not prove interesting to the English reader. In the original the subject may have been entertaining and somewhat novel to the public of France; but we think that in the English edition these two chapters had been better omitted. The eighth chapter refers to the statutes of the army, navy, and Indian tribes. Upon the subject of the naval and military resources of the United States, the remarks of Colonel Murat are fair and valuable; but upon the question of the independence and rights of the Indian tribes, the same ferocious spirit which dictates the opinions upon negro slavery, again breaks forth. Our readers are probably aware that the Indian question now excites an interest in the United States, second only to the great discussions on the tariff; and the attention of many has been directed for several sessions, to the removal by purchase, fraud, or force, of all the Indian tribes within the limits of the Union, to the westward of the Mississippi river. In the northern states, however, this policy is loudly condemned as unjust, and at variance with innumerable treaties made with the red men, there not being one of the tribes which cannot produce the most solemnly worded guarantees in favour of their rights and independence, and signed in succession, by all the Presidents of the United States. On the other hand, the State of Georgia, having for its neighbour, the celebrated tribe of the Cherokees, in whose lands some most valuable gold mines have recently been discovered, is now desirous of disclaiming the authority and power of the general government to make treaties which shall prevent the people of Georgia from forcibly seizing upon and

gambling away by lottery, the said lands and mines of the Cherokees! This dispute has already arrayed the state legislature of Georgia in direct opposition to the general government; and amidst the agitation of the all-absorbing question of the tariff, it is feared that the unfortunate Cherokees, to the number of fifteen thousand souls, will be compelled to abandon the possessions of their fathers, and to remove again into the wilderness beyond the Mississippi. To common minds, the baseness, inhumanity and brutal injustice of these proceedings appear plain enough; but with Colonel Murat, *the inferiority of blood which, he says, distinguishes the red men and the black*, cuts the knot of the dispute at once; and, indeed, the Colonel sees little prospect of peace, and a cessation of alarm and danger from these Indians, other than "*by extinguishing the race.*" Verily Achilles, thou art worthy of thy name and lineage. Slavery under any circumstances is bad enough—but to be *thy* slave is the climax of human calamity.

The ninth chapter of the work, discusses the financial statistics of the Union, and contains most valuable information upon the revenues, currency, and system of banking of the United States. Our Nero here describes with much force, the wonders which are every where springing up in the western States, by the operation of a paper circulation; and, indeed, the universal prosperity, activity, and wealth which now prevail in the American Union, would almost appear to be partially, at least, ascribable to an unlimited freedom of trade in money. This part of the work is eminently worthy of attention.

The tenth and concluding chapter, treats upon the manners, fine arts, and literature of the United States. It is needless, however, to inform our readers that the descriptions of Colonel Murat embrace only the aristocratical circles of Washington, Charleston, and Saratoga; the money-making merchants of the northern States being unworthy of the comments of the southern slave-holder. Upon the subjects of architecture, literature, and the fine arts, there are, however, some remarks which may be perused with pleasure.

The length of our observations upon the production of M. Achille Murat, leaves us little space to do justice to a very admirable work—"Three Years in North America," by Mr. Stewart. This gentleman has, in the period mentioned on his title page, visited the very remotest portions of the Union. He describes with unusual talent, and in a fair, liberal, and candid spirit, the scenes, manners, and institutions of the great republic. We recommend this work to our readers as a companion to that of Mr. Fergusson, and in conclusion, have only to express our very great gratification at the very seasonable appearance of volumes, which exhibit with fidelity the picture of a nation, the affairs of which become hourly of redoubled interest to the friends of liberty all over the world.

HAZLITT'S DEATH-BED.

The late William Hazlitt was hailed at the commencement of his term of authorship as a star. Vast things were predicted of him: and he, looking at the flattering picture, presaged a happy voyage through life; but how soon was the scene changed! His determined bent of thought having been ascertained to be on the popular side, he was soon marked down as a fit object for legal calumny—the fitter because the more conspicuous. I use the term legal calumny with the intention of distinguishing that sort of wrong from illegal calumny, or libel. To say he was an infidel, that his associates were the same, to assail the integrity of his opinions and the motives from which he supported them, were the lightest missiles hurled at him by his enemies. Would he had lived to see his principles triumphant!

The harassing nature of his occupation, the periodical supply of a certain quantum of copy, at length produced its effect. Those alone who are doomed to the same drudgery can appreciate my simile when I liken the press to "the horse-leech, which cries Give! Give!" and this eternal cry, together with the application of stimuli to enable him to supply the demand, brought on that depravation of the stomach which is the usual effect of such a course of life.

Reluctantly, nay, tremblingly, do I lift the veil which now hangs over the death-bed of poor Hazlitt. Imagine this highly-gifted man stretched on a couch in the back room of a second floor, his only child, and Martin, his faithful companion and friend, watching over him. Others were not deficient in their attentions, and in providing the means of existence for him; for know, reader, that the death-bed of this author was not distinguished by the circumstance of his possessing wherewith to support life when exertion was not in his power. It seems that some sudden turn of memory caused a pang in the dying man's bosom, and calling to one, whom I shall conceal under the name of Basilius,* he gently said, "Basilius, stoop down and let me talk to you."

Basilius, crouching by the bedside. What can I do for you, my dear Hazlitt?

Hazlitt. Rid me of a pang.

Basilius. Willingly, dear friend.

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilius. Forty pounds! Dear Hazlitt, what can you want with forty pounds?

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilius. Do not talk so, my dear Hazlitt. You cannot want forty pounds.

Hazlitt. I know—I know, Basilius, what I ask. Lend it me—lend it me—I want it. 'Twill ease my mind—I want it. Lend it

* To the gentleman thus designated, poor Hazlitt was already under deep obligations.—*Ed.*

me: and think, Basilius, think what the world will say when it is known that you lent a dying man forty pounds without a hope of being repaid.

The argument of Hazlitt did not prevail. Very shortly after he said to Martin (whose attendance was constant), "Martin, come here."

Martin approached.

Hazlitt. Martin, I want you to write a letter for me (*starting up with energy*). Swear you'll do it!

Martin went through the ceremony of an oath.

Hazlitt. Now write, "Dear sir."

Martin. "Dear sir."

Hazlitt. "I am at the last gasp."

Martin. "I am at the last gasp."

Hazlitt. "Pray send me a hundred pounds."

Martin. "Pray send me a hundred pounds."

Hazlitt. "Yours truly—"

Martin. "Yours truly—"

Hazlitt. "William Hazlitt."

Martin. "William Hazlitt."

Hazlitt. Now, fold the letter.

Martin folded it.

Hazlitt. Write: "To Francis Jeffrey, Esq. Edinburgh."

Martin superscribed the letter.

Hazlitt. Now I am satisfied.

Martin. Shall I not put in a word, Hazlitt, explaining who wrote it?

Hazlitt, starting up. Swear, Martin, you won't do so; swear you'll send it as it is!

Martin sent the letter: Hazlitt died very soon after; and on the day subsequent to his death, a letter from Jeffrey arrived with an enclosure of fifty pounds.*

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* Hone called on the previous day: he met a physician, who had attended Hazlitt, at the door, about to depart. "How is your patient, sir?" inquired Hone. "'Tis all over," replied the medical man. "Clinically speaking, he ought to have died two days ago: he seemed to live, during the last eight-and-forty hours, purely in obedience to his own will." A third person, who had just come up, here observed, "He was waiting, perhaps, until return of post, for Jeffrey's reply. What he could have wanted with *that forty pounds*, is a perfect mystery."

A few months before, Hone had met Hazlitt in the street, and kindly inquired as to his health and circumstances. Both were bad. "You are aware," said Hazlitt, "of some of my difficulties (those dreadful bills—those back accounts) —but no human being knows ALL. I have carried a volcano in my bosom, up and down Paternoster-Row, for a good two hours and a half. Even now I struggle—struggle mortally to quench—to quell it—but I can't. Its pent-up throes and agonies, I fear, will break out——*Can you lend me* A SHILLING?—*I have been* WITHOUT FOOD THESE TWO DAYS!"

To state what Hone felt and did, on hearing this, would be needless.

THE PLEASURES OF MILITARY SOCIETY.

The quiet inhabitants of an English country town have been furnished with matter of complaint for months, by the mere transit of a regiment of militia. Soldiers have been denounced as positive pests, for entering the houses where they had been billetted, without scraping their feet; and their clothes smelling of filthy tobacco, was hardly endurable. What would our delicate-minded friends have said, if their town had been in the route of a Russian division, when their houses would be no longer their own—when it would require all their address to secure themselves from insult and disgrace, and their property from destruction? It has been my fortune to witness a few scenes attendant on military occupation—appalling scenes they were, many of them:—some, indeed, though unpleasant enough, yet possessing a spice of the ludicrous.

Falling into possession of a large property in Germany, not a very great distance from Leipsic; and being pleased with its situation and advantages, I became naturalized in the country, and resided on my estate. I am speaking now of a period anterior to the last great war. I witnessed the triumphant march of the Corsican conqueror, with his glittering array of hundreds of thousands, into the land of the Muscovite—*and I saw some of them return!* I beheld the bloody fight of Leipsic, and saw the fair fields of Germany covered with the locust swarm of barbarian victors!

The house belonging to my estate might be called a chateau; for it was large enough for the occupation of a nobleman's retinue, and possessed all the advantages requisite. Sometimes, however, I have found it too small for my numerous guests; for I recollect once having eighty-eight men quartered upon me, with three officers! Of course I shared in this kind of favours with the rest of my neighbours, and contrived to get over them as decently as possible. With the French I had but little difficulty; but with the Russians—God protect me from the Russians!—The former came as enemies, the latter as friends—yet rather would I welcome fifty such foes, than claim one such ally. A civil word and a shew of hospitality would insure the good-will of a Frenchman—but nothing could satisfy the brutal cupidity of the barbarian of Muscovy. Like Robinson Crusoe, when I once saw the foot-print of the savage within my gates, I was instantly on the *qui vive*.

On one occasion it happened, that for some time we had been tolerably quiet; and, remote as we were, knowing little of what was passing in the great world, we began to entertain hopes of a considerable respite. I promised myself a few days shooting, as a holiday; and leaving my house to my steward, Belliard, and taking with me a faithful servant, I set out on my expedition. Many hours, however, had not elapsed since our departure, when the attention of my man was excited by the appearance of a body of cavalry in the distance. We watched them attentively, and found they had debouched from a path in the wood, and entered on the high road.

Presently a second squadron advanced, and proceeded at once to disperse among the adjacent villages. I now began to think it high time to return, as I foresaw the advanced squadron was *en route* for my own place, and would arrive before I could possibly reach it. The first object I encountered, on nearing home, was a group of peasants, armed with muskets, scythes, and implements of all kinds, making their way towards the village. No sooner did they see me, than they insisted that I should take the command, and drive "those French thieves" from their houses. I found that a regiment of cavalry had taken possession of the village; and no one being able to speak French, the soldiers had become impatient, and were helping themselves without much ceremony. I quieted the enraged people as well as I could; telling them that open violence would only bring upon them certain destruction; and proceeded with all speed to my dwelling, followed by my rustic neighbours.

The first person I met was my steward, Belliard, who, with tears and lamentations, informed me that people had been despatched for me in all quarters—that *this* was the worst lot we had yet had—that they were committing all manner of atrocities:—and he finished his consoling narrative, by informing me, that the captain and twenty-eight men had done me the honour to quarter themselves upon my premises. He had, moreover, been favoured with sundry lashes from the captain, because he could only give him the common wine for his dinner. I was somewhat incensed at this part of the story, and said, if the French were determined on such a course, I would at once head the people, and drive them out. This resolution was hailed with cheers by the villagers, and forthwith they began to form themselves in order of battle, ready to act whenever I gave the signal. The dragoons hearing this commotion, rushed from all parts to learn the cause; and I, armed with my fowling-piece, made my way into my house, to confront the captain. Here a pleasant scene presented itself.

The hall was strewed with saddles and horse-equipments; chairs and tables were topsy-turvy; and two dragoons were hurrying across, one armed with a pistol and a crow-bar, and the other holding a light. No sooner did they perceive me, than one exclaimed, "Ah! cochon! que tu es-t'arrivé, à la bonne heure!—We were just about to blow off the lock of your wine-cellar." Before I could reply, he continued, "Is this the way to conduct yourself, when military gentlemen do you the honour to take to your house?—to absent yourself, and leave them nothing but sour German wine!—Sacré matin! if I were the captain, I'd fire your hovel, with you tied to the rafters."

"Silence, you ruffian!" I cried, exasperated beyond endurance, "do you think I keep an hotel for brigands? If you dare stir another step, I'll make crow's-meat of you."

As I clicked the cock of my fusil, he levelled his pistol; and willing to save the desperate consequences, I dropped my weapon, and, rushing forward, threw up his arm, and struck him with my clenched fist full on the throat. His bullet passed through the pannelled partition, and the report was followed by a most diabolical explosion of

oaths and curses, mixed with the crash of glasses, and oversetting of furniture. I had already seized the other ruffian, and thrown him a severe fall on the stone floor, when I beheld some 18 or 20 dragoons, with their sabres drawn, rushing up the flight of steps which led to the hall, closely followed by the peasantry. I snatched up my fowling-piece, and in another moment havoc would have been let slip amongst "the dogs of war," when the door leading into the hall swung open, and in stalked the captain.

"Sacré tonnerre!" cried he, as he glanced at the scene, "what, in the devil's name, is all this about?"

His appearance seemed to check the *melé* about to commence. He was a tall, gaunt soldier; his countenance brown as a mulatto; moustaches long and grisly; the very type of a French adventurer of the Napoleon school. "Ye cursed canaille!" he continued, in a voice of thunder, "can't a gentleman take a glass of beggarly wine in peace, but you must fire at him through the wainscot?—Who is this man?" pointing to me with his sabre.

"The master of the house," growled one of my late antagonists; "a dog of an Englishman!"

"Monsieur," said the captain, civilly dropping the point, "if you are an Englishman, I have had the honour to cross blades with gentlemen of your country; and I must say, I've always found them *braves soldats;* and that's more than I can say for the *canaille Cossaque,* or the *chiens Prusses;* but I do consider you have been guilty of putting upon me a personal affront, by allowing me to drink this cursed Rhenish wine."

I, who had apprehended nothing less than an order to be shot on my own threshold, or, in consequence of the exordium in favour of my countrymen, that my sentence might be mitigated to an hour or two's picketing, felt the full force of the latter part of the captain's harangue; and was about to offer my cellar at once, but he continued, "Sir, it is not commonly decent:—when an officer takes his quarters at the house of a gentleman, the least thing is, to give him good wine; but to offer such infernal stuff—sir, I take it as a personal affront."

"Captain, I was absent from home when you arrived, or you should have had a better reception."

"When military gentlemen, sir, traverse your country, 'tis the duty of every housekeeper to leave the key of his cellar; and then 'tis no matter whether he is at home or not."

"My good sir, if I had left the key of the cellar with my servant, 'tis a great doubt whether I should have had the pleasure of offering you now a good glass of Burgundy—which, if you—"

"Burgundy!—ah! matin—à la bonne heure," shouted the captain, smacking his lips; "that's a brave wine.—I have always respected Englishmen, though I've cut some score of their throats. Allons, mon cher!—I shall be glad to see you;—walk in." For this invitation to my own room, I was duly grateful. "And you fellows!" shouted he to the dragoons, who had been all attention, and evidently had not expected such a finale, "get you to your stables, and don't annoy my English friend here—or look out for consequences. What

you want, get of the people; and if you have any difficulty, bring them to me. Allons, mon cher," he continued to me, and pointing to my room. "But stay, you sirs!" calling back the dragoons, "don't bother me with your squabbles. My friend and I will have some points to discuss. If the peasants are unruly, shew the vagabonds a halter—that's the shortest way. No offence to you, mon cher—only you don't know those churls so well as I do:—they'll do nothing for you without a trifle of discipline. Allons, allons." My friend turned on his heel; and tucking his sabre under his arm, he clanked along the hall into the room he had left, chaunting, "*La belle Gabrielle.*"

The summary disposition he had made regarding my own tenantry, not being exactly to my taste, I descended into the court-yard, where they were still congregated in groups, awaiting the result of my conference with the captain, which I briefly related to them. I then desired them to afford all the accommodation they could to the soldiers: as they resumed their march the next morning, it would be better to get rid of them on friendly terms, than risk a collision. The dragoons I pacified by calling them *braves hommes*, and ordering them plenty of wine. The two fellows who were a little the worse for the fray, I quieted with a piece of money: and then, by way of reconciling all parties, I ordered a capital supper, and sent an invitation to the two lieutenants belonging to my friend the captain's troop.

Armed with half a dozen of choice Burgundy, I returned to my visitor, whom I found swearing at one of my servants, who did not understand a word of French, for not clearing away the broken glass with the dexterity of a Parisian garçon. It appeared that the gallant dragoon had upset the table, with a heavy account of bottles and glasses, on the unexpected entrance of the bullet, which struck the marble chimney-piece, and, by the *recochet*, was within an inch of finishing the military career of my gallant friend.

I found him no flincher:—he had not tasted such Burgundy since he left France;—and he swore an extraordinary oath, that, next to a Frenchman, an Englishman was the best fellow under the sun. He knew the value of good wine, and had a relish for cognac. Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, were all *canaille*. He informed me, that his regiment belonged to the corps of the Duke d'Abrantes (Junot), and was ordered from the frontiers of Bohemia, to reinforce the army in Portugal—a tremendous march;—but to French soldiers, who were independent of commissariat or quarter-master, and who considered the whole continent as their especial property, the route was by no means difficult.

The two junior officers came according to invitation, and proved to be very gentleman-like fellows, belonging to good families in France. They found the captain a little worse for the wine he had taken. They did not stay long after supper, but left me to manage their superior as best I could. The discourse of the captain, which had hitherto been principally confined to his own exploits, and to the praise of Frenchmen and Englishmen, now changed to a discussion upon the breed of horses. He asked me my opinion of his roan charger, which I had been out to see, and I frankly said that I thought him past his work.

"My dear friend," said he, hiccuping at every sentence, "your opinion, as an Englishman, I value before my own. Capital fellows, Englishmen—know good wine and good horses. Now, my good friend, I shall put your friendship to the proof. I knew you would not think my roan fit to carry me. You must remount me, and I will make you a present of him—on the honour of a gentleman I will. There now—you see a Frenchman can be liberal. Your bay mare—eh, mon cher? I despise a man that won't serve a friend—"

"But, my dear captain," said I, in great alarm, lest he should be serious, "your roan will be of no earthly service to me—and the bay mare you speak of is valuable. I gave 40 carolinas for her."

"The devil you did!" hiccuped my guest. "Then, my dear fellow, you gave too much money for her. Take my word, they cheated you:—they would not cheat me. I tell you what—you are an Englishman—I love an Englisman—I'll give you 18 carolinas for her.—There now—what d'ye think of that?—If you had been a *cochon Prusse*, I would not have given more than five."

I saw I must either risk a quarrel with a drunken brigand, or part with my mare for half her value. "Well," said I, "if you pay me 20 carolinas—"

"My dear fellow, I can't give you twenty. That's more than she's worth—they cheated you—but I'll give you eighteen, and you shall have the money. I don't often do these things—but you are my friend, and I am a man of honour." He now staggered into my bed-room, which he had appropriated to his own use, and in a few moments brought out a valise, which, being too heavy for him, he threw violently on the table, and fell, with the exertion, on the flat of his back. The weight of the valise forcing open the lid, coins of all kinds rolled about the floor. Of all the language ever uttered by mortal, none could by any possibility equal that of my sprawling friend. I assisted him up, and then endeavoured to collect his money. The valise contained a curious collection. All sorts of coin were there; some wrapped up in dirty paper, some in pieces of old rags and stockings. After having paid myself, I put the rest back. It was a very considerable sum.

"You see, my friend," said the *militaire*, while I was gathering up his cash, "I am a soldier of fortune; and what I can't get in the regular way, why I get how I can. A gentleman must not be put to inconvenience, while there are fat farmers to apply to. I manage to scrape up a trifle by the road side, to spend in quarters as an officer and a gentleman—and pay my way like a man of honour." The last bottle of wine had pretty nearly done my friend's business; and he was carried into his room by his servants, hiccuping the praises of Englishmen, and trying, in vain, "*La belle Gabrielle!*"

BUDS AND BABIES.

By an Old Woman.

There's a voice in ev'ry vernal leaf
That trembles on the tree—
It breathes about the flower-bud,
In its first infancy.
There's fondness for it in the air,
Like unseen silk it flows,
And folds the little flowret round,
And rocks it to repose.
And when from out its balmy bed
Its rosy cheek it rears,
How warm it feels the sunbeam's smile,
How soft the dew's bright tears!
While Nature's joyous spirit hails
The youngling as her own,
And shouts unto the vernal world,
"Another flower is blown!"

But there's a flower more sweet than this
Young offspring of the tree—
A brighter—purer—prouder far—
Thy flower, Humanity!
But in this moral wilderness—
This maze of mud and stone,
The young bud withers to a weed,
Or dies—unblest—unknown.
A chilling blight is on the air
That breathes upon its birth,
And tells the poor unwelcom'd one,
It has no place on earth.
And when it lifts its asking eye
For succour or for cheer,
It meets no soul-illumin'd smile—
No pity-prompted tear.
But shiv'ring in the wintry waste,
It hears the feeble horn
Of vampire Want, with groans proclaim,
"*Another child is born!*"

Oh! were the social world like thine,
Bright Nature, man might lift
The new-born babe aloft, and cry,
"Behold another gift!
Another being born to make
More wealth than he can use—
Another being form'd to feel
The bliss he can diffuse!"
Then like the voiceful leaves that breathe
Upon the bud-blest tree,
The happy parent-heart might hail
Thy birth, bright Infancy!
As "tidings of great joy" proclaim
Thy coming to the morn,
And shout unto a thankful world,
"Another child is born!"

RELIGION IN THE BACK SETTLEMENTS.

In the State of New York, some distance from the city, dwelt two Dutchmen, Yohn and Yecup. They were bachelors of some forty or fifty years, and cultivated a farm which had been rescued from the forest by the industry of their grandfather, and transmitted to them by succession. From the time of the original settlement, population had been gradually on the increase; so that, at the period of which we speak the Dutch farmers had many neighbours, and after their daily labour they dispersed themselves like gay bachelors wherever feasting flourished, or entertainment could be had at small cost.

It so happened that about this time, the growing population of the neighbourhood attracted the pious notice of an errant missionary, who being as it was supposed somewhat tired of his travels, straightway cast his paternal yearnings over these benighted cultivators, foreseeing in the abundant return of their affection a goodly heritage. Few can understand the daily and nightly wrestlings of this pious man ere he could gather together even a few sheep of this scattered fold; he sought them in the highway and in the lanes, at labour and at rest; he admonished, he promised, and he threatened, until the eyes of some began to open, and his ministry might then be said to have commenced. The first thing they did was to erect a log chapel. The pastor required no habitation; for he lived in the hearts of his people, and happy was the house he condescended to make his home. The congregational tree grew and flourished; and in process of time produced good fruit. Instead of the vain festivities at christenings, prayer meetings were held. Marriages were kept by solemn love feasts, and hymns and thanksgivings were chaunted, instead of the profane mirth of jolly roundelays. Even the patriotic "Yanky-doodle" was heard but seldom, and were it not for a few iron spirits whom nothing could resolve into a sense of right, the village of "Deadly-lively," might be thought to have been inhabited by a class of penitents, who were expiating their iniquities by wailing and lamentation.

The Dutch brothers were among the non-conformists. They were neither old enough nor young enough to endure the mortifications of the flesh, and it was with dismay they found the circle of their jolly companions daily decreasing; they, therefore, consoled themselves with the spirit, and in the solitary recess of their log habitation, quaffed their *schnapps* and smoked their pipes in lonely apathy. The pious teacher had, however, long cast an eye of compassion on those poor benighted brethren, whom industry and frugality had made rich, and he was therefore determined that they should be saved. He was not only a pious man, but he had studied well the frailties of our sinful nature. He knew better than to struggle with the enemy in his strength; but rather chose to combat him in the hours of his weakness. He, therefore, sought for Yecup alone at what he thought a fitting opportunity, and found him looking with a most lacklustre eye over a field of blighted corn.

"Why, Yecup, my friend," said the pastor, "you appear dispirited:—something wrong I fear."

"Ya Myhnheer," replied Yecup, "look at de crops, and even last year they were not what they ought to be."—The Pastor shook his head; but did not reply, "We lost a cow too—der divel—mine broder takes on about it uncommonly."

"Ah! that is very unfortunate," observed the teacher; "but why Yecup, why don't you come amongst us at the chapel yonder?"

"Why, Myhnheer, I don't know what we should gain by that," said Yecup, surlily.

"My good friend, you would hear of things that would tend to your eternal gain."

"Ah!" said Yecup, opening his eyes wider than he was wont; "could you tell us any thing about der crops?"

"I could tell you of things you never heard of before."

"Donder!" ejaculated Yecup, "I will go to de chapel, and mine broder too, if you tink der crops"—

"Friend Yecup, you are in a lamentable state of ignorance, touching things that materially concern you," said the preacher.

"Der divel! if I didn't say so," said Yecup, smacking his thigh with his open palm; "when Yohn steeped the seed corn in brine; but if you can tell us what we don't know about der crops, you see, I'll come and mine broder too."

"And the sooner you come the better."

"So I tink," echoed Yecup, looking ruefully at his corn, "and mayhap you may tell us what's good for the blight."

"Poor benighted creature!" sighed the teacher; "yes, yes, Yecup, you will learn much; and harkye my friend, come next Sunday evening, and in the mean time take this bible and study it attentively."

"Piple!" said Yecup, taking the book with a sort of doubtful surprize; "you see, Myhnheer, a book farmer never does much good; but as you seem so sure about der crops, I'll just look at it, and mayhap I may pick up a hint."

"My friend, this book will teach you a Christian's duty," said the teacher, solemnly; "and from this good seed I hope to gather a harvest of repentance."—This was a flight totally beyond poor Yecup's reach, and he stared in mute wonder.

"Well but Myhnheer, shall I get nothing in it about der crops, because if I thought there was nothing about der crops, you see, why—"

"Oh! Yecup, Yecup, I fear you are worse than I could have supposed."

"Dat is very true;" groaned Yecup, "mine broder will tell you, we shan't save two bushels an acre; we can't be worse Myhnheer, so we'll come to chapel, and mine broder too."

"And is it possible," exclaimed the minister, raising both hands and eyes; "that men can be so utterly lost in a Christian land! Have you any idea at all of religion, friend Yecup?"

"Why, ya, ya, Myhnneer; only it is so long ago you see, that you had better begin with me from the beginning; but I'll tell mine

broder what you say about der crops, and will come to chapel, and mine broder too."

"And now then, Yecup, to begin, tell me," said the Pastor, "do you know how many Gods there are?"

"How many!" repeated Yecup, "ya, ya, Myhnneer; I know dat well enough, only it is so long ago you see, dat—"

"Well, well, tell me—"

"Why, it's a long time ago; but I should tink,—yes,—about TWENTY!"

"TWENTY!" re-echoed the Pastor, in a voice of inexpressible horror.

"Mind I only meant *about* twenty, I did'nt say exactly; I told you it was so long ago I could'nt say exactly," argued Yecup energetically, for he saw he was out, though he did'nt know on which side.

"Well, Yecup, read the Bible well, and come to me on the sabbath evening, and all may yet be well."

"I tank ye, Myhnneer, I tank ye:" said the boor, "and I hope it will be well; and I'll speak to mine broder touching der crops, and I'll come to chapel, and mine broder too."

"Farewell then, Yecup, for the present;" said the preacher, "remember, above all things, read the Bible."

Away trudged the Dutchman to his "broder," whom he found sitting under the porch smoking his pipe.

"Well, broder Yecup," said Yohn," what have you got dere?"

"Oh! dat is der Piple, broder Yohn," said Yecup; "der crops have been very bad lately."

"Ya!" said Yohn, "can't be worse."

"Well, broder Yohn, I have been talking to der Minister of der chapel yonder, and he says that if we go to der chapel he will tell us of someting good for der crops."

"Donder! broder Yecup, dat's good; and der Piple—"

"Oh, dat's for der crops too."

"Blitzen! broder, dat's good; will it stop der blight?"

"We shall know more dan we ever know."

"Tousand divels! I will get trunk to night."

"But, broder Yohn, we must go to der chapel."

"Ya, ya! broder Yecup, we can go to der chapel and get trunk too."

"But, broder Yohn, do you know about religion?"

"Ya! broder Yecup, to be sure I do."

"Because he asked me how many Gods der was. How many Gods are der, broder Yohn?"

"How many, broder Yecup, why, ONE!"

"ONE! ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared Yecup, holding his fat sides and continuing a peal of laughter that threatened serious consequences; "you won't do, broder Yohn, to go to der chapel, crops or no crops; for I told him der was TWENTY, and he was'nt half satisfied!"

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

While strolling along the sunny-side of Pall Mall, on the opening day of the British Institution, we amused ourselves by making a mental summary of its contents. Our past experience in these matters rendered us profoundly prophetic. There would, we felt sure, be a great deal of game—a few deer stalkers—some young ladies portraits smuggled in under fancy titles—a brigand or so—two or three cupids or seraphs—and of course a Falstaff. No. I, in all human probability would be a huge expanse of canvass to no purpose. Such, as we found on entering, was indeed the fact.

With the first picture in the exhibition we have this fault to find, namely, that it robs the public of several feet of wall, under the false pretence of representing a pair of "Peasants of the Cordilleras :" and though the affair is done by Hayter, the checque-taker blankly refuses to allow any discount for the disappointment. The peasants are a pair of milliner's apprentices, who, in the absence of their mistress, have tried on two fancy dresses, which they finished half an hour ago. A demure old lady characterized them as being the most forward, impudent hussies in the whole exhibition : the demure old lady, however, was wrong;—but to tell the truth, she had not yet seen the tipsy trio (No. 85) perpetrated by Mr. Etty.

The Fortune Teller—(Clater) is showy but not picturesque. *An Old Sailor, No News,* and two or three other studies (Good) are very meritorious attempts. This gentleman is making considerable progress : but we cannot help noticing that in his *Sea Shore with figures,* the rocks look like wood ; and in his *Long-promised Halfpenny,* the characters are but indifferently grouped. No. 9. *A Sclicitor*—(H. Wyatt) is tastefully arranged and tastefully coloured. No. 13. *Fishing Boat coming ashore*—(C. Fielding) has all the freshness of nature; it is reviving to look at it ; but it is too small to be fully appreciated in its present situation. *Driving a bargain*—(T. Webster) is well composed and carefully painted. *The Widow,* by the same hand, is not so good.

No. 19. *The dangerous Playmate*—(W. Etty). Cupid is here sporting in the lap of a maiden. Mr. Etty is fond of painting poetical subjects, but he does not throw upon his canvass the mind of a poet, he does not invest his characters with a dignity above common life, with expressions appropriate to characters moved by uncommon circumstances ; there is no invention in his compositions, no refinement in his forms :—what is the reason then that he is the idol of artists, the magnet of academy students ? It is this—he has produced some extraordinary combinations of colour, and in flesh tints is supposed to give more brilliancy than any other painter ; his whole mind is absorbed in colour; his love is but skin deep. Cleopatra or Venus, it is all the same to him, so that their flesh tints come up to the mark, and their transparent forms sparkle with jewellery or repose on crimson drapery against a Titianesque sky. We confess we have enjoyed a few of Etty's paintings as much as any one, but we give up to the mercy of his enemies, if he have any, the picture above-named, as well as No. 85. *Venetian Window during the Carnival,* which ought, certainly, to be guarded by a lantern and a placard. We also surrender to condemnation No. 358. *Fair laughs the morn ;* the art by which the colours are arranged, and the figures grouped, is too obtrusive, and there is no redeeming loveliness in the female heads.

No. 26. *A Sketch.*—No. 59. *Highland Game.*—No. 129. *Ptarmigan.*—No. 130. *Pheasant.*—No. 148. *Grouse.*—No. 149. *Black Cock and Gray Hen*—(E. Landseer). The whole of these are among the most extraordinary works of art we have ever seen, the execution of the plumage of the birds appears miraculous. Nature has been fairly coped with in these pictures, there is no shrinking from her details, no cutting-up of her breadth, no

weakening of her force:—a sentiment is spread over each subject, by the simple truth with which it is treated.

No. 34. *A visit to the Harem*—(Mrs. Carpenter) is unworthy of the artist, there is more taste in the colouring than in the treatment of the subject. Fanny Kemble is pourtrayed by Mr. Briggs, R.A., under the title of the *Young Poetess:* his taste is not refined enough to paint female portraits, nor is it likely his own choice directs him to such a line of art: he is capable of producing picturesque compositions, which we cannot but think would ensure him patronage, if they were confined within moderate limits.

No. 92. *Cottage Children*—(A. Morton.) An imitation of *Gainsborough* that *only* wants his simple feeling for truth and his free handling; in other respects, this picture is cleverly daubed—the childrens' face and hands are skilfully coloured, but the clothing gives one no other idea than that of paint and varnish; it is artificial throughout. If our artists thought less of each other and pondered more on Nature, there would not be so much of this conventional manner about their pictures: we should see more truth and beauty. No. 97, is called *A Cherub meditating,* and the same cherub is transferred to 250. *Instruction;* where the said cherub is represented listening to its mother with the exact expression with which he meditates among the purple clouds; he has served Mr. Westall for many purposes before. No. 98. *A Girl with Fruit*—(A. Fraser) is solid, rich, and clear; but in his other pictures, No. 45. *The Warder.*—278. *A Highland Sportsman.* No. 438. *A Bleaching Green in the Highlands:*—we see nothing worthy of notice except a slobbering of colour. No. 112. *Maternal affection.* (Patten.) There is so much careful drawing and colouring here, that we feel provoked at the want of nature in the treatment of the child.

We like Lee's two landscapes No. 52. *The Sands at Saltfleet,*—and No. 74. *Cattle on the Bank of a River*—there is a purity of colour and truth of effect in this painter's landscapes always charming; we hope he will dedicate himself to illustrate English landscape no painter living can do it with better feeling.

No. 74. *Skittle players*—(W. Collins, R. A.):—One of the best of this artist's works. It is painted with exquisite feeling throughout; every figure is a character whose history we could guess at; what can be more like nature, than the little saucy, healthy, hardy girl selling apples, and the good humoured winking eye of the hale old man feeling in his waistcoat pocket for a penny to give her?—his natural cordiality is heightened by ale and the pure air fanning his cheeks. How capital is the action of the player about to take his last throw, and what a bit of character is the chap of knowing importance, keeping back all stragglers from the way of the ball! —Lance has three or four fruit pieces admirably painted; it is a pity that so much pains should be thrown away upon vessels of gold and vessels of silver, many of which are not pleasing objects to look upon. We said there would be a Falstaff, and here he is. No. 72. by Kidd.—Buck basket and every usual accompaniment!—It is as bad as our prophetic soul could desire. No. 79. The *Sybil*—(G. Hayter, M. A. S. L.) Here is a cunningly devised piece of flattery! A lady, in the style and costume of a common-place modern portrait, is represented writing her name in an album. Curiosity is excited—dare we venture sufficiently near the battery of those mysterious eyes, to enable us to decypher the name thus dedicated to the latest posterity? Our eagerness is not to be repressed; our eye is fixed on the charmed characters more interesting than Egyptian hieroglyphs:—we read the name of Caroline Norton. Look on this picture, and then think of the Sybils of the Ghigi and the Sistine Chapels!—All this is really very childish in a national gallery. Such flattery and such pictures should be confined to a boudoir, Martin's *Alpheus and Arethusa,* is imagined with his usual fine originality, but the situation is unfavourable. The *Dorothea* below by

Middleton, is spoilt by the crude and interfering back ground; the head and upper part of the figure are tastefully executed. Wilson improves in his marine subjeccts; to look out upon his rolling seas, shining in the sun is the next best thing to visiting the coast itself. In No. 197. *Shakspeare's Cliff* Stanley has not let in air enough upon his picture; there is a tendency, though a slight one, to hardness in his outline and crudity in his colour.

The Burial of Sir John Moore—(W. Brockedon). The painter of this picture has certainly mistaken his talent—he never could have intended that it should have excited risibility in the spectator, and yet it certainly does. The same effect is produced upon us by *Medea meditating the Destruction of her Children*, painted by H. Howard, R. A.. The total want of meaning in the countenance of the principal figure, assures us that such a subject is beyond the painter's powers. Near this are two very clever landscapes, by Constable, R. A.; the *Dell Scene*, No. 156, in particular, is perhaps the finest bit of landscape painting in this exhibition *Ruysdael's*, admirers would relish it as a true treat. Hancock has two nicely finished pictures, No. 158, *The Keeper going round his Traps*, and No. 444, *The Forester*. The horse in the last mentioned is well drawn, but if the man is a deer stalker, such a spirited animal would assuredly mar his purpose. This artist is striding at a prodigious rate after Landseer, who will no doubt create a school of animal painters.

No. 163. *The Mourner*—(C. Landseer). Great practice and knowledge of his art may be discerned in this little subject—it represents a girl sinking with the torture of grief upon a newly made grave. We should have preferred a concealment of the face: such a treatment would be more refined and poetical.

No. 236. *The Spanish Refugees*—(J. P. Knight)—is coarsely drawn, and imagined in a common-place manner. *Blindman's Buff*—(W. Gill). *The Fair Connoisseur*, 297—(T. M. Joy). No. 305. *Landscape*—(J. Cruise)—are deserving of admiration. Over the door in the middle room is a painting by George Cruikshank, which we have no doubt will be considered as a curiosity, and appreciated as a work of art; it is called *An Attack on Bruce by the Lorn Highlanders*. We beg to congratulate the artist upon his accession to the honours of the palette, and hope it will prove as potent and prolific as his pencil.

In the picture of *Mokanna revealing his features to Zelica*—(Mc. Clise)—there is much to admire in the skilful execution and color; the Zelica also is beautifully imagined—it is the figure of a sweet girl trembling with the fear of encountering a dreadful revelation; but we object decidedly to the prophet: in this part of his subject the painter has missed the poetical feeling which should have inspired him—he has shewn too much—something dreadful, half seen, would have awed the imagination—as it is, the mystery is torn open and we are disappointed—there is nothing but an ugly raw head and glassy eyes, which any body could have done: besides this, the whole composition is too crowded—the female is interfered with by curtains and all sorts of furniture, and the other figure is too near her, they seem to have been put away in the corner of a broker's shop. In *Puck disenchanting Bottom*, No. 511, there is a vulgarity about the fairies too much akin to the character of the weaver himself, though in the execution of the whole subject we observed great force and cleverness.

One of the best pictures in the exhibition is, the *View of Greenwich Hospital*, from the river—(J. Holland). There is a great simplicity in the taste—the effect is natural and striking—the colouring chaste—the scene not crowded, yet well filled up—the style altogether reminds us of Guardi. All the historical pictures, unfortunately, are destitute of any novel or attractive qualities; and the exhibition, on the whole, we should characterise as rather more deficient than usual in sterling works of art.

THE MANUSCRIPT GAZETTE.

We have here to deal with an editor "placed far amid the melancholy main;" the very Juan Fernandez of the broad-sheet; the one literary porcupine of the Island of Ascension. We had as soon hoped for literary circulation in a sentry-box; and yet here we have a digest of home politics and colonial movements, arrivals, accidents, and angry slander. If the two wooden men of St. Dunstan's had, exclusively, for their individual instruction, written a newspaper detailing to each other what each must have witnessed, the courtesy would scarcely have been more refined than that anxious spirit of communion shown in *The Ascension Gazette*, of which we are the fortunate holders of one copy and a half. The *Gazette* must not be confounded with our double *Times*, for albeit its contents are far more interesting, they are not so voluminous. *The Ascension Gazette* is written—as a touching "notice to subscribers,"—informs the judicious few by "one pen," in a plain clerkly hand, on a sheet of imposing foolscap: herein there is no obligation to John Gutenberg; the printer depletes not the Eden of Ascension with his ink; there is not a single *devil* in the island; *pica* is unknown; yea, only vague reports have been heard of *cannon;* Mr. Figgins, type-founder, would be burned as a Doctor Faustus. We know not the extent of the circulation of "The Ascension Gazette," but as its penmanship depends upon one set of five fingers, we trust it is very limited; in fact, our benevolent hopes herein are flattered by the following advertisement:—

"Found.—A Knife; the owner may have it by giving a description, and paying the expenses, on applying at the office."

That "A Knife" missed, should be a matter of general interest to the whole population of the Island of Ascension, is a proof that the Anti-Malthusian principles are evidently not at work in that happy colony: to turn up the eyes of a community at "A knife," is to make a whole people endure the anxiety of Damocles.

The date of the *Gazette* from which we take the following extracts, is Saturday, December 23, 1826. There is in the subjoined extracts a touching melancholy, a desolateness that goes to the heart:—

"On Tuesday the 5th instant, one of those joyous and welcome interruptions of our insular and monotonous repose, took place on the arrival of His Majesty's ship, North Star, Captain Arabin, from the Coast of Africa, to victual: she was first seen from the Mountain-house, at 2 o'clock, and about four, anchored in the Bay."

But the canker blight of politics falls even among the amaranthine bowers of the Island of Ascension; on this cone of mud and sand stories, like clawed harpies, of "the elections" perch and clamour. Take the following:—which, when we consider what has passed since "Saturday, December 23, 1826," is doubly curious:—

"Mr. Cobbett and Mr. Hunt, we are happy to find were not returned: they are too ———. The City of London are not nice in what they do; we should just as soon have expected, if the Hero of Blacking, or the Knight of the Gridiron, had been returned, that it was for the City, as any other place; what

is Waithman better than either? As for Westminster, Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Place, a tailor at Charing Cross, possess the fee simple of 17,000 votes, half of which is let to Mr. Hobhouse, at the yearly rent of passive obedience, and uniform good behaviour; those individuals rail at a lesser number of votes being held in similar thraldom, by persons who understand how to make a better use of them: they have to answer for blinding and leading astray 17,000 persons, or a majority which is virtually the same, whilst the persons whom they deprecate, have to answer for the return of such men as Mr. Canning, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Goulbourn, &c.; Mr. Brougham has been defeated a second time in Westmorland, and has been obliged to present himself as a piece of second-hand goods to Winchelsea: however, they did not dislike that sort of article, for Lord Howick, a defeated candidate for Northumberland, is their other member. What business has Mr. Brougham asking for the representation of Westmorland, in opposition to such a highly respectable family as the Lowthers, who have the greatest stake in the county, and understand best its interests?"

The "blacking" and the "gridiron" declare the filial affection of the Ascension islanders for their mother country; how intensely must they have dwelt upon our political commotions to have in common with us a knowledge of those types of patriotism; it is lucky, however, for the Lord Chancellor that the *Ascension Gazette* was unknown to England before his recent elevation.

We now extract from our fragment of "Saturday, 4th November, 1826" the "Sporting intelligence."

"Wednesday, 25th of October.—A very thick fog and rain in the morning detained the goat hunters more than an hour, and it was late before the goats were discovered, close under Scylla Rock: they were chased but only two were taken; unfortunately, the sheep were in the direction the herd took, and the dogs were obliged to be taken off the pursuit. In the afternoon, a small party were seen feeding near Cricket Valley and men with the dogs went after them, and succeeded in rocking eight or nine, out of which, four Billies (one very large) and one Nanny were killed. Some were rocked at the further end of the valley, but darkness came on and all the ammunition being expended, the party came home, and had a difficult walk along Cuppage's Folly; no accident however occurred."

It would thus seem that goats are lions in the Island of Ascension. The following "Elopement" is in true penny-a-line *gusto*, and must have been duly relished at the breakfast table.

"An elopement took place a few days ago. The swain is a dashing corporal of the Royal Africans, and the nymph, a resident of one of our romantic vallies near Dampier's Springs. They sought the blacksmith, but alas! he had not the power of the Gretna Green one. The fair fugitive was secured, and is, we believe, restored to the arms of her disconsolate mistress; it is whispered that the affair will end to the satisfaction of the lovers, and at a proper period, the head of the church and state here will officiate to restore the injured fame of the impassioned, but imprudent fair."

We know not whether our readers will join in our opinion of the character of this manuscript gazette; to us it is most interesting, as displaying in a curious manner, that deeply implanted want, wisely fixed in us, of mutual comfort and communing; that wish to know and feel the actions, hopes, and sorrows of others, which binds us in common brotherhood, and which, in proportion to its influence, renders us worthy of our fellows and ourselves.

THE PRUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

The world has been edified by the adventures of "The French Rogue," "The Spanish Rogue;" and we have met with a personage in every way calculated to dispute their several claims of superiority, *dans la belle science* of finesse and trickery, and to challenge high respect and consideration as "The Prussian Rogue." Berlin has reason to be proud of her hero: he is a varlet of no vulgar brain. We say *is*, for at the moment we write, the scape-grace—whom we shall introduce to our readers under the appellation of Hans Kutzlus—enjoys his life and liberty, despite of Ketch and Newgate; for, we may premise, the labours of our friend Hans have chiefly been directed to the instructing our countrymen in worldly experience. For ourselves, we look upon it as no small compliment to the singleness, the honesty, the surly good-nature of John Bull, that he, above all others, is selected by scheming knaves, to work their spells upon. We conceive him indirectly flattered by their choice.

Hans Kutzlus was, in the due season, judaized a member of the synagogue. Yet, lest this circumstance might prejudice him in the mind of the orthodox and too fastidious reader, we are bound to declare that Hans held not to the faith of his fathers. We have ourselves, again and again, beheld him eat his recantation in a gammon of bacon. Besides, Love, whose arrow spares not even circumcised flesh, had enmeshed our hero in the toils of a christian *fille-de-chambre*, labouring in her vocation in Paris. Hans and Josephine became *one;* in consequence of which, Hans and his father were ever after *two*. The patrimony of our hero was divided amongst younger and more discreet brothers; and Hans, being shut out from the synagogue, incontinently went to church. We have deemed it necessary to say thus much of the birth and parentage of our subject, both as it is in conformity with "the good old plan," and also with our wish that Hans may not risk condemnation for venial errors, when he has a sufficiency of full-blown villainies to employ the castigation of the virtuous.

We have not been so fortunate as to obtain matter to form a connecting chain of the adventures of our hero, leading from the cradle to as close a proximity as is with safety possible, to the gallows. Unhappily, all that we are enabled to give, are a few anecdotes of Hans—a few touches of character—some slight strokes and lines, by which our readers may form some notion of the expression and magnitude of our hero.

Not more than two years since, Hans had all the external appearance and appurtenances of a gentleman:—a handsome house, superb furniture, diamonds at his knees and on his fingers, and a gold repeater in his fob. These things were to him his working-tools. He used a shew of wealth, as a means to obtain the substance. (In this point, how many, at the present moment, resemble Hans!) Bills, promissory-notes—that seductive ruin, that fatal embodiment of procrastination—were handled by Kutzlus "familiar as his garter." He

had, moreover, a plan—the product of a true genius—to obtain the most unquestionable acceptances. His scheme was as follows:—He would, by some means, hunt out the sons of rich merchants and bankers—of men who come "smug upon the mart"—and, by dint of wheedling, fawning, cringing, get the unsuspecting lads to write the required words across the stamp, and thus render the document "good as the Bank." This is no fiction. More than once has Hans lined his empty purse by this ingenious device;—and by that inexplicable good fortune, which is often seen to attend the most subtle and daring labours in the fields of chicane, Kutzlus has, until the present period, escaped!

Whilst on the subject of bills, an anecdote, characteristic of the temperament of Hans, may not here be inserted out of place. Our hero had driven the bill system as far as it would go—those bits of paper, whose consequences are prophetically and allegorically displayed in the wings by which Icarus sought to fly (a position, we think, made sufficiently manifest by the popular expression, "to raise the wind")—were about to desert friend Hans; when, one night, contemplating on the approaching ruin—as the climax to his fears—he suddenly remembered that a bill, to the tune of upwards of a hundred pounds, became due in the morning! The fatal document was held by a particular friend of Hans—one of those soft-mouthed leeches who suck at the rate of thirty per cent. Our hero knew that his benefactor had no drop of pity—not one "so big as is a wren's eye." Well, the crisis was come—it was inevitable—and Hans flung round, and plunged his head into his pillow, with that recklessness of feeling which, in our vanity, we are apt to club philosophy, and to exclaim, or at least to think, "Well, let the world crack, I'll take my rest!" But the bill was due to-morrow, and Kutzlus could not rest. A cold, legal hand seemed crawling up his shoulder—then came the thought of turnkeys, and of the unavailable hour, that must see his genius "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" by the sullen walls of a county gaol. Still Kutzlus kept awake:—but take his own words:—

"Vell, sir, vhat could I do? I turned, and turned—and 'how de deyvil,' said I to myself, 'can I take up dis bill?' Den I damned de bill—but dat did no goot. Den I tought if I could talk him over—but I knowd it vas no use;—den I tried to go to sleep. Den de vatchman cried von o'clock—two o'clock—dree o'clock—four o'clock—and up I jumps. Vell, I dresses myself, and goes avay to de holder of de bill. It vas a fine summer's morning, in de month of July, and mein friendt lived by Baddington; and as I valked over de fields, de birds sung beautiful, and de sun vas out, and——"

(The wily sinner!—Those who had not been previously warned of the exploits of Kutzlus, would have thought him—as they heard him stepping aside from John Doe, to enumerate the scattered beauties of a July morning—a spotless, unsophisticated soul—jaded and misplaced amidst the turmoil and traffic of the world—yearning for the scenes and customs of pastoral life—thirsting, with a deep thirst, to exchange *£. s. d.* for a green hill, a purling stream, and a flock of sheep!)

" —At last I got to de house, and I knocks hard at de door—all vas asleep, and I knock again. Vell, vhen I had knocked five or six time—mein friendt's wife look out of de vindow, and I says, 'I vants Mr. ——.' Vell, she told me he vas very ill, and mustn't be roused —but I knocks again—once, twice—and den mein friendt, vid his face vhite as a sheet, looks out of de vindow, and asks, mit all his eyes, vhat I vanted so early? And I says, 'Mr. ——, my bill is due to-day.' 'Vell!' he said, 'I know.—Vell!' 'I can't take it up.' 'And did you come to tell me dat?' 'Yes.' 'For vhat?' ''Cause it vouldn't let *me* sleep—and as I couldn't sleep, I vas determined *you* shouldn't.'" When we remonstrated with Hans on the unchristian spirit of such notification, all his reply was, " Oh, sir, you can't tink how comfortable it made me!"

Hans is a fellow of some humour; and has, more than once, in examination, afforded mirth to the lawyers. On one occasion he had to justify bail, and was probed pretty deeply as to the extent and character of his property. He had to justify to the amount of £700. " So, Mr. Kutzlus," commenced the counsel, " you are, it seems, a man of wealth. Pray, sir, of what does your property consist?" " Of pictures." " Oh! ho!—pictures!—Well, I'm a bit of an amateur myself, and so 'tis lucky that we have fallen into each other's hands. We can have some talk on the arts. I declare you have quite the look of one of the *cognoscenti*. What are these pictures?" " Vy, I have *one* picture, dat—" " Ha! let us hear about that *one* picture. That's doubtless the eye and soul of the collection. At how much do you value it?" " At a tousand pound!" " A thousand pound!—A Rembrandt, doubtless?—No!—Well, a Titian?—A Claude?—A Correggio?—A Rubens?—A——by none of the great masters?—and yet you value it at a thousand pounds! Pray, whose picture is it?"

" Mein *vife's!*" was the laconic answer of the witness. The counsel was silent, and the court laughed at the connubial spirit displayed by our hero.

In another instance, the cunning of Hans did not produce the like fortunate results. His dealings were, as our readers may imagine, of a miscellaneous character. He had, in the course of his traffic, become engaged in a matter, in which the secretion of some ship-anchors was the point in dispute. The business was submitted to judicial inquiry, and Hans mounted the witness-box. However, our hero conceived it to his advantage, suddenly to forget the by no means limited stock of English that he had been some years acquiring. To all the questions of judge or counsel, he replied in Gascon French. When repeatedly asked, " what he had done with the anchors?" his only rejoinder was, suiting the action to the word, " *Mangé—mangé!*" As he had thus confessed to having " eaten" the anchors, he was very unexpectedly sent down to " digest" them.

Kutzlus was the natural enemy of all pawnbrokers. Many and ingenious were the tricks he put upon the worthy fraternity of Lombard merchants. We have heard him recount, with inexpressible glee, one master-stroke of chicane. He had had manufactured, for the novice, several rolls of what seemed " fine, grass-bleached Irish linen!" With one of these under his arm, he was wont to enter the

pawnbroker's box. The linen was displayed upon the counter; a few yards were unrolled; and having been subjected to the educated eye of the shopman, was received as cloth of the most delicate web, and money was lent accordingly. Kutzlus paid two or three visits of the kind to nearly every money-lender in the metropolis; and it was not until the several shop-keepers had, in the way of trade, remarked to each other, on the unaccountable influx of Irish linen, that one of our friend Hans' samples was more rigidly examined. Great was the surprize—greater the indignation, of every pawnbroker: for, upon unrolling the pledge of Hans, the first six or eight yards displayed a delicacy of texture *not* "continued in the next!" The first were, indeed, as housewives have it, "fine as a hair," but beyond, ensued and ended the coarsest cotton; or, in the emphatic words of Hans—and he laughed to choaking, as he uttered them—"coffin cloth!" We believe, had the law allowed it, a gallows, emulating the altitude of Hamon's gibbet, might, in less than four-and-twenty hours, have been erected, by pawnbrokers' subscriptions, for the exaltation of Hans Kutzlus. The excommunication of Ernulphus, cited by Mr. Shandy, is replete with charity and benedictions, compared to the aspirations of which Hans was the sole and peculiar object. However, as the Irishman on his death-bed, owned, as a saving grace, that he had once "shot a gauger," so, we verily believe, die as he may, Hans Kutzlus will find a delicious solace in the consciousness of having—robbed a pawnbroker!

Hans once pawned a watch. Luckless was the man who took it in! By day and night was the chronometer of Hans a source of exquisite annoyance to the money-lender. Hans entertained a notion, which, in a theoretical view, was by no means extravagant; but, practically applied, demanded of the patient all the virtue of the man of Uz. Hans reasoned thus:—"Mr. —— having my watch, surely I have a right to call at any time to ask the hour." And this right he never lost an opportunity of enforcing. Thus—for the shop lay a few doors from his home—at morning and night he would call, with his one question, "What's o'clock?" He would knock, ring the bell, thump the shutter—and when, at length, the night-capped pawnbroker threw up the window, and thrust forth his head—there, like the night raven, was Hans.—Pop was the question—"What's o'clock?" At times, by some subtle invention, he would inflict the query as the sting of a narrative—as thus: "Mr. ——, mein vife is just got a litteel poy; and as I put down in de Pible ven de children are porn, vill you tell me—*vhat's o'clock?*" At other times, his wife, or his "litteel poy" was ill, and having to take medicine at a certain hour, he just begged to know—"*vhat's o'clock?*" Mercury—for surely he is Hans' tutelar deity—alone knows how long this war would have been inflicted on the pawnbroker, had not a most fortunate occurrence put an end to the evil. His shop was one night burnt to the ground, and with it was irretrievably lost the "family watch" of Hans Kutzlus.

Despite that a recorder's report is published every week or two—that transports sail for New Holland every other sessions—Hans Kutzlus is still alive, in London, and at liberty!

THE SUPREMACY OF PUBLIC OPINION.

It is a maxim in political science, the truth of which is established by universal experience, that no government, whatever may be its form, can be secure or permanent, unless it is founded upon and supported by public opinion; and unless it has acquired, by some means or other, the respect and attachment of the great body of the people. Even in those countries where the will of the sovereign is supposed to be the only law, the opinions of the people possess a great, although unacknowledged influence; and the tyrant, who has trampled upon all the political rights of his subjects, is compelled to respect their religious principles, and their natural or national prejudices. It may, indeed, be safely asserted, that no country will long submit to an authority which is repugnant to the prevailing habits and sentiments of its inhabitants; and which depends, for its stability, upon a system of general oppression and violence. All history proves that, sooner or later, such an authority must be subverted by one of those popular commotions, which, when they come from the outraged feelings of a whole population, ultimately prove irresistible. Those, indeed, who enjoy liberty, and by its enjoyment know its value, may, perhaps, be disposed to question how far it can be correctly asserted, that the submission which is rendered to despotic power, results not so much from slavish fear, as from an habitual respect and attachment maintained and cherished by the traditionary recollections, and national sympathies, which endear, to a whole people, the person of an hereditary sovereign. But a very slight acquaintance with history, and with the existing state of the world, will abundantly confirm the truth of such an assertion. How strikingly is it illustrated by the state of France, under its old government; where, in spite of the abuses, the oppressions, and the injustice, which disgraced every branch of the executive government, the monarch still retained his popularity; and, in the hour of danger, could fearlessly appeal to the affections of his subjects, and who derived, from their devoted exertions, the means of repelling those enemies whom his own unjust ambition had provoked. At the present moment, when the progress of political knowledge is almost everywhere sapping the foundations of arbitrary power, there may yet be found nations in Europe, where the paternal character of the government, and its considerate regard for the welfare of the great mass of the people, in some degree counteract the baneful effects which would otherwise result from its possession of absolute power; or at least conceal from the observation of the multitude, the evils of that political system under which they live. The great, and indeed the only safety of a despotic government, consists in opposing the diffusion of knowledge, and providing for the general security of life and property; and thus retarding, if not preventing the progress of their political opinions, which, when once embraced by the body of the people, must, by necessity, extort from it those political rights which it unjustly withheld from its subjects.

If, therefore, it cannot be denied, that the opinions of the people limit and restrain the exercise of authority, even in countries where they possess no direct share in the administration of public affairs, how much more truly may this be affirmed in regard to those states, where it is an admitted, and, to a certain extent, a practical truth, that all power is derived from the people, must be employed for their benefit, and in accordance with their general principles and wishes. In the former, disaffection may continue to spread among the people for a considerable time before it breaks forth into open resistance: in the latter, every important act of government elicits a strong expression of public feeling; and each individual speedily becoming acquainted with the sentiment of his fellow citizens, speaks and acts without fear, and without restraint. In the former, rulers may commit great and glaring errors; but, unless they are such as to arouse the dormant political energies of an ignorant and careless multitude, they produce no permanent impression, and may be easily repaired. But the case is altogether different in the latter, where all the proceedings of government are watched with unceasing jealousy, and where ministers, if once they enter upon impolitic and unpopular measures, can neither proceed without infinite danger, nor retreat without great dishonour. In the former, the task of government is comparatively an easy one; and it requires no very profound sagacity, nor extended knowledge, to understand the prominent features which distinguish the character of a particular nation, and to refrain from correcting its prejudices, in such a manner as to irritate the ignorant and inert mass of its population: but, in the latter, ambition pays a costly price for its gratification; and deep and corroding must be the anxieties of that statesman, whose object it is to frame his measures in accordance with the existing state of public opinion, without greatly falling short of, or exceeding its demands. In a word, in every free state—that is, in every state where there is freedom of speaking and of acting—public opinion must be the sovereign power; and no important measure, affecting the general interest of the country, can proceed to any final issue, unless it has received its sanction.

But there are some, who regard the principle which we have now stated, as a very dangerous one; and who are in the habit of asserting, that statesmen ought to look at measures only as they are in themselves, and not with reference to the manner in which they are likely to be received by those whose benefit it is, or ought to be, their intention to promote. Now, it appears to us, that the reasoning adopted by that pretty numerous class to which we have alluded, proceeds upon some material errors; which, if exposed, would prove the absurdity of assertions, which are advanced with so much confidence and self-complacency. When we assert the necessary supremacy of public opinion, it seems to be the belief of those who object to this principle, that the meaning we intend to convey is, that particular statesmen must sacrifice their political principles, when they discover that they are opposed to the decisions of this public opinion. Nothing could be further from our intention, than to make any such insinuation. The only point which we wished to establish was, that it is a necessary condition, on the existence of a free state, that the

government must be conducted in a manner agreeable to the principles of a majority of the people. And the only inference which can be justly drawn from this is, that when the members which compose a government entertain political opinions opposed to those of the people, they ought to retire from office, and leave their places to be occupied by those who can carry on the government, in the only way in which it can be carried on with advantage and safety. Those who cavil at and dispute the principle, that public opinion must and ought to controul and direct the conduct of government, cannot, surely, on the slightest reflection, refuse to admit, that in countries which enjoy free institutions, the character of the people, whether that character be good or bad, must, as a matter of course, be impressed upon the government to which they are willing to submit. They may urge, that public opinion may be, and often is wrong; but this has nothing to do with the question, and does not in the least degree invalidate the truth of the political maxim, that no free government can exist, unless its measures are sanctioned and enforced by public opinion. But we would venture to go still further, and to express our conviction, that public opinion is much seldomer wrong, than some are willing to suppose; and that no country is likely to be so well governed as that where all public measures are framed upon an enlightened regard, to the decisions of public opinion. We think that a very short view of the past history, and present state of public opinion, will tend to illustrate this observation, and will besides, at the present moment, be productive of important political instruction and warning.

An inquiry into the history of public opinion during the earlier ages of European history, might prove both useful and interesting; but it would here be out of place, and inconsistent with our present object; which is, to trace the progress of those political opinions which now prevail to so great an extent, and the power and influence of which are every day increasing. The first French Revolution must be regarded as the great era of liberal opinions; and it is during the period which has elapsed since that great event, that that change has taken place in the political feelings and sentiments of the great body of the people, the effects of which, we are now beginning to witness, and which must yet be attended with the most important consequences. The activity and intelligence of her population—the the greatness of her military power—and the splendour of her literary reputation—have always secured to France an exalted place among the nations of Europe: and there is not a corner of the continent where her influence has not penetrated, and where the political movements by which she has been agitated, have not excited sympathy and interest. France, degraded and enslaved as she was, under her old government, had, with the exception of England, far preceded the other nations of Europe, in the career of civilization and improvement;—and her literary men, by their genius and their writings, had not only largely contributed to the national glory, but conferred still greater and more permanent advantages upon their country, by preparing her people to appreciate the blessings of freedom, and to throw off that shameful yoke under which they had so long groaned. During the last half of the eighteenth century, a multitude

of writers of all classes consecrated their talents to the diffusion of liberal opinions: and, however pernicious many of the doctrines which they endeavoured to propagate, they had the merit of arousing their countrymen to a sense of their political rights, and of implanting in their minds an eager desire to become freemen, not in shew, but in reality. The middle classes, throughout France, became every day more enlightened, more conscious of their own strength, and more enthusiastic in favour of those principles, which assigned to them their just place in the political system, and exposed the folly and injustice of those privileges which the higher classes had so long enjoyed. In France, as well as in other countries, the cause of liberty was greatly indebted to the pecuniary embarrassments of the crown: the hatred entertained towards Neckar, by the aristocracy—and the failure of every attempt made by any other minister to restore order to the finances—at length compelled the government to reveal its difficulties to the people, and to solicit, as it were, their advice and assistance. France was now admitted to be labouring under some grievous political malady; and, amid the numerous remedies prescribed by self-constituted state physicians, none was more generally agreeable, and appeared more reasonable in itself, than the proposal to assemble the States-General. After long hesitation and delay, the court at last granted this great boon to the people; and every heart, full of hope and joy, anticipated, with fond impatience, the blessings which were to be poured out upon France, by the meeting of this long-forgotten assembly.

The imposing attitude immediately assumed and firmly preserved by the Tiers Etat—the determination exhibited by the people, to support their representatives—and the vain efforts of the court to dissolve the States-General—convinced all Europe, that France was upon the eve of a great internal revolution. The events of each succeeding day, tended to establish the ascendancy of popular party; and everywhere filled the friends of freedom with joy and triumph; especially in England, where the people, forgetting their antient hostility to France, welcomed her political regeneration as the commencement of a new and better era in the history of mankind. The English government and aristocracy, however, did not share in these feelings; but, on the contrary, regarded them with fear and suspicion, as the forerunners of a demand for domestic reform, which they might find it neither easy nor prudent to resist. At the present day, all parties admit that many abuses exist in the administration of government: but how much more undeniable must this have been at the breaking out of the French Revolution, when every department of the state was a nest of jobbers, who fattened upon the public revenue, for doing nothing; and when ministers openly managed parliament, by means of bribery and corruption; and when, from the meanest elector, to the proudest noble—every man indifferent to the interests of his country bartered his political influence for some personal advantage? If the government of England were bad, that of Ireland was a thousand times worse; and the system of administration acted upon in that country, would have disgraced the old government of France at any period of its existence. No wonder,

therefore, that those who composed and supported the administration which then existed, trembled when they witnessed the triumph of the French people, and the sensations which it excited in England. The interest which the great body of the people began to manifest, in regard to political subjects, was to them ominous of changes calculated to deprive them of advantages, which, if not so glaring and odious, were at least as substantial and profitable as those enjoyed by the privileged classes in France. The most eloquent and distinguished members of the House of Commons had always advocated the necessity of Parliamentary Reform, as the best, and indeed the only means, for putting an end to that system of corruption which was the disgrace of every successive government, and which gave more than a colour of truth to the assertion, that no honest man could be a British Minister. But well did the possessors of office, and the minions of the aristocracy, know, that if the management of the House of Commons were taken out of their hands, their political power was at an end; and, however willing to make a few partial changes, to satisfy the people, they were determined never to consent to popularize the House of Commons, which would not only strike at a few of the more glaring corruptions that existed, but would remove the cause to which they might all be traced. The great body of the aristocracy were, therefore, seized with no small alarm, when they found that the principles of Parliamentary Reform were making rapid progress among the people; and they could not conceal from themselves the melancholy truth, that if once this great question were properly understood, the country would never rest satisfied, until the influence of the people in the House of Commons became real, and not nominal. But happily for those who had so much cause to dread the progress of political knowledge, events at the time took place which dispelled their apprehensions, turned the tide of public opinion in their favour, and enabled them to derive from that event, which they had regarded with so much fear and dislike, the means not only of more firmly establishing, but of greatly increasing, their former political power.

The French Revolution had not proceeded far in its career, before the measures adopted by the popular leaders had alienated from them many of the most zealous of their foreign friends, and had materially changed the opinions of the English people in regard to the political prospects of France. Many individuals, allowing their judgment to be overpowered by their feelings, had rashly and foolishly concluded that the struggle for liberty in France had terminated before it had well commenced; and that the crown and the aristocracy were disposed tamely to relinquish those privileges which, however unjust and oppressive, in regard to the people, they defended as their natural and unalienable rights. But the case was very different in reality; for no sooner had the court and nobility discovered that the great object of the Tiers Etat was to establish upon a firm basis the representation, and the other political rights of the people, than they resolved, by every means in their power, and even, if necessary, by actual violence, to dissolve the States-General; and thus, as they thought, to put an end to the pretensions of the

Third Estate. But it was now too late; for, since the meeting of the States-General, and the first proceedings of the Commons, public opinion had acquired tenfold force, and the whole people were united as one man, to support the representatives of the nation in those bold and decided resolutions which they adopted in the hour of danger. Every intelligent man in France was aware, that until the Tiers Etat had acquired an undoubted superiority in the national assembly, none of the changes which had become absolutely necessary, could be carried into effect. It was then, and is still urged, that the people acted unjustly, in demanding that the Three Estates should constitute one assembly; and by voting numerically, secure to the Commons a great majority upon every public question. Why not have adopted Necker's plan, of dividing the states into two chambers; one composed of the nobility and clergy, the other of the representatives of the people? Now we put it to any man of common understanding, and who is at all acquainted, however slightly, with the state in which France was placed at the commencement of the revolution, whether such a plan was practicable, or could have retarded, even for a moment, the collision which took place between the nobility and the people? We have lately seen, that even in a country where the House of Peers is intimately connected with, and constantly receiving new members from the Commons, there may arise occasions in which its liability to some change demanded by the people, may be attended with the most serious embarrassment, and may place in the greatest danger that constitution, of which it forms a part.

Now, if such a thing could take place in England, what would have been the case in France, where the majority of the nobility and clergy were ignorant, proud, and bigotted, and where every measure which could be proposed for the benefit of the people, interfered with some one or other of the privileges and exemptions possessed by the ecclesiastical and secular nobility? No: a single assembly, composed of the representatives of the people, and the clergy and nobility, was the only thing which could do for France; and there, if anywhere, the Tiers Etat could listen to the opinions, and respect the prejudices of the nobility; and there, if anywhere, the nobility could see the necessity of yielding to the just demands of the people. At that period, public opinion in France, however decided, in favour of the claims advanced by the Tiers Etat, was still willing to yield much to the crown and the nobility; and had the understanding of the king been equal to the goodness of his heart, he might have placed himself at the head of the revolution; and, by rigorous and prudent measures, have secured the support of great majority of the people. But, unfortunately, Louis was too much influenced by his queen and his courtiers; and they were constantly engaged in attempts to defeat the popular cause at every stage of its progress, until the people, regarding the king and nobility as their natural enemies, listened to those who advocated the most extreme opinions, and whose object it was to introduce universal anarchy, in order to make way for their fondly-cherished political dreams. Public opinion was thus soon placed between two extremes, unable to give its support, either to the court or the republicans; and

the great majority of the respectable and intelligent classes, whose political influence had been hitherto predominant, now retired from the struggle, and witnessed, with silent but bitter grief, those excesses which were heaping disgrace upon the cause of liberty, and the name of Frenchman. These classes, except in defence of their lives and property, are always naturally unwilling to act offensively against the lower orders; and, besides, at every successive period of the revolution, the state of France was such, that the moderate friends of liberty were compelled, in self-defence, to sanction the proceedings of its more violent adherents; and called upon, as they were, to choose between despotism and republicanism, who can wonder that they preferred the latter?

The execution of Louis XVI., the establishment of a republic, and the reign of terror, produced a powerful reaction in the public opinion of Europe; and no where so visibly as in England, where the great majority of the middle classes viewed, with abhorrence and indignation, the open irreligion and atrocious cruelties of the republican government. Hatred to the new order of things in France, now became a passion of the public mind; and the war which took place between England and France, was eagerly supported by the people, who were daily more exasperated by the bitter hostility of the French Republic, and its open attempts to excite internal commotions in Great Britain and Ireland. The elevation of Buonaparte to supreme power, perhaps, for a time abated the force of those feelings, and inspired the English with the hope, that the new ruler of France, satisfied with the military glory which he had acquired, would now devote himself to the arts of peace. But the conduct and character of Napoleon, soon convinced a great majority throughout England, that no satisfactory and permanent peace could be established between France and England, while the former was governed by Buonaparte The splendid series of victories gained by the French Emperor, and his vast and daily increasing military power, served only to convince the British people, that if they wished to retain their independence, it must be at the point of the sword, and by the most devoted exertions. Even at the moment when there appeared so much cause for despair, England still persevered in the determination, never to make peace with Buonaparte, until he had relinquished those unjust pretensions and ambitious projects, which were inconsistent with the existence of any independent European nation. The insane attempts which the Emperor made to destroy the commerce of England, while they inflicted little real injury upon Great Britain, could not fail to embitter the feelings of her inhabitants, and to render public opinion still more decided in favour of the French war. The invasion of Spain and Portugal, attended with so many disgraceful violations of faith and honour, excited in every part of England, and indeed of all Europe, feelings of bitterest indignation; and now men of all parties urged the government to adopt still more vigorous measures of hostility, and to afford the most efficient assistance to nations which had been so unjustly and shamelessly robbed of their independence. Throughout the remainder of this eventful struggle, the voice of public opinion still declared against Buona-

parte, and in favour of those measures which had for their object effectually to restrain his power, and at last to compel him to abdicate the throne.

It is needless to observe, that the opinion of France regarding Buonaparte, was very different from that of England; although we think that, latterly, the great majority of intelligent and moderate men in both countries, viewed that remarkable individual in nearly the same light. When Buonaparte first attracted the attention and admiration of France, he appeared as the saviour of his country, and the restorer of her glory; and as one who, unstained with the crimes of the revolution, had repaired the errors of those who tyrannized over France in the name of the republic. The attempts which he made to overturn that republic, and place himself at the head of affairs, excited very little disapprobation in France, where the great majority appeared willing to grant a very large share of power to one who had already done so much for France, and whose genius might at once preserve her from external dangers, and restore to her internal peace and prosperity. There were some, indeed, who for a time cherished the hope that Buonaparte would act the part of a Washington, and save the republic, without destroying it. But those who were acquainted with his character, and with the state of parties, clearly foresaw that he was neither the man to exhibit such virtue, nor France in a condition to reap much benefit from his exertions, even had he been inclined to do so. Even those who were zealously attached to liberal institutions, scarcely denied the necessity of a temporary dictatorship; and they were inclined to rest satisfied, if Buonaparte, without depriving himself of that extensive authority which they allowed to be necessary, would ultimately secure to France institutions, which might place upon a permanent foundation the political rights and liberties of her citizens.

No man was ever more deeply convinced of the necessity of conciliating public opinion; and, at the same time, no man was ever more unalterably opposed to free institutions, than Buonaparte. He would scarcely submit to treat foreign nations on terms of equality and independence; far less could he ever have endured to be the sovereign of a country, where all his measures could be thwarted, and his most favourite schemes blasted, by the interference of a popular assembly, which would compel him, in the person of his ministers, to account for the minutest acts of his government. During his whole reign, and especially at its first commencement, the grand object of Napoleon was to gain the favour of the people, without sacrificing even an iota of his despotic authority: and as no man ever knew the French character better, his endeavours for a time were tolerably successful. It was on this principle that he pretended to regard it as absolutely necessary, constantly to engross the attention of his subjects with new victories and new conquests; and although probably, even to his own mind, he glossed over his ambition with the name of policy, it cannot be denied that his splendid victories did fascinate the French, and in some degree reconcile them to the arbitrary character of his government. Besides, his internal administration was regulated upon very different principles from those

which prevailed in the old government of France, and in other despotic countries of Europe. On every occasion he exhibited his determination to treat all classes of his subjects upon terms of the most perfect equality, and to afford to the very meanest of them the fullest opportunity of aspiring to the most important situations, and the most distinguished honours. He took good care to prove that this was not a nominal but a real privilege; for he was surrounded with men who had risen from the very lowest ranks; and every day displayed to France the spectacle of her Emperor bestowing the most splendid rewards upon some successful soldier, whose only claims to favour were such as every Frenchman might flatter himself with one day possessing. This part of his policy does infinite credit to Napoleon; for it enabled him at once to gratify the people, and to surround himself with a numerous body of adherents, who, owing their all to him, were entirely devoted to his interests.

But his unbounded ambition, and the hostility he had excited throughout Europe, compelled the Emperor to demand sacrifices from his subjects, which they were not very willing to make, when they could discover no really beneficial and national object for which they were required. The tide of fortune too began to turn; and no longer blinded by the glare of military glory, the French began to find out the faults of their hero. He became especially sensible to the evils of that despotism which deprived them of all constitutional influence over the conduct of the government. The people still, indeed, retained some attachment to the Emperor, but public opinion became every day more decidedly in favour of a liberal form of government; and as it was but too evident, that Buonaparte would never willingly cede to his subjects their political rights, his abdication, when he was compelled to consent to that dreadful sacrifice, produced little sensation in France, as the superior and middle classes were willing to submit to the restoration of the Bourbons, on condition of receiving a free constitution. Buonaparte owed his restoration wholly to the army; and he found it impossible to excite in his favour the body of the people, who were now little inclined to confide in his professions, and who saw no prospect of tranquillity and security, but in his absence from France.

The final termination of the revolutionary war, placed the different nations of Europe in a situation highly favourable for the reception and progress of liberal opinions; and it soon appeared that such opinions had acquired considerable strength in countries where their existence had scarcely been suspected. Spain, Portugal, and Naples, which had been hitherto regarded as the strong-holds of ignorance and despotism, now stood forth to the world, in the aspect of nations, extorting free constitutions from their unwilling sovereigns; but these constitutions, not being supported by the affection and opinion of the majority of the people, were soon destroyed, either by counter internal revolutions, or by the efforts of foreign enemies. But in France and England, public opinion continued to advance quietly but steadily; and it was apparent to every attentive observer, that those political feelings and sentiments to which the revolution had given birth, were rapidly extending themselves throughout these

two countries, and could not fail, at an early period, to exert the most important influence.

In France, the Bourbons were extremely unpopular, from old associations, and especially from the mortifying circumstances which had attended their second restoration. Louis XVIII. however, was a prudent and cautious monarch;—taught, by past experience, the danger of disregarding public opinion, and naturally inclined to adopt a course of policy opposed both to extreme royalism and extreme liberalism, and calculated to meet the wishes of the majority of his subjects. But, whatever were his own intentions or wishes, Louis was too often prevailed upon by the counsels of his brother and the old courtiers, to sanction measures which were adverse to his own principles, and which endangered the security of his throne, and the tranquillity of the country. The death of Louis, however, when taken in connection with the character of his successor, might be regarded as a misfortune to France; and the conduct of the new monarch, although for some time after his accession he affected popularity, realized the worst anticipations which had been entertained regarding it. Charles, who, in his youth, had been the most zealous and active opponent of the popular cause, had, in spite of all his misfortunes, retained his old principles; and, blinded by his prejudices, resolved to act upon them, at a moment when, to do so, could only be attended with his own ruin. The nation, justly suspecting his intentions, regarded the appointment of Prince Polignac to the office of prime minister, as the commencement of the counter-revolution. Never did public opinion express itself in a manner more firm, decided, and unequivocal; and Charles had now an opportunity of retracing his steps; but he was determined to brave every danger, rather than relinquish his insane projects. The Chambers confirmed the decision of the people; and now finding it impossible to mature his plans in secrecy, Charles openly commenced them; and by so doing, provoked a popular insurrection, which terminated in the exile of himself and his family; and in the exaltation of the Duke of Orleans to the French throne. The proceedings at Paris were confirmed by all France—public opinion for a time reigned triumphant in that country—and it appeared scarcely possible, that a government which owed to it its existence and continuance, would on any account venture to provoke its hostility. It is, however, an undoubted fact, that Louis Philippe has become unpopular with a considerable part of his subjects; and it seems impossible to deny, that his conduct, after the late insurrection at Paris, was beyond measure imprudent, and proved him incapable of taking advantage of a position the most favourable in which such a government as his could have been placed. Our limits do not permit us to offer any observations upon the existing state of France; as, in order to understand its present political condition, and the future prospects of Louis Philippe and his government, it would be necessary to enter at considerable length upon the history of that period which has elapsed since the Revolution of 1830.

The progress of public opinion has not been less decided nor attended with less important consequences in England than in France,

and that progress indeed appears almost incredible, when we compare our present political situation with what it was less than ten years ago. The efforts made to promote the education and intellectual improvement of the people have greatly contributed to extend the limit of political knowledge, and at the same time many external events have concurred in bringing about the political changes which would sooner or later have been demanded and extorted by public opinion. The circumstances which attended the separation between Mr. Canning and the ultra Tories, as they at once disorganized the the Tory party, and established for a time the supremacy of the liberals, were not a little influential in hastening on the great political events which we have lately witnessed. The conduct of the Wellington administration was ultimately not less favourable to the popular cause, and the settlement of the question of Catholic emancipation (which no other ministry could have accomplished at that time, and in a manner so complete and satisfactory,) conferred an invaluable benefit upon the popular party, which could have introduced no other popular measure with any prospect of success while that of emancipation remained undecided. The French revolution of 1830 excited the strongest sympathy throughout England, and the demand for domestic reform, which before was very great, then became still more general and importunate. The Duke of Wellington reversing all the principles by which he appeared to have been guided, since he came into office, now declared his unalterable hostility to all reform, and as a necessary consequence of this declaration was soon after compelled to retire from office. He was succeeded by Earl Grey, who became prime minister, under a pledge to bring in a measure of parliamentary reform, and the whole kingdom awaited with eager impatience the period when the ministerial plan was to be announced.

The unbounded popularity which the reform bill acquired on its first introduction, and maintained during its future progress, presents us with one of those rare occurrences when government acts in perfect harmony with the feelings of the people; and the active, steady, and enlightened support which ministers received from public opinion, proves that popular favour is not always so unstable and inconsistent as is sometimes asserted. The enemies of the reform bill exclaim indeed that that bill far exceeded the anticipations and wishes of public opinion, and was therefore inexpedient, rash, and uncalled for. Now, without denying that the ministerial measure of reform far surpassed the expectations entertained by the people, we do not hesitate to express our conviction that no measure essentially different or less extensive could have settled this great question in a manner likely to prove permanent, or to give general satisfaction. It must never be forgotten that the administration of Earl Grey was placed in a very different situation from that of the Duke of Wellington; and the reform which would have been thankfully accepted from the latter would have been scorned and rejected if offered by the former. When the Wellington ministry was driven from office, and succeeded by an administration composed of men who were pro-

fessed reformers, it was admitted by all parties that an extensive measure of parliamentary reform had become necessary, and that any partial or temporary expedient would only aggravate the evils which it was intended to remedy. Earl Grey and his colleagues, comprehending the position in which they stood, and the conduct rendered necessary by that position, disdained the paltry and contemptible policy of merely calculating what would be barely sufficient to satisfy the demands of public opinion; they viewed the question of reform as liberal and enlightened statesmen, and endeavoured to devize a measure which might at once remove the abuses and supply the defects which were universally admitted to exist in the system of representation. It can scarcely be denied that the measure actually devized and prepared was eminently calculated to accomplish these objects; and while willingly admitting that future changes in the representation may become expedient and necessary, we think that those changes must consist, not in an alteration, but in an extension of the great principle acknowledged and established by the reform bill.

Since public opinion has secured the principle of the reform bill, in spite of the most active, determined, and powerful opposition which any political measure ever encountered, it follows as a matter of course that it must now exert a direct and immediate influence over the proceedings of the legislature and the government. It matters little who are the members of the new House of Commons, for they dare not and will not disregard the voice of the people, or lend their support to any administration, whatever may be its party designation, which does not adopt a policy suitable to the present condition, and which is not sanctioned by the general opinion of the country. It is reasonable to conclude, that statesmen who staked their political existence and reputation upon the success of the reform bill, will not shrink from proposing those ulterior measures which they could scarcely fail to anticipate as the inevitable consequences of that success, and we therefore believe that it is the firm intention of the present ministers to carry forward that great work which they have so happily commenced, and led on with an energy and decision becoming those whose chief dependence is placed upon the favour and support of the people. Without entering at present upon any question connected with our foreign policy, we cannot conclude this article without offering a very few observations upon two subjects of great domestic interest:—we allude to the state of Ireland and Church Reform.

We never recall the name of Ireland without the most gloomy forebodings, and when we consider the numerous and complicated evils which oppress that country, and which are apparently becoming every day more aggravated and hopeless, we cannot but tremble for the future fate of Great Britain, indissolubly connected as it is with that of Ireland. It would be ridiculous at the close of an article to enter upon a discussion regarding the remote or immediate causes which have led to the present calamitous state of affairs in Ireland, or to indulge in speculations as to the means best adapted for improving

her condition; we can only glance at a few of the more important questions connected with Ireland, which must so engross public attention, and in reference to which some decided measures must speedily be adopted.* The moral features of Ireland are disfigured by one plague-spell, to which every eye is now directed, and to which every finger points, and our readers have already anticipated us when we name the Church Establishment. If it is yet possible that a Protestant Church Establishment may be permitted to exist in Ireland, it is certain that the present one must be extensively and practically reformed in all its branches before the public opinion, either of England or Ireland, will submit to have a single tax raised in its behalf, or a single word uttered in its defence. Tithes must be extinguished, not in name, but in reality, and we must no longer witness those odious scenes which are a disgrace to the name of religion, and which are every day renewed by the enforcement of the late Tithe Act. We should, however, grossly deceive ourselves, if we imagined that even the entire destruction of the church, or any other specific measure, would do much for the immediate removal of those evils which affect Ireland: it is a truth which ought never to be lost sight of, that the peace and prosperity of that country can only be restored by many years of good government, and by the physical, moral, and intellectual improvement of the great body of the people.

It cannot, we think, be justly denied, that the question of church reform is surrounded with many difficulties, and that the complicated interests of property and patronage, connected with it, must tend considerably to embarrass the proceedings of any government which is sincerely desirous to carry into effect those ecclesiastical changes which are indispensably necessary before the people of Ireland can tolerate, far less support and respect, the established church. No great changes can take place in a state without being productive of great individual injury and suffering, and therefore while those who undertake the reformation of the church ought tenderly to respect private interests and vested rights, this must not be carried too far, so as to interfere with those measures which are necessary for the general welfare of the community.

Appendix.

Since the foregoing observations were penned we have witnessed the assembling of the reformed parliament, and the development of the ministerial measures for the future government of Ireland. The speech from the throne was principally directed to the requisition of fresh powers of coercion, and with a presentiment of the military measures which have been since commenced. The remedial measures which ministers have proposed are, we fear, of a character little suited to the spirit of the times, and little calculated to heal the long ulcerated wounds of the Irish nation. The bill for the reduction of the temporalities of the church is founded undoubtedly upon a wise and liberal principle; but being only prospective in its operation, dependant upon the lapse of years, and the demise of the present possessors of the enormously overpaid sees of the protestant church, we fear

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* This paper was in type before Parliament met.

that the measure contains little to allay the immediate frenzy of the Irish people. Subject even to the per centage reductions proposed in the bill, enormous revenues will yet remain. Although in tranquil times, and in the ordinary march of events, the bill would have been highly satisfactory—yet now we fear that it will only rank as an unwilling and half-way measure.

The project for allowing the holders of leases of the church lands to purchase a perpetuity of interest, though a wholesome change in the principle of the inalienable tenure of the possessions of the church, is yet eminently delusive in its probable operation. It is conjectured that this measure will produce a sum of one or two millions, to be applied to the purposes of education, charity, and public works; but as the purchase of these leases upon the very low terms of rental customary upon the lands of the church, will produce a very beneficial interest to the tenant, we perceive no reason why the sale of this interest should not be opened to the general mass of agricultural speculators; and if one or two millions be the sum expected to be raised upon these restricted terms, there is little doubt that under a system of general competition more than double that amount would result from the sale of the leases of the lands of the church. As this fund is to accumulate, and to be subjected to the management of a board of commissioners, we greatly fear that in the venality, corruption, patronage, and waste which are generally attendant upon such a piece of machinery, small indeed will be the true result to the purposes of education or general charity.

The other remedial measures of the government, consisting of the abolition of the vestry cess, a reform of municipal corporations, and the removal of the tyrannical powers of the grand juries, are all judicious: they will go to the root of an immense wen of venality and corruption, and remove many fruitful sources of exasperation to the smaller proprietors of the sister kingdom.

To the establishment of public works we also look for very extensive changes in the condition of the sister kingdom. Amongst those pre-eminent for facilitating the growth of manufactures, and for cementing the connection between these nations, is the system of railways, the construction of lines of which we would recommend to be commenced from the western harbours of Ireland to the ports upon the Irish Channel—as from Valentia to Belfast and Dublin. Besides the immediate and extensive employment which these works would afford to the labouring poor of Ireland, there is little doubt that a large proportion of the entire commerce of England and Scotland to the west of Europe, to the West Indies, to North and South America, might thus be diverted from the tedious and dangerous navigation of the Irish Channel.

We regret that the long-desired system of poor laws for the sister kingdom is not in the list of remedial measures of the present government. In a country, the prime grievance of which is the humiliating destitution of the great mass of the people, the establishment of a legal provision for the poor would assuredly be the most instant means for the tranquillization of the land. It is a futile argument against the system of parochial relief, that in England the system is subjected to defects, mismanagement, and waste; for it is certain that no public and extensively ramified institution can ever exist without its abuses; nor are the poor-rates of England perhaps subject to a greater amount of annual misappropriation than are the other departments of the taxation of the country, or even the public charities, the crown lands, municipal corporations, and a host of other impure and ancient institutions. With all the acknowledged defects of the working of the system of our poor laws, it is certain that immense benefit is yet conferred upon our pauper population; and in a country where all tends to the aristocratical accumulation in a few hands of all property and power, it is apparent that the compulsory maintenance of the masses of our impoverished population alone

preserves this island from the rash and furious convulsions of all despotic countries: nor is it too much to affirm that to the system of poor-rates alone is it owing that London has never witnessed the ferocious massacres of Constantinople and Madrid. When it is known that the agriculture rental of Ireland amounts annually to the sum of sixteen millions sterling, it is apparent that a small charge upon the soil would tend greatly to remove the poverty, sedition, and revenge which now exist in the unfortunate sister kingdom.

The grand source of Irish discontent—the tithe system—is also left without material alteration, for a commutation of tithes is a mere removal of the burthen from one shoulder to another, and whether exacted from the landlord or the tenant, the amount is virtually rendered from the soil already overburthened by a starving population; and unable to be further exhausted for the maintenance of a priesthood with whom an immense majority of the people have no community of feelings, habits, or belief. A system of commutation is an evasion which cannot now stem the torrent of resistance to the oppressions of the church.

The proposed measures of coercion are decidedly objectionable. At this period of the world—in the midst of the intelligence of the nineteenth century, and but a day after the revolutionary triumph of the people of France—it is amazing to find an enlightened and patriotic government, in other respects, venturing upon the annihilation of all constitutional liberty, by the erection of martial courts, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, an unlimited power of search, and a curfew bell—the badge of slavery in the most dark and brutal annals of this kingdom. The attempt by such means to subdue unanimous millions, recals to us the spectacle of Xerxes throwing chains upon the sea. We regret the measure as an "untoward" blunder of well-intentioned men, and trust with confidence to the power of public opinion for the prevention of scenes which in former times would have dissolved for ever the connection of these islands.

HUMBUG OF THE BAR.

"*No money returned.*"
PLAY BILL.

AN honest lawyer is one of those hazardous miracles that would damn a play; under unfortunate circumstances, "my rascally attorney" is as indispensable a phrase, as "my impertinent tailor;" but who ever heard of "my blackguard of a barrister?" Who disputes the honour of the bar? Surely Mr. Serjeant Such-a-one is an honourable man!

"So are they all—all honourable men."

But the bar holds itself out not only as an honourable, but as a liberal and learned profession: let us investigate its title to these three characteristics, first, putting it as a proposition, that honour opposed to honesty, becomes disgrace; learning applied to the subversion of truth, worse than ignorance; and liberality at the expense of justice, knavery.

The advocates of ancient Rome were not mere hirelings—to them the term *client* meant something more than a customer, or a custo-

mer's deputy. The counsel of our own day too boast of their professional inability to demand or sue for fees;* but how seldom do we hear of one receiving a brief *without a fee*, on pleading a cause gratuitously?† It is against their very rules to do so. A barrister may, for a guinea or two, prostitute his skill to the support of an unjust action, and remain an honourable member of the bar; but let him seek gratuitous advocacy in the defence of the oppressed or indigent, and he will be immediately cut by his "learned friends" at Westminster, circuit, and sessions, for *huggery*, (that is their term) and disreputable practice. In fine, whilst the high-souled barrister shrinks with theoretical horror from every thing approaching to solicitation of a fee; he clutches it with the rapacity of a pongo—*pouches* it with the rapidity of a monkey, and retains it with the tenacity of a bull-dog. "No money returned," say the play-bills—no money returned cries the barrister—"*dum vivimus, vivamus.*"

But let us descend into detail:—what qualifications are necessary for the bar, and the conduct of its members, with reference to each other, the court, and the client or attorney?—The recommendation of two barristers, thirty pounds, and a bond for the payment of accruing dues, will procure the student's admission to any Inn of Court. Here he must remain five, but if a member of an English or Irish University, only three years, before he can be *called*, and in either case nine exercises and twelve terms must be kept,—the non-university student being obliged previously to deposit £100, to which he has to add a few more before he can assume the wig and gown. The exercises are a mere farce, being put into the student's hand ready written, and to which he receives a nod of approbation before he can pronounce the second word! Keeping terms is only another phrase for eating dinners,—a certain number of which constitute a term. In the mean time the student is supposed to have passed some time under a special pleader, or equity draughtsman, but for aught the benchers of the Inn know to the contrary, they may call to the bar, a man who never opened a law book, nor entered a court!—Such are the preliminaries which entitle an individual to the appellation of "my learned friend."

The courtesy which exists among the members of the bar is at the expense of their clients. A prisoner unjustly arrested, cannot have the rule made absolute for his discharge on Monday, because it is inconvenient for the opposing counsel to argue the point until to-morrow —perhaps Wednesday or Thursday. "You must be aware," says the prisoner's advocate to the attorney, "that I am perfectly ready, and in fact there can be no doubt about the point, but my learned friend has put it to me as a matter of personal obligation to himself, to delay the motion, and says he really has not looked at his brief."

But to come into court upon a more important occasion; let the reader fancy himself the plaintiff in a cause about to be brought on. Previously to the trial, a consultation is in all probability deemed necessary, which, as the court sits at half-past nine, is appointed prior to that time in the robing-room or the coffee-house, where *the*

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* See note No. I. appended. † See note No. 2.

leader breakfasts. The parties accordingly assemble at the appointed hour, and the leader's clerk acquaints his master with the name of the case in which he is about to appear. "Oh! exactly, 'Snibbs against Somebody,' well—what's the point; I believe I'm for the plaintiff." The junior takes up his cue, and relates the particulars of the case, with a verbosity which shows that *he* has had time enough to read his brief. "Ah! it all lies in a nut-shell—" interrupts the learned leader—"but still if it could be settled without going into court—a reference perhaps—your client objects I see—well then, he must take the consequences—we shall have the judge against us." "But, Sir," says the trembling client, "if my witnesses prove my case, surely—" "Don't interrupt me, Sir; we can't waste time in idle speculations; "I've two more consultations before the Court sits. Gentlemen, good morning."

The poor suitor's case is at length called on—the opening speech made—the witnesses examined—assault proved—verdict given for the plaintiff—damages 40*s.*—the counsel, with a facetious chuckle, congratulates the attorney upon his luck and looks at his next brief.

Now, what is the result of all this?—the client is awarded 40*s.* and all *his costs in the cause* are to be paid by his opponent; but then comes the extra costs, "*as between Attorney and Client,*" which the successful party has to disburse himself; and thus, after having received a sound thrashing, for which the action is brought, and endured many months of uneasiness, he finds himself minus at least, notwithstanding his damages, of some six or eight pounds ten!—a great deal more, or a trifle less, as it may happen.

Such is the mode in which cases are too frequently conducted; the advocate, who has, probably, never looked into his brief until the moment when he should be thoroughly acquainted with its contents, under the pretence, that in attempting to prove all, he may prove too much, rejects the most important part of the plaintiff's testimony, and calls just sufficient to establish a mere legal claim to a verdict, reckless alike of the feelings and the interest of his client, both of which are in some measure, in actions like the above, committed to his discretion.

The mode in which counsel conduct the examination of a witness is too well known to need exposure; the pompous trickery of "Upon your oath, sir," and "Will you take upon yourself to swear?" to intimidate a man from the truth rather than lead him into it, is equally resorted to by the brow-beating bully, and the tortuous sophist. Should the Judge misdirect the jury either as to the law or fact, interference is rarely attempted; the senior counsel has left the court for refreshment; he is reading the newspaper preparing for the next case,and the junior does not sufficiently *possess the ear of the court* to venture upon an interruption:—"You have your remedy" is the answer: "move for a new trial."

Another grievous abuse is the changing of briefs, so that, if I give my case to Mr. *Voluble,* it probably falls into the hands of Mr. *Stutter,* the former having some other engagement more pressing than the interest of his client. It is in vain for me to exclaim to my attorney, "It was my wish that Mr. Voluble should be employed. I find in

your bill of costs, 'Retainer to Mr. Voluble and clerk, £1 3s. 6d. Fee to Mr. Voluble and clerk with brief, £10 10s. Refresher to Mr. Voluble and clerk, £1 3s. 6d.' Stutter is an ass; I wouldn't have given him sixpence." But the fact is, Stutter does not get sixpence; the courtesy and liberality—the honour and independence of the bar alike forbid it. But then surely the honour and independence of the bar does not hinder Mr. Voluble from returning the fees to his poor client, who has perhaps lost his cause through his absence? No such thing—*custom* forbids it.

The practice at chambers is not less involved in mystery and chicanery; the opinion of an eminent counsel upon the most trifling point is not to be obtained, sometimes under many months. Day after day the attorney sends for the expensive desideratum. "Really Mr. Serjeant so-and-so is very sorry, but he has not had time," or, Mr. Serjeant so-and-so's clerk looks pompously over his list of cases (perhaps three or four) and discovers that there are several yet before the one required, and "it cannot be taken out of its order." To heighten the joke—for joke it is to all but the client—the opinion could, in all probability, be given just as correctly and much more speedily by the attorney, but being liable by law for the consequences of his judgment—which a barrister, *the only person deemed legally competent to give an opinion is not*—the former in his own defence, shifts the responsibility from himself to nobody.

So much for the learning, liberality, and honour of the bar, from whose members are chosen the men that are to pass judgment upon our lives, our rights, and our property. Let us no more hear the epithets "honourable" applied to a profession, the followers of which, professing every thing that is noble and independent, torture right into wrong, and wrong into right, and who, under the influence of motives the most sordid and narrow, attain ends the most unjust and oppressive, by means the most base and despicable. For heaven's sake, let the mockery attendant upon such a profession cease; let the hire of the barristers be fixed like that of any other trade, (if its parallel for plunder can be found) and give them the right to sue for that without which they will not, and by a rule of their own, dare not work. In return for this, let them be sued by their employers if they neglect their duty; let those who hold the brief receive the fee; we shall then have no absentees; the fear of losing his guinea or two will insure the advocate's punctuality more effectually than that of losing the cause of his heart-broken client.

NOTES BY ANOTHER HAND.

1. This is *literally* true, but *figuratively* a falsehood. They give attornies credit, send in their bills as regularly as bakers, and dun the dilatory without remorse, not in person, but by proxy. Their lean, hungry cadaverous clerks do most certainly, so far as words go, "*demand* and *sue* for fees." It may not be generally known, that by the singular machinery of the profession, a barrister's clerk is paid not by his master—but his master's clients. If, with a brief, you give a barrister a guinea, you must give his boy half-a-crown. The clerk, therefore, has a good excuse for dunning, without aspersing the sublime dignity, the lofty elevation above all pecuniary motives or desires—of his ravenous master. He, the clerk, "is so short of the needful, having no salary, that he is really compelled to get in his half-crowns," but if these be offered him—

he recoils with horror from the bare idea of such a thing, he could not possibly take them without their respective appendices—the guineas! it would be very irregular. In a lawyer's bill the barrister is always mentioned in connection with his clerk—"fer to Mr. Pipps and clerk;" "retainer to Serjeant Sawdust and clerk," &c. &c. They are inseparable as regards money matters; they form a firm—in which the interest of the clerk is an eighth—they are Castor and Pollux—the Siamese twins, or, to give a better similitude—the beggar and his dog. It is impertinent to paint over any door in Lincoln's-Inn, the name of only one of its occupants; why not stick to the truth and write up, "Mr. Serjeant Simpleton and Clerk," "Mr. Belial and Clerk"—or otherwise as the case may be?

2. I can answer this question:—only on the two or three occasions per annum, of a poor devil of a suitor being allowed to figure in *formâ pauperis*;—these two or three cases being distributed among the whole profession. It cannot, however, be denied that men at the bar, who are not overburthened with business, do sometimes omit to put a brief down in the bill—if their client be an attorney who regularly employs them, if the action have been brought with a view to obtain atonement for some piece of villainy perpetrated by such an attorney, and if "his learned friend" fail by forensic fraud to skreen him from the consequences. But in cases where all these postulates are present—should the attorney—hoping by such rashness, to give the advocate an additional stimulus—have handed over the fee before-hand, however disastrous the event of the trial may prove—he never sees a farthing of his coin again. *Barristers never refund*—"it would be irregular." If you throw a sovereign into the sea—there is some chance of your finding it in the stomach of a casual cod-fish, bought by you at Billingsgate for a crown, but nothing ever returns from the charybdis of a counsellor's maw. Orpheus re-passed the Styx, but those who practise "in the Courts below," differ from those who plead "in the Courts above:" the learned brothers of Rhadamanthus—are *merely* infernal.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND ITS SLAVE POPULATION.

The rapid progress of events in the southern divisions of the United States of America, and the approaching struggle which threatens the state of South Carolina with the horrors of domestic war, render it not an uninteresting speculation to review the condition, hopes, and future prospects of the slave population of the planting states. It is indeed remarkable, that after the many alarming symptoms of insurrectionary movements, and the miraculous discovery of plots for the extermination of the whites, that the southern states should now plunge into acts which, in all human probability, will unchain their most deadly enemies, and awaken the demons of revenge and murder among them. Of the perpetual danger which impends over the white people of these states, some judgment may be formed from the circumstances of the following narrative of the projected insurrection in the state of South Carolina, in the year 1823, headed by a well-known free negro, Vesey Denmark.

This man was a native of Africa, who, being captured, when a youth, among a cargo of slaves bound for one of the Danish islands in the West Indies, in the year 1797, was carried to Charleston, where he soon afterwards received his freedom from the commander of the vessel of war to whom he had become a prize. He subsequently became a sawyer, and saved a considerable sum of money; being known, up to the period of the insurrection in 1823, as a clever, industrious, and worthy free negro. Suddenly, in the latter end of

that year, a report prevailed, that the particulars of an impending insurrection of the slaves had been revealed by the black servant of a gentleman of Charleston; whereupon a number of the most conspicuous of the free negroes of the city were arrested and carried to prison. From the confession of one of these persons, it was discovered that the plan of a most extensive insurrection had been matured. Upwards of two years had been occupied in the organization of the plot; more than fifty thousand negroes were believed to be in the secret, and prepared for the day. The plan of operations exhibits the deadly spirit of the slave population of these states. It was arranged, that upon the evening of the very next Sunday, the negroes from the plantations round the city should enter the streets at various quarters—and the main body, under the command of Vesey Denmark, were to proceed to the guard-house, to secure the arms and ammunition. At the same time the city was intended to be fired in several quarters: and the negroes lining the streets were to despatch the white people, as they issued from the houses to assist in extinguishing the flames. "We will not leave a white skin living," said Vesey Denmark: "the scripture commands it, and they did so in St. Domingo." Another body of negroes were to secure the shipping in the harbour; so that after plundering the banks, stores, and dwelling-houses, all concerned in the insurrection might be conveyed to St. Domingo. An extensive manufactory of pikes had been carried on for many months, and considerable sums of money had been subscribed by the slaves, at the house of Vesey Denmark, and at several of the religious meeting-houses of the black population of the city. The slaves of the most kind and confiding masters, were those most deeply implicated in the plot. One of the conspirators was a domestic slave of Mr. Bennett, the late Governor of the state of South Carolina, a benevolent old gentleman, who, to his astonishment and horror, heard it proved, that this servant, in whom he had reposed the confidence of a father, had secured his sword and pistols for the night of the insurrection—having exhibited them to a comrade, with the expression, "When the fire breaks out, I shall run up stairs, and do for the old man."

The wives and daughters of the most wealthy residents were apportioned beforehand: they were to be conveyed, with the treasure of the city, to St. Domingo; with which island an active correspondence had been maintained for upwards of two years. The plot was arranged for a Sunday night, that the negroes from the country might flock unsuspected to the city, to the sabbath market, then common for the slaves. The discovery of the design, and the arrest of the leaders of the insurrection, were, however, concealed from the negroes, who, upon the appointed day, were met by the military, and dispersed upon the roads. The trial of the principal conspirators soon afterwards took place. Vesey Denmark, with about ten of his associates, were condemned to death, and executed upon the following day—all dying with the utmost coolness, and calling upon the assembled negro population never to rest contented without liberty.

The plot completely staggered the citizens of Charleston, who for many years past had entertained no uneasiness about the black popu-

lation—the severity of the slave-laws of the state had, in consequence, been much relaxed. Since this period, however, the most rigorous enactments have been passed and enforced. Upon the ringing of a bell, at an early hour in the night, no negro can be seen in the streets, under pain of the severest punishment. All free negroes from the northern states are precluded from entering the limits of the state; and even the black cooks and stewards of vessels entering the port, are immediately conveyed to gaol. The punishment of death is awarded to any white man who shall distribute inflammatory papers amongst the negro population; and all strangers are watched with a jealousy uncomfortable to a traveller, who, by the bye, is disgusted at seeing young women—milliners or domestic servants—of a complexion not darker than that of an European brunette, exposed in the market, and sold by the hammer.

All this severity cannot extinguish the smouldering flames of negro rage and revenge. Unceasing agitation prevails in the city; fires are perpetually blazing in the night; and, upon the ringing of the bell, the assembling of troops, guards, and armed citizens, both horse and foot, betrays the general alarm. Every thing gives note of an early and sanguinary struggle; and both residents and strangers evidently live in apprehension of the "business that walketh about in the dark." That the black population are watching, with the eye of the tiger, the political dissentions of the times, is universally believed. Upon the 4th of July, 1831, the writer was present at the celebration of the anniversary of American Independence, in the city of Charlston, when it was generally rumoured that an extensive subterranean excavation towards the guard-house, and a plan for surrounding the churches during the delivery of the orations, had been discovered a very few days before. Numbers of the slaves are well-educated men, hired out as clerks in warehouses and stores, and well informed of the events that are passing in the world. Upon the trial of the conspirators, in 1823, it appeared that the leaders were supplied with pamphlets, books, and newspapers, treating of the progress of the question of slavery in the northern states, and in the parliament of England, and a speech of Mr. King, a member of congress from the state of Massachussets, was in the hands of the mass of the slave population. That so enlightened a multitude can long remain enslaved, is not to be supposed. When the projected insurrection of 1823 is known to have been communicated to more than fifty thousand of the slaves, and that more than two years had been consumed in preparation, and yet that the affair was only discovered upon the eve of its irruption, it is apparent what awful unanimity prevails among the conspirators.

To liberate the negro population would evidently be a most profitable policy for these southern states. The cost of slavery is immense. The expences of overseers, guards, troops, and gaols, weigh upon the fortunes of the planters, and prove that, under a republic, the press of taxation may be greater than under the most expensive monarchy. "The depredations of the slaves," says Mr. Coltsworth Pinkney, "amount to a third part of the entire crop of rice:" and assuredly, the loss by incendiary fires amounts to many millions of

dollars per annum. Compulsory labour is of small comparative value; for it has been shewn by Mr. M'Duffie, that the profit upon the labour of an able-bodied slave employed in the cultivation of cotton, does not, at the present time, exceed the sum of $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents, or less than 3*d.* sterling per day; which sum is to compensate for the numbers of the infirm, the aged, and the young, with all the general charges of the soil. Yet will the planters die in defence of this withering system: and it is generally supposed, that the present determination to retire from the Union, is founded less upon the evils arising from the Tariff, than from the fast-approaching question of the power of Congress to emancipate their slaves. Whatever may be the issue of the present train of events, the traveller in the southern states of this great Union, sees at least these truths—that prejudice is the foulest weed that overspreads this world—that justice is our own self-interest, and liberty the best policy.

DIARY OF A JOKE-HUNTER.

FEBRUARY 1st.—On weighing myself this morning, found that I could only draw seven stone six; so that since Saturday I had evidently dissipated of animal material seven oz. one dwt. Sent for Sir A. C., who, when made acquainted with the alarming symptoms, told me I did not take a sufficient quantity of pedestrianism and cachinnation. Retreated to duelling distance, and delicately asked if his spaniel had bitten him, or whether his *other* friends had discovered any change in his conduct? In reply, Sir A. considered himself in a situation to feel hurt and insulted, and firmly insisted on my "going out" with him. Begged to postpone the honour until I had completed my darling design of condensing the wisdom of all authors, ancient and modern, into a pocket duodecimo. Sir A., in rejoinder, had been misunderstood—his character was pacific—to say nothing of his profession, and his proposition was most humane. Shook hands, and requested him to write for me: with his usual benevolence he did—folded up the prescription—put it into my hands, and hastily departed. Opened the paper, and found the following mystery: "TAKE of walking exercise every morning two hours;—TAKE also the advice of Lord Camden's head at Camden Town." Passed the rest of the day in perfect amazement. At night dreamt of Sir A. C.'s spaniel.

2nd.—On awaking, stepped anxiously into the scale—horror-struck to find that, with all my efforts, I could not overcome more than seven stone five! Thought of Sir A. C.'s prescription, and determined on solving the sphinx, or speaking on the subject to Adjutant B——, who would, I was sure, tell me, in a friendly way, if I ought, in justice to my friends, to be blood-thirsty. Got down half a quarter of a round of dry toast, and a coffee cup of thin tea. Dressed. Laundress amazed, and asked if she should bring a chariot to chambers. Told her I was *only* going to Camden Town, and as it was

fine, should walk. Laundress half shrieked, and as I went down, muttered something about the wind blowing me away. Porters in the Inn all stared. Palmer threw up the window, and called Watts and the rest of the firm to look at me.

Found my way to the Camden's Head, Camden Town. Landlord's christian initial and surname in full on the door:—B. FAT. Felt hungry as well as posed, and condescended to go in. Mr. Fat and his family at dinner in the bar; politely invited me to partake; felt the effluvia irresistible, and found the dish delicious. Ascertained the name, and mention it for the benefit of invalids; it was *bubble and squeak.* Landlord prescribed something "to keep it company," which he termed *Burton;* but I don't remember having met with such a name in the Pharmacopeia. The dose was administered to me in three draughts, out of rather tall glasses, which I remarked were not *graduated.* The decoction was pleasant, clear, and of a bright amber colour. Of its efficacy I soon felt convinced. Such a flow, such a torrent of spirits I had not experienced since the day I took chambers. Ventured to make Mr. Fat so far my friend as to shew him Sir A. C.'s prescription. As soon as he had spelled through it, he avowed that Sir A. C. was the wisest man (barring himself) in Great Britain.

Begged to differ from him, and pointed to the mysterious prescription as triumphant documentary evidence in support of my view of the case. Landlord pitied me, and explained. The gold letters over the door of the Camden's Head (the advice of which I was told to take) what did they say? why B. FAT to be sure. Saw so far into the affair at once, but threw out a hint as to the possibility of following such excellent advice. No man, I was sure, felt more ambitious of filling his coat; no man took more care of himself than I did; yet, in spite of all I could do, my flesh, like the courage of Acres, seemed to ooze out of the palms of my hands. I had actually mislaid or lost seven oz. one dwt. in six days, and more than half a lb. on the seventh!

In surrebutter, landlord threw doubts on the regularity of my proceedings; instantly explained them; and as a reward for my candour had the mortification of being commiserated beyond endurance, and called "Poor, dear, foolish young gentleman," by Mrs. Fat. Her husband, for his part, energetically, so far as words could avail, sent my Condensation of All Authors to Bath, Jericho, and another place not found in family maps. He then became a voluminous commentator on my medical man's prescription, which, as he contended, meant nothing else than that I should walk to his house once a day for the sake of getting an appetite, take pot luck, and the advice gratuitously afforded by his door-post. Demurred on my part that eating and walking were not infallible, and instanced Jones the metaphysician, who, though a pedestrian, and devours more than any man in the Inn, is lean as a colt on a common; adding, that his head was a perfect *caput mortuum.* Mrs. Fat, when I had translated my Latin, saw through the thing in a twinkling. Jones was not a jolly fellow! (and to say the truth, no man can be more decisively saturnine,) "LAUGH and grow fat," was at once recommended to me

as a rule of conduct which I should find infallible. Doubted whether it was not quite as difficult to do one as the other. Not at all, as Mrs. Fat alleged, even though I had read all the Joe Millers that ever were written; for there was still enough raw material for mirth if I would but look it up. Every day had its jest; jokes were in season, and plenty of them too, all the year round; and for her part, what she wished was that engineers would not take out patents about rail-roads and steam-engines, but bother their brains to some purpose, and invent stay-laces that Mr. Thompson's *best* could not break.

Besought further particulars as to Thomson's biography, and found that he was forty, without incumbrance; plump in person, and a systematic joke-hunter. It was well known that any thing funny was bread and cheese to him: he took his regular rounds, and collected from each of his collectors for the benefit of the whole. Solicited the arrangement of an interview with him, which Fat promised to effect by means of "a jorum of giblets," and "fried tripe to follow,"—inexplicable diplomatist!—at half-past nine on Monday night. Paid, and strolled back to chambers.

3rd.—*Sunday.*—Had a slight visitation from the night-mare; tongue feverish, and head rather muddy on awaking, but to my great delight found I had recovered nearly a quarter of a pound.

4th.—Sent out for Hood's Comic Annual, which overcame the rigidity of my cachinnatory muscles in ten minutes; and before I had gone half way through it, I recovered the full faculty of laughing aloud. Dressed and walked towards Pentonville; saw the name of my old and once frequent associate C. on a door in Myddleton Terrace; knocked, and had the felicity of finding him at home. The monster cruelly took me into his *sanctum:* preliminary sketches of his "scraps," which I had never seen, were chalked on the mantelpiece, and they went far to deprive me of existence! for my ribs had been so long unused to violent convulsions, that having utterly lost their elasticity, the lungs within them could not work, and I was in the desperate situation of an excited steam-engine, having something the matter with its safety-valve. Self-preservation being the first law of nature, I rushed rudely out of the house, and, on my way back, fancied a polony, four ounces of German sausage, and some hot ham. After having furnished my principal bodily apartment with these, I felt induced to draw a cork on my return to my chambers, and D. J. dropping in, took wine with him. I found him quite as facetious as he was wont to be before he became a great man. Utterly forgot Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Fat, the "jorum of giblets" and "fried tripe to follow," and at half-past eleven adjourned to supper with my vivacious visitor at the Mulberry club-room.

5th.—Sad head-ache, but eleven ounces heavier than yesterday. Recollected nothing of last night's doings, but a vision of oysters, much punch, and egregious laughter—what at, it was out of my power to define, except that, by the bye, S. K. the dramatist, if I don't mistake, told me, about the second bowl, an anecdote of R. the tall and talented tragedian (whose acquaintance I just had the pleasure of making), to the following effect:—While playing the principal business at Norwich, he called upon the low comedy man of the

company one morning, and wondered how the deuce the latter contrived to master his parts with such velocity. "Here," said he, "the manager twits me with your getting perfect in forty *lengths* long before I can manage ten; now tell us, will you, how you manage it? Where is the secret?" "Oh!" said the other, "I stroll down to the willow-walk of a morning, and go through my part for an hour or so before breakfast." "Oh! that's the game, is it? Then, egad, I'll try it with Sir Giles: shall you be there to-morrow?" "By no means! I've been perfect in Justice Greedy these two days." "Oh, you have, have you? Very well, at rehearsal, my boy, you shall find how I'll astonish you." The next day, about ten o'clock, the low comedy gentleman had an unexpected vision of R. wet as a drowned rat. "Why, confound your intellects!" quoth the latter, "I'll be dashed if you arn't a pretty fellow?" "How now, what's the matter?" "Matter, Sir! a great deal's the matter! a hoax is the matter, as you shall hear! Here have I, pursuant to your advice, been toddling to and fro in the willow-walk, for two hours before breakfast, but instead of getting perfect in Sir Giles, egad, *I've got perfectly well wet through!*"

6th.—Last night I supped with Dr. M.; the consequence is that I have gathered flesh. Must mind what I am at or shall be in danger of getting corpulent. My tailor, Walker of Southampton-street, sent me a waistcoat from my measure taken last week. Horrorstruck at finding it didn't fit me, he threatened to immolate himself. Offered him christian consolation, and explained circumstances.—M.'s last tumbler of toddy too bad; but ate voraciously for breakfast:—four eggs boiled as hard as bullets, Sicilian salt, fresh butter, and Turkey coffee untainted with milk or sugar. Tried to recollect some of the facetious doctor's jokes; but all had evanesced save one. It was this—and M. said he knew it to be a fact—as good and *bonâ fide* a bull as ever had been made. W., the great binder, during the rush to get out Annuals a year or so back, hired a pro temp. Irish porter, having already a permanent specimen of the same species on his establishment. The latter was confidential, and W., taking him aside, sternly inhibited his talking *emerald* with young Pro Temp. About an hour after, the gentle pair met *by accident* behind a stack of the Keepsake, and W. heard them aggravating their voices. The confidential was instantly summoned, and the following colloquy occurred: "Soh! you couldn't refrain!" "E' then, sir, I'll make bould to say, I've acted like a person of principle in this transaggshun." "Nonsense! I expressly told you that I would have no time wasted by your practising your native tongue together." "Nor will you, sir, unless I'm mightily mistaken,—thanks to the measures I tuck. Acting up to the spirit of your orders, meeself put a stop to the thing intirely before it began. This is what happened: says he to me, awhile ago there by the Keepsake, says he, 'How do you like the place you've got here, and what sort of a man is your masther?' spaking *in Irish*, you'll remark. 'Perfectly well, friend,' says I; 'and the masther's a gentleman inside and out,' answering his question *in English* though, you'll observe, *so that he mightn't know I knew Irish!*"

Dressed at eleven; drew two bills of discovery for Palmer, Watts, and Co. Got out by one. Walked briskly to Hatchett's, and lunched on a hot lobster and salad in the Travellers' room. Pumped Richard for a few facetiæ, but he hadn't such a thing in the house, and recommended cold shoulder of veal as a substitute. Whipper-in to new "Hoppyzish'n Nomnebush" appeared in quest of stray passengers. Recognized him at once, as the gentleman who, before I commenced my condensation, frequently drove me to Fulham, by Wallis's best. It was Mat, whom Hood has immortalized at page 52 of his last Annual, without, however, giving the poor fellow a patronymic; the world should know that it is Webster. Our friend is to be spoken with any day, at Hatchett's, between twelve and three, for the value of a pint of beer. He is of the CAD genus; but his specific identity is evident from the following characteristic peculiarities:—*Face*—oldish, shabby, but clean as a new pin; attire, ditto, ditto, ditto; boots patched, but polished to painful intensity. "Well, Mat, is that you?" said I. "Yes, master, here's Mat, every body's *Mat* now; though, as you knows, I once was a-top of the tree. But here I am reduced to *yarn* a tizzy, if I can, by bagging a brace or two of passengers for Jack Noggin:—Fulham, sir, Chelsea, Brompton, Sloane-street?" "Neither, Mat." "Not agoing no where! Well, it can't be helped. Yes, sir, I'm now my own employer; and as nobody pays me, why nobody can't discharge me. I've been plunged into misfortunes; but I've one comfort, namely, that no man could try harder to get dislocated; but I can't. You havn't got ever a few old mouldy browns in your pocket, ha' you master? I han't had nothing but a beggarly bit of beef-skirt and coffee for one over my chin since breakfast, and the wind a'most stops the stagnation of the blood! I *does* want to make up a little money this morning uncommon bad, sure-ly; for I've got a pair of teeth, you see, what aches so diametrically, that I'd sell my cravat rather than not get 'em distracted."

Having done the needful both in respect of Mat and the lunch, I threw on my cloak and stalked out. On the steps I found B. waiting for a Hammersmith. The atmosphere of his temper was even more than usually genial, and I ventured to pop the question: had he a joke to spare? He had, and this was it. In the year 1826, a very lady-like poem was published by a young gentleman, who, elated by the applause conferred on his production by the reviewers, considered himself as heir-presumptive to the laurel honours of Byron. In the pride of his heart he sent a copy, with his compliments, to a certain renowned violinist, who called upon the young gentleman the next day to ask where he had obtained the names of his characters? "Why," replied the poet, "as it was my first production, and would, as I foresaw, either make me or mar me, I determined to spare no labour, no pains, to render it perfect; therefore, my scene being laid in Italy—as I did not know Italian myself——" "But you were aware that *I* did." "True, my dear sir; but you're only an Englishman; you wouldn't have suited my purpose: no, no, I went to the fountain head; I got hold of a real Italian, sir,—a young Neapolitan who sells images; and in the course of half an hour after I had

explained my wishes, and told him the nature of my plot, he furnished me with true Italian names for each of my characters. I believe there are seven of them—and ha! ha!—I believe I gave him but sixpence for the lot." "Ha! ha! ha!" "Wasn't it a good idea, eh?" "Ha! ha! what a splendid hoax! How truly Neapolitan! It smacks of maccaroni! and then the reviewers—Ha! ha! ha!" "Sir—Mr.—I beg pardon, but of course I expect an explanation." "Oh! you shall have it. My dear young friend—allow me to condole with you—a chivalric romance, an affecting love-story too! Oh! if ever you can lay hands on that clever young rogue, smash his images, for he has ruined you. All your names are filthy compounds, totally unfit to be uttered: the title of your hero, which you have also made that of your book, however disgusting in itself, becomes prodigiously ludicrous from its application. No man ever published such a satire on his own work as you have on the first leaf of yours. Listen: it translates—allow me to mention it in your ear—it translates into ———." "Heavens! you don't say so! Why what a diabolical hoax!" "Isn't it? What will you do?" "Expatriate myself of course for ever! The villain has disappeared, but I'll hunt him through the world."

Mem. With great difficulty obtained a copy of the book: found the imputed hoax a true bill. Feel tempted to give the title; but really, on consideration, must refrain. Capital! though low; a regular Lazzaroni joke. For the satisfaction of the curious, I may as well state that the poem has a place in the trade lists for 1826, and that its title commences with a P. It may, I am told, still be had.*

7th.—Having yesterday dined demurely at chambers on nothing but a grilled fowl and preserved apricot tart, I rose this morning, much heavier and more clear-headed. Answered several old cases; and settled exceptions in the Exchequer. Got over to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Found H. there, sketching geese. Told me he had been in Ireland since I last saw him: inquired if he had imported any good bulls. Discovered that he had to a small extent; and with a view to get one of them by the horns, related M's anecdote of the bookbinder's porter. The bait took; for it lugged out this from "memory's stream:"—Luke M'Geoghan being at confession, owned, among other things, that he had stolen a pig from Tim Carrol. The priest told him he must make restitution. Luke couldn't:—how could he, when he'd eaten it long ago? Then he must give Tim one of his own. No:—Luke didn't like that—it wouldn't satisfy his conscience—it wouldn't be the downright identical pig he stole. Well, the priest said, if he wouldn't, he'd rue it; for that the *corpus delictum*, Tim's pig, would be brought forward against him at his final reckoning. "You don't mane that, father?" Indeed but the father did. "And maybe, Tim himself will be there too." Most certainly. "Och then, why bother about the thrifle *this* side the grave? If Tim's there, and the pig's there, sure I can make restitution to him *then*, you know."

8th.—Rose this morning nearly eight stone, and without a headache. Four instructions for drafts came in:—executed two, and

* It is dedicated to Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq. M. P.

wrote a lively letter of thanks to Sir A. C. Dined at chambers again. M. dropped in with a few of his heads—cachinnations consequent upon inspection of them immense. Knowing my pursuits, he had benevolently brought a joke—a bitter one. Dr. Unicorn Bajazet was not excessively idolized by his flock; on the contrary, the sheep detested their wolf, and not without reason. Dr. Unicorn Bajazet died, and his funeral was superb. As the hearse proceeded slowly through the village, a little boy modestly asked one of the attendants, "If you please, sir, are these same horses going with Dr. Bajazet *all* the way to the naughty place?"

R. came about eight o'clock, to compliment me on my resuscitation, and take me to Covent Garden—sensibly grew fat upon K.'s acting, and went round to thank him. While getting into plain clothes, told him my whole collection of jokes seriatim. Said he *saw* one once, that wasn't bad. An unfortunate milkman had his heels mysteriously tripped up in Holywell-Street, and the contents of his cans deluged the gutter. Out rushed the Jews—young and old—tag-rag and bob-tail—all armed with reluctant cats, to lap up that benign fall of the milky-way!—Ran against L. in the wings—apologised—wished him all the success he deserved for his spirit and taste as a manager—and "promiscuously" inquired if he had heard the joke of the day. Protested that he hadn't, and begged to know what it was. George S. luckily stepped up at this critical epoch, and asked if it was the hard-dumpling story. Said it was, and besought him to tell it. He acquiesced, and I had the felicity of making the following addition to my stock:—At a young lady's seminary, where the pupils, with a view to their improvement, were permitted to speak French, no matter how bad—from morning till night, little Selina Grout, who detested pork, and doated on hard dumplings, was one day bewailing to Miss Jane Mobbs, who sat next her at dinner, that the only dishes on the table were a griskin and a spare-rib—she hated pig in any shape too well, not to know its various forms—when Miss Mobbs interrupted her with this elegant consolation, "*Ne frettez pas, ma chère: il sera* DIFFICILES DUMPLINGS *demain.*"

9th.—Mending rapidly—capital appetite, as well for food as work. Cleared table of both. In the afternoon called upon P. Sincerely congratulated my friend on the success of his late play; in which I understood he had enacted an Irish character most delightfully. Brought in my two bulls with the coffee; and another, as I had anticipated, was forthwith added to my little herd.—A grave, cautious native of the county Cork (whose father, being a Scotchman, had taught him to write,) after having gone through a little more than he desired, at length found a comfortable berth, in the cellar of a manufactory, which was heated throughout by a hot-water apparatus. All he had to do, was to keep up the fire beneath the boiler. One day, the heat having unaccountably slackened, somebody stepped below to see what *could* be the matter. Our hero was found, pen-in-hand, with a penny memorandum-book on his knee. He was attending to his private concerns; and on being asked what papers were burning beneath the grate, he gave the following explanation:—"He was a regular man, and paid his bills—of course getting them 'receipted'—every Saturday night: but in process of time, they had

become too voluminous to suit his convenience: he had therefore entered them all correctly in a book; and having done that, he *naturally felt quite safe in burning the originals.*"

Supped with W., and fished from him the following:—A young artist, who had nothing but *a brush* to depend upon, ran up a score of seventeen shillings and some odd pence, with a very fat, coarse, vulgar-looking lady, who, being left a lone woman, with two sweet girls (twins,) the image of each other, and miniatures of herself, condescended to keep together her late husband's connexion in the green-grocery line, until she could do better. With a twin in either hand, she dunned the young artist daily. Circumstances debarred him from the felicity of bolting, and he was compelled to make terms with her. She raised the siege on these conditions; namely—that he, the said artist, should paint a proper portrait of her, the said greengrocer's widow, from head to foot, with HALF LENGTHS, *on the same canvas,* of her dear twins, so as to make a comfortable, substantial family picture: in return for which she, the said fat contracting party, was to give the other a full and free release. The painter speedily accomplished his task, but not altogether to the satisfaction of the lady, who, before she gave the desired discharge, insisted on each of her twins pointing to her, and being made to say, by means of a loop issuing from their lips, after the manner of caricatures, "This here's my mamma!"

In the course of the night, another fine arts anecdote was turned up.—A gentleman of some reputation *as an artist,* had the extraordinary good luck to obtain credit at a cheesemonger's. His teeth, however, completely distanced his palette; for, by the time he had earned five pounds, he had eaten upwards of twenty. Being a man of singular honesty, *considering*—as soon as he had received the fruit of his labours, he determined on devoting a portion of it to the discharge of his liabilities. He therefore deputed a literary friend to offer, in return for the butter, eggs, bacon, ham, brawn, pork (pickled and fresh,) Gloucester, Cheshire, Chedder, and Stilton, he had had, one-and-ninepence in the pound. "Oh! my customer is an artist, is he?" exclaimed the cheesemonger to the man of letters. "I wish he had mentioned that afore—eh, Jem?" winking at his shopman. "We knows an artist or two—don't we?"—another wink. "And so now, arter getting a matter o' twenty pound in my debt here, he sends and offers sich a compysition as this.—What do *you* say, Jem?" "Oh, I say," replied Jem, "take the money, master. *One-and-ninepence in the pound is uncommon liberal for an artist*—specially the odd threepence."

10th.—Sunday.

11th.—Went to the British Institution.—Pictorial jokes abundant. Hood beaten hollow.—*Inter alia,* noticed portrait of a young lady, dressed for the painter, in strict accordance with the last importation of monthly fashions from Paris—thought it was prim Miss Popps, or young Mrs. Apricot—referred to the catalogue, and blushed to find that it was Amy Robsart!—Westall more funny than usual—Hayter very jocose! In his picture of that syren, the fascinating and fa-

shionable editress of the Court Magazine, he has ticketed and labelled her—as though any man could mistake those eyes—having actually made her write her name on the blank leaf of a book that lies before her. What a sublime novelty!—an invention scarcely surpassed by that of the steam-engine! Here is a piece of canvas, by which not only the portrait, but the autograph, of Mrs. Norton, will be transmitted to posterity!

Man, with a tube indicating deafness, in friendly discourse with a sensitive artist—talked like a trombone, and, to the poor painter's annoyance, spoke kindly, but sufficiently loud to be heard by all present, of taking up "*that* bill for seven pounds ten," which had been so long in Toby's hands.—Ran against H.—He had a joke again.—This was it:—

B. said one day to W., "If you'll drive me down to the Star and Garter in your gig, we'll dine there at my immediate outlay, but with this especial proviso—namely, that he who gets *drunker* than the other, shall eventually pay." W. agreed, and they went. About four o'clock the next morning, B. was found prostrate, and outstretched as a Prussian spread-eagle, on the steps of his door, snoring like a Scotch trumpeter. W. however, did worse. After setting down B., totally forgetting that his nag had a gig at his tail, *he mounted the horse;* and at day-break was discovered, supinely astraddle, at his stable door. A jury of drinkers being impanelled, they naturally enough declared, that it was impossible for B. or any other human being, to have ascended higher in the scale of supreme drunkenness than W.; who consequently had to disburse the needful.

12th.—Bought a ticket for a charity-school dinner; by virtue whereof, I dined with about sixty citizens. After the cloth was removed, the secretary read the report, and announced the subscriptions:—"Alderman Sir A. B. C. one guinea, Mr. Deputy W. one guinea, &c. &c." Then, after some thumping on the table, came the usual toasts in succession. At length the chairman began to be particular; and after an eloquent eulogium on the alderman of the ward, the patron of the charity, Sir A. B. C., he proposed that worthy gentleman's health, with three times three.

As, in duty bound, we all stood up; the toast-master—a fellow with blear eyes and a blue-bottle nose—had already given the announcement; every glass was charged—every lip was ready—when, to the utter dismay of the official portion of the party, an unknown gentleman begged leave to ask a question. "I feel that I am out of order," said he, "and actually trespassing upon *regime;* yet, with your permission, I cannot help inquiring, Mr. Chairman, if the worthy alderman, Sir A. B. C., whose health we are about to drink, with triple honours thrice repeated, is the same worthy alderman, Sir A. B. C., *whose munificent donation to this charity,* OF ONE GUINEA, *has just been announced?*"—It is almost needless to add, that the toast was smothered in egregious laughter.

13th.—Fell in with that facetious wag B. His stories dwindle into utter platitude when told in type. Who, in mere words, could pourtray the pantomime of Harry Beverly being kicked one night,

at the Coburg, from the wings to the centre of the stage, *by a blood-red leg*, of which none of the audience saw or could guess at the proprietor?

G. W. told me that some Staffordshire Mayor was thus elected:—On the goose-eating quarter-day, the qualified burgesses form a circle in the market-place, each wearing a wisp of hay in his waistcoat after the fashion of a nosegay. A hungry ass is brought blindfolded to the centre of the area; the charter is read by the town-clerk; and the ass, his bandage being removed, proceeds to his election. That burgess whose wisp he first condescends to nibble becomes, *ipso facto*, the mayor. Now, really, Cruikshanks should have known this:—only imagine how he would have treated the countenances of the respective burgesses, each of them trying with all his might to wheedle the ass to his wisp! What a glorious constituency!

14th.—Bundled out betimes this morning, to blow up my tailor.—Couldn't find a coat in my wardrobe that would fit me.—Met a promising dramatist and actor—asked if he knew any thing funny that wasn't old:—said he did, and gratuitously favoured me with the following:—

A living Wycherley—(the same who, on being asked why he had not brought out any thing for six months or more, replied, "Oh! I'm very comfortable now—my mother's dead!")—having been subjected to some professional raillery, for not attending the rehearsals of one of his new pieces, thus gave vent to his feelings:—"Why, to tell you the truth—a rehearsal at our theatre is far from being productive of infinite delight:—on the contrary, the manager d—s one's eyes to such a degree, that it makes one quite nervous. He went abroad with an elephant—which didn't do. He comes back, and has a good opening month. When he returned, he carried his tail between his legs; *now it sticks out;* and, in another week, it will venture to curl over his back—curse him!"

15th.—Heard a joke as I was standing under a gateway. The Hertfordshire peasants are notorious for their want of urbanity. Indeed, as regards all that relates to the *bienseances de societé*, they are as great brutes as any gentlemen alive. A lady, while on a visit to a friend residing in the county, had, during her rides on horseback in the neighbourhood, become perfectly aware of the boorishness of the peasantry. One day, when riding unattended, she came to a bye gate of her host's park, which had not a lodge. A chubby boy was swinging to-and-fro upon it. She ventured to beg that he would hold it open while she passed. To her utter amazement, he did so! Delighted with his complacency, she gave him a shilling, observing, "It is quite clear, my lad, from your civility, that *you* are not a native of Hertfordshire." The reply was this—"Thee'rt a liar—I be!"

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EPISODE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROAD TO RUIN."

Considering time as it relates to the scanty limits of the life of man, its lapse is great, since the period at which I shall begin to give my history. My father, a peer of the realm, had four children, of whom I was the youngest. Family pride, fashionable folly, a love of gaming, and contested elections, had, for two generations, so involved the patrimony of the ancient house of * * * that I, as a younger son, had little to expect, except what was to be derived from family influence, and that had been greatly lessened by the part in politics which our family had so frequently and so strenuously taken. However, I had a commission in the Guards at an early age, and looked forward, as all such young men do, to the quarrels that were likely to embroil the nations of Europe, as to the hope and sheet anchor of future greatness. To you who, perhaps, may have similar hopes, suffer me to remark, that it is a mistaken and miserable state of morality, to inculcate an aptitude to haughty resentment, contention, and national contempt, which lead to those desolating wars that have continued through all ages to afflict the earth, and to consider this odious quality as one of the chief principles of heroic virtue.

From my parents and education I had imbibed all those maxims and sentiments of honour, for the rigid adherence to which our house had long been famous. Though far from prone to misconstrue words and captiously take offence, no determination of my heart was more rooted than that of not to suffer an indignity; of all the misfortunes to which a man of honour was liable, that I considered as the greatest, the only one that never could be overlooked, or pardoned, till full and public reparation had been made. Unfortunately, some offences are deemed, by this code, of so deep and unpardonable a kind, that he who is guilty of them can make atonement only by his blood. The distance which in England is observed between man and man, and the fear which each person seems to have that he should commit himself, by forming unworthy acquaintance, is visible in every rank, but is much the greatest among those who value themselves on their high descent: it would seem but natural for all noble families to be known to and familiar with each other, and that they should be inclined rather to court than to repel that social intercourse in which much of the happiness of life consists; but not so, especially in England; few men, except those of dubious or worthless characters, will there admit of friendship, or familiarity, till a succession of circumstances brings them mutually acquainted with the usual behaviour of each other, and, to a certain degree, with their reciprocal sentiments and conduct.

I was in the twenty-first year of my age when I began to be personally known to the noble house of P——. Lionel, the eldest son of that family, was frequently invited to the mess of the officers of

the Guards: he was intimate with a young friend of mine, and by his means a progressive familiarity between us became strengthened.

The father of Lionel, who was then at the head of that noble family, was far from having sufficient wealth to support the magnificence in which his ancestors had been accustomed to live, but was too haughty to wish to have it so supposed. He had married young; had five children, three sons and two daughters, and was at this time in his forty-seventh year, robust of frame, vigorous of constitution, and of an angry resentful temper. In no doctrines was he so thoroughly confirmed as in these: that to be quick to take offence, determined to resent, and extreme in punishment, are the qualities that distinguish a man of ancient race, and high honour, from his inferiors.

His sons had all been educated in the same principles, and, like their father, held every sentiment by which they might in the least be contravened in sovereign contempt. That suavity of manners which prevails in the upper orders of life alone can prevent persons of this description, of whom there are too many, from being dangerous to society, and finally destructive to themselves.

It is not necessary for me further to recount the means by which I became intimate with this family, though, from this intimacy, I derived ecstatic but short-lived happiness, the consequences of which were misfortunes that must never end. In proportion as men find themselves pressed by their wants, be those wants real or imaginary, they are eager to take every probable means by which they hope they may be removed. Lady Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Earl P——, was at this period in her sixteenth year, and was already so finely formed, so enchantingly beautiful, and by the sweetness of her manner so captivating, that the family, and especially her father, looked forward to something like the disposal of such rare qualities, not only for the settlement of this daughter, by a most advantageous marriage, but, in some way or other, for the personal benefit of her relations. Was it possible for a youth whose heart was tremulously alive to those delightful sensations which the sight of exquisite beauty and virtue produce, not to be captivated the instant he beheld Lady Elizabeth? I was a youth of this description, and I beheld her at that peculiar age when such a heart is most unguarded, and therefore most susceptible.

Though in the daily company of young men, whose age, rank, and expectations made them generally haughty, and often insolent, whose example might have taught me a more than sufficient confidence in myself, the passion which soon took possession of my heart was of too delicate a nature for its purity to suffer such alloy: it was long cherished, in respectful fear, without once daring to express itself, except by tender anxieties, officious attentions, and that painful silence which timidity imposes. The jealous watchfulness of the whole family was such that it was scarcely possible to find an opportunity for any person, from whom nothing extraordinary was to be hoped, especially for one like me, whose rank, youth, and person might render him dangerous, to be alone with Lady Elizabeth. The various fears I had felt, contributed, for a time, to teach me dis-

cretion; I saw her seldom, except at the opera, and those public places into which she was assiduously introduced, after she had been presented at Court. My hopes that the kindness with which she always addressed me, when we met, was the consequence of sympathetic affections, were eager; but they were fully counterbalanced by my fears. The suavity of her manners was such, that all might have hoped the same: ill-temper itself could only address her with a smile, and leave her with a bitter sigh, that it was not like her; yet the flattering thought that there was something peculiarly complacent in her manners and her speech to me was too delicious not to be cherished.

As the family had foreseen, her beauty became a topic of general admiration, and various proposals soon were made, but none of which yet equalled the expectations of her father.

More than twelve months had passed, during which I had never, but once, been five minutes alone with Lady Elizabeth; and that once was passed in mutual silence, though with incessant endeavours on my part to speak, without the power to utter a single word: the only audible sign that escaped me, when I heard foot-steps approach, was a deep and heart-felt sigh. It broke from me suddenly and spontaneously. Happily, to the heart of my adored lady, this silence and this sigh spoke with all the eloquence, not of Demosthenes, but of love.

With the express purpose no doubt to deter me from any attempts I might venture to make, I was made acquainted with the expectations of the father and the family, relative to this highly gifted sister. When the scandal of the day made clandestine matches the subject, all these persons inveighed against them with pointed acrimony; and the dishonourable conduct of both the parties was reprobated by them with an effervescence of disgust and odium, such as nothing but the dread of a similar misfortune could have inspired. From the visible and increasing coolness which was observed towards me, it was evidently their wish to drop my acquaintance; but this, though I was deeply wounded by it, my love would not suffer me to notice. I seemed insensible to any change, and neither my conduct nor rank in life would authorize an open affront. However, I more than once had the irksome sensation that, except to one—and of that dear one I had no certainty—except to one, my presence rather gave pain than pleasure.

I continued in this vacillating state of compulsatory silence, uncertain hope, and apprehensive alarm, till the long-dreaded event at length came: it was told, not to me, but in my hearing, and, as I then suspected, and was afterwards assured, for the express purpose that I should hear, that Lord ——, heir apparent to the Duke of ——, had, with his father's consent, made proper proposals to Lady Elizabeth; that is, such as were too advantageous to be refused. The confusion, or rather the terror, of my thoughts was too great not to be visible in my countenance, which not only became suddenly pale, but for a moment so ghastly as to create alarm. Wine was brought; I drank some from a tumbler; my spirits returned, and I endeavoured to account for being so strangely overcome by the first

vague excuse that was suggested. I retired, and got home I know not how; where I remained, for a time, in a trance of absolute stupor, alike incapable of reason or action. The transition of my mind from this was to a state of perturbation little short of phrenzy: it cannot be described by me, though it never can be forgotten. At length, the self-evident conclusion forced itself irresistibly upon me: either I must speak and act immediately, or—or must quietly resign myself to suffer the greatest misfortune, as I supposed, that could befall a human being. The time for hesitating and procrastinating timidity was passed; my determination was soon fixed: if I must be the most miserable, it should not be without a struggle to make myself the happiest of men.

I knew enough of the intended bridegroom of Lady Elizabeth, to be thoroughly persuaded her delicate and discerning mind could have made no such choice, and that therefore she must have been required, blindly, to obey her father's commands: she could never have been consulted. So I reasoned; but, as it was essential to remove all doubt, I prevailed on my only sister, with whom I was a great favourite, to go that evening to the Opera, to contrive to converse with Lady Elizabeth in the saloon, while they should be both waiting for their carriages, and, if possible, to learn her true sentiments.

The young ladies met in the saloon, and as they both spoke Italian as fluently as English, which fortunately the companion of Lady Elizabeth did not understand, a desultory conversation was began by remarks on the piece and the performers, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, but oftenest in Italian; in which language my sister, as soon as she thought she might with safety, began the following dialogue.

"So, Lady Elizabeth, my brother has been informed that you are to give your hand to Lord ——?"

"By whom was he informed?"

"By your family."

"Indeed!"

"Are you a stranger to your own intended marriage?"

"Not absolutely, yet almost."

"Shall I give you joy?"

"Joy! I know your kind heart; you do not mean to put me to the torture!"

"Heaven forbid!"

"I am looked upon, by the mistaken world, as a young creature who has but to wish for and to have all the blessings, all the pleasures, all the happiness of life poured into her lap. The helpless lamb, taken by the farmer to Smithfield, and sold to the butcher, is a thing to be envied by me."

The emotions of Lady Elizabeth were dangerous; the tears were ready to drop; my sister hastily turned round, and called to an acquaintance at some distance. This gave Lady Elizabeth some relief, and my sister had too much sensibility, and too much prudence, to renew the conversation.

I had no sooner heard the account my sister gave, than I resolved

to know more, or, at least, to make the attempt. One essential circumstance was in my favour; and my hopes were, that Lady Elizabeth sympathized in affection with me: but they were hitherto only hopes. The next evening, Lady Russell had a public night, at which Lady Elizabeth had informed my sister she was to be; and I easily prevailed on my sister to accompany me to this place. We went early, and waited patiently for the arrival of Lady Elizabeth and her friend.

It would be loss of time were I to bring to remembrance all the bitterness of past events; all the distracting fears that long withheld Lady Elizabeth; all the obstacles that opposed me; and to show you what were the means by which they were overcome. Such scenes are too generally the height of folly to spectators; while, to the actors in them, they seem to contain all that is sublime in the human heart, when under the divine influence of wisdom and virtue. Is it not strange, that many actions, which we cannot but suppose would be of a fit and noble nature, under a pure state of morality (if such a state should or could exist here below,) are so much under the influence of doubtful, and probably baneful circumstances, as to subject those who venture on them, to all that the punishment of law, and the odium of the world can inflict? In any fit and natural order of things, what was there to oppose a most proper and honourable alliance between me and Lady Elizabeth? I was flattered by being often and publicly noticed as the handsomest youth in England. I have before informed you, that Lady Elizabeth was beautiful, almost beyond conception; not only in face—but so elegant was her form, and so exquisite was the symmetry of every limb and feature, that the hand of Phidias must have failed, had he seen and endeavoured to transmit such perfection to posterity. In age, in rank, and in that which must be ever the most essential of all requisites between man and wife, in sentiment and intellect, there was all that equality could demand. Alas! we had another resemblance, which totally disjointed and vitiated all the rest—we were equally poor.

After numberless struggles between love and duty, the fatal crisis at length came, when Lady Elizabeth must either decide to marry Lord ——, or save herself from the persecution of her family, and the fury of her father, by accepting that protection which I and love could afford. Her decision was for me. We fled to the north; were privately married; and remained for some time undiscovered.

Perhaps I was indiscreet. The Duke of Argyle was at his seat in the Highlands—I was distantly related to him—and, desirous that my beloved bride should enjoy all the respect I knew she deserved, I introduced her and myself as visitors; and our secret, of course, was divulged.

Nothing could be more hospitable, or respectful, than the treatment we here received; but our happiness was of short duration. Lionel and his father were no sooner informed of the place at which we were to be found, than thither they hastened, with hearts inflamed by all the supposed injuries I had done the noble family of P——. Their system of vengeance was planned, and by nothing less than my life or everlasting disgrace, could it be satisfied. They came not

to the mansion of Argyle, but remained privately in the neighbourhood, watching their opportunity.

One morning, when I and all the neighbouring gentlemen, headed by the duke and his friends, were hunting the stag, Earl P—— and his son suddenly appeared among the sportsmen. You may imagine what the nature of those sensations were, that were felt by me, the instant I beheld them. At first, they appeared to join in the hunt, but still keeping at a convenient distance from me. They were excellently mounted; and in less than half an hour, when they saw me far enough from the duke and others, whom they apprehended might rescue me, or interrupt them, Lionel called to me by name. The just suspicions I had, would have induced me to ride away and join the duke, but that a sense of honour forbad. Determining to avoid provocation, I gave a friendly reply, and turned my horse to meet them. Instantly they both fell upon me, and with blows and the most opprobrious words, effected their intent—publicly dishonoured me, in the face of the duke and the whole field;—told me, nothing less than my life could repair the injuries I had committed; and after they had fully perpetrated their purpose, galloped off. They saluted the duke, with whom they were acquainted, when they first entered the field; for they intended that their revenge should be public; and therefore assiduously made themselves previously known. I also instantly quitted the field.

The daughters of the duke, with Lady Elizabeth, and other ladies, were of the party, and witnessed my public disgrace. Lady Elizabeth had, indeed, perceived her father and brother—her terror was inconceivable—and she was quitting the ladies, to come to me, at the moment that they both fell upon me. Her agony of mind deprived her of sense—she fell from her horse—but was luckily perceived and succoured, without having received any apparent injury by the fall.

It is to be hoped the world did not at that moment contain three other beings who so ardently gasped for revenge, and thirsted for blood, as myself and those who had so outrageously assaulted me. I rode after them full speed to the town, to which I supposed they were gone; but my inquiries were fruitless. I know not why, but their desire was, that the horrid scene of vengeance should pass in the environs of London; and they had so taken their measures, as to render any pursuit of them, for the moment, vain.

The terrors and dangerous agitation of Lady Elizabeth, induced the duke immediately to assist her in pursuit of me, and, accompanied by that nobleman and his daughter, she arrived at the inn, where I had alighted, just as I returned from making inquiries, hoping to obtain information of Lord P—— and Lionel, or at least of the route they had taken. The horrid revenge that lurked in my thoughts, was visible in my countenance: my eyes rolled with a savage frenzy; my features were distorted; my face was scarcely human. Lady Elizabeth had heard me, when entering, order horses immediately for the London road; and when she saw the fury of my looks, she dropped lifeless from her seat. Had I been provided with the means, should certainly th at moment have ended my life. Perhaps no

state of human wretchedness could exceed mine. Medical aid was immediately called in for Lady Elizabeth, and she was ordered to bed. Her state was dangerous—a violent fever soon made itself apparent—and the physician who attended her, urgently insisted that a messenger should be instantly despatched, and two of the most eminent men the faculty contained, brought from Edinburgh. Inordinate passions, when they meet, contribute to counteract, or allay each other. The life of that dearest of all human beings, to whom every other human object on earth had so lately appeared but as secondary, was in danger. Revenge could sleep awhile, but Lady Elizabeth must receive immediate aid, or perish.

I need not have it twice suggested to me, by the duke, that the best way would be for me, accompanied by two of his grooms, to ride in person to Edinburgh, as my diligence would certainly exceed that of any other messenger. His Grace kindly furnished horses, such as could not elsewhere, in those parts, have been obtained. In the present perturbed state of my mind, rest was not thought of—fatigue not felt. I performed my journey in a state of frenzy, that occasioned the physicians to fear almost as much for myself, as for the patient to whom they were called. My incoherent ravings and distraction were so incessant, and so intense, they had just cause to fear. I, too, fell ill of a raging fever; during which, the distress and tumult of my thoughts, and their vengeful tendency, were, without ceasing, though incoherently, developed.

The Duke, by the advice of the physicians, had humanely caused Lady Elizabeth to be removed in a litter to his own seat; and there, for several weeks, we both lay—at first, with the most imminent danger of death. Youth, and medical skill, repelled the violence of the fever; but, in our case, these excellent succours were insufficient: a perturbed mind appeared to be an invincible enemy.

The Duke was truly a compassionate gentleman—one who well deserved the noble rank he held—and could not behold two young persons, whose hopes were lately so high, lying in this state of wretchedness, without using every endeavour to afford them relief. He saw the present temper of my mind:—should I recover, revenge, guilt, and horror, were likely to be the result. He found it was the mortal dread of these that preyed upon Lady Elizabeth; nor could he perceive how such consequences were to be averted.

In this dilemma, he sent for a friend, in whom he placed the utmost confidence, and whose heart and understanding were equally above the common order. This was the Reverend Alexander Gordon, on whom the Duke had bestowed preferment equal to his wishes, and who, from principle and gratitude, was wholly devoted to the house of Argyle.

Could I, after so many years, recollect the details of all that passed, to recount it would be tedious, and unnecessary. It will be sufficient to say, that this worthy divine proceeded cautiously. He began by making his respectable character well understood; and by convincing me that he held all dishonourable proceedings in no less abhorrence than I did; that the principles he taught were neither vitiated by the fanaticism of a sectary, nor the common prejudices of

the world, but were the incontrovertible result of those facts which experience proved were invariable. If I pursued my projects of revenge, though no man could precisely tell who must be the first victim, it was highly probable there might at least be three—the Earl of P——, his son, and myself—so inflamed and sanguinary were all our hearts. From the state of Lady Elizabeth's mind, there could be no doubt but that she would be a fourth. He allowed, that, according to the present erroneous opinions of men, I could not live loaded as I was with dishonour—that is, not in England. But would not a wise and good man rather banish himself to a desert island, than be one of the chief actors in crimes of so deep a die, as those in contemplation? Neither must I forget, that, if I appealed to the opinions of the world, the world would pronounce me the aggressor. I had had fair warning given me by my enemies, while they were my friends:—they accused me of treacherously using friendship as a cloak; and their sense of injury was, to the full, as deep as mine. They had begun a course of vengeance, which they meant should end in sanguinary horrors; but this was, in their opinion, a just and necessary retaliation for an indelible injury.

In addition to these considerations, there was one of an infinitely more awful, or, rather, dreadful nature. Were there any possible motives that could justify a man who, for the gratification of revenge, or in compliance with the false prejudices of the world, should risk the salvation of his soul? If I and my enemies should meet, it would be for the purpose of mutual destruction. Passion induces men to acts of madness:—but was there on earth a wretch so audacious, as consciously to rush into the presence of the Almighty, having his spirit inflamed with rage, and his hands steeped in blood? The reverend man dropped on his knees—clasped his hands—raised his eyes to heaven—and thus continued:—"Eternal Father of Mercies, hear my prayer!—Let not such things be. Oh, save this youth from the dangers into which passion has plunged him: and though on earth his sufferings must be great, let them be the sufferings of constant virtue, such as shall hereafter meet a heavenly reward!"

The repeated discourses of this truly rational and pious divine at length made all the impression which he himself could hope; subject, however, to such modifications as my own ideas of what honour demanded, imposed. The strongest reasons do not always sway the most. I felt well convinced that the pursuit of revenge, however it might end, would be fatal to my beloved bride. The dreadful oppression of spirits under which I saw her labour, required that her mind should immediately have some ease; nothing less could restore her to health; when therefore I had formed my resolution, she was made acquainted with it immediately. This resolution was to change my name, relinquish my rank, conceal myself for ever from all who knew me, and, that it might be done effectually, to seek refuge in some foreign and far distant land.

Cruel as this alternative was, the relief it gave her was inexpressible; she clasped me in her arms, pressed me to her bosom, and kissed me with a warmth of affection that still thrills through my veins when-

ever it is remembered; then, with her cheek reclining on mine, poured forth her gratitude in tears that almost impeded speech. "Bless you, my heart's love! bless you! Thank you! Bless you!" was all she could say.

When her heart was somewhat eased, and her speech returned, she blamed herself as the source of all my misfortunes: had I never seen her, my virtues and talents could not have failed to make me happy. This idea almost tortured her: she turned it a thousand ways, and drew from it a thousand consequences, all favourable to me, but for her fatal influence; nor could she be at ease, or turn her thoughts to a different subject, till she saw the distress it gave me. Pardon me for too much insisting on circumstances that are only interesting to myself; but they force themselves upon me. I cannot wholly restrain my feelings when I speak of that angelic, that adorable creature.

As I was determined much rather to die than to live dishonoured, the plan I had formed must be rigidly observed: I must never hereafter be suspected to be the son of the Earl of * * *. I could not descend to daily falsehood, I must therefore renounce all connection of country, kindred, and friendship. I must live mysteriously in a foreign land, and be incessantly on the alert to obviate or frustrate inquiry. I, who had long been taught to regard my race and name as the proud distinctions of my life, must, now and for ever, anxiously avoid them as sources of indelible disgrace. My future friends, country, and means of subsistence, were all to seek. With the world I was little acquainted, except the upper ranks of life, and these I must fly from and avoid, with all the assiduity which the dread of ignominy could inspire. I could have no foresight of what the pains and degradation were to be to which this plan of life would subject me; but they were all before me, and must all be endured. Well! an old historian tells us that he saw the Duke of Exeter, a man who had commanded armies, and was allied to kings, run barefoot before the chariot of the Duke of Burgundy, serving him as a footman.

Whatever my fate was to be, Lady Elizabeth was resolved to share it; and, after making the best previous provisions in our power, we hastened to Leith, and took passage on board a merchantman bound for Venice. Here, after an expeditious passage, we were landed, and hearing that hostilities between the Turks and Austrians were begun, it was my determination to serve as a private among the Austrians, that we might not only husband our little means to the utmost, but that I might live secure from all possibility of being known. Carefully concealing this intention, we made the best of our way through the adjoining provinces, and arriving on the banks of the Danube, where there was an Austrian encampment, I enrolled myself as a dragoon in the corps of the Grand Duke.

Three months after Lady Elizabeth gave me a son, accommodating herself, with the most amiable resignation to such an extraordinary change of circumstances without a single murmer, or once letting me perceive they were so much as irksome; her only fear was that they should be too sensibly felt by me. The necessaries of life being secured,

happiness is wholly in the mind: could I but have forgotten what we had been, and what we ought to be, I might now perhaps have been as happy as the lot of man will allow.

Dreading to be discovered, or suspected, I did my utmost to conceal, not to display, that superiority which education and the intercourse of my youth had given; but this could not so effectually be done as to prevent me from being noticed, and made first a corporal, next a serjeant, and after that a serjeant-major.

Besides the fear of being known, there was another that greatly harassed, and, with any other woman, would have driven me mad. In a licentious assembly of soldiers, it could not be expected but that the inexpressible beauty of Lady Elizabeth would attract admiration, and embolden the dissolute; yet, such was the exquisite propriety of her behaviour, that she kept the most daring in respect, and held the most profligate in awe.

The hateful animosity and heat of war increased; opportunities for the display of courage and military talent became frequent. I had been so eminently successful, during three campaigns, as to gain the applause of the whole army, as well by feats of prowess as by the seasonable advice I had more than once given; whence I obtained the reputation of a man who knew as well to command as to obey.

The Turks took the field early in the ensuing spring: their army was numerous, and, confident in its strength, eager for action; while we, their opponents, not being in sufficient force, were desirous of delay; but we found ourselves obliged either to make a dangerous and perhaps fatal retreat, or to hazard a battle. Victory, on this day, would probably decide the fate of the war, and nothing was so much dreaded as defeat. Eager not only to encourage his men, but to see where succours might be sent to most advantage, the commander-in-chief advanced too far, and was recognized by the enemy. A party of horse was detached to cut him down or take him prisoner; but, fortunately, I was so posted as to see his danger, and calling to my comrades to follow, I rushed forward, arrived in time, cut off the arm that was raised at the head of the General, disabled three of the party, and though I sunk under my wounds, warded off the danger till enough of my followers arrived, and the assailants fled. This was not all; gasping between life and death, I begged to speak to the General, pointed out the part where the Turks were weak, told him that if they were there broken they would certainly be thrown into disorder, if not defeated, and induced him immediately to make an attack, by which the fate of the day was decided.

We were the conquerors, and my name resounded through the camp: the General, with true magnanimity, loudly declared that to me he was indebted first for life, and afterwards for victory. I was appointed an oberhauptman, or captain in chief, and assured that the Emperor would make me a field-officer of distinction. My wounds, though deep and dangerous, were not mortal, and by the tender affectionate cares of Lady Elizabeth, and the cheerfulness of mind which happier prospects now contributed to give, my cure was speedy.

From my first entrance into the Austrian service, every means of disguise had been assiduously practised by me and Lady Elizabeth.

The French and Italian languages were familiar to us, and we spoke every thing but English. When questioned concerning my country, as I had often been, my answers were always evasive. I called myself Leonhardi, a name common to various countries. I delayed not a moment to thoroughly study the German tongue in its idioms and proverbial expressions. I suffered my whiskers to half hide my face, dressed like a German, and in every respect conformed myself to the habits and manners of the people around me. Fortunate was it for me that I had taken this precaution. As it may be supposed, I was in great favour with the General-in-chief. Soon after my health was re-established, I was invited by him to a public dinner, which he meant to give to the English ambassador, who, accompanied by his son, was passing through the camp in his way to Vienna. The message alarmed me: I consulted with Lady Elizabeth; her advice had always been good, and it was that I should accept the invitation. There was no probability, under my present appearance, that I could be discovered; and, if I went, I should see the English, and learn how far there was any danger. When I entered the General's tent, I was struck speechless: the ambassador and his son were the Earl of P—— and Lionel. I was presented by the General, with all the encomiums which he thought I deserved. They looked at me with a degree of surprise, which I knew not how to interpret, but fortunately it was surprise excited by what they had heard, and by the military appearance I made. By degrees I recovered my presence of mind, and answered their compliments as briefly as possible.

However, their curiosity was excited; they inquired who I was, and of what country, family, and birth? Nobody knew: some had supposed me a ruined merchant; others an Italian monk who had fallen in love, married, and deserted his order; a third party persuaded themselves I was a Polish rebel of high rank: none could think me a peasant, as it was at first supposed; but it was all conjecture.

Hearing the beauty of Lady Elizabeth extolled, Lionel was desirous to see her, and with many professions of admiration and esteem, proposed to visit me the next morning. I could not but answer his seeming condescension with politeness; but the distress of my thoughts cannot easily be conceived. I took the first opportunity to retire, and came home with this dreadful intelligence to Lady Elizabeth.

Immediate flight only could save us, but how was this to effected? Fortunately we had been such strict economists that we had a thousand ducats: a post-house was within three French leagues, and from thence it was less than half a day's journey to the Turkish frontiers. By my office, I knew the watchword, or we could never have passed the camp. Nothing could exceed the anxieties of that night. Lady Elizabeth, disguised like a country girl, and I, with our child in my arms, and little more than a change of linen, but provided with a pair of pistols and my side-arms, alternately ran walked and hastened forward, till we arrived at the post-house.

The authority of an officer is not lightly disputed, especially when

increased by the power of money: the house was rouzed, the master called, I affected to be sent on a secret and extraordinary mission, a covered carriage was procured and paid for, post-horses were quickly provided, and without openly disputing or pretending to doubt, they obeyed my commands, and drove where I ordered. I however heard the landlord say to his wife, "it was odd that an officer, on a secret mission, should have a child with him, and a pretty country girl." I therefore took the first opportunity to promise the postillions a dollar each, and a glass of brandy, if they made haste; and thus stimulated, they drove with the utmost speed.

The next morning we passed the Austrian frontiers, and the first town we arrived at I changed my dress, shaved my face, and so disguised myself as not to be recognized by description. We then hastened forward two more stages, as if we had been going to Belgrade; after which, striking across the country, of which I had some knowledge, on foot, we gained the road to Venice; again varied our disguise, and once more procured a calash, and posted forward with all speed for that city. We could not proceed thus without a passport but by heavy bribes, and we expended more than a hundred and thirty ducats on this journey; but we effected our purpose, and eluded pursuit.

This, alas, was but one of those cruel strokes of fortune by which my life has been signalized. We had escaped, and so far were happy; but after having suffered hardships innumerable, conquered difficulties that seemed insurmountable, and won for ourselves a country and a name, we were again cast on the world, friendless, strangers, and, like criminals, again fearful of our very shadow. What was to be done? To us, the various kingdoms of the earth were but one vast wilderness. From Europe we were excluded by the dread of that detection which brought what was worse than death and all other horrors—it brought infamy; for the atrocious dishonour to which I had tamely submitted was nothing less. France, Germany, Italy, Spain, nay, even Russia, all shut their gates upon me, unless I remained wilfully devoted to wretchedness, to be for ever unnoticed, and unknown. Mine was a singular case, for to me the exercise of virtue, valour, and wisdom, was in a manner forbidden; it was destruction. Instead of elevating, it would overwhelm, unless I could find that corner of the globe where I could be certain of never being discovered.

My thoughts were naturally turned to far distant lands: but Lady Elizabeth, and our lovely child? must they submit to all the hardships, all the dangers, of such a plan? I could not either resolve to live in squalid poverty, to expose them to parching deserts, barbarous tribes, and merciless slavery, or to tear myself from beings that I loved more than life. My mind was so preyed upon by these incessant and tormenting doubts, or rather despair, that my health began to suffer; of this I was conscious, and felt how necessary it was for me to take some decisive part. The sympathy of our hearts was too perfect for Lady Elizabeth to remain insensible to this alteration, or not at last to induce me, by her kind intreaties, to reveal my thoughts. She intimately felt the distressful alternative to which we were re-

duced; but act we must, sacrifices must be made, and the least violent would be to separate for a time. Had she not been with me, I might have remained with safety among the Austrians: she, therefore, most anxiously advised that I should first establish some certain channel of correspondence; that she and the child should then return for a time to England; that I should travel, in search of employment, among the people of the East; and that, when I should have obtained some permanency, of which, all circumstances considered, there could be little doubt but that I should obtain, she would immediately and without hesitation set forward to join me, however distant or dangerous the journey might be. To separate thus was heart-breaking: still it was the only plan that had in it some glimmering of hope, and, after much consideration, it was that which she finally prevailed on me to endeavour to execute.

I am very sensible that I have already been much too tedious, and I should become wearisome indeed were I to detail all the pains we took to secure a certain channel of correspondence, and to perform what we intended: suffice it to say, Lady Elizabeth departed for England; and I, first, for Grand Cairo, then, passing through Suez and Bussorah, I went to Ispahan; that I suffered many hardships, and encountered many difficulties; that we never neglected any opportunity that offered itself for the conveyance of letters; that, consoled by the ineffable truth and tenderness of Lady Elizabeth, I resolutely combatted ill fortune; and that, at length, I began to have better prospects in view.

Alas! that which I believed to be the greatest affliction with which heaven could overwhelm me, was at this moment suspended over my head. Acting in strict conformity to the plan on which at first I consented to live, Lady Elizabeth took an obscure lodging in London, and sedulously kept herself and child unknown, except to one person. This was an old servant to the late reverend, but now deceased Mr. Gordon, who, dying, had charged this man to contribute, by every means in his power, to aid and protect Lady Elizabeth, or myself, if ever he should have an opportunity; and had left him a small fund, on that condition, and for that purpose. Being a faithful servant, and a conscientious man, and having met Lady Elizabeth by accident, he knew her—informed her who he was—showed her the Reverend Mr. Gordon's last will—and, by the most solemn assurances of his secrecy and fidelity, together with his open behaviour and honest conduct, prevailed on her to admit him to act agreeably to the intentions of his late most worthy master.

Such was the account given me by Lady Elizabeth, in her letter; in which, among her other angelic virtues, I could not sufficiently admire the continual efforts she made, when melancholy thoughts forced themselves upon her, to suppress them; and never to indulge complaint, but patiently resign herself to the will of heaven. I was little aware either that her delicate sensibility, or some unknown cause, was secretly sapping the foundations of life. Previous to her last letter, her utmost complaint had been, "I am not quite well;" and, in another, "I have not yet entirely overcome that severe cold which I caught in the winter, I know not how." I was sorry to my

heart, and somewhat alarmed, for I knew she never lightly complained; but I little supposed the fatal day was then so nigh.

The dreadful storm suddenly gathered, and the thunder-bolt fell. I had attained considerable military rank in the service of the Schah, or Sultan of Persia. A dangerous rebellion had been raised; the insurgents were strengthened by a powerful Tartar tribe; and, on the eve of battle, the last letter of Lady Elizabeth arrived. It was written at intervals, when she could collect strength, and informed me that, long before it could come to hand, she should be at rest. Her sweet sensibility, and anxious fears for those she loved, were undiminished. Our cherished offspring, then seven years old, and of whom she spoke with maternal transport, was committed to the care of the faithful North Briton—she had no other resource. Having been carefully instructed by her in every thing she knew, she described him as a prodigy—consigned him to me as the last and only proof of remaining affection, and solemnly conjured me carefully to guard my life for his sake. With this fatal letter in my pocket, my heart rent, and my brain distracted by its contents, I next morning went to battle. My body and mind were ill-fitted for such a scene. Fighting with great fury, and little discretion, I was dangerously wounded, made prisoner by the Tartars, and carried a slave to a distant province. This entirely frustrated the determination I had made to return to England, be the consequences what they might, and take my orphan boy under my own protection.

It were needless to recount how I recovered of my wounds—all that I suffered during my slavery—and the means by which I escaped, first to China, and afterwards to Hindoostan. Strange, indeed, have been the vicissitudes of my life. By perseverance and ardour, now raised—by sudden accident and misfortune, again overwhelmed:—cast here and there, from clime to clime, among tribes of almost savage and fearfully superstitious men:—to-day, successful beyond my hopes, nay, beyond my wishes—to-morrow, trampled in the dust. Never, in some respects, was the destiny of mortal more checquered. Oh, beatic essence! pure angelic shade of my youthful love! couldst thou but look graciously down upon me—couldst thou, by some sweet sympathy, guide me to the dear pledge of our affection—if, haply, he too be not dead—then should I receive some consolation for all my sufferings past. Oh, Elizabeth!—oh, Frederick!—must I never again clasp either of you to my heart!

THE PREVAILING PRINCIPLE.

It is one of the established dicta of society, that man would not advance, unless stimulated to exertion by the hope of rising, and the fear of falling; that the attrition of rivalry is necessary to give point, polish, and perseverance to all kinds of talent. Let us inquire whether this be an inherent or an acquired principle—whether it be part and parcel of the original moral fabric, or superinduced by habit and education.

In comparing savage with civilized races, we perceive that equality is a predominant circumstance in the former, and inequality in the latter. The former are, for the most part, equally fleet of foot, equally skilled in the chace, equally capable of the abstinence necessity often enjoins, and of the daring courage revenge often incites. These are all habits and qualities stimulated by natural motives. But, in civilized life, nothing is so rare as equality. One man is remarkable for this, another for that; and all the motives from which they act, are artificial. In conventional society, nothing is valued for itself intrinsically. Be the pursuit what it may, the aspirant desires to be first: that is, not pre-eminent in the talent in question, but to take precedency of his fellow men. Is not this subjecting the end to the means, not the means to the end? An individual may be excelled, but his merit will remain exactly what it was. Not so, however, in the estimation of the world—hardly of his own:—for, accustomed to make only comparative estimates, the rise of another is felt to be equivalent to sinking himself, though he has not lost one inch of his original ground. Can this be called a natural, a desirable, or an advantageous system, especially when success in every thing is so dependent on the chances of fortune?

It will be said, Behold how indolent is the savage! as soon as his mere animal wants are supplied, he flings himself down to slumber, till they again arouse him to activity. And how do the artificial stimulants of civilization operate? Is not the priest often lost in the pope, and the patriot in the place-man? When the wild man, and the man of the world, have gained the goal, both lie by, till the principle on which they were moved is again excited:—in both, the object is, to run down the game. The game of the savage is the beast of the forest—of the civilized variety, his fellow men.

The wants of the savage are few, because few of his powers are developed; but were he roused from the torpor of ignorance, and awakened to a perception of the thousand intellectual enjoyments of which he is capable, would he not pursue them, as he does the chace and the enemy, for themselves alone? and would he not thus attain to a higher point of excellence, to a keener sense of delight, than if he ran only in the hope of overtaking those before him, and the fear of being overtaken by those behind him?

It is easy to see how the motives of hope and fear, and their sup-

porters, reward and punishment, got footing in the world; but it is not so easy to discover the good they have effected. Very few are candid enough to acknowledge, that society acts on an erroneous principle, in adopting these incentives; yet people are practically departing from them. Though the brave defenders of our country are still subjected to the soul-blighting lash, parents and preceptors are beginning to perceive that misrule produceth punishment—that morality is best served by teaching an abhorrence of vice, instead of a mere dread of its attendant penalty, and an admiration of virtue, instead of a mere desire for its concomitant reward. Still the young are too much pitted against each other. Emulation, the nurse of every contentious feeling—the seed of a whole harvest of "envy, malice, and all uncharitableness," is ripening new Napoleons—perpetuating that insatiable hunger and thirst, which superiority only can satisfy, and power only slake. We talk of a generous emulation—we may as well talk of an innocent vice. Emulation is excited to selfishness—a strong preference of ourselves to others. It may be said, Is not this natural?—I do not know:—at least it is not right—it is not expedient, as a principle of action. In the mind of an enlightened being, his object should supersede himself: if *that* be advanced, it ought to be little matter *who* advances it. And whatever be the object, whether relating to social or scientific improvement, surely it would be best attained by those whom the natural motive animates, than by those stimulated by the artificial one. The first would advance together, yield the way where it would serve the cause, and participate the means of advancing it, which any fortunate chance might reveal; while the latter must lose time, energy, and enjoyment, in the contentious endeavour to repress or supersede rivals, and be often even encumbered with the means of success, because they will not share the secret, or admit of aid in its adoption.

Man, unlike every other animal, must advance. He has advanced in every art but the art of being happy: in *that*, it may be said, he retrogrades: for, are not all the improvements of which he is so proud, carried forward, at a vast expense of human suffering? How much of this may be owing to the false stimulant to his labours that he has adopted! This, while he fondly believes it the engine of human advancement, is, in fact, the perplexing, counteracting agent, that mars the power with which his Maker has endowed him; it confounds all his noblest efforts; and, by preventing unanimity and natural energy, forbids their realizing for him happiness.

The Christian creed professed, and the social system practised, are directly opposed to each other; and as long as the latter *is* practised, the former can *only* be professed. The great scheme of Christianity holds forth one great prize, which may be won by all: the petty scheme of social policy holds forth some paltry prizes, which, while contended for by many, can be gained only by a few. In the latter case, the consequence of success to one, is failure to several. Does that embitter possession to the fortunate candidate? Does it not rather give a zest to success? Can this consort with the christian principle? and is there so complete a distinction between happiness

here and hereafter, that while every creature may be crowned with the one, a few only can be blest with the other?

I am not contending for the principle of universal equality; though how far it may or may not be realized, is one of those secrets, about which it becomes us, as in all cases of ignorance, to be very modest. The bird that has a strong wing will rise, provided it be neither chained nor caged; and superior ability would, in the same way, in a free or natural state, find its proper elevation. But social life leaves nothing to nature: it often neglects the hardy plant, to foster and force the feeble; and the natural vigour of the one has no chance against the favoured circumstances of the other. A few instances to the contrary now and then shew themselves, as excepted cases; but even these are confined to giving evidence of superiority—*not* in meeting its reward.

I wish the political economists, instead of only considering things as they are, would go a little further, and consider how they *might*—how they *ought* to be. All are alike capable of the aggregate of happiness; all ought to have a chance of it: and certainly the first and fairest chances ought to fall to those that contribute most of the materials of which happiness is made. Is this the case? The anxiety to increase wealth, or, according to the cant of the day, capital—merges all thoughts of happiness. The question is, what can the poor man produce—not what can the poor man enjoy. This principle is very well, when applied to our machines; but very ill, when applied to our fellow-creatures, whose powers of bodily labour are surely subordinate to their moral and mental powers; yet, by the inordinate stimulus given to the first, the latter are nullified.

On the principles on which the political economists proceed, they might address the suffering classes in the language of St. Paul, only changing the word "charity" for poverty.

"*Poverty suffereth long, and is kind; poverty envieth not; poverty vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;*

"*Doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not its own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil;*

"BEARETH ALL THINGS, BELIEVETH ALL THINGS, HOPETH ALL THINGS, ENDURETH ALL THINGS."

Whether this is the best advice they can give, they best know. How far it may be well to observe it, is another question. It is no harm to wish that the vitriolic principle of emulation may decline among the people, and the petrific principle of political economy depart from their rulers; and that the many lens that are now concentrating and throwing off the light of knowledge, may warm *both* to fraternal unanimity and social charity.

AN OLD WOMAN.

ODESSA.

Our first impression on looking into this work of Mr. Moore,* was, that the author had done himself injustice, by printing and publishing his book in a foreign country. On examining the volume more critically, however, we must say, that he appears to have had ample justice at the hands of his publishers, the Messrs. Galignani, and that the corrector of the press has done his duty in a manner highly creditable to the establishment to which he belongs.

Mr. Moore tells the story of his travels in an easy and pleasing style, indulging occasionally in a tone of subdued and quiet humour, which never allows us to forget that we are receiving our impressions from a gentleman. The general reader will find in his pages an hour's agreeable relaxation:—the traveller, who proposes to visit these countries, will have many of his difficulties removed; and the merchant, who has dealings with Odessa, and the shores of the Black Sea, will obtain a great deal of useful information.

In going to Odessa, Mr. Moore took the route by Brussels, Dresden, and Brody; and from thence by the new road through the provinces of New Russia, of which his account excites the antagonist feelings of interest and repugnance. His return is by the more beaten track of the post-road to Vienna, and from thence to Paris, where he very properly leaves us to find our way home without his assistance. The itinerary subjoined to the volume, by way of appendix, appears to be constructed with extraordinary care, exhibiting both routes in French *postes*, German miles, Russian wersts, and English miles. Such a work appears to us to have been wanted; such accounts as have hitherto been published, of that portion of the Russian empire which has been visited by Mr. Moore, being so concise or so loose as to border on obscurity. The author's personal adventures on the journey, are extremely well told, and serve as agreeable condiments to the more substantial fare which his pages present to us. The notices of those parts of Poland through which he travelled, are not so full as we could have wished; but they are written in a spirit which no friend of freedom will object to. The anecdotes with which the narrative is enlivened, do honour to our traveller's taste; and the access which he obtained at Vienna, to the young Duke of Reichstadt, has given him the means of introducing a graphic description of the prince's person, which derives a new interest from his untimely end.

But it is time that we should allow Mr. Moore to speak for himself. In a letter, from what is called the free city of Cracow, after giving some account of what he had seen on his arrival, our author introduces the following incident.

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* A Journey from London to Odessa, with Notices of New Russia, &c. by John Moore. Paris. Galignani. 1833.

"I believe it made a slight sensation, that an Englishman was passing through Cracow; for, having had occasion to go to a shop to make a small purchase, a gentleman who entered soon after me, took an opportunity, upon observing that I had a little difficulty in explaining myself, to address me very politely, and in good English, offering to make my wishes known to the master of the shop. In the course of conversation, he said, that having heard that an English traveller had arrived, and feeling great respect for my nation and its institutions, he had wished and endeavoured to meet with me, and was anxious to shew me every attention in his power. I could not feel otherwise than highly gratified and obliged.

"Mr. S——— is a young man of about twenty-five: his physiognomy is very pleasing and intelligent. He was so kind as to accompany me to the cathedral, where, amongst many rich shrines, altars, and chapels, is the tomb of Kosciusko.

"My Polish friend sighed as he pointed out to me the patriot's resting-place:—he evidently mourned over the fate of his country, and was indignant at the atrocious partitions that have been made of it; but there was no bombast, no violence, in his language or manner.

"Mr. S——— has never been in England; he is, however, well versed in the history and literature of our country. On our way to my hotel, he did me the favour to invite me to pass half an hour with him at his apartments, which I did, and was agreeably surprised to find that the chief portion of his small but select library was composed of the works of the best British authors.

"This gentleman speaks English almost without a foreign accent; he informed me that he was self-taught, and had perfected himself in the conversational part during his acquaintance with an Englishman who resides at Cracow, to whom he afterwards introduced me. I invited them both to take their coffee with me in the evening, and passed a few hours very pleasantly in their society.

"Thus you see, that, notwithstanding all quarrels, and wars, and prejudices, the British name is respected by the liberal and enlightened of all countries.—Here, on the banks of the Vistula, my title of Englishman was a passport to a heart panting for freedom in the breast of a noble-minded Pole. I have not failed to express my sincere hope and trust, that, at no very distant day, Poland may again take her rank as an independant nation; and that her long and severe trials and misfortunes may terminate in the amelioration of the lot, not of the rich alone, but also of the humbler and more afflicted classes; who, in proportion as their superiors become more conscious of their own moral dignity, will, it is to be hoped, be allowed and encouraged to emerge from the miserable state to which servitude, ignorance, and poverty have reduced them. This will be the true interest of the patriots of Poland; for unless the condition of the peasantry, and lower classes generally, be improved—unless the mass of the population feel that they possess something worth struggling to maintain, they never can be expected to defend their hearths with that enthusiasm and constancy, which are the sole effectual barriers against the open or concealed attacks of powerful and wily enemies."

We can only make room for the following additional extract.

"I mentioned in my letter of yesterday, that Odessa increased in prosperity, under the able administration of the Duke de Richelieu, and of his successor, Count Langeron.

"Several new commercial establishments were formed; vast quantities of grain exported, and contracts entered into for the supply of Malta, &c. In consequence of the large fortunes that were made, new wants arose, and im-

mense supplies of useful commodities, and articles of luxury, were sent from England, France, and other countries.

"The merchants lived in great splendour, and all went on prosperously for a few years. During the long war, the merchants of Venice and Trieste (which cities enjoyed the privileges of neutrality) enriched themselves; for they had agents at Odessa, who purchased and shipped corn for their account, which was sold to very great advantage, in Italy, Spain, and Portugal.

"Odessa became also a place of resort for Polish and Russian families of distinction, in the summer season, for the sake of sea-bathing; and, it being a free port, they were allowed to take away, without paying duty, as many goods as they could stow in their carriages. So long as the produce of their estates sold well, these wealthy proprietors spent their money freely.

"A bank was established for discounts, and for making advances of money on goods deposited as security. Merchandise continued to arrive from all parts of the world; Odessa was now a grand mart for barter—and it attained that precocious maturity which but too often precedes a rapid decay. Like many other places, where an unexpected opening has presented itself for commercial enterprise, this flourishing city soon felt the ill effects of the ungovernable spirit of speculation; for merchants, in England and elsewhere, inundated the market with goods—prices, naturally, fell—sales became dull—the returns slow, and unsatisfactory.

"The land-owners, too, finding that their corn, &c. &c. no longer went off freely at high prices. and that the privilege of filling several carriages with goods, and taking them home without paying duty, was abolished (I am told it was quite a common thing to see the *first* people leave Odessa with all their valuables, completely laden,) preferred obtaining supplies, as they might require them, from places nearer to the *châteaux;* say from Brody, Balta, Tulezyn, &c.—and, from these same causes, their personal expenses, for some months in the year, ceased to flow through the channel of Odessa.

"To these considerations must be added the melancholy fact, that the interests and property of foreign merchants were, in a great number of instances, confided to unworthy hands. The most barefaced plunder has, to my certain knowledge, been practised; whilst the faulty system of jurisprudence, and the corruption of the judges, left the sufferers without any remedy; and, at this moment, such is the deplorable *décadence* of Odessa, in every way, that there is little left but false appearances, and bad principles.

"Still there must be a good deal of local trade in a city containing a population of forty thousand souls; and there will always be considerable shipments of corn, &c. for the Mediterranean, and of other produce for different parts of the world:—but there is nothing doing on a grand scale. The supplies for Podolia and the Ukraine are now furnished, in a great measure, by the Brody Jews, who attend the fairs at Leipzig, and forward their goods by land carriage.

"The Greeks are very intelligent and artful; they have agents, of their own country, in all parts to which they trade: they form, as it were, one large family, and manage to lay their neighbours under contribution. They ascertain when the landed proprietors are in want of money, and make excellent bargains, by advancing it at the critical moment. The Greeks are the chief importers of wines from the Archipelago, grapes, and dried fruits; cotton and other stuffs from the Levant; perfumes, shawls, oil, coffee, spices, soap, Turkish tobacco, pipes, amber mouth-pieces for pipes, &c. &c. &c. The Armenians and Caraïte Jews, traffic also in the above articles; the best attar of roses and balm of Mecca, are to be obtained from the latter. France furnishes wines, brandy, oil, cloth, silks, all sorts of manufactured goods, cambrics, and *nouveautés*, provisions, porcelain, engravings, books,

&c. &c. Italy supplies wines, liqueurs, oil, vermicelli, sulphur, articles of taste, such as sculpture, &c. Spain sends wines of different sorts, lead, cochineal, indigo, drugs, coarse cloths, and mats: Port and Madeira wines are brought from Portugal—and, though last, not least, England sends her innumerable manufactures, and the produce of her colonies, as well as of the places to which she trades.

"The exports of corn are chiefly for the Archipelago, the Ionian Islands, Trieste, Venice, Malta, the different ports of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France. The bulk of this corn is grown in the Ukraine, Podolia, and Wolhynia. The other principal exports are wool, furs, Astracan lambs-skins, wax, barilla, Russia leather (called *jouftis*) hides, tallow, butter (for Constantinople,) honey, linseed, cordage; and many other articles.

"There is a good deal of coasting trade to Tagaurog, and to all the Crimea.

"The harbour of Odessa is sometimes blocked up by ice in December and January; therefore the navigation is not to be depended on in those months, though it is frequently open for the whole winter. In summer, north winds are prevalent; the passage from Constantinople, therefore, is variable in point of time: with a fair wind, vessels frequently arrive in two days and a half, sometimes in four—but, as a general rule, ten days should be calculated on. A hundred and fifty vessels have been known to arrive in the course of one day, having made the passage from Constantinople in forty-eight hours.

"The cargoes of vessels that have passed by the Turkish capital are landed at the quarantine establishment, where they are subjected to the needful examination and purification. Convicts are employed in the perilous duty of performing this process with regard to the most suspected merchandize: if any fall sacrifices to this exposure, *tant pis pour eux*, is, I suppose, the idea of the authorities; the galley-slaves being only looked upon as *living tongs* with which to catch hold of infected articles! The vessels are re-laden without taking *pratique:* the lighters, or barges, used for conveying the cargoes to and from these vessels, are not allowed to have any sails, lest the canvass should imbibe and impart contagion: on their return from delivering their lading, these barges are carefully washed and inspected by proper officers. The ships are thus speedily dispatched with their return freights; but this arrangement renders Odessa a dull and dead sea-port:—there are no sailing-boats, no bustling quays, none of the life of a great maritime city, and, in a place which gives employment to so much shipping, you see no sailors about the streets! To me, with my innate affection for the blue jacket and trowsers, it seems quite out of character to have the sea open to the view, and no honest tars 'capering on the shore.'"

DINING, AS IT IS PRACTISED ABOUT BEDFORD SQUARE.

The clock struck seven, and I congratulated myself upon the character I should acquire for punctuality, as the hackney-coach, which had conveyed me from my chambers, drove up to No. — Upper Woburn Place. I knew that I could not as yet be supposed to be detained by multiplicity of business; and I thought it would speak well for me, in the outset of my legal career, to be an exact keeper of hours. On this occasion, however, I was mistaken; and I could see by the bustling manner and turned-up cuffs of the footman who admitted me, that I had made my appearance somewhat too soon. He attempted to snatch my hat from me, and would also have deprived me of my favourite cane, but I managed, with some difficulty, to remain master of both, and then gave him an opportunity of vociferating my name to another domestic, who had posted himself at the foot of the stairs during the skirmish, and whose ink-ingrained fingers led me to surmise that he sometimes served my host in a more professional capacity.

On being ushered into the drawing-room, I found the mistress of the house prepared to receive her guests. As I advanced to make my bow, she rose in all the full-blown dignity which the present style of female dress is calculated to impart. She was young, and rather pretty, but somewhat new to dinner-giving; and while her flushed cheeks and awkward manner betrayed the real state of her mind, she thought it necessary to assume an easy, languishing manner, which, no doubt, she would herself have described by no other term than that of fashionable. My friend Dewitt had taken care not to encumber himself with a wife, until he had insured the means of giving, with becoming splendour, the weekly entertainments at which she was to preside. This desirable end being attained, and feeling himself competent to vie with any one in those banquets, which are at once the pride and solace of the tired votaries of the law, he had, a short time before, chosen a partner whom he thought fitted to share in such pleasures with him. Amongst her other qualifications, she had the merit of being a native of the *West-end* of the town; and this was a circumstance which she did not suffer to escape the recollection of her friends.

"What a warm day it has been, considering the season, Mr. H—," she began; "I really thought I should have been overpowered in Grosvenor-Square. Lady A— was quite distressed to see me in such a state." I assented to the first part of this speech with the proportion of sympathy which was becoming, and the respect which the end of it was intended to call forth. A silence ensued; during which Mrs. Dewitt looked interesting; and I, thinking it was my turn to volunteer a remark, glanced round the room in hopes of picking up a subject. The apartment, however, though as neat as a scanty allowance of smart furniture could make it, did not furnish many ideas; but a piece of pink tape, peeping from under the sofa, afforded a

suggestion. "I suppose Mr. Dewitt is perpetually busy at this time of the year; at least he always appears so when I see him in court." "Indeed," answered the lady, with an expression which proved to me that I had not been fortunate in my topic, "I believe that he has a great deal to do, for I see but little of him: but fortunately for me, although our house is not exactly in the situation which I have been accustomed to, it is out of the reach of that tiresome business. But, by the bye," added she, smiling graciously, "I ought not to disgust you with *the profession*. You are a novice in these things, as I was a few months ago, and I can enter into your feelings."

Just as this sympathy of souls was established between us, I was prevented from exhibiting my sense of it, by the entrance of her husband. He hurried into the room, rubbing his hands, and looking like a boy released from school. My hand, and indeed my whole arm, immediately received a dislocating swing. "Here you are, H—! punctual as usual. I saw you make your appearance in court to-day, just as the Chancellor came in. A great many remarks upon your wig, I can tell you. You youngsters have time to study the becoming, but *you* won't always—I prophecy that."

Two other guests were at this moment announced; and the mode in which they were welcomed, assured me that they were intimate friends of Dewitt. "Well, Marsden," said he, inflicting on him as severe a shake as the one he had bestowed on me, "this is friendly. I was afraid those heavy papers in Pringle and Hopkins, would have taken up all your time, and kept you from us." The gentleman thus addressed was an elderly person, with a short, square figure, and a complexion that spoke plainly of long attendance in unwholesome courts. He had a voice and manner that would have tired the patience of Sir William Grant himself. He answered in a most deliberate tone, which contrasted strongly with the smart, eager manner of my friend. "Indeed the case *is* a very complicated one——" "But," interrupted the heavy barrister's companion, "we were determined not to miss coming to your very first dinner, whatever might be the consequences." The last speaker was a fat, elderly lady, with a face and manner as jolly and unrestrained, as her husband's were solemn and measured. Her dress (for a lady's mind betrays itself in her dress, and I am, therefore, a careful observer of it) appeared to have seen many changes of fashion before it had arrived at its present amplified condition:—an immense structure, between a cap and a turban, surmounted her head, and a huge black prunella foot protruded from beneath her orange silk petticoat.

To do the lady justice, she did not appear to bestow more thought upon her attire than was sufficient to prompt an occasional hasty and coachman-like shrug of her shoulders, when her rebellious garments seemed disposed to fall off. In this respect she formed a striking contrast with Mrs. Dewitt, who looked as if cut out of the *Court Magazine*, and was ever and anon occupied in the contemplation or unrequired arrangement of her toilette. Her smiles were soon called up for the reception of a new guest. The moment he appeared, I perceived that the poor young gentleman had been despoiled of his hat; and he twisted his unhappy, unoccupied fingers about most

unmercifully, while making his obeisance to the lady of the house, and saluting the rest of the party. Dewitt, perceiving his forlorn condition, thus attempted to relieve him: "Aha, King! I know how we have succeeded in getting you. You found out that the fair Emily W—— was to favour us with her presence, and so you have come to get a sight of her." Mr. King looked confused and embarrassed at the supposition of such a thing; and his fingers received a more severe twist than they had yet undergone. "Well, well," resumed his tormentor, "we can forgive you: her beauty is a sufficient excuse." "Her beauty is, indeed, unrivalled," solemnly answered the young barrister. "Aye, that it is," said the other, "so take care of your heart, H——, and see! here she comes."

At this moment the unrivalled beauty in question made her appearance, attended by her brother. She was tall, slim, and fair, with a profusion of yellow locks arranged somewhat in contempt of the fashion; but there was a coarseness in her expression, if not actually in her features; and every movement of her figure, while it suffered one to perceive that the symmetry was very incomplete, betrayed a vulgarity of mind still more offensive. But what pleased me less than all, was the assumption of the airs of a beauty; and I turned from the contemplation of the lady to her brother, who evidently did not think himself a person to be overlooked. A delicate olive-coloured coat, with a broad black velvet collar, adorned his upper man, affording an ample prospect of a black and scarlet waistcoat, and retiring modestly into a point behind, so as to conceal as little as possible of the dark green *troisièmes*.

The longer I looked upon this sprig of legal ton, the more I was disgusted, and ill humour was fast creeping upon me, when the door opened, and the master of the ceremonies announced in a tone which had acquired more than usual importance, "Mr. Justice Melbourne and Miss Melbourne." If a spirit had descended in the midst of obsequious clouds, and to the sound of soft music, I could not have been more joyfully surprised. A well-known figure entered the room and glided past me, and a bright face gave me a smile of recognition as she made her way into the circle. A general disturbance took place; what was to be done?—The seat of honour, that is, a most unluxurious sofa, the chief ornament of the room, was already quite filled by the fat, taper, and tall persons of the Mesdames Marsden and Dewitt, and Miss Wallace: Mr. Justice Melbourne's niece *must* have a place of distinction; Mrs. Dewitt stood up, still the vacuity was not very apparent; Miss Wallace stuck fast: Mrs. Marsden good-humouredly bustled away, and plunged into an arm-chair, saying, "For my part I don't care where I sit: now Marsden, *he* is so very fond of sitting easy." But before this diversion could be accomplished in Miss Melbourne's favour, she had taken up a less honourable position, and I was at her side. She seemed glad to meet somebody whom she had seen before, for every other person in the room was unknown to her, as she was new to these scenes, and had been invited in compliment to her uncle, whom she had come to London to visit. He bore outward marks of being what fame reported him, a person who might do honour to any profession. I was comparing

Miss Melbourne with Miss Wallace, and thinking of the advantage of beauty without vulgarity, and of good breeding without affectation, when Sergeant and Mrs. Oldfield were introduced. While Mrs. Oldfield (a neat and spruce-looking little woman) was whispering to Mrs. Dewitt, an excuse for her late arrival, some little nursery anecdote not intended for the public ear, the proper functionary proclaimed dinner.

Dewitt led off Mrs. Oldfield, the Serjeant had the honour of supporting Mrs. Marsden's portliness, and then came (as I had been carefully calculating) Mrs. Marsden's turn: I trembled, for I thought there could be no doubt as to the event; but *the beauty* stood forward to assert her claim, and Mr. Marsden seemed to think himself happy to uphold it. They marched on; Miss Melbourne drew nearer to me, but just then the insufferable and presuming dandy thrust himself forward, and bore her off! Mr. Justice Melbourne and Mrs. Dewitt followed, and I disconsolately brought up the rear with Mr. King. The coxcomb who had *done* me was my senior at the bar by a few months, and thus had right on his side.

With some degree of confusion and eagerness the whole party took their places, and the business of the day began. The two attendants, of whom I have already made honourable mention, had been reinforced by two others, and if noise and bustle constituted the art of serving, they certainly performed their part to admiration. "Do you *take* soup or fish," reiterated Mrs. Dewitt to every one in succession (a question which by-the-bye I always think rather disagreeable, as implying that one is not entitled to both of those preliminaries); and while I was awaiting my turn, I had leisure to look around me. I found myself placed near the languishing Mrs. Dewitt and the merry Mrs. Marsden, but I had also the advantage of being almost opposite Miss Melbourne, whose supporters were the beauty's brother and Serjeant Oldfield. The beau was assiduous in his devoirs, but notwithstanding the superiority of his costume, he found to his mortification that his fair neighbour was more inclined to give her attention to Serjeant Oldfield.

The joys of feasting were now at their zenith. "Pray, allow me to offer you some turkey, Mrs. Oldfield," said Mrs. Dewitt, elevating her voice somewhat above the subdued pitch to which she had hitherto confined it; "you do seem to be making a very poor dinner of it!" "Why, really that mock-turtle of yours," said Mrs. Marsden, "is so very stuffing, one can't relish any thing else after:—Marsden, *he* would make nothing of two good helps of it." Mr. King's tragical voice next attracted my attention: with the most profound gravity he inquired if he might offer Miss Wallace a glass of champagne. By looking beyond the intervening heads I had a full view of the bow which followed. He still held it essential for a well-dressed gentleman to have the chin firmly propped up. This certainly might add to the dignity of his appearance, but it did not facilitate the manœuvre which he was now going through, and the prolonged bend of his whole person contrasted oddly with the slight nod or rather toss which Miss Wallace vouchsafed him. Indeed, I soon perceived that his homage was but ill repaid; the lady even

gave some slight signs of disdain across the table to her brother; and a few inquiring glances were actually directed towards me to ascertain if I had any claims to her attention.

Mr. Justice Melbourne being engaged in stating a very interesting nisi prius case to Marsden, while Serjeant Oldfield was evidently pleasing Miss Melbourne by a dissertation on rural delights, I made a foolish attempt to hear both; listening attentively to the Judge and the Serjeant. Of course I gathered nothing but detached and incomprehensible scraps of discourse for my pains; and had, therefore, determined on devoting both ears to the Serjeant, when Dewitt exclaimed, "What's that Oldfield—what was your last remark?" "I was only saying," replied the Serjeant, "a few words in favour of a country life, such as this young lady usually leads, when contrasted with the work-a-day world in which we are compelled to toil." "Ah! but you are overstating the case, my good friend," said Dewitt; "I must shew Miss Melbourne the right points of it, or rather perhaps I had better leave it in the hands of some younger advocate.—eh, Wallace? surely you are able to conduct it yourself, and to lay before Miss Melbourne the joys of a lawyer's life, and of a lawyer's lady too; eh, my dear Sarah?" Mrs. D. answered the appeal with a languid smile, which could not have been very satisfactory to her good-natured husband; but Mrs. Oldfield came in to his support, and to the relief of Mr. Wallace, whose gallantry had been converted into sheepishness by so sudden an appeal. "Indeed, I think," said she, "there can be few situations so comfortable; the gentlemen always out of the way, as they ought to be, in the morning; and then so glad to see one at dinner, and no interfering with the children, except to play with them when they have time! To be sure one does want a little air for them, poor little things, sometimes; but then comes the long vacation, which sets all to rights. Pray, where do you go next autumn, Mr. Marsden?" The words which Mr. Marsden uttered in reply were almost the first which had escaped his lips since he had sat down to table, and indeed I perceived that his fair lady had done him no wrong, when she informed us of his capacity for consuming a large share of good cheer, a talent which is rarely evinced in the *profession*, as, excepting on the happy Saturdays, they dare not cultivate one so inconsistent with mental labour.

The subject of the long vacation not only lasted throughout the remainder of the repast, but for some time after its close. The ladies at length gave it up, and Mrs. Marsden said to the fair hostess in subdued tones, "Well, my dear Mrs. Dewitt, I must say that a more elegant dinner I never saw set out. Pray, where did you get those magnificent silver side-dishes? Marsden, *he* says that I shall never have a bit of plate, more than spoons and forks, till he gets a silk gown, and that will be soon, I *do* hope." "I really cannot exactly remember about the side-dishes," replied Mrs. Dewitt. "I only recollect that I made it a point with Mr. D. to have every thing in *proper style*." "You had better luck than some of us," said Mrs. Oldfield; "the Serjeant was not a very rich man when I married him, but *now* I believe nobody has better business in the Commons Pleas than he has;

though we do want it all to be sure, with nine children to provide for!" "But then there's a great deal in good managing," observed Mrs. Marsden, "and you always had such a way with you. Now, how much table-beer do you allow your servants? I never could tolerate any ale in our house, for even if the man has not enough to get drunk, the maid-servants do get so *uppish* there's no bearing them!" Mrs. Oldfield having satisfied her friend as to her arrangements in this matter, Mrs. Marsden proceeded: "Well now, that is liberal, *very* liberal, *too* liberal I think; but they are so difficult to please, and then, if you'd believe them, they have always too much work. There's my housemaid (you know I took her from Mrs. Henry), *she* complains, forsooth! To be sure she waits on me; but then there's very little scrubbing up stairs, and what's the drawing-room? nothing, for I always sit in the *parlour;* it keeps the room above clean, and one's nearer the servants. I must tell you a story about that slut Sally —" "Ahem!" murmured Mrs. Dewitt, with a warning gesture, as the conversation of the gentlemen was evidently about to flag. A dead pause ensued: Dewitt was uneasy, but in a few moments a bright idea occurred to him, and turning to Mr. Justice Melbourne, he said, "Apropos, of the old new trials—" The words had scarcely passed his lips, when Mrs. Marsden, under cover of the fertile topic thus started, prepared to open her batteries upon "that slut Sally;" but Mrs. Dewitt, anxious to start a more refined subject, dexterously cut in before her. "I hope you like my schallis, Mrs. Oldfield," said she: "Madame D—— says it's just come from Paris." "Very pretty, I must say," replied Mrs. O.; "but that's a lady to beware of; indeed I never go near the French milliners." "Oh, I never could employ any other," said Mrs. D.; "I am sure that you patronize them, Miss Melbourne; that gown looks like it." Here Mrs. Marsden interposed, "Why, black velvet is very genteel to be sure; but it's all up with it if you sit much."

Mrs. Dewitt, having now ascertained that Mrs. Oldfield had taken enough wine, gave the usual bow with much *intended* grace, and the ladies withdrew. For the next hour we had plenty of argument, lots of law, a few professional jokes, and some remarks on fees. Mr. Justice Melbourne wondered that they had not fallen with other things: it astonished him to see gentlemen at the bar still getting war prices. He thought they should have been reduced. He felt satisfied that the attention of suitors would soon be arouzed on the subject, and that a change must ensue. Mr. Dewitt certainly felt disposed to favour the abolition of half-guinea fees, for the signature of counsel as a mere matter of form to motion papers. Mr. King ventured to object, because young barristers principally subsisted on the proceeds of silent motions. Serjeant Oldfield pared an apple, and Mr. Marsden's mouth was overflowing with orange. Mr. Wallace attempted to bring in the opera, but it was coldly received, and soon withdrawn. Marsden, with more success, started the subject of promotions, public and private; and this lasted until coffee was declared.

On entering the drawing-room a little in advance of the other gentlemen, I found Mrs. D. and her fair guests congregated on the

hearth-rug. One of Mrs. Marsden's substantial legs was inside the fender, and one of her hands occupied in keeping her garments aloof from the fire. Mrs. Dewitt "swam, swan-like," to her seat; the other ladies took chairs, and I had the felicity of being able to locate myself in the immediate vicinity of the black velvet gown. About half an hour after, the footman burst into the room, pompously announcing "Mrs. Marsden's carriage;" then approaching the lady's ear, he whispered, "your servant says, ma'am, that he can't find never a chariot, ma'am, not nowhere on the stand, ma'am." "Well," exclaimed Mrs. M., feeling that the announcement had been extensively overheard, "I do dislike those coaches; one don't see where one's going, and I am so afraid of an accident—don't you prefer a chariot, Miss Wallace? but I forgot, your mother keeps her own coach *now*." Miss Wallace reddened up to her temples. Observing this, Mrs. Marsden remarked in a semi-whisper to Mrs. Oldfield, while shouldering on her cloak, "I don't see why one should feel ashamed of not riding in one's own coach." The other guests gradually departed with gracious smiles from host and hostess, and just as the Temple bell tolled one I found myself in the solitude of my own chamber.

DEATH.

'Mid winter's frowns, or autumn's sighs,
Or balmy summer's breath;
'Mid all her smiles, when genial spring
O'er nature waves her flowery wing,
We still remember Death!

When life is young, and glides away
In hours of fond delight,
And all the joys of rapture's dream
In boyhood's eye exhaustless seem,—
The Grave still haunts our sight!

The dream of love that gently breathes
O'er youth a fragrant bloom;
Like all the balm that greets the sky,
When morning opes her dewy eye,—
But flits above the Tomb.

In vain we join the festive throng,—
In vain doth music swell;—
A sigh escapes with every word,
And far above the song is heard
The distant funeral knell.

Strike high the lyre! a gayer song!
Awake! thy loudest breath!
In vain! In vain! It speaks again,
Nor pealing chord, nor choral strain,
Can drown the voice of Death.

It shakes the palace—haunts the cell—
Is heard through all the air;
The bones of myriads fill the ground,
And every tree that waves around,
Conceals a Sepulchre!

M.

RUSSIAN INTERVENTION AS TO THE AFFAIRS OF TURKEY.

Ever since the "untoward event" of Navarino, we have watched, with feverish anxiety, the affairs of the East. Each succeeding year has exhibited to us, on one side, Russia advancing, with crafty stealth or open violence, to the completion of those boundless plans of ambition that threaten the political existence of every power in Europe; and, on the other, those cabinets, whose interest it is to arrest the progress of the Northern Colossus, looking on with a supine indifference bordering upon infatuation. Metternich, the wily Metternich, views in silence the approach of the barbarian hordes upon his master's eastern frontier; while Great Britain, who lords it over the puny despot Miguel, cowers beneath the rod of the imperial Autocrat. But a change, we hope, has come over the spirit of our dream;—the determination of assuming an imposing attitude, worthy of the first power in the world, and equal to the critical posture of affairs in the East. Ever since the days of the imperial Catherine, the conquest of European Turkey has been the favourite project of Russian ambition. To attain this end, Russia has, at different periods, encouraged the internal revolutions of the Ottoman Empire; and has always contemplated, with undisguised satisfaction, the operation of those intestine troubles that have gradually undermined her once formidable power. Now, for the first time, she looks with a jealous eye upon the war between Mehemed Ali, a rebellious subject, and the Sultan Mahmoud, his legitimate master.

The conduct of Russia will now be found in perfect unison with the anterior principles of her policy. She could not look on as a silent spectator, while Mehemed Ali, instigated by the French renegadoes who surround him, seized the throne of the Sultan. Her interest is to preserve the Turkish "*statu quo*" of 1832, until the moment when she may be in a condition of seizing Constantinople, and of once more rearing the cross on the towers of St. Sophia. It is solely owing to the intrigues of Russia, that the Ottoman Porte, is reduced to that state of weakness which will incapacitate her henceforward from warding off the mortal stab that, sooner or later, it will be her fate to receive from her northern rival, who allows her to exist, like the victim destined for sacrifice, because the hour of the festival has not yet arrived. For upwards of sixty years, Russian diplomacy has laboured to obtain this result. She will, therefore, use all her barbarian energy, and her Greek cunning, to defeat the designs of the Egyptian Pacha.

We shall now offer a few observations upon the means resorted to by the cabinet of St. Petersburg, to weaken the Turkish empire, and to maintain the Sultan on his throne, in order the more effectually to secure it for herself.

After the conquest of the Krimea,* the ambitious mind of the great

* The independence of the Krimea was guaranteed upon the faith of solemn treaties; but the perfidious Catherine, who had instigated her to revolt, violated them, and incorporated this fine province, which now affords such a host of irregulars to the Russian armies, with her empire.

Katherine conceived the plan of the destruction of the Mahomedan empire in Europe. It has since been enshrined in the portfeuille of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, as the dicta of unerring wisdom, and has become the patent policy of the state. In order to realize this gigantic project, Russian diplomacy examined, with a skilful eye, the position of Turkey. She discovered that the European portion (Roumelia) contained only three millions of Musselmen, disseminated among nine millions of Christians of different races, but belonging all of them to the Russian Church. She therefore conceived the plan of attacking Turkey on her European side, and to leave *provisionally* untouched *Anatolia*, or the Asiatic provinces, as a point of retreat to the Roumeliate Turks.

Thus, if we give but a glance at the history of the last half century, we behold Turkey gradually losing ground on the European side, by either entire cessions of provinces, or by placing them under the protectorate of Russia, until such time as she found some specious pretext for incorporating them to her empire. Such has been the fate of the Krimea, of Bessarabia, of Servia, and now of Wallachia and Moldavia. For it is futile to suppose that it is ever the intention of the Autocrat to restore these fine provinces to the Porte, the possession of which gives him, moreover, the whole line of the Danube, from Bredin to Mangolia.

In the north, Russia has created three governments, as devoted to her as they are hostile to the Porte. Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, are attached to Russia by the double ties of gratitude and religion; while the orthodox Bulgarians and Bosnians will find in her a sure asylum against the persecutions of the Mahometans.

In the south, Greece is slowly rising from her ruins, and opens her fertile and free territory to the Greek Raiahs of the Sultan, while her gallant navy has once already threatened Constantinople itself.

In the east, again, Mount Athos, covered with Greek monasteries, sends forth to all parts of the Turkish empire, her monks to beg, and to spread among her fanaticized population the prophecies invented by Russian diplomacy, and skilfully attributed to the prophet Agatangelos. They announce that a yellow-haired race will drive the Turks into Asia. The Greeks firmly believe these predictions; the more so, as some old Mahomedan traditions confirm these prophecies; and the gate at Constantinople, through which the victorious Russian army will enter the Ottoman capital, has been already pointed out by Turkish predestination.

On the west there is a wide field for Russian machinations, in case of need. The land of Scander-beg, the warlike Albania, that Turkish *terra incognita*, embarrasses the Grand Seignior, by the continual insurrections of its warlike population, and who are ready at any time to sell their services to Russia. In short, the whole Turkish population, from Lyctria to Salonica, and from Gallipoli unto Prevessa, is demoralizing. So convinced are they, by fatal experience, of the disastrous consequences of a war with Russia, that they would offer no resistance, were even a Russian army to present itself on their frontiers; while the reforming projects of the Sultan, by violating the fanatical prejudices of his people, and, in some instances, the fun-

damental laws of the empire have dissipated the religious and hereditary halo that surrounded his throne, to the chief of Islamism. From what we have advanced, it will be found that the conquest of the Turkish empire would be a mere "*promenade militaire*" for the Russian Autocrat. In fact, he looks upon it as a certain, though still distant event. The strict alliance that at present subsists between this country and France, will prevent his thinking of it for the present, and because it will be first necessary to complete the final extermination of unhappy Poland; and likewise to repair the immense losses experienced by the Russian armies in the last campaigns, and the enormous expenditure that has exhausted the treasury: losses that must be repaired ere she thinks of the conquest of Turkey. But the good understanding that exists between the cabinets of St. James's and the Tuilleries, she knows will not always last. She, therefore, will adjourn the execution of her ambitious designs, while she finishes Poland on one side, and organizes her fleet and her armies on the other. The Russian policy is accustomed to base its march upon a system, of which the possession of Constantinople is the object. Being no ways embarrassed within, her sole attention is directed to foreign affairs; while the representative governments of Europe, owing to the frequent changes or modifications of their systems, look upon the affairs of foreign countries in a very secondary point of view.

On the conclusion of the Polish war, Russia, from the state of exhaustion to which she was reduced by this contest, made up her mind to await some years longer for the favourable moment of seizing Turkey; when suddenly, and contrary to all expectation, Mehemed Ali aspires to the sovereignty of Syria, and raises the standard of revolt. From that moment she resolved to oppose the Egyptian Pacha: for she justly dreaded the ambition of Ibrahim Pacha, and the talent of the French officers who compose his staff. Thus, before the late decisive battle of Koniah had decided the question, Russia had already declared herself against Mehemed Ali, by the recall of her Consul-General at Alexandria. We now see her offering her intervention to the Sultan. The report of the fitting out of a fleet in the Black Sea, and the march of an army of 60,000 Russians to the assistance of the Sultan, is generally credited in Western Europe; and since the ridiculous definition of the system of non-intervention, given by a Minister of Louis Phillipe, interventions have become so much the fashion, that France and England, on their side, eagerly seek to arrest the triumphal march of Ibrahim Pacha. This was just what Russia wanted. That arch intriguant, Pozzo di Borgo, was despatched to Vienna and London, to prevent a crusade against Mehemed Ali, whom he represented to be instigated in his rebellion by the intrigues of France. By this tactic, Russia hoped to induce the other great powers to oppose the progress of Ibrahim Pacha.

But Russia never thought seriously, in her present exhausted condition, of sending a fleet to Constantinople, without the previous permission of France and England. Her object was, to induce these two powers to save the Sultan, by offering their intervention—and events have shewn that the skill of her diplomacy has not belied itself on this occasion.

Russia alone, was not in a condition to cope with Ibrahim Pacha, during the months January, February, and March, for the following very plain reasons:—

1st. Her fleet in the Black Sea is badly manned—its officers are ignorant—its sailors unskilful—and the navigation of that inland sea, during these three months, extremely dangerous.

2dly. By land, Russia could not send a considerable force to oppose Ibrahim, owing to the bad state of the roads, and the difficulty of transporting provisions during the first quarter of the year.

3dly. Supposing that Ibrahim Pacha had reached Constantinople before the Russians, the Turks of Europe, ready to embrace his cause, would have reinforced his army; and it would have been imprudent, on the part of Russia, to have commenced a struggle with inferior forces, against a captain intoxicated with success, who, with the assistance of his French staff, has just executed a plan of campaign laid down by Napoleon, and has advanced from Acre to Koniah, in one uninterrupted career of victory.

4thly. Supposing, on the other hand, that the Russians had even entered Constantinople before the Egyptian army, their numerical inferiority would, on the approach of Ibrahim, have exposed them to the chance of being massacred by the Constantinopolitans, who cordially hate them.

Russia, we repeat, had no intention of alone hazarding a struggle with Ibraham before the commencement of spring; nor even of interfering against him, without the consent of France and England. By accepting a truce, Ibrahim Pacha has committed a fault, and Russia laughs in her sleeve at the service which the Egyptian has rendered to that policy, whose unceasing aim is the conquest of European Turkey.

When the Empress Catherine proposed to the Emperor Joseph the Second the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, the Austrian monarch replied, "Eh! que diable faire de Constantinople?" This question, which was considered at the time unanswerable, even by the ambitious projector herself, was, a few years ago, thus arrogantly answered by the Russian Ambassador at the Porte, Count Strogonoff: "Nous la prenderons d'abord, et nous traiterons avec le reste de l'Europe ensuite." Prophetic words!—for if once the Russian eagles soar above the towers of Old Stamboul, the combined forces of all Europe would in vain seek to dislodge them. While we have been protocolling in the west, the east has become the theatre of events pregnant with future consequences to every power in Europe; and which, only at the eleventh hour, appears to have attracted the attention of our Foreign Secretary. We feel deeply the important nature of those measures of interior economy and reform, that at this moment absorb the attention both of the nation and the ministry—but we would fain hope, that our Government will keep a watchful eye upon the intrigues of Russia, in the East, which, if once realized, would prove a mortal blow to the political and commercial greatness of Great Britain.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

PENMANSHIP IN HIGH LIFE.—A document—an astounding document was issued from the Lord Chamberlain's office early in the past month touching "the King's Levees," from which, with the most poignant regret, we feel compelled to quote the following paragraph:—

"It is particularly requested, that Gentlemen who are to be presented at the Levees, will have their names distinctly written upon the card to be delivered to the Lord in Waiting, in order that there may be no mistake in announcing them to the King."

Now really this is "too bad." We have long been aware that the novels of ladies and gentlemen in high life are unreadable; but here the Lord Chamberlain, in a solemn edict, insinuates, *that our aristocracy are not able to write their own names.*

SMITHFIELD FASHIONABLES.—A daily paper, to which Smithfield and Drury-lane are not terra incognita, informs us to the following effect:—

"What few cattle were present, were of *very inferior quality.*"

By a strange ambiguity of expression, and a singular knack of jumbling opposites together, it remains doubtful whether the editor speaks of the theatre on the night of a new piece, or of Smithfield on a market-day; "what few cattle were present, were of a very inferior quality," is a figure of speech, which, it will be seen, is quite as applicable in the one case as the other.

INFORMATION EXTRAORDINARY.—The Cheltenham Chronicle, a very grave and interesting paper, contains the following important paragraph:—

"Our Weymouth correspondent informs us *that the people are all* ALIVE *there.*"

This is really kind of "our Weymouth correspondent," especially to reversionary legatees, whose tenants for life reside within his cognizance. How happy would the former feel were the Cheltenham Chronicle to contain such a paragraph as this:—

"Our Weymouth correspondent informs us, that the people are all *dead* there."

EFFECTS OF DISFRANCHISEMENT.—The following case is quoted from the accidents and offences at Grantham:—

"As a lady was proceeding to the theatre at Grantham, in a carriage belonging to Mr. Windover *Guild Hall*, on Thursday, the 17th instant, to witness Mr. Kean's *Shylock*, some *daring rascal* got up behind the vehicle, the top of which he cut through, and seized an elegant comb which the lady wore in her hair. Though greatly terrified, the lady contrived to snatch it

from his grasp, and give immediate alarm, which, however, we are sorry to add, did not lead to the fellow's apprehension, although prompt and immediate steps were taken by the authorities. The person is strongly suspected."

This rascal must decidedly have been a disfranchised elector: no other rascal would have been so daring. The lady doubtless thought herself perfectly safe in the carriage of a man possessing such a name as GUILD HALL. She appears to have been a conservative.

CHARITY AT A DISCOUNT.—A Durham paper has edified us to the following extent:

"On Sunday last, the 20th inst., *an excellent and most appropriate sermon* was preached TO A VERY NUMEROUS CONGREGATION in Wolviston Chapel, by the Rev. W. R. Wyatt, M.A., Chaplain to the Most noble the Marquis of Londonderry, and private tutor to Viscount Seaham, in aid of the funds of the Wolviston Sunday School: afterwards a collection was made for defraying the expences of the above institution, amounting to ——. Lord Seaham—a most interesting youth, was present, and seemed to listen with great attention to the admirable discourse of his worthy preceptor."

We have purposely omitted the sum total. What might it be, think you? Of course you will conclude that the Marquis of Londonderry's chaplain, by his *excellent and appropriate sermon*, solicited at least a couple of hundreds from *a* VERY *numerous congregation*. Guess again. One hundred and fifty. Still wide of the mark:—but not to be tantalizing, the sum total was FOUR POUNDS NINE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE!

This of course included Viscount Seaham's donation. Doubtless the chapel was attended by all the fashionables then congregated at Wynyard House, in honour of her ladyship's birth-day, as well as by the indigenous aristocracy of Durham and its neighbourhood. The congregation, we are expressly told, was not merely *numerous*, but *very numerous:* of course a Sunday-school sermon by "the Rev. W. R. Wyatt, M.A. chaplain to the most noble the Marquess of Londonderry, and private tutor to Viscount Seaham,"—"a most interesting youth," could not fail to prove attractive. There were, one might venture to suppose, 500 persons present; and so "excellent and appropriate" was the sermon, that its hearers, on an average, must have deposited in the plate a fraction less than a farthing above twopence a-piece!

We should like to have been told how much the young Viscount subscribed, after having, as it is stated, "seemed to listen with great attention to the admirable discourse of his worthy preceptor."

The existing state of charity at Durham may be further illustrated by the following important paragraph from the columns of the same paper:—

"Mrs. Fawcett, of the South Bailey, has become an annual subscriber of one guinea, to the Blue Coat Schools in this city."

It is proper that the British empire should be made acquainted with such munificence.

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES.—Some private theatricals in the pro-

vinces being lately projected, the Court Newsman announced that a magnificent *suit of armour* had *left town* for the Earl of Hillsborough.

Agricultural Bulletin.—In last month's report, it will be remembered, perhaps, that Rye was said to be in danger of a *decline*, and that Barley was in a most *languid* state; another bulletin has since been issued to the following effect:—

"Barley *is now totally neglected;* but *a few inquiries* are still made for Rye. Last market-day, small brisk Porkers were *much depressed,* and large coarse Calves, *as usual, remarkably dull.*"

Affected Inexperience of Authors and Actors as to Bailiffs.—A weekly paper is horror-struck at some petty anachronisms of costume in Don Juan—it opens its jaws like an earthquake and its best columns totter with the shock: somebody's inexpressibbles are erroneous! The tailor has not seen Seville; hence the weekly paper's convulsion—its Vesuvian irruption of verbal lava—its shower of cinders on the devoted head of Drury. For our own part we have lived long enough not to be astonished at any dramatic delinquency, however gross. We are perfectly prepared—by past experience of the close adherence to nature of dramatists and actors—to see Macbeth hop in on one leg and gesticulate with the other. It would be difficult to amaze us. Some people "affect a virtue if they have it not:" this is not the case with theatricals; they are not only particularly ignorant, but they affect a degree of ignorance which they really have not yet attained. It is foolish to abuse them for not properly dressing an alguazil, while such capital errors as their British bailiffs are suffered to pass uncorrected. They dress a serjeant-at-mace up to this hour as they do a prize-fighter or a modern Mr. Gibbet; thus delicately imputing to themselves, by inference, an enviable inexperience as to the costume of their *catchpole* cotemporaries.

Metropolitan Architecture.—A daily paper has recently edified its readers by amusing extracts from Loudon's last number of "Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture," in which the droll atrocities of bumpkin builders are held up to ridicule. This is all very well so far as it goes; but, while we expose the motes in other folk's eyes, let us see if there be not a beam or so in our own. When Loudon has completed his rural architecture, he should, in justice to his country, at least attempt to ameliorate that of the metropolis; for truely, it is "brimful of offence." Our architects possess every thing but taste, genius, invention, and common sense. They are classical, composite, and comical beyond endurance. Their style is imposing; but they give us no comforts. If permitted to go on with impunity, they will change the character of the English. We shall cease to be a domestic people. A modern house is a structure of bare walls, ornamented and divided into compartments: it contains no family parlour; no social snuggery; no cupboards! A man who lives in it is to be pitied—he is without a home. The stairs creak beneath his feet—the floor of his drawing-room shrieks with agony as he steps

across it; and the *party*-wall appropriately cracks when he sees a few friends.

An Englishman's house has ceased to be his castle: any apprentice to a "cracksman" can get into it. We are provided with means, *ad nauseam*, of debarring the delinquent portion of the population from intruding on us by means of our front doors; they are provided with bars, bolts, chains, and elaborate locks—they are nearly two inches thick: but the back ditto are in most cases constructed of half-inch deal, and, generally speaking, fortified only with a latch, and a ten-penny bolt. We pay enormously for having our front doors, which are perfectly secure, well watched; but we leave our languid back entrances to take their chance. The shutters of our drawing-rooms have patent and difficult fastenings; those of our kitchens and pantries, being more accessible, are as easy of solution as the first rule in arithmetic; of course, therefore, "a family man" never attempts to break into our house at its well-watched and well-warded front—he wisely walks in at the back area. Is there any "*understanding*" between our builders and our burglars?

Except in the case of cupboards, doors are invariably hung so as to open inwards: thus affording an ingenious and additional facility to those who practise at the crowbar, and at the same time offering an insurmountable obstacle, (should the unfortunate tenant, in case of fire, happen to injure the lock,) *to breaking out*. Does any particular reason exist why they should be made to swing into the sitting-rooms and dormitories?——But there is another evil in modern architecture —we soar above the clouds in a balloon—we travel at the rate of ten knots an hour against wind and tide in a steam-boat—we visit the depths of ocean in a diving-bell—we defy the elements—wonder follows wonder, and such is the state of science that nothing seems impossible—we even consume the black breath of our huge breweries —and still, in spite of all this, every third house is cursed by the presence of that domestic demon, that household Ashtaroth, a smoky chimney!

Worshipful Wisdom.—Mr. Ballantine has made a discovery in ethics. From an elaborate address which the papers ascribe to him, on the occasion of his committing a young woman for the misdemeanour of attempting "to make away with herself," we extract the following:—

"It is, perhaps, *a greater offence* in the eyes of Providence, to commit self-murder, than to kill another person."

Indeed! Now, if Mr. Ballantine were to commit self-murder he would do it by the permission of his victim: he would have his reasons for dying—good, bad, or indifferent, no matter which, for they would be conclusive to him—he would set his house in order—like Rabelais, perhaps, he would get his boots greased. But if, instead of himself, he selected Sir Frederick Roe, the offence, in police report phraseology, would be "of a deeper dye." Of course, he would not obtain Sir Frederick's consent: he would not give him a quarter's notice—he would not convince Sir Frederick that he had better be

killed than live. Sir Frederick, we are sure, if we might be permitted to hazard an opinion, would beg to dissent—the thing would not suit his convenience—he would rather decline the favour. But this is not all; "murder will out;" and people who amuse themselves by practising upon other people's lives generally get hung. The suicide "does for" one gentleman; the murderer for two—himself and his victim—he kills two birds with one stone.

Liberty of Conscience.—People may say what they will of the duplicity of statesmen and legislators; but any one who takes the trouble to look over the debates in the House of Commons, must be struck with the extreme ingenuousness, and *naiveté*, by which the speeches of some honorable gentlemen are characterized. Many of these effusions might be supposed to amount to confessions of frailty, which none but a strong-minded man, or in other words, an Irish-minded man would have the requisite courage to acknowledge. An honourable member, whose name the reporter was not able to learn, observed in the course of his speech, that he had been once of the Roman Catholic persuasion; but, that being convinced of the error of his ways, he had sought refuge in the bosom of the Protestant, the only true Church. This, however, not being exactly to his taste, the honorable member determined to "try Turner," and rushed at once into the arms of Presbetery!

Now this is a species of heroism which deserves to be held up to the emulation of a discerning public. When there is so much cant abroad about religious consistency—when gentlemen boast of having relinquished their political rights for years, rather than abandon the faith of their fathers, it is truly refreshing to see an honorable individual despising such bigotted prepossessions. With "Evans's Denominations of the Christian World," in his hand, he may perhaps be determined on trying the whole 760 branches of faith, to prove the extreme folly of confining oneself to any abstract principle in religion, without having practical proof of the inefficiency of all others. We are happy in our ability to give the name of this public spirited individual, which the reporter "was not able to learn." We entreat our reader to refer to a short article in our last number, called, "Breaking Cover:" he will there, at once, recognise our honourable friend in the person of one Mr. Doolittle, who is Catholic and Protestant, and back again, with a facility quite astounding. It is true, according to that statement, that Doolittle had reasons of the most cogent nature for his conduct—these, however, the honorable member did not think necessary to explain.

Another Brood of Vipers.—We find by one of the law periodicals, that another numerous horde of articled clerks will apply next Easter Term for licenses to practise on the lives and properties of his Majesty's subjects—although on account of over population, the wolves are already, for want of food, driven to the necessity of preying on each other;—the Cause Papers of the three Courts having lately abounded with actions, in which either party is a "Gent. one, &c." This is consoling.

The mode of admitting attornies is not destitute of fun, although its consequences are fearful. In theory there is every proper proviso against the qualification of an improper character. By the old rules, Judges were authorised to admit only a fit number for the due administration of justice. Then came the statute of James the first, A. R. 3. c. 7. in confirmation of which, a rule was made, that none should be admitted unless (inter alia) *they were found to be of good ability and* HONESTY! By the 2nd of Geo. II. c. 23, continued by two subsequent acts for short periods, and *made perpetual* by 30th. Geo. II. the Judges, before allowing any person to take the oaths, preparatory to his becoming an attorney, were REQUIRED *to examine and inquire, touching his fitness and capacity.* Now what is the practice?—An articled clerk, after having served his five years, takes his indenture and affidavits (the most important of which, is relative to the payment of £120 duty) to the Judge's clerk, who, after having glanced through the documents, and received his fee, fills up a fiat already signed by "his lordship," for the young gentleman's admission. The next morning, with the fiat in his pocket, the scape-grace goes to Westminster, takes the oaths of supremacy, &c. and receives his *diploma*, without the slightest inquiry or examination having been made as to his moral and intellectual ability and capacity. A fellow who has never read a page even of Tidd's Practice; a scoundrel to the bone; "some gentlemen," Prussian or English, provided he produces the formal affidavits of service, sticking up of notices, and payment of duty, may be admitted an attorney, without exchanging one word with the Judge whose name is affixed to his fiat. Sir Thomas Denman has already removed many absurdities, and it is to be hoped that he will protect the poor public, by radically reforming this monstrous enormity. The other Judges, in all the Courts, we feel satisfied, from their high character, will go with him heartily. We have heard of one case, and only one, in which a Judge thought fit to examine a candidate, "His lordship" was Mr. Justice Grose, and the other party a young fellow named Parker, who shook in his shoes on being introduced. This memorable examination, touching Parker's "fitness and capacity," was verbatim as follows:—*Grose.* Who are you? *Parker.* John Parker, of Ilchester, in the county of Somerset. *Grose.* So I see by your affidavit. Did you know one Hugg, of the same place? *Parker.* I did, my Lord: he was struck off the rolls for improper conduct. *Grose.* Good. Mind you don't follow his example: there's your fiat.

ALKALINE HIEROGLYPHICS.—The Editor of a country Paper is delicately indignant. The milkmaid has chalked his door-post beyond the bourne of human endurance. He gives us his honour that he has liquidated her demand from time to time, in a most gentlemanly way.

"Yet," he adds, "it will scarcely be believed that instead of rubbing out, she has merely ticked off the paid chalks by means of some hieroglyphic, which, however intelligible it may be to her, the community at large do not at all understand, so that, as we accidentally

discovered this morning, it would appear *primâ facie*, from the evi-evidence of our door-post, that we owed the milk-woman *several shillings*. Really it is time to put a stop to this, otherwise the characters of respectable people may suffer, for we observe in our immediate neighbourhood, many door-posts, *wantonly*, or rather carelessly displaying the same disgraceful insignia."

Of the characters of a milkmaid's score few are ignorant; they are simple and innocent as the administered fluid they record; they sometimes amount "to several shillings," it is true; but they are not typical of any moral offence, any contemptible evasion, any clear act of bankruptcy. Such, however, is not the case with a dustman's scroll, when collecting his legal, and "of right payable" Christmas boxes from the inhabitants of "his round:—"when understood they amount to a serious imputation. "Pray," said a gentleman, one of our neighbours, a few weeks ago, to a collecting dustman, "pray, why do you chalk the door-posts on the other side of the way? I have seen you do so every Christmas, for the last ten years. What does it all mean?" "Vy, Sir," replied the dustman, "as you've been liberal with your shilling and two or three loose half-pence, I doesn't mind if I tells you. That's how ve keeps our accounts. Vot dustman, as *is* a dustman, and nothing else, not at no price, could tell how the cat jumped at all the houses, if it vorn't for chork (chalk)? by vich, ven we comes round again, ve knows vot's been said afore, you see." "That's capital, but pray enlighten me a little, (here's another shilling):—What do you mean by an upright line?" "Vy, that's ven ve calls *and they ar'n't at home.*" "Very well: and then you sometimes draw a horizontal line about the centre of the perpendicular." "Oh! you means perhaps, a chivey right athirt the t'other, so as to form a cross." "Exactly so." "Vy that signifies that ve've called tvice, *and they von't be at home.*" "Good: But then again, occasionally, you draw a circle round the cross." "That, your honour, means that, if so be, and no vise daunted, ve've knocked again, they've giv'n us NOTHING, vith *sauce* to make it pleasant."

MIRADLE MONGERS.—The Country Press is a rich fund for the lovers of the marvellous; our town purveyors are far inferior to their provincial brethren, in all that belongs to the romance of life; our dull common-place facts are not to be compared to their gigantic remains—the mosaic pavement, the urns filled with gold; objects so familiar to rustic optics. And then, as regards facts, touching the supernatural or mystic, commend us to your chawbacon! Our Cock-Lane and Hammersmith Ghosts are the mere impostures of sucking imps, compared with the palpable hoof and fiery horns of our devil-raising provincials.

The "Hereford Times" invites the attention of all open-mouthed marvel-loving noodles, to the "singular fact," that in a turnip field, has been discovered a root bearing the remarkable conformation of a man's hand! Stay friend Noodle; don't shut your mouth yet; in that very turnip field was a man murdered; and mark! the vegetable marrow of that distinguished edible above mentioned, was stamped

with the exact resemblance of two deformed fingers of the hand of the *supposed* murderer! If any link were wanting to unite the chain of evidence—to fasten the guilt on this unhappy three-fingered Jack, here is the hand that will forge it. If he were brought before an awe-stricken Hereford jury, this piece of vegetable nature would hang him as sure as fate. Not a "bald faced Hereford," of the whole drove but would believe him guilty to his dying day. And, speaking in a culinary point of view, what a hand is here lost to cookery! for who could stomach a murderer's paw, with his mutton and capers?

Encore une fois. Another paper informs us, that at the shop of Mr. Fraser, in the High Street, Edinburgh, may be seen, in a flint, from Calton Hill, the exact portrait of the Duke of Wellington. The head of his Majesty could never have been hit more accurately by ths stone of Dennis Collins, than is that of his Grace by this Scotch pebble. But these "freaks of nature," are not so apposite as they might have been. Had we the ordering of such things, the murderous hand should have been exhibited in flint, while the head of his Grace should have figured in congenial turnip. This might be called illustrative justice. The flinty hand would be highly typical of the remorseless assassin, while the pale turnip would admirably exemplify the pulpy-headed politician.

Plays and Pocket-Handkerchiefs.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer has given notice of a motion for the 12th inst. for leave to bring in a bill to render the calling of theatrical manager, like that of *Peachem's* tailor-thief, "an honest employment." At present, there is scarcely the conducter of a play house who is not a receiver of stolen goods an *Ikey Solomons* of the drama. The object of Mr. Bulwer's bill is to force these gentry into comparative respectability, under the penalty of a heavy fine. In other words, to make them henceforth pay the men whose brains they have hitherto sucked, as "weasels suck eggs," *gratis*. As the *no* law at present stands, the man who writes a play, labours not for his own especial advantage, but for the benefit of the over-paid and grasping actor, and the shuffling, unprincipled country manager. Poor old O'Keefe died but a week or two since. His dramas continue to be played in every theatre throughout the kingdom: he, however, might have picked hemp in the workhouse, had not a royal pension been miraculously awarded to him. On the other hand, Munden made a fortune out of the characters invented by the destitute dramatist, and died, 'the sleek possessor of thousands.' That most amusing and instructive tome, *The Lives of Highwaymen*, does not contain incidents more strongly characterized by dishonesty and cool impudence than does the *Report* of the Dramatic Committee, in its various exhibitions of managerial picking and stealing. The country theatres have their Turpins, their Abershaws, and their Sixteen-string Jacks, as well as in the old picturesque days, had Bagshot, Hounslow, and Finchley. Judging several of those worthies by the evidence in the above-named *Report*, we would sentence and classify them with the mere cut-purse and foot-pad. And yet it is marvelous how the unprotected condition of dramatic copyright has con-

firmed the black princes of theatres in their determination to steal, and at the same time, to argue and stickle for the privilege of the iniquity; robbery has become to them 'a vested right," Last season, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, on leaving Covent Garden Theatre, had his pocket picked at the stage door, of a cotton handkerchief, value one shilling-and sixpence: the thief observed in the fact, took to his legs; a cry was set up; the virtuous populace yelling at the heels of the offender, gave chace; and after a painful hunt down Hart Street, James Street, and through the intricacies of Covent Garden Market, he was at last secured by the vigilant superintendant, Mr. Thomas The rogue was immediately taken to Bow Street; nothing could turn aside the testimony of the accuser and witnesses; the thief was sent to Newgate in the van, tried for the robbery, and is now wheeling a barrow, with a chain about his leg, on the works at Woolwich. Some days after this robbery of the cotton pocket-handkerchief, value one shilling and six-pence, Mr. Sheridan Knowles was leaving the theatre with a dozen copies of *The Hunchback* in his pocket; several well-dressed country managers surrounded him, and in the open day, despoiled him of the dramas, and with the coolest indifference walked off with the property. They lost no time in turning the stolen goods to account, but made the market penny of them, by causing them to be deformed for their exclusive advantage. "Well, but in the name of common reason," asks the Frenchman, "were not the robbers pursued? Were they not apprehended and punished for the robbery?" "Oh, dear no; there is no law to visit the iniquity. Ah! dear Monsieur, it is not here as with you in France." "Why, then what am I to think of the law?" "This much, Monsieur;—think that it furnishes a rogue who filches a pocket-handkerchief with a wheel-barrow and a log, but holds him free who filches the labour of the brain; think that in England, in the land of letters and arts, a fine play of inestimable value, is not in the eye of the legislator of so much worth as a bit of cotton, price one shilling and six-pence."

Perfection of Human Wisdom.—This was the title given to Law in tory times; although its supporters themselves were continually changing it for the worse. It is absurd to term *that* the "Wisdom of Ages," which no man of common sense can understand—which no two lawyers scarcely construe alike—which costs the people of the country millions per annum to interpret; which puzzles even its makers to expound! The laws of Great Britain are not like those of the Medes and Persians, immutable: on the contrary, they are of a chameleon character, they assume a different hue from every Judge that administers them. What was black, under the Chief Justiceship of Ellenborough, became blue under that of Tenterden. A sergeant-at-law, in Dublin, being asked if so and so were the law on a certain subject, properly replied, "It is so, just at present, in this country; but it may be quite the reverse to-morrow; for, a new number of the Term Reports is just out, and may be expected within a few hours. God knows what has been *ruled* at Westminster." If a plaintiff have launched an action, under a full assurance that he *must*

" speed well," from the most eminent man at the bar, he is far from sure that the law will not shift directly in his teeth, before he can bring his vessel to port. A month after his total wreck, a new Boreas is elevated to the Bench, and the legal breeze blows full in his favour. —But it is then too late; his property is dispersed among the wreckers he has nothing but life left. So much for the " Perfection of Human Wisdom." Its splendid absurdities were exposed, a few days ago, to some extent, by the Solicitor-general, on his obtaining leave to bring in five bills for the amendment of the law, as regards real property.

" The first was to abolish fines and recoveries, and reduce the process to a simple deed instead of the present circuitous mode of proceeding. The second was for the amendment of the Statute of Limitations. The law of England, on this matter, was at present in a most barbarous state. The next was a bill to amend the Law of Inheritance. In some cases, as the law stood, the father could not inherit the son's property, because the property must descend; and in others, a brother could not inherit a brother's property—the property must ascend. The fourth was a Bill to amend the Law of Dower. He proposed to regulate this upon the principle of common law—to give the right of dower of real property to a wife only out of that in which her husband had been *really* seized. The other bill was to amend what was called the Law of Courtesy. At present, in cases where there were no children by a marriage, the *husband could not inherit the property of the wife.*"

By an undeviating course of liberal policy, and a rare honesty of intention, the present Ministers have, for a long time, enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the House of Commons and the nation at large. It is not to be expected that the Augean stable, left at the close of the late administration, can be cleansed without an Herculean labour. Time must be allowed for an undertaking of such difficulty. The Reform Bill was thirty years in progress; and years must elapse before every vestige of corruption can be removed. To reproach Ministers with not having done enough, is the mere outcry of factions They are doing, daily and hourly; not a day but some new project. of reform is intimated; and those who, up to the present period of this session of Parliament, have been foremost in vituperating his Majesty's Ministry, have likewise been the first to acknowledge the liberality of their policy. What more can be said of the inconsequence of such an opposition?

The motion respecting military and naval sinecures, was justly scouted. If members are so desirous of convincing their constituents of the honesty of their professions, by forestalling Ministers in their plans of retrenchment and reform, there are other subjects to introduce, which would do more credit to them than the abolition of naval and military rewards. Naval and military men, although their profession is the most hazardous, are the worst rewarded servants of the state. Not a court footman that does not receive more than a commissioned officer! What a beggarly spirit of parsimony must haunt the mind of a man who would deprive them of the little reserve that they have in store. What but a buzzard or shrike would fly at such game? This has ever been the return to men who have assisted to

gild the reputation of their country. Would England stand as she does, feared and respected, were it not for the blood of brave men? Yet individuals who, in a single moment of honest enthusiasm, have acknowledged the veteran's claims, are the first to begrudge him his hard-earned reward. They would resume with one hand what they gave with the other. A grateful reflection to the sailor and soldier, in the hour of battle, of what he may expect from the gratitude of his country! Thank heaven, the feeling of the British people is not to be measured by the contracted, heartless theories of financial speculators. They would suffer much before they would rob the veteran officer of his reward. The time has not yet arrived when he must make the highway his home, and shew his scars for bread!

The Bill introduced by Lord Grey, for the Suppression of Disturbances in Ireland, is the only measure of the present administration we have looked upon with misgiving. It is truly a fearful step to take against an already oppressed and insulted people. We will acquit ministers of wantonness; we believe them to be actuated by a sense of necessity; yet who can contemplate the frightfully despotic measures now in progress, for the entire prostration of a portion of our fellow subjects, the total alienation of their guaranteed rights, of their very political existence as a people, without a feeling, an ominous feeling of sorrow, for the awful responsibility which Ministers have undertaken? We hoped that those detested symbols of Irish legislation, the branding-iron and the gibbet, had passed away for ever—that the more enlightened system of conciliation and redress, was about to be adopted in its stead; for never, we are bold to say, never will Ireland be what she ought to be, by affinity and character, the right arm of this country, until every system of persecution be banished from the councils of her rulers.

The people of Ireland have been governed for ages with a rod of iron; wrong after wrong have they endured, until, goaded into madness, they have risen against their oppressors. Their exertions to be free have only rivetted their chains. They have been hunted down on their own hills, and shot like wild dogs. No justice have they ever had at the hands of their conquerors—mercy has been a mockery, a word unknown to them. Their national faith has been interdicted, and a creed forced upon them which they abhor. By the enactment of diabolical laws, has the son been incited to rebel against the parent, the servant to betray his master—and then, when resistance has increased to outrage, when despair is roused into retribution, we lift our hands and eyes, and marvel how the blood-thirsty villains can so ungratefully repay their merciful *owners*. We repeat that we lament, deeply lament these measures, which nothing short of actual rebellion can justify. Any temporary means would have been preferable, until the whole extent of the intended redress could have been developed. An inhuman system of tyranny never has supported itself long in any civilized country; insult is no balm for injustice. The spirit of defiance engendered by the latter, the former will not be likely to quell.

☞ Most atrocious Insult.—A fracas has lately taken place at Washington, between General Blair, a member of the House of Representatives, from South Carolina, and *General* Green, *editor of a paper*, in which the Union party in South Carolina, to which General Blair belongs, were charged with being Tories.

"General Blair met General Green in the street, and asked him what he meant by calling the Union party Tories? General Green replied, that his paper truly spoke his sentiments; and General Blair thereupon knocked General Green down."

What else could General Blair do? Had General Green impugned his veracity, a gentlemanly meeting would, of course, have been proposed. Had General Green called him a thief, a mere action at law would have been the consequence: *but General Green went further*—he branded General Blair with the name of Tory! and the latter, smarting to the quick under so degrading an infliction, naturally enough knocked his brother officer down.

Anodyne Technicals.—A man who, from his birth, had no kneepans, is described by a Guy's Hospital gentleman, as labouring under an *absence* of the patellæ. Phraseology in physic is eminently mystifying and cool:—Has one of your friends suffered amputation? By no means—he has merely had a leg *removed*. Are you doomed to gulp down a horrible potion by some apothecary? Far from it—the gentleman merely *exhibits a draught*. By the way, we wonder *how many* draughts *were exhibited* to our talented friend W——k, before he *took* the benefit.

The King's Theatre has commenced auspiciously, with Rossini's opera of "La Cenerentola," and a most magnificent ballet from the subject of Faust. The most splendid dancer of modern times, M. Perrot, is here introduced; since the great Vestris, the public have witnessed "no such man."

Cant is the order of the day.—The shadow of power which public opinion has left to the dignitaries of the church they are determined to make the most of. Not a pot-house, but they must dictate the club rules—not a skittle-ground, but they must have a hand in the bowls! The theatres, in Lent, are glorious pegs, whereon to hang their piety; portions of scripture must be burlesqued upon the boards of a theatre, and the patriarchs must be tricked out in tinsel, that bishops may prove their virtue, and that religion may be properly respected by the play-going public. But one step further would be absolute blasphemy. The lessee of Drury-lane was obliged to close his theatre one night last week, because his performance was not of a strictly pious character. Heaven help us! when our right reverend fathers order religious instructions to be dealt out through so questionable a medium as a patent theatre.

THE ADELPHI continues its course of fun without any other check than that foe to side-shakers, the Bishop of London. In Lent, of course, we shall not be allowed to laugh; but must sigh in our chimney corner, and eat salt-fish—a devotional exercise not of the most palateable order.

In the interval, Buckstone promises successful pieces. The theatre is as full and as hot as ever—the audience laugh, so do the managers.

We were sorry to hear of a little fracas or misunderstanding at this theatre the other day. As it has been already mystified by various accounts, it is the duty of commentators to clear it up. It appears that some jealous pated scandal-loving noodle had been whispering abroad, that the beautiful Pscyhe of the Adelphi had found a Cupid, and, who, in the name of all that's chaste, did this chuckling salacious eves-dropper think fit to identify as the urchin god, but Mr. Manager Yates! Knowing the man as we do, the conceit so tickled us, that for a full half-hour we believed the pen in our hand was a feather from the manager's wing! Of course, we need not say the whole was an invention; but the absurdity was an irresistible provocative to laughter. Imagine a respectable gentleman of a certain age—which our friend Yates is—for many years the revered head of an establishment, celebrated among its contemporaries for that highly moral tone by which it is characterized, acquired solely by the precepts and example of the proprietor—we may say, the father of that establishment—a man whom every female is proud to acknowledge, whether as superior or friend—a man whom every father and husband is delighted, if he can but obtain for the object of his interest his friendly care—so virtuous a man, that is he not unfrequently the subject of raillery,—and a man too, (we are rejoiced to bear such testimony of the strictest piety!) We began lightly, but the subject is really serious; which of us is safe when poor Yates is attacked? We will venture to say the bare insinuation has cost him greater pain than the attested fact would to ourselves. Were Mrs. Honey a young creature of any attraction—were her eyes dark and languishing, were her tresses rich and luxuriant, were her smile fascinating as love, could her delicately round and sylph-like form soften the obdurate and anti-play-going heart of the Bishop of London, then indeed—But has not Yates been in the seductive society of Mrs. C. Jones and Mrs. Glover? and has the breath of scandal ever been breathed upon them? Now, gentle reader, this is the fact on which this silly report has been founded—judge for yourself. The husband of the lady in question, more hasty than wise, fancying some cause of complaint against his fairer half, rashly and rudely intimated his displeasure. The manager, with virtuous indignation, gave him a dig in the eye, and kicked him down stairs; thus the unfortunate gentleman, who came to seek his *Honey*, got nothing but *whacks!*

FRIAR'S BALSAM.—*Monck Mason.* The late lessee of the King's Theatre has made his appearance in a character, which all who were acquainted with the hazardous nature of his speculation, had fully calculated upon as his finale. The audience he had to please on this

occasion was, however, limited to a single individual, and that was no other than the redoubtable Commissioner Williams, of the Bankrupt Court, who feeling perfectly satisfied with his apology, allowed him the curtain to drop without any manifest token of disapprobation. Different feelings were entertained by other parties, who fancied themselves concerned. Sisgora Tosi made a most melodious appeal for a trifling balance of 28,000 francs, which was indignantly rejected by Mr. Mason, on the ground of breach of contract. She had not attended rehearsals—she had kept music three weeks, although in immediate requisition; she had disappointed the public; and, finally, she was to have sung in the dress of a statue! Fancy poor Tosi measured for a dress of the best composition stone, by the foreman of Messrs. Francis, Lee, and Francis, genuine Roman cement manufacturers, of Nine Elms, Chelsea, and then imagine the effect of her execution, under the influence of such drapery! The Signora replied, that she was called upon to perform in male attire, which was so repugnant to her feelings, that she claimed the protection due to insulted virtue. How many husbands would give their ears for such a wife as Tosi, who exclaims with virtuous indignation, against a practice, which they know to their cost, is the ultimate aim of modern wives; aye, and has been of wives of all ages: there is no distinction in that particular, to wit, the partial appropriation of a certain portion of our habiliments in right of which, they assume to themselves the true dominant. Signora Tosi is an example to the sex.

When the curtain dropped upon this exhibition, we fancied we heard the delighted murmur of an *encore*—it might be fancy; for the frequenters of a King's Theatre are so excessively genteel! We are quite sure it was not from the creditors: it might, however have possibly emanated from the audience, consisting of Mr. Commissioner Williams, as it may not be unnecessary to mention that the fees were paid in full.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

THE GEORGIAN ERA. VOL. II. LIVES OF NAVAL AND MILITARY COMMANDERS, JUDGES AND BARRISTERS, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. VIZETELLY, BRANSTON, AND CO. 1833.

The second volume of this "truly national work" as one of our cotemporaries appropriately terms it, has at length appeared. The difficulties attendant on so important and comprehensive an undertaking satisfactorily account for the delay. Even in this age of wonders as regards cheap and wholesome literature, the Georgian Era is pre-eminently conspicuous. Here we have a volume, beautifully printed, embellished with a fine portrait on steel of one of the Georges, containing lives of *all* the eminent men in the naval, military, legal, and medical professions, who have flourished in this country since the accession of George the First—for only eight shillings! The lives are actually on the average, charged at the rate of *one farthing each.*

That circulation which the work ought, and we trust, does command, can alone recompense the liberal publishers. As a book of occasional reference—of grave instruction—and of literary amusement, it is alike valuable. In the first place, great pains have evidently been taken to render it a correct record of an immense mass of interesting and important events, which have all their respective dates and localities assigned. Secondly, it affords a condensed yet luminous view of the history of the Guelph dynasty in Great Britain. Thirdly, it abounds with sparkling anecdotes of eminent men, most of them culled from sources "aloof from public gaze." Its gaieties and its gravities are so well blended, that in perusing it, we literally laugh and learn. All the heavy ballast of two volume biographies, in royal quarto, is thrown overboard; the bullion of the cargo alone is retained, and this is carefully diveeted of its verbal alloy. Facts are made out with the utmost possible clearness, at the smallest possible expence of space, and with a truly laudable economy of words. The style is nevertheless entirely free from ruggedness—it is clear, easy, vigorous, and frequently eloquent—yet there is nothing abrupt. Looking at the respectable, portly and close printed tome, no one would expect it to contain any brilliant passages—any light reading—with which, however, with a view to illustrate character, it is so replete, that if the third and fourth volumes be executed in the same spirit and with the same unwearied diligence and research as those which have already appeared, the work will, in addition to its more important matter, embody all the ana, fugitive wit, and memorable dicta of the last century and a half.

The plan is novel and comprehensive: it seems to have emanated from one deeply impressed with the advantages of system. Mackleay, or Vigors, or perhaps Cuvier gave the publishers a hint on the subject. They propose to give a complete bird's-eye view of the progress of circumstances in every department of human life during the era they have chosen for illustration. They then classify the subject into genera; and the species are treated of in chronological order: thus, for instance, the military tribe commences with Marlborough, and descends through Granby, Wolfe, Clive, Moore, &c. to Wellington. As no historical personage is omitted, so no historical event eseapes notice; and in the detail of private character, the lives are originally rich.

All monopolies are going to the dogs; among others, is that of aristocratic libraries. Poor men, and political unions are now forming literary reservoirs of their own—their object is to concentrate—to get as much as they can in the smallest compass, and at the lowest price; to such buyers of books, as well as to the more wealthy—to which it will be equally serviceable if properly read, the Georgian Era will be a bargain. Every provincial club—every private library should have it.

We are so struck with its excellences, that we forbear exposing the few defects that have occurred to us.

Of the lighter portions of the present volume the following are fair specimens:—

"The Earl of Peterborough's first exploit was at the siege of Barcelona, which surrendered after a vigorous attack; and, in a few days, King Charles made his entrance in triumph. Pending the arrangements for its capitulation, the governor complained to the earl, that some soldiers, who had climbed over the walls, were committing the most barbarous excesses against the inhabitants. 'They must be the troops of the Prince of Hesse,' replied Peterborough; 'allow me to enter the city with my English forces,—I will save it from ruin, and afterwards return to my present situation.' The governor accepted this offer; and Peterborough, after expelling the Germans, restoring their plunder to its owners, rescuing the Duchess of Popoli from

two brutal ruffians, and conducting her in safety to her husband, returned, as he had promised, to his former station.

"On the death of his first wife, a Miss Frazer, in 1720, he married the celebrated and beautiful singer, Anastasia Robinson, whom he had previously, but unsuccessfully, attempted to seduce. Before he was united to her, it is related, that at an opera rehearsal, he severely caned Senesino, a musical performer, who had given her some offence. Although much attached to her, his pride would not allow him to acknowledge her as his wife, and she, consequently, declined to reside under his roof, until the period of his last illness, when he consented to receive her publicly by her legitimate title.

"In the latter part of his life he ceased to figure as an important person, and, from his retirement in the country, railed at the decline of public virtue, and the mercenary spirit of the age. Having long suffered under a painful complaint, he was, at length, compelled to undergo a lithotomical operation at Bristol. The surgeon, as usual, wished to have him bound, but after much warm discussion on the subject, the earl positively declared, it should never be said, that a Mordaunt was seen tied hand and foot. He then desired to be placed in a posture most advantageous for the operation, in which he remained, without flinching, until it was over.

"He was once mistaken by the mob for the Duke of Marlborough, at a time when his Grace was very unpopular, but saved himself from rough usage, with which he was threatened, by the following pithy address: 'Gentlemen, I can convince you, by two reasons, that I am not the duke;—in the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; and, in the second, (throwing his purse to the multitude as he spoke] they are heartily at your service.'

"The brilliancy of his exploits abroad was oddly contrasted with some of eccentricities of his conduct at home. On one occasion, he leaped out of his carriage for the purpose of driving, sword in hand, a dancing-master, clad in pearl-coloured stockings, who was carefully crossing a dirty street, into the mud. Cookery was as much his hobby as war. It appears to have been far from unusual for him to assist at the preparation of a feast over which he was about to preside; and when at Bath, he was occasionally seen about the streets in his blue ribbon and star, carrying a chicken in his hand, and a cabbage, perhaps, under each arm."

Edith of Graystock: a Poem. By Eleanor M——. London. Henry Lindsell. 1833.

This is the production of a lady, gilt-edged, hot-pressed, &c.; and we must therefore deal with it tenderly. The story is told in a few words. A knight, about to go to the Holy Wars, has been accused of high treason to Richard Cœur-de-Lion. He privately marries Edith, who follows him in the character of a page—finds out the name of her husband's traducer to be Delaval—obtains permission from Richard to have the loyalty of her spouse decided by single combat; which accordingly takes place—when Delaval, as a matter of poetical course, is slain. These are the materials which Eleanor M—— has spun out into 1500 lines—would we could say, poetry! She has evidently sat down to this composition after a recent perusal, and with a vivid remembrance, of the works of Byron, Moore, and Mrs. Hemans; which is to be lamented, as the authoress does here and there evince the capacity to be original. Indeed enough will be found to convince the reader that Eleanor M—— can write something better than "Edith of Graystock."

VIEWS IN THE EAST, &c.; FROM SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN ELLIOT, R. N. PART XX. LONDON. FISHER. 1833.

THIS work is now completed; and it seems worthy of being added to the numerous topographical illustrations already published; not being inferior to the majority of them—although, from a deficiency of picturesque effect, and a certain hardness of style in the engravings, it will not bear comparison with the best. In the plate, for instance, representing the *Interior of Elephanta*, the outlines are cutting—being edged by shadows without repose, and contrasted with lights destitute of breadth. The figures, too, in this plate, instead of assisting to give an idea of gigantic proportions to the carved work, rather tend to diminish it by their own height. In the *Chinese Junk, Canton River*, there is a nakedness about the composition, which is not counteracted by any peculiar distribution of light and shade. There is, however, considerable merit in the execution of parts of the engravings, by Messrs. WOOLNOTH and CHALLIS.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF BRITAIN THE CAUSE OF ITS POLITICAL EMINENCE. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, DELIVERED IN THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTION OF GLASGOW, NOV. 12, 1832, BY JOHN C. COLQUHOUN, ESQ., GLASGOW. W. COLLINS; OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH; AND SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.

THE object of the author of this pamphlet is to prove, that whatever prosperity this country may have enjoyed, has been owing to the influence of Christianity. For this purpose, he takes a cursory view of European history since the conquest, and by comparing the state of other countries with our own, at the period of their numerous revolutions, refers the preservation of the monarchical institutions of Britain to the moral character of its people. The author attributes much good to the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield, in a political point of view; and says, that men such as these save a country from ruin—he has forgotten the writings of Defoe. Whitfield and Wesley, however, cared not a straw about political eminence, as those words are commonly understood. Bloodshed, slaughter, war, oppression, corruption, and luxury, are not inconsistent with political eminence, though opposed to Christianity. Heavy taxes, a corrupt majority, and brute force, will raise the glory and political eminence of a country, much more effectually than all the preaching of a Taylor, or the philanthropy of a Howard.

REPORT FROM THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS; WISH NOTES AND APPENDIX. BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF PRISON DISCIPLINE. 1833. J. & A. ARCH, CORNHILL; LONGMAN AND CO., &c.

THIS is a very interesting publication, and one which, at the present period, is well worthy the attention of the politician and philanthropist. According to the Report, crime appears to have been fearfully on the increase within these last few years. The committals in England and Wales amounted, in 1817, to 56,308; in 1824, to 92,848; and in 1831, to 121,518! Part of this increase the Committee attribute to the inadequacy of secondary punishments, which they have considered under the heads of Prison Discipline, The Penitentiary, the Hulks, and The Penal Colonies. The two last appear to be regarded by prisoners as desirable destinations, and as states rather of restriction than punishment. So lenient is the treatment of a culprit in the docks, that, according to more than one witness, "many labourers would be glad to change places with him, and would be much better off than they were before;" and it is also in evidence before the House, "that the generality of those who are transported consider it as a party of pleasure." The great evil, however, attendant on these secondary punishments,

is, that they are not accompanied with any plan for the improvement of the prisoner, who almost invariably comes out of confinement more hardened than when he went into it. To remedy this defect, some excellent regulations are proposed by the Committee of the House of Commons, and others equally judicious, by the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, and for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders. The object of this excellent association cannot be too liberally promoted; and we lament that they should be even in temporary want of funds to carry into effect their humane and patriotic designs.

THE SUPREME IMPORTANCE OF A RIGHT MORAL TO A RIGHT ECONOMICAL STATE OF THE COMMUNITY. BY THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. GLASGOW, COLLINS; AND SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, AND WHITTAKER AND CO., LONDON.

IN this pamphlet, Dr. Chalmers reiterates his argument in his "Political Economy," in consonance with the Malthusian doctrine; and he does so with equal temper, candour, and ability. His grand remedy for over-population is moral improvement and religious education; which, he says, would produce sufficient discretion in the poorer classes, to prevent early or improvident marriages. "Poor-houses," he says, "are not to be regulated; they must be destroyed; or, in other words, the cause of poverty, viz. over population must be prevented, not by any system of political economy, but by a moral resolution in the physical agent, leading to the establishment of self-controul." This is nothing more nor less than to affirm, that education will hold the passions in subjection to the reason. We so far coincide with Dr. Chalmers' view of the state of the poorer classes, that, until their physical comforts are secured, no moral reformation can be effected.

GOLDEN LEGENDS: CONTAINING THE BRACELET, THE SIGNET RING, AND THE LOCKET. 3 VOLS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY. LONDON, 1833.

IN the first of these tales, "the Bracelet," there are some animated scenes. Murder and mystery form prominent features in each: no moral is discoverable at the end of either of the volumes, though each chaper has its quantum of morality and sentiment. "The fact is," seems an uncommonly favourite phrase with our author, who, however mysterious the personages of his novels may be, manifests great anxiety to be clear upon all points himself. *What* "the fact is" he certainly has taken great pains to let his reader know. He says, in one of his tales, "We have *before described in different places* the fine and piercing eyes of Mongatz and the Englishman."

The tales are not devoid of interest, and might be read with pleasure but for the length to which they are unnecessarily protracted.

PETIT TABLEAU LITERAIRE DE LA FRANCE CONTENANT UN ESSAI SUR LA LITTERATURE FRANÇAISE, &c. P. F. MERLET. A' LONDRES: EFFINGHAM WILSON, AND TAYLOR, GOWER-STREET.

WE cannot too strongly recommend, both to the learned and the learning, this excellent work. The reader, in a short space of time, may here make himself acquainted with the style, and no inconsiderable portion of the writings, of a great number of celebrated French authors. The Essay prefixed we particularly recommend. We were much amused by Nodier's description of a journey from London to Brighton; he could not have been in greater raptures in describing the vale of Cashmere. He speaks of the road as being adorned with elegant gardens and charming pavillions covered with roses from top to toe, "et précédés de cours ou de terrasses toutes couvertes

de frais ombrages sous lesquels dansent de jeunes filles qui donneraient des regrets à Raphael. Le premier age est charmant partout. Il est ravissant en Angleterre. *C'est presque une rareté qu'une beauté médiocre au-dessous de seize ans.*"

A great recommendation to the work is the addition of explanatory notes, to which reference is made when any word or idiom occurs not ordinarily familiar to the student.

A Treatise on Heat. Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. 39. By Dr. Lardner. Longman and Co. London, 1833.

This is the monthly volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, conducted by Dr. Lardner and his scientific assistants, and we feel assured that no preceding number of this popular and truly valuable work has presented so great a body of information or greater beauties of composition than this Treatise upon Heat.

The work opens with a preface of very remarkable splendour of language add sentiment. "Why," says the learned author, speaking of heat, "why resort to the observations of the astronomer, or the laboratory of the chemist, for examples of a principle which is in never ceasing operation around us? Sleeping or waking—at home or abroad—by night or by day—at rest or in motion—in country or in town—traversing the burning limits of the tropics, or exploring the rigours of the pole—we are ever under its influence. We are at once its slaves and its masters.

"We are its slaves. Without it we cannot for a moment live. It rules our pleasures and our pains—it lays us upon the bed of sickness and raises us from it. It is our disease and our physician. In the ardour of summer we languish under its excess, and in the rigours of winter we shiver under its defect. Does it accumulate around us in undue quantity? we burn with fever. Does it depart from us with unwonted rapidity? we shake with ague, and writhe under the pangs of rheumatism and the host of maladies which it leaves behind upon quitting us.

"We are its masters. We subdue it to our will, and dispose it to our purposes. Amidst arctic snows we confine it around our persons, and prevent its escape by a clothing impervious to it. Under a tropical sun we exclude it by like means. Do we traverse the sea? it lends wings to the ship, and bids defiance to those natural opponents—the winds and the tides. Do we traverse the land? it is harnessed to the chariot, and we outstrip the flight of the swiftest bird, and equal the fury of the tempest."

The work is a well-digested history of the properties, uses, forms, and combinations of the great vital principle; containing a vast body of information as to its application to the useful arts and manufactures. Upon the subject of gasses, however, we regret to perceive that the work is not very ample or conclusive. Thus we are informed that the temperature of the inflammable gasses has never yet been satisfactorily determined, though the application of hydrogen gas to the purposes of cooking, and the great advantages which, in a national point of view, may result from its general substitution for mineral coal in its rough state, renders the subject one of extreme importance. Accordingly, we should think it a useful suggestion to the learned author of the work, that a set of experiments in continuation of those of De La Borde and Barard, would be a most desirable favour conferred upon the scientific and commercial world.

In addition to the other attractions of the work, it is embellished with a very beautiful plate from the burin of Finden, and numberless figures of scientific apparatus scattered through the volume. We think it assuredly the most entertaining and important of the whole series of the Cabinet Cyclopædia; and we trust that an increasing popularity will repay the learned

doctor for *his* unwearied ministration to the sound intellectual wants of the age, through the pages of very many future volumes of this most valuable work.

THE TRADE OF BANKING IN ENGLAND. BY MICHAEL JOHN QUIN, ESQ. BARRISTER-AT-LAW. LONDON: BUTTERWORTH. 1833.

THIS volume is a history of the Bank of England, and of our provincial banks and joint-stock banking companies; being principally compiled from the evidence produced before the Committee of the House of Commons, upon the question of the renewal of the Charter of the Bank of England. The author has with great labour and judgment arranged and systematized this evidence into a very useful form; but as a commentator we do not perceive that he hazards any very decided opinions upon questions of currency and banking. We are very much struck with the wide difference of opinion which here appears in the evidence of our most distinguished merchants and bankers upon the expediency of a national bank and the return to a small paper circulation. It however very clearly appears from this work, that to the fickle issues of the Bank of England has been attributable much of the commercial stagnation of the country; and that to the withdrawal of the small paper circulation may be justly ascribed a still greater portion of our distress, discontent, and universal alarm for our future situation. Whatever may be the termination of the question of the renewal of the Charter of the Bank of England, we most devoutly desire that a re-consideration of the fatal suppression of the small paper circulation may be among the measures of the present parliament.

To the banker, merchant, and all those interested in the operation of our banking institutions, we very cordially recommend the work of Mr. Quin as the most comprehensive and clear treatise upon those subjects which has recently issued from the press.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN SINCE THE WAR. BY A BRITISH MERCHANT, LONG RESIDENT ABROAD.—LONDON: JOHN RIDGWAY. 1833.

THIS volume is the production of a person of considerable experience, but whose views, we fear, are not sufficiently clear and consistent to make any extraordinary impression upon the rulers of our commercial policy. The author advocates the necessity of even fresh measures of protection for the agricultural interest; and our late commercial treaties, founded upon the principle of the reciprocity of nations, meet with his very decided condemnation. He proposes to increase the protection of the British farmer, not only by fresh duties upon foreign corn, but even upon foreign importations of "leather, bacon, cheese, poultry, eggs, &c." He complains that "no provision whatever has been made for the sufferings of the agricultnral interest, in years of greatest need—as in seasons of scarcity, when a third of the farmer's crop may be sacrificed by his misfortune and not his fault. Such contingencies are of frequent occurrence in Great Britain, and in those years, the price of wheat might be run up to 106*s*, per quarter." Now here it is forgotten, that in the year of scarcity, the fault of the seasons is no more that of the millions of our manufacturing population, than that of the farmer; and we cannot praise the liberality of a proposal to increase price, by the ratio of want, in years of distress.

Upon the subject of our colonial policy, however, the British merchant is evidently more at home; and his remarks upon the oppressive system of sinecurism, which prevails in all our colonies, are worthy of great attention. The prosperity of the most fertile and valuable of our foreign dependencies would appear to be withered by the presence of immense hordes of aris-

tocratical devourers of the revenues; and we cordially concur in the opinion of our author, that colonial reform is not less required for the resuscitation of our foreign commerce, than is domestic reform, for the alleviation of the burthens of the people.

Upon the subject of the currency, also, the views of the British merchant are clear and valuable. Witnessing the disastrous consequences to England at the contraction of the circulating medium, and the advantages to Scotland at its exemption from this most fatal measure—the writer very confidently attributes to this erroneous policy, much of the present distress, discontent, and commercial stagnation of the country. And we agree with him, that the pressure of the national debt, and our consequent enormous burthen of taxation might be very greatly diminished by a recurrence to the medium in which these engagements were originally made.

Our politicians will, therefore, see many things worthy of consideration in the work of the British Merchant, long resident abroad.

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ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANICUM, PART XXXV. SEVENTH EDITION, WITH THE SUPPLEMENT TO FORMER EDITIONS INCORPORATED. EDITED BY PROFESSOR NAPIER.—ADAM BLACK, EDINBURGH.

THIS is the new edition of this celebrated work, and in addition to the great mass of profound and varied writing which distinguished the early period of its existence, we find that the stream of intelligence is here brought down to the improvements, discoveries, and events of the latest time. We have derived much instruction from the perusal of the articles upon Civil law, climate, and benefit of clergy; and as a specimen of the powerful talent which pervades the descriptive portions of the work, we give the following extract from the article Cimbri, being an account of the destruction of that the most powerful of the barbarous nations of ancient Germany, by the armies of Rome:—"By order of the senate, Marius now joined his army to that of Catullus and Sylla: upon this junction, he was declared commander-in-chief. The Roman army consisted of 52,300 men. The cavalry of the Cimbri were not more than 1,200, but their infantry seemed innumerable—for, being drawn up in a square they are said to have covered a space of thirty furlongs. The Cimbri attacked the Romans with the greatest fury, but being unaccustomed to endure the heats of Italy, they soon began to lose their strength, and were easily overpowered. They had put it out of their power to fly, for that they might keep sheir ranks the better, they had, like true barbarians, tied themselves together with cords fastened to their belts—so that the Romans made a terrible havoc of them. The battle, therefore, was soon over, and the whole day was employed in the most unsparing butchery, One hundred and twenty thousand were killed on the field of battle, and sixty thousand taken prisoners. The victorious Romans then marched to the enemy's camp, where they had a new battle to fight with the women, whom they found even more fierce than their husbands. From their carts and waggons, which formed a sort of fortification, they discharged showers of darts and arrows upon friends and foes, without distinction; and finding themselves about to be overpowered, they first suffocated their children in their arms, and then put an end to their own existence;—the greater part of them hanging themselves on trees. One was found hanging at a cart, with two of her children ar her heels. Many of the men, for want of trees and stakes, tied strings in running knots around their necks, and fastened them to the tails of their horses, and the horns and feet of their oxen, in order to strangle themselves in that way—and thus the whole multitude were destroyed."

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. PART IV. LONDON. CHAPMAN AND HALL. 1833.

This number contains fancy portraits of Edith Bellenden, Isabel Vere, Julia Mannering, and the Rebecca of Ivanhoe. The first has many claims to a favourable notice; but the costume is too modern and *millinerish*. The features are pretty, but the neck is not drawn with taste—nor even with correctness. In Isabel Vere, the large ugly cap, and the huge eyes overpower, and render the lower features insignificant. Rebecca is sadly misrepresented—she looks like a young lady from Houndsditch in her Sabbath attire. But Julia Mannering is a jewel. This plate, which is delightfully drawn, and engraved with much feeling, is worth more than the price charged for the entire number.

FINDEN'S GALLERY OF THE GRACES. LONDON. CHARLES TILT. 1833.

WE like this alliterative title—Gallery of the Graces! It is an announcement of a series of lovely eyes, all sensible and sweet; delicate noses, retroussès, aquiline, or Grecian; dimpled chins, dancing curls, or softly-flowing ringlets. It speaks of shining silks, coronets of pearl, veils, neck-laces, and ear-rings. Our curiosity is excited to know if, in this book of beauty, we shall discover any resemblance to the one set of features that we have once gazed at with more than admiration—whether accident may not reveal to our eyes an expression that will haunt us for the next six months. If, in this second number of the *Gallery*, we do not find exactly the face we want, we will not say it is the fault of the artist or engraver. The heads are executed with becoming delicacy, and much taste is displayed in the arrangement of the hair and costume.

There is both beauty and mystery in Mr. Hervey's accompanying poems; but there would be more of the former, were there less of the latter. His lines on the engraving subscribed—

——— "with eyes
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy,"

we like as we read—but having read, forget. How different our emotions on perusing his verses which accompany the second engraving! The feelings and the imagination are here both taken captive. Who but must acknowledge the touching beauty of the line in italics in the following verse?

"What portion have I in this low, dim earth,
Where grief is nourish'd by the hand of joy,—
Where love is as a fount of tears,—and mirth
Grows pale, to find her echo is a sigh,—
Where time wrecks something with its smoothest waves,
And every year sets up memorial graves!"

THE SLAVES; WITH SONGS AND OTHER POEMS. BY GEORGE ROBBINS. LONGMAN AND CO. LONDON; AND J. DRAKE, BIRMINGHAM. 1832.

WE cannot say all for Mr. Robbins's poems that we could wish: his sentiments are worthy of a better garb than that in which they at present appear. We understand that he is a mechanic, without education; and we should presume, from his poems, a young man. But, however these drawbacks may enhance the comparative merit of the writer, they will not affect the public judgment upon his work, which, as the author himself admits, in his preface, must not be estimated by the difficulties encountered in producing it. The purposes to which the author's muse is devoted, are noble and just; and though he neither is, nor, judging from this attempt, ever will be, a Corn-Law Rhymer, his poetry is better worthy of encouragement than that of some of his noble and right honourable rivals.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY. VOL. XI. LIFE of RALEIGH. EDINBURGH. OLIVER AND BOYD. 1833.

No man should presume to indite a biography unless he come to the task prepared to deal out the strictest truth with the most conscientious impartiality. But, from a biographer of Sir Walter Raleigh, we expect something more. We look for one, in the first place, who can comprehend the greatness of which he is about to speak; who can imagine the possibility, and the existence in another, of various, if not of opposite talents; and who, above all, can succeed in bringing before the eye and the mind of his reader a character, not perfect, indeed, but an idiosyncratic being, and not a personified abstraction.

We remember to have read a life of Charles Fox, written by an inveterate Tory. The effect produced was something between disgust and laughter. There was the owl—we beg pardon, we think it was a goose, taking exception to the flights of the eagle; and the mole had much to say touching the blindness of the lynx. Now, although we object to a biographer of this description, inasmuch as he is, by his own confession, unqualified for the office, yet we have no such objection to urge against one who comes to his task determined to make the best of his subject. Provided he do not injure others by his indiscriminate zeal, we hold that he is bound to take the most favourable view of the character of his hero: and the admiration which originally inspired him to undertake the office of a biographer, is the best evidence that such view will, in all probability, be the true one.

These remarks will, we think, apply to the work of Mr. Tytler. This gentleman is duly impressed with a sense of the greatness of Sir Walter Raleigh—without question, one of the brightest stars in the glorious galaxy of the court of Elizabeth. He has ably vindicated him from the aspersions of Hume and of many other writers, and he has interposed his shield between Raleigh and the wrath, armed with a bulrush, of D'Israeli. We especially thank Mr. Tytler, for the manner in which he has exposed the malignant meanness of this last person. Mr. D'Israeli, as naked as a Pict of literary reputation himself, delights occasionally to pick holes in other peoples' coats, and would fain make us believe, on the credit of MSS. and conjecture of his own, that Raleigh did *not* write "The History of the World." To some authors, indeed, such an attempt to prove an alibi on the part of the writer from his own work, would be a piece of serviceable friendship; but if Mr. D'Israeli really did discover this "mare's nest," let us, at least, have a sight of the foals.

To conclude. We thank Mr. Tytler heartily for his Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom justice has at length been done. Our author has not slighted or passed over any one of the extraordinary faculties, and various abilities of Raleigh, who indeed might claim, if man ever possessed, what Shakspeare gives to one of his heroes,—

"The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, tongue, pen, sword."

We strongly recommend this work to the perusal of our readers.

AN HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE COAST OF SUSSEX. BY J. D. PARRY, M.A.S. LONDON. LONGMAN AND CO. 1833.

It appears from this author's preface, that this work has been carried on and completed under every possible discouragement and want of support. This does not redound much to the honour of the gentry of Sussex, from whom the author probably expected, and had good right to expect much.

There is certainly some labour bestowed upon this work, and there are many evidences of careful research; but we are bound to say, that there is very much that might with great advantage to the book, have been omitted. For

instance, in our author's account of Brighton, he includes an abstract, thirty pages in length, of the internal affairs of Brighton, from 1761 to 1810; by which intelligence is conveyed to us of the prices of beef and lamb in 1771—of high winds in 1775—of arrivals of dukes and duchesses, and of other trifles of the same kind.

In spite of these things, the author discovers himself to be an amiable man and a pleasant companion. The historical account of Sussex is compiled with great care, and there is a great proportion of lighter matter, likely to be agreeable and acceptable to such readers as the Sussex watering-places contain.

FIGARO IN LONDON. VOL. I., FOR THE YEAR 1832. LONDON. WM. STRANGE. 1833.

We took occasion, some months since, to notice with commendation the half yearly part of 'Figaro.' We conceive it to be no small praise to say, that the second if not the "better half," is equally good with the former.

We cannot but admire the skill and address—the inexhaustible resources of our pleasant weekly companion. "Custom cannot state his infinite variety." We have here a collection of stings—dried and preserved in a case, well worth the inspection of the political virtuoso.

Let us caution our poignant editor against—not "running a-muck" from that his good taste will secure him,—but "tilting at all he meets" on the ministerial benches. To ridicule the Whigs *now*, is, whether they deserve it or no, inconsistent in 'Figaro.' Let him give his readers credit for a little, a very *leetle* more good sense than is included in the supposition that they are never so much pleased as when ministers are denounced, because they are ministers.

Figaro can doubtless find enough employment for his shafts upon his old enemies, without turning them upon his friends.

THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA. LONDON. EDWARD MOXON, 1833.

As we read the title-page of this work, we are involuntarily thrown back, by the hundred-thought power of memory, upon the shore of ten years ago, or, by the beard of time, more than ten years. At that time, the first series of these delightful essays appeared in the "London Magazine," when our hopes and feelings were more in unison with joy than they will ever be again —and the last Essays of Elia, now published, while they renew, strengthen and continue the broken chain of pleasure, tell us, (falsely, we hope), that the last link is woven, and the labour at an end.

Why, under the title of Elia, should Charles Lamb any longer seek to conceal a name which the world would delight to honour? In these essays, as in the former, the superficial reader will be charmed with the fine humour and quaintness of style for which Elia has been so celebrated; let him persue them again and again, and he will discover a profundity of thought and a depth of reflection, to the existence of which he was before an utter stranger. There is more wisdom in a seasonable smile than the mum-chance are willing to acknowledge,—but there is more than a smile in Charles Lamb—there are thoughts to deep for tears, and above them.

Now that Hazlitt is no more, and Charles Lamb has thrown aside his pen, where shall we turn for an essayist? Where shall we find another who

> "——— loves to pour out all himself as plain
> As honest Shippen or downright Montaigne."

We have, it is true, many superficial coxcombs and impertinent people

who mistake animal spirits for wit, and would fain spring into the lap of the public, with all the asinine activity of the donkey in the fable:—we have, likewise, sundry ponderous persons whose good sense and solidity of understanding are dreadfully undeniable; who put a solemn veto upon a pun, and resist the innovation of wit to the death—of all who may have purchased their solemnities by mistake:—but Elia gone—"farewell, the tranquil mind—"

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

Farewell! thou most delightful of modern essayists; and peace, happiness, and honour be upon thee!

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.—VOL. 2. SCHINDERHANNES, THE ROBBER OF THE RHINE. BY LEITCH RITCHIE. LONDON. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 1833.

MR. RITCHIE commenced his hazardous undertaking with spirit, and appears determined to persevere with equal vigour. He has given us a romance at least equal to the first, and we think that if he continues in this manner, the public will have reason to be grateful to him for having emancipated them from the tyrannous thraldom of the three-volume tribe. It must be confessed, that the owls who once laboured in their nightly vocation for the Minerva press, did not appear to have imbibed much wisdom from their patroness,—but to say the truth, the wise men of the west have not been found much better than their oriental brethren. Instead of the gleaming stiletto, we are now presented with a silver fork; in the dreary corridor of the now obsolete romance, and the extended sentimentality of the modern novel, are equally long passages, both of which lead to nothing.

Mr. Ritchie has avoided these impertinences, and has written a romance just long enough to keep the interest alive from the commencement to the end; and with excitement and mystery, drawn from more legitimate, and, in his hands, more available sources than heretofore has been successfully attempted. Were we to be very critical, we should, perhaps, say that there is *too* much incident and continuous action; and that from never dwelling upon the events as they occur, a feeling of huddling and confusion is created, attributable more, perhaps, to the incapacity of the reader to follow the events themselves, than to any inherent defect in the work itself.

Upon the whole, considering the length of the work, or rather its shortness; and taking into account the fact that with such materials an author necessarily debars himself from shining, or exhibiting himself in parts—his work being to be judged of in the mass; we consider "Schinderhannes" to be not only the best novel Mr. Ritchie has written, but the very best, in that line, that has been produced for years. We wish him every success, not only as a very deserving and clever writer, in which capacity we have just viewed him,—but as an instrument to carry on extensive reforms in the world of novels—and as a good genius to the long-suffering readers of them.

A COMPENDIOUS GERMAN GRAMMAR. BY ADOLPHUS BERNAYS. LONDON, TREUTTEL, WURTZ, AND CO. 1833.

AT a period when the study of German is so extensive as it is at present in this country, the particular merits of such works as those of Professor Bernays's cannot long remain unknown or unappreciated. It is, accordingly, a pleasing duty we have to fulfil, in the notice of a second edition of his Grammar. The many alterations and amendments which Mr. Bernays

has made in this edition, both with regard to arrangement, and, in some respects, of system, entitle it to be considered a new work.

Although we must in justice own that there were several German Grammars in circulation, of a very respectable degree of merit, before that of Mr. Bernays' had existence, yet we have no hesitation in stating that, in our opinion, not one of them is for a moment comparable with the one now before us.

We cannot too highly praise the excellence of matter and the luminous arrangement that distinguish this Grammar. The dictionary of the prefixes and affixes, so discouraging from their difficulty to the beginner, are invaluable to the German student.

We can honestly recommend Mr. Bernays' German Grammar as by far the best at present in existence, and as tending to simplify and elucidate the peculiar difficulties of the language in a much more clear, satisfactory, and brief manner than it has hitherto been effected.

Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Village Architecture. By J. C. Loudon. Part IX. Longman and Co. London, Feb. 1833.

This part is quite equal in utility and interest to either of its predecessors: it is careful, clear, and admirably illustrated with upwards of 200 very neat engravings by R. Branston. Among the subjects treated on are malt-houses, limekilns, cider-houses, poultry-houses, dwellings for farm servants, country inns, public-houses, and country schools, with their fittings up respectively. It also contains the commencement of Villa Architecture, which, in two more parts, will conclude this highly valuable and important work.

The Wizard of the North; The Vampire Bride; and other Poems. By the Hon. Henry Liddell. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London. 1833.

We have perused almost every line of Mr. Liddell's poems, and have met with a few which we shall not quickly forget; but not with one worthy of remembrance. He is bad enough in his choice of subjects, but in his treatment of them he is worse: he is parenthetical without being illustrative; discursive out of poverty rather than profusion of idea; and when he recurs to his theme, common-place, cold, and tedious. From the "Wizard of the North," all that we learn is that the author has not forgotten his school-books, nor the characters in the Waverley novels; that he has a most sensitive abhorrence of a Scotch mob, and "London's rabble throng;" is endowed with sufficient taste to admire Walter Scott, and with enough loyalty to applaud Wellington. "The Vampire Bride" is written in the worst style of Southey's worst ballads; the fable of the "Fox and the Rose" is unadulterated trash, and the lines "to the ship Barham, which took out Sir Walter Scott in 1831," might as well have been addressed to the ship Hippopotamus which brought in Jack Styles in 1832. In the "Recess," the author, in depicting the joys of winter, expatiates upon the pleasure of sending "the glowing shot" through "the pheasant's painted throat;" and on sundry other sports, which, he says, "may sure beguile the Stoic to a transient smile:" the Stoic may be beguiled with infinitely less trouble if he will keep by him the poems of the Hon. Henry Liddell.

It is the author's intention, as he states in the preface, to devote the profits of his work to the purposes contemplated by the committee of noblemen and gentlemen, admirers of the late Sir Walter Scott, for establishing some permanent memorial of his genius and virtues. This reminds us of an Irish drysalter, who gratified his charitable propensities by bequeathing a particularly bad debt to some benevolent institution.

THE CHAMELÉON. SECOND SERIES. LONGMAN AND CO., LONDON; OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH; AND ATKINSON AND CO., GLASGOW. 1833.

OUT of 330 pages compounded of prose, poetry, and music, in the above volume, there are but few of which we can speak favourably. The portion to which our praise is due, contains that in which the generality of Annuals —we presume this to be one—is totally deficient, namely, a page or two of instruction. Much information, and that not of a kind usually met with, may be collected from the article "on the consequences of the Holy Wars in Palestine," in which the baneful influence of the Crusades upon civilization and religion is incontestibly proved, and a very just view taken of the era in which they occurred. "A Day in Balquidder" might be read with patience during a day in the stocks. The author, if he hope to be perused, must get over his aversion to a full stop, unless indeed he is anxious to form new ideas of the duration of that period by bringing his readers to the same position. There is an unmerciful prodigality of verse, of which we shall say nothing, except to recommend Mr. Atkinson to give it a second reading, if he has bestowed upon it a first, and say whether he would risk his reputation as a poetaster upon the present selection in the "Chameleon." The accompaniments to the songs are the best best part of the music, which, as well as the other portions of the volume, is got up with great typographical neatness.

RUDIMENTS OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE, &c. BY L. T. VENTOUILLAC. LONDON. SAMPSON LOW. LONDON, 1833.

THIS is a valuable addition to the numerous elementary works on the French language already published, many of which it might supersede with advantage both to the pupil and instructor. "It is singular," says the author, "that while so many grammars have been written to teach the student how to translate English into French, no book (to my knowledge at least) has yet appeared to enable a beginner to translate French into English." This is the object of the present work, and it appears to us to have been fully attained: the book is intended, not as a substitute for, but as a companion to, a grammar; so that the tyro may be enabled not only to commence reading at once, but to translate what he reads—an advantage as new as it is obvious.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THOSE farmers whose lands were in a fit state have wisely taken time by the forelock, and had commenced the lenten seed season two or three weeks previously to the access of Lent. Fortunately, notwithstanding the general distress, the tenantry throughout the country, wherever the state of the lands would admit of it, have been enabled to get through all the operations of the season in a sufficient degree of forwardness. The wet and heavy lands, however, form an unfavourable exception thus far, and without the advantage of a week or two of frost or dry weather, it will be difficult to get upon them for the necessary purposes of tillage and manuring, in order to fit them for the reception of the seed. Unless the surface can be reduced to a state of friability, seed must be committed to the land under great disadvantages and uncertainty of a good crop. The character of the whole season has been that of mildness and moisture, and even the frost of the three days was of a very mild character. As it seems now too late to expect frost of any continuance, drought and wind would stand in good stead. There have been yet certain favourable exceptions, both in Scotland and in the south, where the

frost was more continuous and effective, enabling the cultivators of strong lands to put them into the best state of tilth. We have even heard from some parts of Sussex, that the whole season has been most auspicious and favourable for tillage; but our old recollections do not furnish us with any evidence of the general dry state of the lands in that county, where, many years since, we rode nearly up to our saddle skirts in mud, though upon a hack fifteen hands and a half high, directly opposite the parish church of Ruspen. There seems, at this moment, no indication of a favourable change of weather; whence it results that a considerable extent of heavy land must be sown upon an imperfect tilth, or its semination be protracted and late. A large breadth of beans and peas, Tartarian and other oats was sown early in the month, and the general business of the season is now proceeding, where practicable, with all possible despatch. Letters from Ireland speak very favourably of the state of the lands for spring tillage, of the wheat crop, and of the green and luxuriant state of their pastures.

As to the growing autumnal crops—the golden crop, WHEAT, seems to give universal satisfaction. The shades of difference between the early and the late sown are no longer attended to; but the general description is that of a most luxuriant and promising, as well as of a most extensive whole. We observed last month that, notwithstanding the favourable nature of the season to such a character, the wheat was, in comparatively few instances, winter-proud, or too rank and thick; a quality which, in some seasons, has contributed too much to the produce of straw to leave strength sufficient in the root for the production of an exuberant grain crop. Fortunately, the wheat is held to be thick enough upon the ground to give every advantage to the production of grain, dependant upon the favourable state of the coming seasons. The old farmers are calling out for a cold and dry spring, and a hot and dry summer, under which dispensation, we agree that, generally, the largest crops of wheat in this country have been produced; but such a rule has not been made absolute. In those dry and difficult seasons we have periodically seen light land farmers without a blade of grass to sustain their starving animals, yet who could never subsequently be persuaded to cultivate lucerne, which defies all drought.

Tares and all other autumnal crops exhibit a most promising appearance. Turnips hold out equal to the most sanguine expectations upon dry and proper soils; on the wet and unfavourable the root is found exhausted, whilst the tops have run up to flowering. The stock of hay is every where so great, that should the next crop also prove abundant, old hay will be unsaleable. The quality of beans has been much improved by keeping, but the crop being large, and markets of late plentifully supplied, they have all the appearance of a declining article; not so of peas, the crop of which was more valuable for quality than acreable quantity. The clovers, broad, Dutch and hop-clover, yielded well last season, the last most remarkably so.

Hops have at length rallied, and are in demand; but the want of money has so cleared off the stocks in most parts of the country, that little remains to take the benefit of a probable advance in price. The general low prices of produce, compared with the expences of culture and of taxation, are described, in many letters from the country, as '*distracting.*' It is said to be nearly certain, that great numbers of farmers, in the western poor land districts especially, must be sold up by next Michaelmas. Among too many of them, their whole property has gradually ebbed out, whilst they are, besides, deeply in debt. Their melancholy case must go near the heart of every man of feeling.

The import of wheat having ceased about harvest time, (and we have since been rather an exporting country,) markets improved to the extent of 5s. per quarter; but the want of money for the usual Christmas demand, brought such supplies of grain to market, as, with the assistance of considerable

quantities of the bonded corn, soon reduced prices to the former standard. The demand for money was so pressing, that the threshing machines, which had been crippled by the insurgent labourers, were repaired and set going, in order to expedite the supplies. Barley, also, has been unusually plentiful at market, with the prospect of considerable decline of price, even for those of the finest quality, notwithstanding its scarcity. Oats, a plentiful home-grown crop, are deluging our markets by the aid of enormous imports from Ireland, reducing the price much below that which can be afforded by the British farmer.

Cattle and Sheep experience a demand in the country markets, with, perhaps, some advance of price. As to Pigs, they are usually on the alert, although such herds are constantly imported from Ireland. Cattle, where confined to the rotten straw of last year, have done badly: abroad, with the daily assistance of a moderate quantity of good hay, they have thriven, as if in the spring. But we have heard, with much satisfaction, the opinion of several West-country graziers, that it is a great help to the improvement of cattle wintered abroad, to take them up by night to the homestall. The neglect in the material point of shelter, with both sheep and cattle, is one great defect in the practice of the British farmer. We have lately heard of several wet-land farmers, who have rotted their sheep in three successive seasons. In former days, this misfortune, in great part the result of erroneous practice, was common and ruinous. Sheep, during the present season, have done well on dry land and sound turnips. Lambing commenced with the present month, chiefly with the South-Downs and New Leicesters. We have as yet heard no complaints. The labour-rate, it is said, is under experiment in the western counties, with immediate relief; but the alleged defect is, that all being comprehended, the worthless and idle are employed at equal wages with the most meritorious.

We have received a very pleasing account, from a friend who was present, of the dinner at Norwich, given for the exhibition of the portrait of T. W. Coke, Esq., of Holkham, intended to be placed at the upper end of the Corn Exchange, by the side of that of Mr. Culley, the once eminent cattle breeder and author in that line. Mr. Coke had the late eminent Mr. Bakewell for his preceptor. 'The great Coke of Holkham'—but why not yet Earl of Leicester?—is the man who has made blades, not of grass, but of CORN, to grow where none grew before. We rode over those barren (almost) wastes of Norfolk, which Mr. Coke describes as not worth a rent of half-a-crown per acre, when he first succeeded to his estates, in the year 1769; and our then young eyes noticed them, as we now well recollect. With Mr. Coke originated the great and wonderful improvements of Norfolk—now one of the granaries of England.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s.* 0*d.* to 3*s.* 10*d.*—Mutton, 3*s.* 8*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*—Veal, 3*s.* 4*d.* to 5*s.* 4*d.*—Pork, 3*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.* dairy.

Game at Leadenhall—little difference in prices from our last. Hares very plentiful, and reasonable. Pea-Fowl, very fine in quality, at 12s. each.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 42*s.* to 62*s.*—Barley, 21*s.* to 34*s.*—Oats, 12*s.* to 23*s.*—London Loaf, 4lb. 8*d.* to 9*d.*—Hay, 50*s.* to 80*s.*—Clover ditto, 60*s.* to 115*s.*—Straw, 25*s.* to 30*s.*

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool 13*s.* to 17*s.* per ton.

Middlesex, Feb. 25.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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The whole of our Correspondents must wait until the next number, in which three or four pages will be entirely devoted to them.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XV.] APRIL, 1833. [No. 88.

THE WEST INDIA QUESTION.

THE only remaining difficulty in the final settlement of the question of slave emancipation is found in the clamorous demands for compensation, to the planters. We purpose, in the following remarks, to lend our humble, and yet timely, assistance to the advocates of entire emancipation, by demonstrating, not the injustice or the inhumanity of the system, but the inexpediency and ruinous tendency of the nature of compulsory labour; that an honest remuneration of the toils of the negro will be found to be the only profitable policy; and, finally, that *emancipation is compensation.*

So certain does the writer, after an extensive knowledge of the system in slave countries, feel of the enormous loss sustained by the planter in the employment of compulsory labour, that he does not hesitate to declare his conviction, that the true cause of the present extreme depression of the West India interests is mainly attributable to this erroneous policy, and that the emancipation of the slaves, though now viewed with alarm, as a measure of spoliation and ruin to the planter, will, in reality, prove to be the greatest boon that was ever conferred upon the possessors of property in any country of modern times.

All political economists of large and extended views, have agreed in the truth that the forced and unwilling labours of the slave are incomparably dearer than the remunerated operations of one whose stimulus to toil is self-interest. In this opinion many enlightened proprietors of slaves are themselves agreed, and so convinced of this truth was the late Mr. Jefferson, that so early as the year 1786, that illustrious statesman introduced resolutions into the legislature of the State of Virginia, declaratory of the worthlessness of negro labour, and of the expediency of re-transporting to Africa the entire black population of the State. The learned and profound political economist, Cooper, of South Carolina, has also proved, by minute and irrefragable calculation, that no comparison whatever exists in the value of slave and of free labour; though this writer does not include the immense annual losses, by incendiary fires, the cost of armies, navies, and police establishments, the decrease of the population of all slave countries, and the consequent deficiency of the amount, and increase of the value of labour. In fact, the

slave system is the true and paramount cause of the distresses of the slave-holder.

The planters of Jamaica have ever been loudly clamourous for protection, in the shape of increased duties upon the produce of the the East Indies; though the sugars of Bengal are raised in a country not superior in the advantages of soil and climate, far inferior in the advantages of inland distance from the sea, and subjected to the cost of a navigation of twelve thousand miles. The free labour of the East Indies is most assuredly not a quarter of the cost of the slave labour of Jamaica, for the rate of wages throughout the entire peninsula of Hindostan does not exceed the average rate of 3d per day for the able-bodied peasant: and though the wretched and plundered natives of the East are subjected to more privation, nakedness, and hunger, than the negroes of our West India possessions, yet, in the outward show of liberty, and that hope which animates a man, who is master of his own powers of locomotion, exists the true cause of the inferior price of the produce of the East, and the absence of the incendiary fires and insurrectionary movements which lay waste Jamaica.

In the United States of America this contrast is equally remarkable.—The productions of the Northern States of the Union, where free labour is alone employed, are not a quarter of the value of the crops of the Southern planter. Thus, grain being the staple production of New York and Massachussets, we find that the average produce of wheat upon the most fertile lands may be estimated at forty bushels per acre, at half a dollar per bushel—a fair average price: thus the entire remuneration of the Northern farmer is about twenty dollars per acre. But, upon the other hand, the produce from one acre of cotton in the States of Georgia or South Carolina, will be found to exceed four times the value of an acre of wheat; for the produce of an acre of cotton will usually average about four cwt. of clear cotton to the acre, the price of which is more than twenty dollars per cwt. at the present time; and thus above eighty dollars per acre is the return derived from the soil by the planter in the South. And, though the income of the slave-owner of South Carolina is thus shewn to be four times greater than that of the farmer of the Northern States, it is yet known that in the Southern division of the Union, all is distress, languor and decay, whilst the Northern States are rapidly rising to a condition of prosperity unexampled in the history of the world; exhibiting, in their boundless commerce and splendid public works, the best evidence of abundant wealth and national power.

We trust, then, that the claims for compensation will not be suffered to obstruct the final settlement of this great question. The increased value of the landed property of the West Indies, by the diminished cost of cultivation, will, in a very few years, prove to be the largest measure of compensation. The increase of population by the increase of the comforts of the labouring classes, will very rapidly cheapen the cost of production—mutual satisfaction will result to the planter and the negro—incendiary fires will no longer devastate whole parishes and districts—a monopoly of the home market will no longer be required to sustain the fortunes of the planter—and

the maintenance of fleets and armies for our colonial dominions will no longer continue to press to the ground the people of the parent state.

It is most devoutly to be wished that the proposed measures may be final and complete. Half measures of emancipation, mere ameliorating acts of parliament, will now produce no other than disastrous results; for it is not in the nature of mankind to be contented with a portion only of natural liberty; the removal of one link of the chain of slavery but renders its wearer more impatient to burst asunder the remainder. All regulations other than the full emancipation of the slaves, will tend but to aggravate the difficulties and dangers of colonial government; and, without a cessation of all compulsory dependence upon another, and the legal power to accumulate wealth, there can be no true defence from injury—no comfort, contentment, or real liberty for the negro population. Protectors may be appointed by the government, but small will still be the real amount of protection afforded to the slave; and, without the possession of property, and the power to purchase justice for himself, small indeed will be his portion of redress. "White men all pull together," said an aged negro to a friend of the writer, in the island of Antigua; "I see the new governor arrive from England; I hear him swear on the Bible for do justice; he have five thousand a-year for do justice; three thousand Antigua and two thousand Montserrat. Well, I have very bad master—no salt, no meat, no shoes; I go to the new governor, he give me a letter for lawyer; lawyer say, 'Your master very bad man indeed: I see you right, call again.' I call again. 'Ah! I busy now, call again.'—Well, I call again.—'Oh! I no be bodered no more about you.'—Ah! white men all pull together." Assuredly, this is a fair picture of the delusive operation of all our enactments for the amelioration of the condition of the slaves; and it is in vain to suppose that either magistrates, juries, or judges, will act up to the spirit of laws, which wrench from themselves the pleasures of arbitrary power.

That the various enactments in favour of the slave are a mere useless encumbrance to the statute-book—that justice is unattainable to the miserable negro—and that a wanton disregard of the blood of these unfortunate people, still prevails in all countries where slavery exists, will be found by the following details of a trial, of which the writer of these remarks was a spectator, within a very recent period, at the city of Charleston, in the United States:—This was an action brought by John Ladson, in the district court, against Archibald Lord, a planter, to recover the value of his negro-man Solomon, shot and destroyed by the defendant, under the following circumstances: Solomon had been a superior, well-educated, and valuable negro, who had been hired out by his master, as a clerk in a store, and having, upon a certain day, gone into the country, towards the plantation of the plaintiff, had been accosted near a tavern on the road-side, by the defendant, who demanded his pass, and ordered him to remain. Solomon delivered up his pass, but resisted detention, and proceeded on his way. Upon this the defendant proceeded to the tavern, mounted his horse, and, with a loaded rifle, went in pursuit of the negro who had now retreated to the woods. Lord, who speedily

overtook him, at a distance of thirty yards, drew the trigger of his rifle, and the unfortunate negro fell dead upon the spot. By a law of South Carolina it is enacted that, in the event of the death of any negro, averred to be accidental, by the hands of a white man, no other white man being present, it shall then be lawful for the author of the death of such negro, to make a deposition of the circumstances before one or more magistrates, who, upon such statement, shall be bound to determine that the case was one of justifiable homicide, and no criminal proceedings can therefore be taken. Such statement had been made by the defendant, who averred that the negro had turned, and was approaching him in a menacing attitude, when he had been induced to fire upon him in his own defence. It was contended by the plaintiff in the present action, that the death of Solomon, if not murderous and malicious, was wanton and unnecessary; that the first interference of Lord was needless and unprovoked; that a man, armed and on horseback, might have avoided the violence of the negro; and, that upon such grounds, the plaintiff was entitled to recover the value of his slave, as of any other property wantonly destroyed. For the defendant it was argued that, though he could certainly have fled upon apprehending violence from the negro, it was yet contrary to all good policy that a white man should be known to retreat before a slave, and that the entire spirit of the laws of South Carolina went to justify the deed. In his charge to the jury, the judge dwelt upon the latitude allowed by the law in the attempts of white persons to apprehend stray negroes, and reasoning upon the necessity of a vigorous execution of the slave regulations of the state, recommended the jury to find a verdict in favour of the plaintiff for the value of the slave;—thus, by implication, absolving Lord from any imputation of murder. This case is a strong instance of the inutility of all legislation intended to guarantee to the man, groaning in bondage, the possession even of existence: barbarity is heaped upon barbarity; whilst the friends of humanity are deluded with the parade of nominal enactments, for the *gradual* emancipation of the slave population.

The darling argument of the advocates of the present system, is in the pretended *danger* of emancipation, which, it is held, would instantaneously place in dreadful jeopardy the lives and fortunes of the white population. How a redress of grievances, and the restoration of his rights—liberty and wages, should render the negro more revengeful and dissatisfied, is not to be reconciled to the usual influences of the conduct of mankind. In his present condition, without a hope in the world—over-toiled, despised, and subjected to every extremity of nakedness, hunger, and the tortures of the whip, it is not unaccountable that the torch of the incendiary should be his weapon of revenge. Give him hope, liberty, self-interest, and the means of securing to his children the accumulations of his toil; and, from a prowling incendiary, the negro will become a zealous and contented labourer.

The example of St. Domingo, and the alleged decline of commerce in that island, since the period of negro independence, are held forth to alarm our ministers at the prospect of a cessation of exports, and of revenue from our West India possessions. That the *exports* of St. Domingo have decreased in recent years, is most true: but this

does not prove that the gross produce of the soil has not immeasurably increased, though no longer exported to absentee proprietors in France —being consumed at home by a contented population. It would be well if the exports of Ireland were to suffer such a diminution; for assuredly this would afford no evidence of national decline. The cultivation of sugar has also considerably decreased in St. Domingo, from the exclusion of the produce of that island from the English and other great markets of the European states. For near forty years the unsettled relations of the island, towards the parent state, and the necessity of maintaining an extensive military organization, in apprehension of an invasion, has also weighed upon her resources, and withheld from the cultivation of the soil, large bodies of the people: still, under all these disadvantages, the wealth of the island has immeasusably increased in recent years; and in all the elements of true national prosperity, it is certain that St. Domingo is now among the happiest of the nations of the world.

THE DELLA CRUSCA SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING.

PAINTING, sculpture, and engraving are three different languages of art, and though the last mentioned mode of conveying the original text of nature, is generally considered in the light of a translation from the other two, we hold an engraver bound to possess a mind capable of perceiving the finest touches of truth, and of rendering in his own way the textures of flesh, hair, draperies, &c. the poetry of the sky, woods, and water: for if he have no eyes for any thing beyond the picture he copies, he is a mere mechanic and no artist. The productions of the greatest engravers prove that engraving is an original art, requiring the same eye for nature in its professors with which a painter ought to be endowed. The works of the inferior class of engravers prove the same thing, by shewing that their failure is not owing to a deficiency of manual power, but to a perversion or ignorance of nature. There are many clever artists who looking at a print, will see nothing in it but the peculiar *carrying* of the lines; they pronounce judgment on such print according to some conventional mode of cutting those lines—and we have heard them cry down a work that evinced an original feeling, but varied in its execution from the established mechanism.—It is because we perceive a tendency in some of our living engravers to demean their art by making it subservient to an artificial taste that we venture to consider the subject with reference to its capabilities, and the errors into which it is apt to fall.

All that excessive polish so prevalent now in the small steel plates, appears to us to be little better than a cover for unskilful drawing—we pore over it, admiring perhaps the delicate finish of the lines, till the subject is forgotten, and the imagination is laid by the heels. It is as if the printing of a book were so superior to its literary matter that we lost the order of the sense in admiration of the type—whereas the reverse should be the case. The mind ought to forget the *modus operandi* by reason of the interest taken in the subject or the know-

ledge of nature displayed in the forms. *Colour* both in painting and engraving, so fascinates artists that it has become the first consideration with them to produce it, to the sacrifice of all more intellectual qualities. Instead of being the handmaid of art, she becomes the mistress.—We enjoy colour with as keen a relish as any worshipper of Sir Joshua or Titian, whether the instruments used be those of a painter or of an engraver, and we admit the beauty of *tone* in a print—but where this is all that is substituted for those fine old book-illustrations, so exquisite in feeling and attention to nature's variety in the character of objects, we lament that the same parent could beget children of natures so incompatible.

In the hands of many of our engravers who deserve no higher title than that of manufacturers, art—instead of being a guide to Nature, to shew us a beauty, that seems ideal, in the most familiar object and the charm of truth in the most fantastic invention—becomes the destroyer of her spirit and variety of character, breathing over all objects a disgusting softness, and reducing her to a state of imbecility. There is a small steel plate in one of the annuals, for which the engraver was paid something about 200 guineas: the subject is a very ordinary looking woman in a bonnet, evidently a portrait—there is some foliage, and a bit of sky; the workmanship is indisputably laborious to a painful excess, the rounding and toning are carried to the utmost limit of possible delicacy, but we are uninterested in the figure, owing to the absence of beauty and expression, nor is there any opposition of texture in the substances introduced. We have seen many a small vignette on wood, rich in its display of inventive powers, sparkling with light and shadow, like a jewel, carrying the fancy as by a spell abroad into the world; we have wished to know the artist who touched it into life, and the engraver who has feelingly cut it; and all this charm has been created at the cost, to the publisher, very likely, of a sum not exceeding three or four pounds. We know that there are eyes desirous of nothing beyond the soft exterior of an ivory miniature, but the possessors of such eyes are not the *elite* of the world of taste. The cartoons, if reduced to the compass of an octavo page, would be still unintelligible to them unless they were enamelled like the lid of a snuff-box. "People of the common level of understanding," says Pope, "are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural."

As far as regards gradation of tinting, the blending of light with shade, or the silver softness of moonlight, we award all due praise to the class of embellishments to which we allude; but we wish to see this minute and careful workmanship, instead of destroying the spirit of what ought to be the principal parts of a picture, such as the figures, prominent buildings, trees, &c. made skilful use of in the development of the elegant drawing of heads, delicate marking of points about the figures, sharpness in the folds of draperies, close attention to expression and character in the features. In landscape subjects, the surfaces of rocks, bark of trees, &c. convey no idea of their peculiar texture: the same silky fineness generally covers the rough-coated oak, and the lady's gown; all drawing is lost in figures by an unmeaning roundness, mystifying

the forms whose contour should be gracefully varied. Who can admire all this stuff, that is capable of enjoying a line drawn with a tasteful and powerful hand, alternating the utmost delicacy with the greatest firmness of touch, like some of Paganini's notes? In the diminutive figures of a small landscape, a spirited line that shall pick out the form with decision is as much wanted as in a large subject, or more so. Daylight in Nature *fetches* out all objects with precision and clearness. Moonlight is the softener under which subduing spell the artists we have alluded to seem to toil. In some of the novel embellishments, we observe the same repulsive *Carlo Dolci* smoothness. The vignettes make us desire a wood cut in their places. If the steel vignettes in Rogers' Italy, from STOTHARD'S drawings, are preferable as book illustrations to Clennell's wood cuts in the Pleasures of Memory, why then, our writing is vain and our taste is folly; the cartoons are no better than the tapestry worked from them; Michael Angelo swindled the Church of Rome out of her patronage, and the Elgin Marbles are only fit to Macdamize Mount Pleasant.

Not but that the *Italy* is a sweet work. It is cloying—there is a display of the most consummate finish—it is so painfully wrought, that the sense aches at it; nevertheless, in turning from page to page of the other poem, those little designs drawn on the wood by the veteran STOTHARD himself, affect us by the honest vigour of their execution, which is by no means detrimental to their exquisite grace. The confident art exhibited in these Raffaellesque groups, bears an Al Fresco character, as if fanned by a healthy air—it partakes of the nature of the evergreen. We beg here to say a word to the wood engravers, who have in many instances gone out of their way in attempting to rival the colour or toning of copper-plate; this mad ambition endangers the success of their printing, and supersedes that execution which is so pleasing on wood, viz., the fac-simile style of line after the manner of etching: we would rather that the engraver on steel should endeavour to infuse into his style, some of the bright and sharp effect of the best wood cuts, than that his brother of the block wasted his pains in useless efforts to rival the softness of the *Satinic* school.

It is time, however, to do justice to the best examples of our copper and steel-plate embellishments. Some of the Annuals, and other illustrated works, contain engravings of a style the very summit of their peculiar line of art; highly wrought, yet spirited and faithful to the beautiful designs they multiply—rivalling, on a reduced scale, the mellow tone and roundness of relief of STRANGE or BARTOLOZZI. In the Keepsake, there are female heads and half lengths quite extraordinary for execution and exact modelling of the figure. The lines seem to flow over the varying surface of the neck, face, arms, hands, with a blended suavity and decision—the contour is clear, yet softened into the adjacent parts, and a quiet tone subdues the whole as in a richly glazed painting; the hair is glossy—the jewels sparkle amidst the satins or encircle with bright lights the delicately rounded arms. These are triumphs of art—such plates cannot be manufactured; the master hand must conduct their lines, which are

not to be misunderstood in their simple and clear delineation. Amidst the multiplicity of prints of all kinds which are continually issuing from the press, crowding the shop windows, and arresting our peregrinations through the streets, it is gratifying to meet with some, if it be but a few, that partake of the highest qualities of art. The series of plates from the National Gallery issued by the confederated engravers, are worthy of the countrymen of WOOLLETT, SHARP, SHERWIN, &c. The old masters, from whose pictures they work, will doubtless improve them. We wish them that devotion to their art manifested by those extraordinary engravers, ALBERT DURER, HOUBRAKEN, BOLSWERT, PAULUS PONTIUS, and others, who did not allow themselves to be tempted aside from the labour of large plates by the more profitable *getting up* of book prints; nor shrink from the most tedious details of drawing, and the most difficult management of colour.

DESPICABLE FEROCITY OF FOX-HUNTING.

THE most violent antagonists to the sports and pastimes of the people—the most strenuous supporters of associations for the suppression of cruelty to animals, may be found in that class of society which has long been the boast, though not exactly the bulwark of Britain—our fox-hunting *Squirearchy*. Is it possible to conceive a more noble recreation for a gallant field, composed of British Peers, Parsons, and Members of Parliament, than riding at full speed after a number of hounds, all gloriously giving tongue, as they snuff up the delicious scent of a strong dog-fox? What a sublime exercise of the mental powers it involves! How splendid is the physical effort of being carried over hedges and ditches, "at a racing pace across a most beautiful country, comprising every thing that can delight the most fastidious eye!" What a laudable ambition to buy horses that will not only "live with the hounds," but get in at the death! Nobody but a thorough fox-hunter can imagine the manly joy of beholding the wretched "varmint" "run into," and torn limb from limb, by twenty couple of magnanimous hounds!

To be sure, some of our political wiseacres inquire, of what utility fox-hunting would be, except that once now and then a clerical sportsman's neck is broken? Of the greatest utility. It is a pastime that may be pronounced truly patriotic. Is not Reynard a carnivorous creature? Does he not destroy young partridges and pheasants?

This is a modern fox-hunter's view of the subject: but, for our part, we are reluctantly compelled to differ from our honourable friends. Fox-hunting, in our humble opinion, is dastardly, ferocious, and totally unjustifiable. It tends to perpetuate the brutal ferocity of our aristocrats—their cold-blooded tyranny—their atrocious selfishness—their utter disregard of those who are weaker than

themselves. In the immunities with which the little great are endowed, by the operation of our accursed Game-Laws, may be seen one part of the feudal system in its full force. The honest cultivator of the land is still a serf—a *villain*—so far as regards his title in that for which he has to pay. His house is his castle, perhaps; but his enclosure, manured with the sweat of his brow, containing his embryo crops, is a free common to his duke or earl of a landlord, and every red-coated ruffian who rides in "my gentleman's" train.

It is absurd for those who at the same time gratify their hereditary proneness to cruelty, and get rid of the effects of an over-night's debauch, by riding to hounds, to argue, that, without distinction of soil or situation, fox-hunting is beneficial to wheat crops. It is no such thing. As an agricultural correspondent of the *Northampton Mercury* has observed, "on a strong soil, and especially on declivities, a vast deal of harm is done: after the first heavy rain or snow, all the holes made by the horses' feet, will stand full of water, *and every blade of corn in those holes will die.*"

We are by no means inclined to advocate the sports of the detestable dog-pit; but a dog-fight is venial, compared with a fox-hunt. It is less cowardly—*less debasing.* Two animals are fairly matched—they are not set on with an immediate view to the destruction of either, but to experiment upon the courage of both. If, during the strife, "Poker" flinch from the grab—if, to avoid the fell tooth of his antagonist, "Tongs," he turn tail for a moment, Tongs is taken up by his second; half a minute is suffered to elapse—and then, if the recusant Poker do not fairly run across the pit, and re-commence the combat, Tongs is declared the victor. Either of the dogs may relinquish the fight, and be taken home, as soon as he thinks he has had enough of it.

Now this is all very horrible; still it is a magnanimous amusement compared with fox-hunting. In the latter, forty men and forty hounds are matched against one fox. It is not a fair fight—the proposed victim derives no advantage from his superiority in prowess, over any one of his pursuers, human or quadrupedal. He can save his life alone by speed, or cunning. The human portion of his enemies incur no risk of being tickled by his glibsome tooth—they war on him on horses sixteen hands high. They have "taken the field" to see the fun—not to join in the strife. They stand aloof, and yell, while their four-footed ministers, by force of superior numbers, slaughter the enemy. They have not the plea of necessity—their dinners are ordered—they don't hunt him to eat him—their sublime ambition is, to obtain his brush. The savages of America scalp their victims—those of this country are content with tails. Imagine for a moment, how pathetically honourable gentlemen would protest against a similar course, were it possible, being taken against themselves! What would Captain Berkeley say, if, while prowling peaceably near his noble friend's residence in the sister country, he were to be held hotly in chace by an imported pack of gigantic Pongos, Chimpansés, and Orang-outangs, followed by fifty Giraffes and Emus, as enthusiastic spectators of his agony and bootless speed? What consolation would it be to him, that, in an account of the recre-

ation, all proper honours would be awarded to his exertions to get off—that, (shifting the scene with Shakspearian celerity, to allow us the benefit of an extract or two in point) among the exalted portion of his pursuers—the Giraffes and Emus, " bellows to mend was the order of the day;" that " he crossed the road near Tetbury, and, *sinking the wind* through Cherrington Park, was *headed* near Hampton; and being thus obliged to vary his direction to Cowcomb, he took a peep at Lord Bathurst's woods; and after having occasioned the most beautiful hunting ever heard of—gratifying at once the oldest and the best—he was run into and killed at Charford—thereby making good his distance of sixteen miles,—that the fair Diana of the hunt, who has honoured every cover in the county with her smiles—our amiable and accomplished townswoman, Mrs. John Codd —accepted his brush?"

What could Captain Berkeley think of this? Let him bless his stars—if ever he should have any—that Providence has made him a Member of Parliament, and not a fox.

Those benevolent beings, who know nothing about the matter—good, easy souls!—are deluded with the idea, that fox-hunting is, in some degree, justifiable, because its object is the destruction of a species which preys on the poor farmer's poultry. Such, however, is not the fact. The Squirearchy have preached no crusade against foxes. In their opinion, extermination would be a calamity—a crime of most stupendous atrocity. Instead of wishing to destroy, they encourage the breed. The more foxes, the more fun! They are anti-Malthusians in this particular. Propagation is most assiduously protected. The more prosperous the poultry-pest, the more valuable the estate. Foxes and farmers are the living jewels of the land: the latter pay " my lord" ten thousand per annum, to enable him to hunt the former in proper style. If foxes could pay like farmers, and farmers could run like foxes, he would just as soon hunt farmers as foxes. He's not particular.

Some years ago, a great land-owner in the north actually planted a large district of highly-cultivated land with gorse, for the avowed purpose of increasing his covers; and in a very recent bit of sporting intelligence, touching " the Bodminton Country" hunted by the Duke of Beaufort, occurs this conclusive and highly gratifying passage:—" The handsome way in which the gentlemen and farmers have *preserved the foxes for his Grace* throughout the country is highly flattering to all parties, and to the lovers of the chase more particularly."

Our natural historians will scarcely admit that any affinity exists between men and apes. We, however, think differently. M. Andral, in his " Lectures on Mental Alienation," reported in the *Lancet*, states, that suicide had been known to occur among the inferior animals. " Asses," he said, " when overworked, have been known to refuse all food, and thus died of inanition." But a stronger similitude in propensity has been developed—the ass enjoys sporting as keenly as any noble duke. " On Thursday week," says the *Chester Chronicle*, " a *donkey* belonging to Mr. J. Warburton, of Bowdon, while 'studying botany and grass,' in his master's field, espied a hare on her form,

and (Puss probably not suspecting him to be an enemy), somehow succeeded in catching hold of her with his teeth. He then, as if elated with his prize, galloped about the field at a great rate, occasionally dropping the hare from his mouth, but seizing her again before she could find the use of her legs. Some labourers, who were at work in an adjoining field, and witnessed the transaction, immediately put in a claim to the possession of the hare, and chased the ass several times round the field before they could come up with him; and even then he did not resign his prize without a contest."

There is not a single point on which the fox-hunter can safely stand upon his defence. Admitting the atrocity to be wholesome, we confidently suggest the following substitute:—In order to enjoy that benefit of hard exercise in the open air, which any given noble Duke, Marquess, or Member of Parliament derives from fox-hunting, daily during the season, from twelve till four, let him take a spade, and dig, for the spring crop, some poor devil of a cottager's garden, who, with a wife, and heaven knows how many children, is breaking stones to make the roads smooth as a billiard-table, for aristocratic wheels to pass over, at tenpence a-day.

Somerville, the poet-laureat of the chace, says, in his dissertation on the building of the Kennel,

> "Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome—
> A vain expense, on charitable deeds
> Better disposed, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
> Who shrinks beneath the blast—to feed the poor,
> Pinch'd with afflictive want!"

We will venture to go a step beyond the poet on this point, and vehemently exclaim, "Don't expend a penny in building a kennel at all, but give your surplus money to the poor." It is a disgrace to the country, to see palaces, or even comfortable habitations, erected for hounds, while houseless and helpless human beings are perishing by the way-side. Dogs are of no earthly use in this country, but to pamper the bloated pride, and administer to the vile propensities of our tory tyrants. When social institutions were in their infancy, dogs were not to be despised. At present, except, perhaps, for the dominion of sheep, they are not merely useless—they are encumbrances and pests. If all the breeds of hounds, pointers, setters, bull-dogs, terriers, Danes, poodles, and pugs, were discontinued, we should sustain no loss, but, on the contrary, obtain an advantage. Hydrophobia, that incurable and most terrific destroyer, would be conquered, and we should save a quantity of food, tantamount to the wants of many thousand destitute human beings. Pigs may be made to point and stand to "birds;" and even when used, like oxen, for a few years, in the field, they would afford toothsome food. Men and boys may, perhaps, be taught to draw trucks; orphans and foundlings are, probably, more legitimate objects of tenderness, nurture, and attachment, than disgusting bloated pugs; and warehouses may, we submit, be quite as efficiently guarded by honest men—of whom there are thousands out of employ—as by fat mastiffs, few of which are proof against poison enshrined in pieces of boiled liver—and not one of

which is, as yet, capable of giving evidence against burglars at the Old Bailey.

Of the deplorable ferocity induced by a criminal career of fox-hunting, we could adduce numerous instances. One or two will suffice to shew that no fox-hunter ought to be either a magistrate or a Member of Parliament—a legislator for either man or brute. In a recent "burst," a staunch sportsman, by dint of hard riding, killed a capital horse—the animal died in the field:—the monster's companions in iniquity did not deplore the fate of the quadruped—they condoled with the proprietor, on the pecuniary loss he had suffered—he having given two hundred guineas for the murdered beast, two days before.——About three years ago, a rigid owner of fox-hounds having detected a young member of the pack in the heinous act of opening upon the track of a hare, had the delinquent tied to a tree, and, with *the couples*, larrupped to death by his whipper-in.——In Warwickshire, not long ago, a disgusting monster, who rides at least 20 stone—renowned in the annals of fox-hunting—having put his horse to a prodigious fence, which the noble creature succeeded in clearing, but *knuckled* for a moment on alighting, under the prodigious super-stratum of animal filth, the rider punished him for his fault, by "paying away" upon his head, with the iron hammer at the butt-end of his whip, until he had literally beaten one of the animal's eyes out. Is such a man, or such a man's fellow, worthy of being a magistrate or a legislator? No—his proper location is at the cart's tail, with a bulky beadle, armed with a cat-o'-nine-tails, at his left elbow.

It is truly gratifying, to find that some landholders are at length becoming conscious of the absurdity and atrocity of the fox-hunting system, although the majority are still such "social tigers," that it would not surprize us, to hear that one of the pack had stood up in Parliament, to propose a general *battue* and hunting-down of the Irish, by a large importation of blue-coats and blood-hounds. No recent paragraph in the public prints has given us such positive satisfaction, as the following:—

"Crusade against Old English Sports.—A bitch-fox and two dog-foxes, were recently *destroyed*, by order of Mr. James, of *Barking* Hall, the property of the Earl of Ashburnham, whose ancestors, at one time, kept three packs of hounds. We hear that orders have been given by Sir W. Middleton, and Mr. Wilson, to their keepers, *to destroy* every fox they can find."

This is as it should be. If foxes be "felons," as they are termed in our sporting slang, let them be extirpated—destroyed; but not hunted to the highest pitch of agony, and then torn piecemeal, to the destruction of the farmer's crops, for the mere amusement of a set of aristocratical savages.

THE PIRATE BOTHWELL TO HIS BARQUE.

Ho—spread thy white wings to the breeze,
Thou terror of the deep!
Swift o'er the high and heaving seas
In gallant bearing sweep;
And far and wide, from strand to strand,
Thy Master's might make known,
Whose sceptre is his own good brand,—
Thy quarter-deck, his throne.

The past—the past—the perish'd past!
What gloomy clouds up-roll
Thick from its ruins to o'ercast
The Hope-deserted soul!
Why must the shades of buried Time
Still haunt our altered life,
Till goaded on by Care to Crime,
We drown them in the strife?

An outcast from my home, to bear
An execrated name,
Deem they *this* spirit to Despair
Can stoop from all its Fame?
So let them deem—till, with my sword,
Upon the crimson'd flood,
My answer shall be darkly scored
In characters of blood.

Fame yet shall long and loudly speak
Of Bothwell and his slaughters,
To blanch full many a rosy cheek
'Mong Scotland's lovely daughters:
For many a pale and panting lip
Shall bear a wild tale back,
From many a sacked and shattered ship
That crossed my ravening track.

With womb of fire, the thunder-cloud
Scowls grimly overhead,
Till, bursting from its lurid shroud,
The red death-bolts are sped:—
Meet type for thee, my own brave barque,
Bearing thy fiery crew,
To fix their foes with deadly mark,
And ruin 'round them strew.

Then spread thy white wings to the breeze,
Thou terror of the deep!
Swift o'er the high and heaving seas,
In gallant bearing sweep;
And far and wide, from strand to strand,
Thy Master's rule make known,
Whose sceptre is his own good brand,—
Thy quarter-deck, his throne.

A.

THE SHORT GENTLEMAN.

A PHYSICAL despotism governs the social world not less than monarchs and oligarchs sway the political. Moralists indeed tell us that, notwithstanding all the diversities of human endowments, every man inherits upon the whole an equal share of the materials for happiness —that the weights in the great race of existence are after all accommodatingly distributed amongst the entry of runners. They mean well enough; and may have disciples about the breakfast hour in night-gowns and slippers; but few or none after hat and cane have been put in requisition. Certainly—keeping up the racing figure just employed—it *is* pre-eminently desirable that we should all start fairly "handicapped," for our mundane career; but, alas! Nature has formed her Childers and Eclipses amongst the genus of unplumed bipeds as well as amongst the irrational brutes. She has "favourites," whose surpassing *stretch* no countervailing clog can adequately repress. To come plainly to my point:—what does, or can, equalize chances in love and war, between six feet of humanity and five?—Nothing:—any more than the latter amount of sovereigns can be made to discharge the obligations of the former. And who doubts the correctness of Butler's "ancient sage philosopher," when he

> "—— swore the world as he could prove
> Was made of fighting and of love?"

The heart-burning distinction is therefore one of lonely recurring annoyance. It may be seen that the ancients have recorded their sense of it in the proverb: "qui invidet *minor* est." If, in sooth, life be, as our pastors say, a lottery, from which each mortal draws an ordained number of blanks and prizes, he who obtains the gift of towering, like Saul, above his fellows, banks a substantial thirty thousand. Let him be content, though spindle-shanks and a lanthorn visage *should* prove the (justly due) concomitants of his lot. Addison, feigning the "Spectator," reasons himself into good humour with his brief allowance of face. He would never have succeeded had the curtness applied to his entire "outward Adam."—But now to show how far these opinions have been justified in the purgatory of personal experience.

The biographies of great men usually prelude with a mass of genealogical researches meritoriously intended to rebut any scandalous notions flying abroad to the effect that their heroes were prodigies of nature, as well as of talent, and born or begotten otherwise than in common course. As I however am neither a *great* man, nor about to indite a memoir, I hold myself excused from the necessity of substantiating the fact of actually having had a grandfather. Nevertheless, should what follows, from being couched in the first person, excite curiosity on the subject, I pledge myself to supply the omission;—and, as I hate half-proceedings, will then pursue my ancestry up to the emigration of the Pygmei from Thrace. My distinguishing —or, rather my indistinguishing—characteristic is a lack of corporeal

expansion, both longitudinally and laterally. When I predicate *that* baneful truth I conceive I have told the reader all he needs know concerning the " sort of man " who addresses him, and at the same time, furnished a sufficient key to the jeremiad impending. Would he have me more precise, he may understand that my express height is five feet and five-eighths of an inch. Frequent admeasurements have convinced me that I do not err a single hair's breadth in this statement. I had sooner have been a positive dwarf than thus barely insignificant; for then I might have claimed a peculiar kind of consideration, nay, have acquired the fame of a Hudson, or a Borulaski; but, as it is, I have no consolation.

In looking back to past days I sincerely thank Heaven that I lived up to what is commonly called the age of discretion before I became fully sensible that my altitude fell so far within the statute of limitations. During my previous years of hope and thoughtlessness I *did* enjoy something like the pride of active youth. But when once the period arived when I felt called on to assume the *toga virilis* it occurred to me displeasingly that I was somewhat lost amidst its flowing folds; and beginning to suspect that unkind fate had issued a decree of " hitherto shalt thou *grow* and no further," a new light—no, a dark cloud—came o'er my spirit. *Then* I could comprehend why my friends had so strenuously discouraged an avowed wish to enter a regiment of heavy dragoons: then I ceased to wonder why my shadow in the sun never seemed to stretch so far across the sward as those of my cotemporaries, whom (good easy soul!) I had all the while fancied fellows of my own standing. In short, it was precisely at the epoch, when, according to dates and registers I ought to have given the world " assurance of a man," I first discovered how much I had been " cheated of a man's fair proportion." Since, the consciousness has been abundantly forced upon me, and vexations consequent have beset me daily and hourly,—with foe and with friend,—with mistress and with maid—mensâ et thoro—at home and abroad.

It might provoke laughter, of which I am very jealous, were I to detail the various means I long employed to induce Nature to rescind her spiteful fiat. Change of air being recommended, there was one year of my life wherein I dont think I spent more than two consecutive weeks in any given spot within the circuit of Great Britain. Three hours daily was I, at another season, wont to relax—or, more properly—strive to *relax* in warm baths. And, at moments, I could verily have felt in my heart to have walked out, uncovered, in a shower, in order that, as they say in the nursery,—" the rain might make me sprout." All was vain. I read the fable of the bescoured blackamoor and desisted.

Those portly personages, " the bluster of whose huff'" renders rivalry modest and opposition respectful, little acknowledge the *large* debt they owe their progenitors. Their pomp of progress would be voluntarily rebuked were they made aware how much the deference they would fain believe paid to dignity of manner is, in sheer truth, a tribute to greater superficies of matter. How smooth is the highway over which they travel, compared with the briary bye-paths we " lesser men" must toil through towards the same objects—and yet

we often gain them, too. Perdie! as merit is so notoriously enhanced by difficulties overcome, I might, were I of a philosophic turn (which unfortunately I am not) feel elevated in one sense, by my lack of elevation in another. Certainly a folio in Roman capitals *looks* imposing, but a duodecimo in Lower case may contain the same intelligence, and is moreover the handier volume. Besides, the persevering of our race have the proclaimed admiration of the gods to set against the slighting regards of mortals; for it is known that the sight of a virtuous man struggling with undeserved troubles, is as a bouquet to the superior deities. This thought ennobles us, as being "born to suffer," but I, who am no stoic, and have no ambition to have it said, reference to myself,

"Tertius a cœlo cecidit Cato."

must fairly own that it does not, in my case, blunt the repeated sting of terrestial persecution.

The earliest blight my young aspirations received, arising out of Dame Nature's mistreatment, was, as has been hinted, the being denied permission to drawl, dance, and smoke cigars in scarlet. True, it may be held that the colour of one's coat is not connected with happiness or the contrary; yet it *is* a hardship to lie under any sort of arbitrary prohibition. Like the old citizen in the story, who, after abiding seventy years within the walls of his city, unmoved to pass beyond, risked punishment for a ramble when it had been formally refused him, so did I the more pine for military honours, seeing myself excluded therefrom. Next to the pleasure of enacting manly deeds comes the privilege of talking big over them. Even that secondary indulgence was, and is, withheld from me. I soon perceived that whenever I glanced at a spirited intention, such as the chastisement I destined for some impertinent; or related an anecdote of past energy—a little heightened, perhaps *more majorum*,—a repressed smile invariably sat on the features of audience, which tripped me in mid career. Every body must feel how provoking the liability; because every body is aware that to be precluded from sounding a few flourishes of this description, would be to sit in company, gagged with a wet blanket. Thus do I find my self-importance crushed at the social board even—the seat of our most equal relaxations. And what is a man without self-importance?—A cipher. Modesty is really an amiable quality, and very proper to inculcate; but, Lord help him who is overburthened with it as times go!

In the drawing-room, my ill-hap no less attends me. A gallant, to be at his ease, must feel himself one to whom the fair can look up for protection; and luckless is he, who may not, upon a literal construction, claim that kind of regard. Where is the would-be Lothario, that could preserve his composure, on overhearing a silvery-toned voice allued to him as "little Mr. So-and-So," or possibly *favour* him with the character of a "nice little creature?" *I* never could, and I have had a *few* opportunities for practice. Then, at a ball, to be shunned as a partner by the taller ladies, lest the contrast should be too strong; and equally avoided by the shorter, lest the affinity should invite sarcasm:—'tis too bad. I shall never forget the mortification I endured,

one night, at a fancy-ball, whither I had gone in the character of Alexander the Great; to whose fame I have always paid special worship, owing to the circumstance of his being, notwithstanding his prowess and inseparable adjective, by no means of Titanic mould. My Roxana, a lady of charms, that in China, or Bornou, would have been homicidal, overcome by the heat of the room, fainted at my side. With the devotedness of a manly heart, I extended my arms to arrest her fall; but, Oh! *horrescimus referens,* it was only to exhibit the conqueror sinking, like a weak Antony, under female influence. We gravitated with a quelch that shook the building. The savage laughter that arose still haunts my memory. That night I had well nigh made business for the coroner.

The above are annoyances which embitter a lot like mine, even in circles where *bienseance* is supposed to prevail; important as shewing how inseparable its plagues; but trivial, when compared with the "thousand and one" practical pains and penalties attendant on a general commerce with the world. To be insignificant in presence, is to be the certain victim of insolent coachmen, imposing watermen, overcharging waiters, faithless book-keepers, *et id genus omne.* It is also to be the chosen mark for every "saucy jack's" witticism, every drawcansir's oath, and every wicked waggery, that may not be experimented, with impunity, elsewhere. "*Dat deus immiti cornua curta bovi,*" we are told: I wish I could find it so, for your "*bos piger*" butts heavily. From all these pests, the man of "big assemblance" steps free. Should there not be some moral tax on so vast an exemption? To recite a tithe of the instances wherein I have suffered, through my exclusion from the benefits of that natural magna charta, would fill a volume. The very laws, which should be my sure safeguard, have occasionally added to my list of grievances: for I can recollect having been no less than four times seized, and committed to custody, as a party to unruly mobs, I wished to escape, for no other reason than that of offering the sort of capture, some "ancient and quiet" officer could most readily effect. Again, if ever my ill stars throw me amongst a knot of opstreperous companions, sure it is, that I prove the individual singled out to endure the retaliation of those their impertinence may offend. Talk of being inured to hardships! egad! no six-foot adventurer that ever crossed the seas, granting him his half dozen "hairbreadth 'scapes," can make up the aggregate of trials I have gone through without leaving this metropolis.

Nor are the evils of a diminutive frame confined to matters of coercion, and mere manhood, any more than to gallings of vanity. On the contrary, it involves so many other disturbances, that summing up the whole, I am fully persuaded the curse charged upon the descendants of Cain (whereabout the learned differ), can have been neither more nor less than lowness of stature. Is it agreeable to be *always* condemned to ride bodkin, when travelling with six "insides?"—is it either elegant, or comfortable, to take horse-exercise, sitting as though one bestrode an elephant?—to submerge in the corner of even a moderately-sized arm-chair, almost hidden, like a coy perriwinkle in its shell?—to be perched up at the dinner-table, with chin possibly above its level, but toes barely touching the

carpet? No, they are circumstances truly the reverse, and, alone warrant my considering the accessory deficit in the light of a primitive curse. An umbrella, that indispensable comfort in this moist climate, I may not use, being unequal to the fatigue of lifting it over the head of every grenadier I meet, and unwilling, by hazarding the equilibrium of chapeau, to give their tall owners the happy opportunity of bullying an obviously non-armipotent transgressor. A man cannot walk about with his great coat strapped to his back like a groom; yet such would expediency require of me. Others ean borrow a friend's cloak or roquelaure in a case of emergency. Were *I* to do so, I should also need to rob him of his foot-boy for a train-bearer.

I am fond of seeing public shows, but suffer a double martyrdom in most endeavours; once, in body, from suffocation amidst the crowd, and a second time, in mind, by being unable to catch a glimpse beyond the lofty head dresses of the ladies which have rendered the Pit at the Opera to me but an impervious grove of feathers and flowers inodorous; whence, as I cannot afford a box, I am virtually banished from a favourite place of amusement. At the two great theatres I can *see*, and, when Kean acts, seldom miss a night.

> "There are, who think the stature all in all,
> Nor like a hero if he be not tall;
> The feeling sense all other wants supplies,
> I rate no actor's merit by his size.
> Superior height requires superior grace,
> And what's a giant with a vacant face."

This was Churchill's opinion, and *a fortiori* mine. After witnessing Kean's personation of the jealous Moor, I can think of my fate with something like temper; and returning home, whilst the impression lasts, to contemplate the bust of Napoleon on my mantlepiece, I could well nigh cry "content." Midst all the admiration lavished on the unparalleled self-exaltation worked by the latter, I wonder more stress has not been laid on his having so entirely overcome the disadvantages of figure:—disadvantages so immediate in a *commanding* career. In my eyes that fact honours him with double glory. He directed the axe to many obsolete prejudices, and amongst the rest (for which, hallowed be his memory!) heaved down a villainous one that had rendered a huge hulk of bone and muscle as essential to our *ideal* of a hero as a white plume on a long-tailed charger. Perish such ignorant conceits! Were immortal Cæsar, Frederick of Prussia, Napoleon, "Macedonia's Madman and the Swede," who snuffed the air further from *terra firma* than their neighbours? —History tells us not. Why then does not a coincidence so remarkable, curb the overweening prance of Brobdignagian pride? Or rather, I would ask how, in the face of these controverting evidences, they ever dared to measure heroism by a foot rule? That our forefathers were not so besotted as to square their views of men by such a medium is recorded in their treasured legends of the doughty Thumb and giant-quelling John; both erroneously supposed fabulous personages, but, in reality, ancient British knights, famed alike for enterprize and paucity of inches. But this signifies nought: my

object is not to prove what needs no proof—the injustice of the vexations heaped upon myself and "order;" but their illimitable extent, and minute ramification. With that purpose I could depict still more shapes of mortification than have been already sketched, but that I fear a want of sympathy amongst the herd *quos super nos nihil ad nos.* Of this I had a proof only the other day:—chancing to be in a lofty mood, with my feet upon a friend's fender, I descanted to him somewhat in the foregoing strain: "Ah! P———," says he, when I made a pause, "all our acquaintance agree that you are a high-*souled* man." I saw by the direction of his eyes that he meant to be impertinent.—Puppy! yet thus it always is.

That Procrustes, of whom we read in the classics, was a rare fellow. He is commonly denounced as a horrible monster—I suspect wrongfully. Why may he not have been an experimental philosopher, labouring in a rude age to harmonize men's minds by equalizing their bodies? This is an age of re-forms. Would that some successful re-former of Procrustean spirit, but more than Procrustean genius—might appear! *I* would not stand on "conservative" principles.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE present collection may be considered an advance upon its predecessors in general merit. If no very large work, or but few striking subjects be introduced, we observe a greater equality of excellence than is usual in an exhibition containing so numerous an assemblage of paintings. The pictures are well arranged, and do justice to the peculiarly suitable construction of the gallery. Among the best productions, are several by candidates for pictorial renown, whose names are not familiar to those best acquainted with modern art. We shall proceed to select for observation some of the most meritorious.—13. *Landscape and Cattle,* (T. S. COOPER.) Though wanting in richness of colour, and force of effect, this picture possesses qualities not to be disregarded by those who can appreciate the labours of the Dutch school of art. It is highly finished, and drawn with an apparent reverence for the simplicity of nature. 8. *A Peasant Girl of the High Peak, Derbyshire.* 74. *Girl disturbed with a Pet.* 225. *The Fortune Told*—(J. INSKIPP.) These freely handled sketches are all painted with the same relish for mellow colouring, which usually distinguishes this artist's works—this merit may serve as a substitute for any thing of a more finished character, as truth of effect does not appear to be sacrificed to it. In *The Colt's Tooth,* (E. PRENTIS), we observe a quietness of humour in the treatment of the subject, perfectly in keeping with Nature. It is painted to illustrate the following sentiment: "C'est une grande difformité dans la nature qu'un vieillard amoureux." The picture excites laughter rather than disgust; and this we consider a peculiar merit: the expressions are very nicely hit off, the effect is natural, and the degree of finish suitable to a cabinet size. In 49, *Hopes and Fears,* by the same painter, the awkward reserve of a young rustic lover, and the mingled archness and caution expressed in the face of the girl, are very delicately and ably depicted. *The Young Fisherman's Song, Bay of Naples,* (T. UWINS), is grouped with taste, and painted with an agreeable warmth of colouring; the heads are sweet in their expression and character. *The Romance,* (H. WYATT.) Something between a portrait and fancy subject: two interesting women are grouped in a manner not quite picturesque, though perfectly natural snd divested of com-

mon place: the picture is beautifully painted and toned. Several small landscapes, by LINTON, are distinguished by nice colouring, freedom of execution, and particular beauty in the subjects. *The Lake Luguno* is one of the best.

73. *Study from Nature,* (MISS A. NASMYTH.) This sweet little *bit* of landscape is not inferior in taste and feeling to some of the happiest productions of the elder NASMYTH, the father we believe, of this lady. 38. *The Archer Boy,* (H. HURLTSONE.) It appears to be a *sine qua non* with painters, that a naked boy should be called Cupid, invested with the honours of the bow and quiver, and furnished with a cloud for a settee. There is scarcely enough of the ideal in the countenance of this youth, to warrant his claim to an affinity with the celestial Venus;—the mouth exhibits a propensity for mischief, but it is accompanied by an expression of moroseness: the picture however is extremely well painted, and the colouring is much in advance of any thing we have seen by the same artist, who has likewise several portraits of great merit in the exhibition, and *An Italian Boy,* painted at Rome, which, though careless in the drawing, is very cleverly executed. 92. *The Last Booth in the Fair,* (R. B. DAVIS.) This is one of the best cabinet pictures in the exhibition. We like also *An Interior,* a group of old horses in an old shed;—180. *Gypsies;* and 440, *Changing Quarters:*—all these subjects are treated in a picturesque manner, and coloured with richness and truth.

Master is very ill, (R. FARRIER.) A boy is indulging in an ecstatic caper, upon being released from school by the indisposition of the pedagogue. The idea is good, but the picture itself scarcely conveys it to the mind. 361. *A Portsmouth Ferry Boat,* (G. CHAMBERS.) This is the production of one quite unknown heretofore in the circle of art, but who seems likely to take a high station as a painter of marine subjects. The truth and taste that pervade the picture render it one of the most delightful representations of nature we have seen; we lose all notion of the means by which reality is so faithfully and simply imitated, in enjoyment of the result.

Hastings—Noon, (J. TENNANT.) An attempt to paint the bright, shadowless effect of the sea coast, basking nnder the meridian sun—to say that it is successful will be sufficient. *Clifton, near Bristol,* (PYNE.) In spite of a recollection of TURNER'S landscapes, which this brings to the mind, it is so cleverly painted, and evinces so refined a taste, that none can refuse its claim to a very high degree of merit.

RIPPINGILLE exhibits some remarkably clever studies of French character—they are heads, painted in a much more matured style of art than he has before produced, accompanied by his original taste for expression.

View on the Hamble Water. (F. R. LEE.) The broad and "casing" air is well associated with the rippling surface of the water; the picture appears cold, but so, not unfrequently, does the English atmosphere. *Mill at Amiens, on the Beach at Dieppe, and Dort on the Meuse,* (J. WILSON), may be classed among the best of this able painter's works—there is a vigour in his style which is happily tempered by judgment.

Chiswick: Landscape on the Seine, (J. ALLEN)—These views are very far from common-place in their effect, yet too slightly painted to confer lasting satisfaction; in the first mentioned subject, the piled clouds of rolling silver are conceived with a taste amounting to the poetical.

The Arrival of Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester Abbey, (S. A. HART)—We give credit to the young painter for his ambitious choice of an exalted subject, and one particularly adapted for the display of forcible effect, splendour of costume, variety of character and picturesque composition. Although the picture leaves a great deal to be desired, there is still much accomplished. The torch-light is skilfully painted; the colouring, though not quite so transparent as could be desired, is rich and in harmony; the great demerit unfortunately lies in the principal figure, whose expression and features are

deficient in mental qualities; his wretchedness seems derived rather from bodily suffering, than from the crush of the mind's ambition.

Roman Boy with fruit, (R. EDMONSTONE), is chaste in style, though rather chalky in the colour. *Dos a Dos,* (C. HANCOCK), a group of dogs crowding round a fire in a hovel :—we should be disposed to think better of this little picture, did it not remind us too forcibly of Landseer, who has treated the same subject with a power which leaves this far behind. Mr. Hancock would paint more wisely, if he avoided so close a resemblance in his subjects to those of his eminent prototype. *The Pet Rabbit,* (Miss F. CORBAUX). This is one of the prettiest little pictures in the gallery. *The Spinster,* (C. LANDSEER) :—an old woman turning her spinning-wheel; the effect, colour, and drawing, display a perfect mastery of art, in pourtraying a simple incident naturally. This is a rich cabinet sketch. The Two *"Studies of Plate,"* by (LANCE), are painted with his usual extraordinary power. *Scotch Drink,* (J. P. KNIGHT), is touched with great clearness; it would be more agreeable, however, if the heads were tastefully drawn, they appear too large for the figures.

The Exhibition is enriched by several choice specimens of T. C. HOFLAND,—whose quiet style, and tasteful touch, are well known :—also by a sprinkling of very clever landscapes by Messrs. HOLLAND, WATTS, CHILDE, and MARSHALL. The portraits are not numerous, nor are they generally of any great pretensions as pictures, but a few may be found of a superior character.

In the Sculpture-room we observe a *Bust af Sheridan Knowles,* by P. MAC DOWELL, who has not quite overcome the difficulty of bestowing on the hard material of his art, the soft appearance of flesh; we recognize the eminent dramatist in this head, as to his features, which are handsome and firm in their character, but colour is necessary to convey the intelligence of his dark eye. *A Young Mother Playing with her Child,* F. THRUPP). This group is of the natural size, and is well imagined, though it does not present a finished appearance. *Bust of the Lord Chancellor,* (E. G. PAPWORTH), is a remarkably characteristic likeness. A bust of a child's head, by C. MOORE, is beautiful in form, and highly finished.

The room appropriated to water colour drawings, will be found to contain some clever specimens of the art. The most conspicuous for merit, are several sketches by M'CLIVE, of portraits highly characteristic; also a finished drawing by Mis F. CORBAUX, of a lady reading. *Shells,* (J. BURBANK); *The Warden's Pew,* (I. JENKINS); several miniatures by Mrs. I. ROBERTSON, and a splendid drawing by the poet of landscape and perspective, I. MARTIN.

We cannot but commend the members of this society of artists for their evident impartiality in the distribution of the pictures sent them; a good painting is always well hung, however unknown the name attached to it might have previously been; several of our most eminent professors of art have struggled into fame by the means afforded here, of a fair situation for their works, whilst the neglect which they had suffered at exhibitions of longer standing, rather withheld their merits from public inspection than brought them forward. It is but justice to state thus much, as a jealousy has been excited towards this institution by little-minded men who shrink from open competition.

PARLIAMENT AND THE PROPERTY-TAX.

It has been acknowledged, by all who have ever given themselves the trouble to think at all on the subject, that the middle classes of this country bear, by far, too great a portion of its burthens. It was expected, that a Reformed Parliament would have taken an early notice of this generally acknowledged fact; and that some measure would be promptly provided, whereby such an unequal pressure might be more generally distributed. Yet, it seems not a little extraordinary, when an inquiry is required to be instituted, that an opposition is made even to such preliminary measures: it would almost justify the suspicion, that a certain inclination exists amongst the lawgivers of this country to tax anybody rather than themselves. The manner in which Mr. Robinson's motion, respecting a property-tax, was met the other evening, must clearly convince the industrious classes what they have to expect, from the patriotism and disinterestedness of their representatives. It could hardly be called a ministerial question; but it was a test by which the principles of individuals might fairly be judged. For whom were the battles fought, and the treasure of the country exhausted, but for those who held in it the great stake of *property?* The man, who held his thousands of revenue, knew that a successful enemy might occasion a transfer of property but little to his mind; but the industrious classes had nothing of that nature to dread; yet they cheerfully bore a share in the defence of the rich man's gear, although their stake was utterly disproportioned. It might be supposed, that some little gratitude would have been shown by those, for whom so much had been endured; yet, what was the fact? One of the first acts of the members of the legislature, was to relieve *themselves* of a tax—the *only one* in which they bore an equal share with their countrymen. It is, indeed, disgusting to witness such continued acts of undisguised selfishness from men, the greater part of whom, but a few months since, stood pledged, in the face of the country, to remedy all abuses, and equalize all burthens. But a short time since, every candidate appeared ready to immolate himself for the good of the people, and now we see what the people have to expect from such philanthropists. The ballot, and triennial parliaments, are the only chances which the country has against its oppressors —the former to curb the influence, and intimidation used by the noble and the latter to check the detestable cupidity of the rich. Neither King, nor ministers, however honest, will avail, so long as the aristocracy and the wealthier classes are essentially corrupt. Let them reflect, ere the nation takes reform *into its own hands.* A mockery will not satisfy it long.

NAUSCOPIE.

THE ART OF DISCOVERING THE APPROACH OF VESSELS WHEN ONE HUNDRED LEAGUES AND UPWARDS DISTANT.

*Letter from Marat to Mr. Daly.**

You know, my dear friend, that much of my time has lately been taken up in preparing my work upon Light, Fire, &c. for the press: it is, however, nearly completed; you may, therefore, expect to hear very regularly from me in future. Mr. Bottineau, whom I mentioned to you in my last letter, has experienced here every kind of disappointment. If he be able to raise sufficient money, he purposes visiting London very shortly, where he is likely to meet with more success; for you gentlemen of the British isles will, I am convinced, patronize the discovery which my friend has made. I, who have made a study of optics, meteors, &c. am, I must confess, somewhat sceptical respecting the science which he terms *Nauscopie*, or the art of discovering vessels and lands at a considerable distance; but the concurring testimony of hundreds of persons, the certificates he has obtained from officers of high rank,—all tend to shew that there must be truth in his statement; and although he may have been neglected in France, I hope, for the honour of science, that a fair trial will be given him in your country, and that he will not be treated as a visionary. Certain it is, that if his art should prove to be true, incalculable advantages will be derived from it. I have seen an officer who resided during six years in the Isle of France, and he assures me that the whole population will corroborate the averments made by Mr. Bottineau: but let the latter gentleman speak for himself; the

* The contents of this letter and the accompanying certificates are so extraordinary and startling, that we deem it expedient to reprint the substance of a note prefixed to the translation of another letter from Marat to Daly, published in the May number of this Magazine for the past year, by the gentleman in possession of copies taken by himself from the original autographs. He was a *detenu*, and in the year 1806 resided on his parole at Brussels. It being at that period a fashion among French ladies to collect autographs, Madame Guilleminot, sister-in-law to the general of that name, applied to a sister of Napoleon, with whom she was intimate, for a few signatures of celebrated men. The princess mentioned the request to Cambacères, Chancellor of the Empire, by whose direction an immense package of letters from the state paper office was forwarded to Madame Guilleminot. From these the gentleman before mentioned was employed to make a selection, receiving at the same time permission to copy, for his own use, such as he might think fit. He transcribed several hundreds, and among them those which are translated in the present number on the subject of Nauscopie. The presence of such documents in the state paper office is partially, perhaps, to be attributed to the recklessness of the Bureau Noir of the police, but chiefly to the frequent seizures of the papers of individuals during the Revolution. Many of the letters forwarded to Madame de Guilleminot had not passed through the post-office; they were original draughts, defaced by erasures and interlineations. Our ensuing numbers will be enriched with a selection from among the most interesting of the mass.

following is his statement:—"As early as the year 1762, holding then an inferior situation in the King's navy, it appeared to me that a vessel approaching land must produce a certain effect upon the atmosphere, and cause the approach to be discovered by a practized eye even before the vessel itself was visible. After making many observations, I thought I could discover a particular appearance before the vessel came in sight: sometimes I was right, but more frequently wrong; so that at the time I gave up all thoughts of success. In 1764 I was appointed to a situation in the Isle of France: while there, having much leisure time, I again betook myself to my favourite observations. Here the advantages I possessed were much greater than before. First, the clear sky and pure atmosphere, at certain periods of the day, were favourable to my studies, and as fewer vessels came to the island, I was less liable to error than was the case off the coast of France, where vessels are continually passing, some of which may never arrive in sight, although the indications I allude to may have been witnessed by me. I had not been more than six months upon the island when I became confident that my discovery was certain, and all that was requisite was to acquire more experience, and then *Nauscopie* would become a real science. As the officers in the island led an idle life, they were frequently on the shore looking through their glasses to discover when a vessel was arriving from Europe. I frequently laid wagers that a vessel was arriving one, two, and even three days before she was actually in sight, and as I was very seldom wrong, I gained a considerable sum of money. The officers attributed my success to a peculiar power of vision I possessed; but then again, they were quite puzzled on reflecting that although they used glasses, I never employed any. In 1780, I wrote to the Minister of Marine, Marechal de Castries, announcing my discovery. In his answer, he instructed the Governor of the island to enter my *announcements* of arrivals in a private register for two years at least. On the 15th May, 1782, my observations commenced. On the 16th May I announced to the Governor that three vessels were near the island. Orders were immediately given to the *vigies*;* their glasses were turned to the direction I had pointed out. Their declaration was—'No vessel in sight.' On the 17th the *vigies* informed the Governor that a ship had just appeared above the horizon. On the 18th a second came in sight, and on the 20th a third was visible to the naked eye. Viscount de Souillac sent for me on the last day, and made me an offer of 10,000 livres, and a pension of 1,200 livres a-year, on the part of government, if I would disclose my secret; but not conceiving the remuneration sufficient, I declined accepting the offer. Viscount de Souillac, some months after, wrote to M. de Castries: he stated, that I had made the surprising discovery of a new art,—that of being able to observe the arrival of vessels 100, 150, and even 200 leagues distant; that for more than fifteen years I had regularly predicted the arrival of vessels, sometimes three or four days before they could be seen with a glass; that the register kept by order of the Minister shewed that I

* Officers whose duty it is to look out for vessels approaching the island.

had almost always been right in my predictions; and that even when I had announced the approach of a vessel which did not actually arrive, it was proved beyond a doubt, that the vessel or vessels in question were foreign ones that had come within two or three days' sail of the island, and had proceeded to their destination without touching at the Isle of France. 'Upon one occasion he asserted that a fleet of eleven vessels were approaching the island; the announcement caused great alarm, as we anticipated an attack from the English. A sloop of war was instantly despatched to look out; but before she returned, Mr. Bottineau came to the Governor, and informed him that the signs in the atmosphere had disappeared, and that the fleet had taken a different direction. Some time after this a vessel arrived here from the East Indies, and reported that she had seen a fleet of eleven vessels sailing towards Fort St. William. In fine, that from the year 1778 till 1782, he had announced the arrival of 575 vessels, many of them four days before they became visible. The letter terminated thus—'However incredible this discovery may appear, myself and a great many officers, naval and military, must bear testimony to the *announcements* made by Mr. Bottineau. We cannot treat him as an impostor, or as a visionary. We have had ocular demonstration for so many years, and in no instance has any vessel reached the island, the approach of which he had not predicted; those which did approach, but did not touch the island, were in most cases proved to be foreign vessels.' A short time after this letter had been despatched—(this letter, I am certain, reached the office of Mr. de Castries, but, I am also certain, was never perused by him)—I determined to return to my native country, and accordingly took my passage on board one of His Majesty's vessels, commanded by Captain Dufour. I felt somewhat anxious to ascertain whether the effect produced on the atmosphere, when a vessel approaches, would be somewhat similar, as regards the approach of one vessel towards another, and, to my great delight, I perceived it to be the same, although less powerful; but my eyes had now become so practised, that not once, during the voyage, did I make a mistake. I announced to Captain Dufour the approach of twenty-seven vessels, while proceeding to our destination: but what afforded me more heartfelt satisfaction than my previous observations, namely, certain appearances in the skies when a vessel approaches land, the observer being on shore—or similar appearances when one vessel approaches another; yet, in my opinion, to be able to discover land from a vessel by the same phenomenon, long before it is in sight, is, if possible, of infinitely greater advantage to navigation. Upon one occasion I told Captain Dufour, that we were not more than thirty leagues from some land. This he denied to be possible: however, upon looking attentively to his reckoning, he was compelled to acknowledge that he was in error, and immediately altered his course. I discovered land three times during the voyage; once at the distance of 150 leagues. On the 13th June, 1784, I landed at L'Orient, and instantly proceeded to Paris. My applications to the Minister to obtain an audience, were not attended to; and the only answer I obtained from the Officer of Marine was, that my memorial was under consider-

ation. Abbé Fontenay, the Editor of the *Mercure de France*, having heard of my *pretended* discovery, without even asking to see my certificates, signed by the Governor of the Isle of France, and all the officers in garrison there, thought proper to turn my discovery into ridicule, and affirmed that it was not 'ships at sea, but castles in the air,' I had found out. In this state does the affair remain; and all I can add is, that should vexation and disappointment terminate my existence before I can explain my discovery, the world will probably be deprived, for some time, of an art that would have done honour to the 18th century."

Such, my dear friend, is the account Mr. Bottineau has given me; he has also explained the phenomenon which, he assures me, in order to understand perfectly, only requires being on the sea shore for a few hours, and that in less than a week I should understand his art as well as himself. As my poor friend looks very ill, I am afraid he will not be able to visit England, the only resource, he says, that is left to him. Mr. Moore, who has been studying medicine here for some time, leaves Paris this evening for London, and will take charge of this letter. I have not time to explain to you the phenomenon perceived in the atmosphere when a vessel approaches land, &c. but I will give you all the explanation in my power in my next letter and very possibly it may enable you, who have so many opportunities of visiting the coast, to ascertain whether the art of *Nauscopie* be one of those sublime discoveries that do honour to the genius of man. For myself, if I could conveniently visit the sea shore, I would certainly make more than one trial. When I have sent you the explanation you will be able to judge for yourself—and do not act as the Abbé Fontenay, for one of your poets has said wisely, that "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Adieu.

MARAT.

CERTIFICATES.

No. I.

A letter from the Governor of the Isle of France to the Marshal de Castries.

Au Port Louis, Isle de France, 18 *February*, 1784.

Monseigneur. A letter which you wrote on the 6th of April, 1782, to Mr. Bottineau, a ci-devant officer of the second class in this colony, in the king's service, as well as in that of the company, renders it imperative on our part, to give him one for you, of which he is the bearer. It is, in order to be useful to his country that he is about to visit France; and he would experience much regret were his discovery lost to the world; a discovery with which he alone is acquainted, and which others have, in vain, endeavoured to unfathom: it consists in the art of announcing the presence of one or several vessels at a distance of 100, 150, and even 200 leagues. Is this the result of study, or the application of the principles of some science? By no means: all his science is in his eyes. He sees in nature signs that indicate the presence of vessels, as we assert that fire

exists in a place when we perceive the smoke; this is the comparison he makes, when speaking to others concerning his art; in keeping his discovery a secret this is the clearest explanation he has afforded, in order to show that he did not make the discovery by the knowledge of any art, or of any science, or by the application of any previous study.

He asserts, that it is the effect of chance that led him to the discovery; he has watched Nature and found out her secret; this science, therefore, has not, it may be said, cost him any trouble: but that which has required much study, and really belongs to him, is the *art of judging of distances.*

The signs, he says, indicate clearly enough the presence of vessels, but *they only who can read the signs* are able to judge of the distances, and this art, he asserts, is an extremely laborious study. On this very account, he had for a long time been the dupe of his science: *for these last fifteen years he has foretold the arrival of vessels in this island.*

At first it was merely a play; he was in the custom of making bets, and often lost them, because the vessels did not arrive at the appointed time: on this account, he studiously applied himself to find out the cause of his errors, and the perfection of his art is owing to his exertions.

Since the war has broken out, his *announcements* have been very numerous, and sufficiently correct to create a sensation in the island. We have conversed with him upon the reality of his science; and to have dismissed him, like a quack, would have been an injustice. Moreover, we required proofs, and *he regularly supplied us during eight months with* ANNOUNCEMENTS; *and the result was, that several vessels that had been announced several days beforehand, arrived at the precise time; several others were delayed, and several did not arrive.*

It has since been *proved,* that the delay in the arrival of some of the vessels, was occasioned by contrary winds, or currents, in the ocean. Those which did not arrive, Mr. Bottineau is fully persuaded, were foreign vessels, which passed by; and, indeed, we have since ascertained, that a fleet of English vessels arrived in India which might have been in sight of the island at the time fixed upon by Mr. Bottineau. What we can certify is; that Mr. Bottineau was *almost always right.* Whether this be the effect of chance, or otherwise, it would perhaps be imprudent in us to determine: this, however, is certain, that the circumstance is so extraordinary, in whichever way we consider it, that we endeavoured to prevail upon Mr. Bottineau to make us come to a positive conclusion, either by confiding his secret to us, or to any well informed person who could be depended upon; but he declined to accede to our request; fearing, no doubt, that he should not obtain a sufficient remuneration for his discovery.

We have the honour, &c.

LE VICOMTE DE SOUILLAC,

CHEVRAU.

No. II.

The undersigned, chief officer of engineers of the king in the Isle of France, certifies, that Mr. Bottineau has, at different periods, announced to me the arrival of more than a hundred vessels, scarcely without ever being mistaken; that he announced these vessels two, three, and even four days before the coast signals; and moreover, that he stated when there was only one, or when there were several vessels.

Signed GENU,
Do. TREBOND, Colonel of Infantry.

16*th November*, 1780.

No. III.

I cannot refuse my testimony to truth, and I give this certificate in acknowledgment of the pleasure and agreeable surprise I have experienced from your continued and certain announces. I advise you to cultivate this science which will prove of immense benefit. The remarks of a few idle persons must not deter you. When Christopher Columbus proposed his discovery, he was treated as a madman by John the Second, king of Portugal, and Henry the Eighth, king of England; and had it not been for Isabella of Castille, who encouraged this celebrated Genoese, America would not perhaps have yet been discovered.

This example and a thousand others, show how prudent it is to withhold one's judgment, on points of fact in systems founded on astronomy or philosophy. I am persuaded that Nature possesses a thousand secrets which are still hidden from us.

Signed LE BRAS DE VILLEVIDERNE,
The King's Attorney-General of the Isle of France.

5*th November*, 1781.

No IV.

We, Commissary-General of the navy in this port certify, that having wished to try whether Mr. Bottineau really possessed the talent of announcing (before the usual observers placed upon the mountains,) the vessels that arrive here, and having desired him to inform us in writing of his predictions, he has announced to us within six months, one hundred and nine vessels, one, two, three, or four days before the signals were made from the mountains, and in this number he only was twice mistaken; moreover, he explained these errors by contrary winds or the currents. We have also to acknowledge, and not without great astonishment, that his art extends so far as to inform me whether there was one, or there were several in the vicinity of the Isle, and if they were together or separated.

Signed MELIS.

Port Louis, 16*th May*, 1782.

Bottineau's Explanation of Nauscopie, alluded to in Marat's Letter.

Nauscopie is the art of ascertaining the approach of vessels, or being on a vessel, the approach to land at a very great distance. This knowledge neither results from the undulation of the waves, nor from quick sight, nor from a particular *sensation*, but simply from observing the horizon, which bears upon it certain signs indicative of the approach of vessels, or land.

When a vessel approaches land, or another vessel, a *meteor* appears in the atmosphere, of a particular nature, *visible to every eye*, without any difficult effort: it is not by the effect of a fortuitous occurrence, that this meteor makes its appearance, under such circumstances; it is, on the contrary, the necessary result of the approach of one vessel towards another, or towards land. The existence of this meteor, and the knowledge of its different modifications, constitute the certainty and the precision of my announcements.

If I am asked how it is possible that the approach of a vessel towards land can cause any meteor to be engendered in the atmosphere, and what affinity exists between two effects so removed; I reply, that I must be excused giving an account of the *why* and the *wherefore;* that it is sufficient I have discovered the *fact*, without being obliged to explain the principle.

Do not even the learned acknowledge that the explanation of meteors is often beyond their comprehension? Valmont de Bomarre says, " Almost all meteors present, in the mechanism of their formation, considerable difficulties, profound mysteries, which all the knowledge of philosophers has not yet been able to penetrate."

After this avowal, it certainly is not my province to explain what the most learned men declare to be inexplicable.

The meteor of which I am speaking, although manifesting its effects, may conceal its principle; and notwithstanding my discovery, does not the less exist.

However, the study of twenty years seem to have given me a right to reason upon a subject that has become so familiar to me; and the following is my opinion upon this head.

The vast expanse of water forms an immense abyss, in which substances of every kind are continually entering. The enormous number of animals, fishes, birds, vegetable and mineral productions, which are decomposed in the vast body of water, produce a continual fermentation of matter, which abounds in spirit of salt, oil, sulphur, bitumen, &c. The presence of these gases is sufficiently apparent, from the smell and disagreeable taste of sea-water. These gases, closely united with the sea-water, remain stationary so long as the waters are quiet and not disturbed; or they may only experience a slight internal agitation which is manifested externally in a small degree. But when the water is put in motion by stormy weather, or by an active mass which passes over its surface with violence and rapidity (a vessel for instance) then the volatile vapours that are inclosed within the bosom of the deep, escape and rise in smoke (*fumée*), composing a vast envelope around the vessel. As the vessel advances, the envelope advances with it, increasing every instant by

fresh emanations. These emanations are so many small particular clouds, which by degrees joining each other, form a kind of cloud (*nappe*), that projects forward, one extremity of which touches the vessel, while the other extremity advances to a considerable distance. This train of vapours is not on that account visible; it escapes observation by the transparency of its parts, and it is lost among the other fluids that compose the atmosphere: but as soon as the vessel reaches a circumference, in which it meets with other homogeneous vapours, such as those which escape from the earth, one perceives, on a sudden, that cloud (*nappe*), until then so limpid and subtle, acquire consistence and colour, by the mixing of the two opposed columns. The change commences at the prolonged extremities, which, by contact unite, are strengthened, and coloured; and then, every minute, as the vessel advances, the change is graduated, gains the centre, and at length the *engrainement* being complete, the phenomenon becomes more manifest, and the vessel appears.

Such, in a few words, is the revelation of the cause and the effects of a phenomenon, which, however wonderful it may be, accords, notwithstanding, with physical notions.

Whatever cause may be assigned for this phenomenon, it is quite certain that it is the infallible satellite of a vessel; and that, in consequence of its prolonged form, it manifests itself to the eyes, one, two, three, four, five, and even six days before the vessel itself, according to the state of the weather, and the nature of the obstacles it meets with. When the vessel sails with a fair wind (*en poupe*), and meets with no obstacle, the phenomenon possesses its greatest celerity; and, arriving several days before the vessel, it affords the observer the means of announcing the presence of a vessel at a considerable distance; but when the vessel meets with contrary winds, it will be understood that this circumstance must have a great influence on the progress of the phenomenon. On this account I state that the phenomenon sometimes appears four or five days before the vessel, and sometimes only one day. This defect of uniformity in the apparition results from the greater or less impediment it meets with.

It will naturally be supposed that there may be weather when the phenomenon cannot show itself before the vessel: for instance, in a violent gale, which appears, at first sight, capable of carrying away the phenomenon—even dissipating, and entirely destroying it. This, however, is not the case. The most impetuous wind only retards the apparition of the phenomenon, without destroying it. But when the vessel has reached a certain distance from land, then the phenomenon has acquired so much consistence, that it overcomes the efforts of the strongest winds, which, though they agitate it, still leave some parts which they cannot wholly disperse.

The whole of my science consists in being able to follow the apparition of this meteor, and distinguish its character, in order not to confound it with other clouds in the atmosphere, and which are not to be attended to. In order to make these observations, neither telescopes nor mathematical instruments are required; the eyes alone are sufficient.

It is not even necessary to be upon the coast; where the horizon

of the sea can be discovered, the observer can announce the arrival of vessels.

The cloudy mass does not present itself suddenly, and with all its character. The first appearance is equivocal, and only puts the observer upon his guard, who then can commence his study, without being in haste, to certify that the vessel is arriving? but, by degrees, the forms are developed, the colours assume a certain tone, the volume acquires consistence, so that the *Nauscopie* can no longer doubt that a vessel is behind; because these forms and these developements are such, that they can only belong to this kind of vapours.

As the vessel advances, the meteor extends, and becomes consistent. From the moment I became familiar with this singular analogy, I never failed seeing my announces followed with complete success; and this punctuality caused the great astonishment mentioned in my certificates, &c. from the governor, officers, and inhabitants. Convinced of the effect, but not understanding the cause, they could not conceive that a science existed which could give to man a fore-knowledge of events so distant, with respect to time and place. The people attributed these operations to the power of magic; the better informed ascribed them to chance. Nothing, however, is more natural than this principle, which has astonished every one, and concerning which, so much incredulity will be manifested throughout Europe.

BOTTINEAU.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

The *Gazette de France* mentions this discovery; and Abbé Des Fontaines wrote several articles upon the subject; but the public mind was at that period so absorbed in matters of political importance, that the unfortunate Mr. Bottineau was neglected; and a letter from Marat, at the dawn of the French Revolution, merely states that Bottineau had died. The different biographical dictionaries we have consulted, make no mention of him.

W. J.

THE MORAL WANT.

BY AN OLD WOMAN.

NAY, tell me not that knowledge dowers
Our sons from hut to hall,
That science like a giant towers,
And superstitions fall;
That pomp and pageantry are made
Their nothingness to know,
And the fanatic's dull parade
Is prov'd an empty show;
That at refinement's magic wand,
Barbaric rudeness flies;
That, *even* LAW abates the bond
'Neath which its martyr sighs.

All this may be, yet does not reach
The canker of our state;
Where may we seek a learned leech,
This gangrene to abate?—
This moral callousness that lets
Wild famine stalk the streets;
That lacks of pity and forgets
The cry despair repeats?—
That lets the ever-stinted cup,
Of genius flow with gall;
This system that holds blockheads up,
While men of talent fall?

O, dear and deep the debt to them
Who dig the mental mine,
Who give a facit to the gem
Of wit their souls enshrine!
Their toil is not like others toil—
'Tis the world's vital air,
And time forbears their work to spoil,
If genius cry—"Forbear!"
A little while some brief applause,
Sustains their spirits' fires;
But let the child of genius pause,
His fame ere him expires.
The eager multitude demand,
New gifts with cravings rude,
In vain he lifts a palsy'd hand,
And murmurs—gratitude.
Exhausted powers still keep their pride;
The strengthless man's worst woe
Is that he cannot stem the tide,
Not that he sinks below.
He perishes with pangs untold—
The freightage of his mind
For insufficient bread he sold,
That—that he leaves behind.
And time and truth the record keep,
Of all the wrongs he bore;
But who, 'mid all that feign to weep,
Cry, "Let us sin no more!"

Success alone finds sympathy;
No faults are heeded then;
But failure brands with black distress,
A monster among men:—
He sits unheeded at his hearth,
Uncheer'd by friend or fire;
He treads an uncompanion'd path,
Till all life's hopes expire.
He finds a grave—perchance a tear—
Yes, *some* will dew his pall,
Who feel if there was mercy here,
Or justice, *none* need fall!

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

To write an anonymous letter is ungentlemanly: of this there can no doubt—nay more, it is mean—dastardly—skulking—depraved! But what could I do? Colonel Plinth was about to marry his cook——

To write an anonymous letter is degrading, to say the least: it would require the skill of a Sophist to render it justifiable—perhaps; and yet when Colonel Plinth was going to marry his cook——

A vixen—a perfect Saracen of a woman behind his back; and he a man of nice honour—who had gained golden laurels at Seringapatam—an aide-de-camp to Sir David Baird—my friend! The intelligence had come like a thunder-bolt.

To write an anonymous letter, except under the most imperative circumstances, is unquestionably atrocious. I felt that, even posited as I was,—with the most benevolent intentions,—conscience—*my* conscience, as a gentleman and an officer, would hesitate to approve of it. I paused—I determined to weigh the matter well;—but the conviction fell upon me like an avalanche that not a moment was to be lost! —Colonel Plinth was on the eve of marrying his cook——

Rebecca Moggs! And he my brother-in-law—the widowed husband of my sainted sister—a K. C. B.—a wearer of four medals, two crosses, and the order of the golden fleece—a man who had received the thanks of parliament—the written approbation of my Lord Clive—two freedoms in gold boxes!—a man who, had he nobly fell on the ramparts of Tippoo's capital, would have been taken home in rum, and buried in St. Paul's.

His fragment—his living remains—(for he possessed only one organ of a sort—having lost a leg, an arm, an eye and a nostril)—had resolved on what I considered a sort of demi-post-mortem match, with—what?

A blowsy, underhung menial, whose only merit consisted in cooking mulligatawny, and rubbing with a soft fat palm the wounded ancle of his partially efficient leg;—the illegitimate offspring of a Sepoy pioneer's trull;—a creature whom my lovely and accomplished sister had taken from the breast of her dead mother (the woman—a camp-follower—received an iron ball in her brain from one of Tippoo's guerilla troops in the jungle)—one whom Evadne had brought up, with maternal care, in her kitchen;—a scullion!—And such a one to be Colonel Plinth's wife—to take the place of Evadne! Good God!

To write an anonymous letter is rather revolting; much may be said against it; it is one's *dernier resort:* still it has its advantages—and why neglect them?—Had Colonel Plinth not been what he was —were he but a casual acquaintance or a mere friend—then indeed——

But he was my brother-in-law—my brother in arms—in a word Colonel Plinth.

Had he been a man who would listen to reason—who was open to conviction—to whom one might venture to speak—why really——

But he was hot as curry;—yet not deficient in sense; but dreadfully opinionated—tetchy—easily susceptible of feeling himself insulted—careful as to keeping his pistol-case in such a state as to be ready at a moment's notice—a being inflamed in body, soul, and complexion, by the spices and sun of the burning East.

To remonstrate with him would have been absurd; he would have cut me down with his crutch:—he had amassed three thousand a-year.

To write an anonymous letter was not exactly the sort of thing: but why see him rush into a match which would dishonour himself, and shed a sort of retrospective shame on my sainted sister?

The cook was far from immaculate. A native-servant, whom I discharged at Calcutta for repeatedly staying out all night—but why expose the weak side of humanity?—

And another young fellow of her acquaintance, whom I pardoned for having robbed me, on condition of his frankly confessing all his misdemeanours—

Besides, there was Larry the trumpeter—

And one or two more.

Under such circumstances—conscious of his infatuation, I ceased to waver: the end sanctified the means; and I wrote him an anonymous letter.

She, of course, would make a point of having children—and then where were my expectations?

Evadne had never been a mother: the colonel was the only Plinth in the universe; and, posited as I was—Evadne being the link—I naturally had expectations.

To say nothing of being nine years my senior, he was a wreck—a fiery wreck, full of combustibles, burning gradually to the water's edge.

The sun of his happiness, would, as I felt, set for ever, the moment he married such a creature as Moggs—innately vulgar—repulsive—double chinned—tumid—protuberant—

Social festivity was every thing to Colonel Plinth: but who would dine with him, if his ci-devant cook were to carve?—Evadne's adopted—Larry the trumpeter's love!—*I* couldn't.

Therefore, under a sense of overwhelming duty to Colonel Plinth, I wrote him an anonymous letter.

Every precaution was taken: the hand was disguised—the paper such as I had never used; and, to crown all, I dropped the important document in a distant and very out-of-the way post-office.

Conscious of perfect security—animated by the cause I had espoused, I played away upon him, from my masked battery, with prodigious vehemence. Reserve was out of the question; in an anonymous letter, the writer, of course, speaks out:—this is its great advantage. I took a rapid review of his achievements—I recalled the accomplished Evadne to his mind's eye—I contrasted her with his present intended:—Larry the trumpeter figured in, and the forcible expression as to Cæsar's wife was not forgotten. I rebuked—I ar-

gued—I ridiculed—I scorned:—I appealed to his pride—I mentioned his person. I bade him consult a *cheval* glass, and ask himself if the reflection were that of a would-be bridegroom. I told him how old he was—what the Indian army would think—in short, the letter carried upon the face of it the perfect conviction of a thirty-two pounder. Here and there I was literally ferocious.

I dined alone that day, and was taking my wine in the complacent consciousness of having done all in my power, when Colonel Plinth knocked. Of course I knew his knock: it was always violent; but on this occasion rather less so than usual. I felt flurried: as he ascended, my accurate ear detected a strange footstep on the stair. Hastily pouring out and gulphing down a bumper, I contrived to rally before my friend entered.

Commonly his countenance was turbid—*billowy*—rufous—the red sea in a storm;—now it was stony—pale—implacable: he was evidently *white hot* with wrath. His eye—usually lurid as that of a Cyclops at the forge—was cold—clear—icy; his look froze me—I had seen him thus before—in the breach at Seringapatam.

His salute was alarmingly courteous: he begged leave to introduce a friend—Baron Cahooz, a noble Swede in the Prussian service. Never before had I beheld such a martinet:—where could Plinth have picked him up?

The Baron, in very good English, expressed his concern at making so valuable an acquaintance as that of Major Mocassin under such infelicitous circumstances. Colonel Plinth had been insulted: but as I had so long been his most valued friend—as we had fought and bled on the same fields—as those arms (his right and my left) which had been so often linked together, were mouldering, side by side, in the same grave—as I was his brother-in-law, Colonel Plinth would accept of the amplest possible apology:—with any other man than Major Mocassin, Colonel Plinth would have gone to extremities at once.

I was petrified during this speech; but at its conclusion some sort of an inquiry staggered from my lips.

Baron Cahooz did not understand.

I declared myself to be in the same predicament: would he be so good as to explain?

In reply, the Baron hinted that I must be conscious of having written Colonel Plinth a letter.

Fearing that Plinth's suspicions had been aroused, and that this was a *ruse* to trap me into a confession—remembering my precautions—and feeling sure that nothing could, by any possibility, be brought home to me, unless I turned traitor to myself—I denied the imputation point blank! Indeed, what else could I do?

Colonel Plinth uttered an exclamation of bitter contempt, and hobbled towards the door.

Baron Cahooz handed me his card:—nothing further could be done:—he hoped the friend whom I might honour on the occasion would see him as early as possible, in order to expedite the necessary arrangements.

I made a last effort. Advancing towards the door, where Plinth

stood, I begged to protest that I was mystified—that he must be labouring under a mistake.

"A mistake!" shouted he in that tremendous tone, which for a moment had once appalled the tiger-hearted Tippoo—"A mistake, Major Mocassin! There's no mistake, sirrah! Will you deny your own hand writing?"

So saying he threw the letter in my face and retired, followed by Cahooz—

In another moment the veil was torn asunder. Having never before attempted an anonymous letter, and acting under the influence of confirmed habit, I had concluded the fatal epistle, without disguise, in my customary terms:—"*Yours, ever,* JOHN MOCASSIN!!"

NOTE.

The foregoing paper was drawn up and sent to his cousin in Kentucky by Major Mocassin, a few hours after Colonel Plinth and Baron Cahooz had quitted him. On the inside of the envelop appears the following:—"'Tis now midnight—Rear Admiral Jenkinson has settled every thing with the Baron, to their mutual satisfaction: we are to be on the ground by six in the morning. If I fall——"

After considerable research we have discovered two announcements in the public prints which form valuable appendages to Major Mocassin's document. The first extract is from a London journal published in 1819, the second from a Bath paper of two years later date.

No. I.

"Yesterday at his own residence in Wimpole St., by special licence, Colonel Plinth, K. C. B. to Rebecca Louisa Moggs, a native of Masulipatam. The Gallant Colonel went through the ceremony with his only remaining arm in a sling,—having a few hours before exchanged shots—both of which took effect—with Major Mocassin."

No. II.

"The busy tongue of fame reports that a Gallant Major, who served with distinction, and lost an arm, under Sir David Baird in the East Indies, is about to lead to the altar the dashing relict and sole legatee of a brave and affluent brother officer who recently died at Cheltenham. A mutual attachment is supposed to have been long in existence; for the bridegroom elect fought a duel on the lady's account with her late husband, on the very morning of the marriage. Pecuniary motives may perhaps have influenced the fair one in giving her hand on that occasion to the Gallant Major's more fortunate rival."

A. W. A.
W. C.

VISIT TO THE CAPOUDAN PACHA.

NOTWITHSTANDING all I had heard of the external beauty of Constantinople, yet fatigued and nerve-worn as I was after passing five days and nights in an open boat in traversing the Dardanelles and the sea of Marmora, my anticipations were fully realized on approaching that ancient metropolis. It was midnight, and a broad autumnal moon bathed sea and city in a flood of light; her beams were thrown back from many a mosque and gilded minaret, emerging from the impenetrable gloom of the dark groves of cypress trees which stand like giant watchmen round the Turbêhs* of the departed saints of Islamism. The plaintive cry of the stork, and the deep voice of the Imâm calling the faithful to the last Namâz, were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of the night.

As the city† gates are closed an hour or two after sunset, it was impossible to land, and the caikgee moored his little vessel under the walls of the Serai to wait till the morning. I thank my kind fortune for thus prolonging to me the beautiful vision which the moment I set foot on shore disappeared for ever, giving place to the disgusting realities of narrow alleys rendered almost impassable by dogs and dirt. I landed as soon as it was day, and without obstruction of any kind I got my passport *visé*, and my kit inspected by the proper authorities, a ceremony which I believe is only gone through for the purpose of demanding a fee, for I never heard of any exception being taken to a passport, or of any duty imposed upon luggage. The Turkish officials are at their posts a little after daylight, and in this respect set an example which might be advantageously followed by some functionaries nearer home.

Having dismissed my boatman, I made a sign to a Hâmâl‡ to take my luggage and follow me, and being on the city side, I crossed the Golden Thorn, and landing at Topkhana (the cannon foundery), directed the Hâmâl to lead the way to Pera. "Upon my head be it," said he; and notwithstanding the load that actually was upon his head, in addition to the moral responsibility he had taken upon himself, he climbed up one of the steep lanes leading to the European suburb of Pera—or, as the Turks call it, the "deurt yol," literally the four ways—with a rapidity that put me to considerable pain to keep up with. I was in some trepidation lest he meditated a sudden disappearance, which he could have accomplished with the greatest facility. Having however reached the Galata Serai, the palace of the Sultan's pages, where there was a fountain, he very unceremoniously threw down his load, and exclaimed, "This Inghilis Giaour has his sanduki full of gold."

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* Turbeh is a magnificent building appropriated exclusively to the reception of the remains of a sultan or a saint.

† There is a very strict police in Constantinople; no person is allowed to walk the streets after sunset without a lantern.

‡ Hâmâl, a porter.

"What is the matter?" said I, as soon as I could speak.

"You put upon the back of a man a load that would squeeze the hump of a dromedary into paras.* You may carry your yoke yourself—I will go no further with it."

"My good friend," said I, "you mistake; the chest is not so heavy or you could not have mounted the hill so fast with it; but come, I am in a hurry, an extra grush will lighten the load."

"Gently, gently," said he, waving his hand to and fro, to stay my impatience, "there is no hurry. If it please Allah there is time enough. The Deurt Yol is but a five minute piece from hence." I thought this was cool enough; but so it is in Turkey. A Mussulman when serving an infidel always does it at his leisure; and so my Hâmâl, after taking some powdered coffee,† which he washed down with a draught of water from the fountain, drew forth his tchibouque, and striking a light with a chakmak and a piece of kav,‡ an apparatus the Turks always carry about with them, sat himself down on the marble basin of the fountain, and with an air of most imperturbable gravity, began to ply his pipe. He was a grim-looking well-made vagabond, with huge naked legs, bearing a *dolphin saillant vert*, which shewed him to have been a Galionghi—a sailor in the Ottoman fleet. As I saw there was no chance of frightening him into compliance, I had recourse to a *ruse*—"Come," said I, "you must be quick—I am the bearer of despatches for the English ambassador."

"Mashallah," said he, "will you throw dirt in my eyes? Is the Inghilis Eltgee like this saccal § that he should rise at this hour?" The individual to whom he pointed was toiling up the hill with a curiously shaped leather-bottle on his back, capable of containing four or five gallons of water.

"Salâm al hakim," said the Hâmâl as the water-carrier arrived; to whom the latter responded, "Al hakim salam."

The Turks have almost invariably fine voices, and they are never heard to better effect than in the deep tones in which they are accustomed to pronounce their salutation. Whenever the vowel *a* occurs, it is produced *à gorge deployée*, rich, deep, full, and harmonious; and amongst the causes of the contempt which the Turks feel—from the Soldan to the meanest of his subjects—and seldom fail to express for the "*Frenk kepecllerri*," that is to say, Frank dogs—may be reckoned—next perhaps to our dress, which puts them in mind of a pair of scissors—the hissing, whistling, and fizzing of our pronunciation. I have heard the vaunted "lingua Tuscana in bocca Romana," and from a very pretty "bocca Romana" too, but the Turkish, with the

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* Para is a small copper coin so thin that the lightest wind will blow it away.

† Coffee to a Turk is absolutely indispensable—rather than not have it at all he will take it in powder. The Turks have a saying, that a cup of coffee and a pipe form a complete entertainment. Some of the religious contend that both are constructively forbidden by the Koran as coming under the ban pronounced against intoxicating drugs.

‡ Chakmak and kav, a flint and steel, and a very peculiar kind of touchwood.

§ A water-carrier. The water-carriers, as do also the porters, form a very numerous class in Constantinople. Each has its Bashi, or chief, and in cases of emergency is called upon to act as police under his orders.

same advantages, is a thousand times before it. The "Al hakim salâm," which may be translated "peace be with thee," is never used but to the faithful. If a Turk salute a Frank, it is "Sabahnes hierolsun," (good morning,) or "Akshamnes, hierolsun," (good evening,) as the case may be.

The water-carrier filled his bottle, and imitating the example of my friend the Hâmâl, sat down to his pipe. They then entered into the most friendly communion together, in the course of which the saccal reproached his friend for doing any service at all to a Frank. "Wait a while," quoth the latter, "I carried the Giaour's accursed sanduki with my left hand." * "That," interrupted I, "is the reason you found it so heavy." Upon which the saccal interfered, and after lifting the trunk, began to revile me for placing on the shoulders of a Mussulman a load only fit for the back of a camel.

"Allah is great," said he, "but he is gracious; I wonder Moustapha is not dead. I advise him to go to the Cadhi and see if he will allow a Frank dog thus to treat a greenhead!"†—for Moustapha pretended to the green turban, for which, in all probability, he got well thrashed every time he met another greenhead either stronger or richer than himself.

Heaven knows how this controversy might have ended, had it not been for the arrival of an individual of an anomalous appearance, who immediately addressed himself to me in the following terms:—"Nom de Dieu! what has brought you to Constantinople?"

It was not without some difficulty that I recognized my friend Captain S—— of the Greek regulars, clad as he then was in the costume of the Nizam djedid:‡—a large red cloak reaching from his neck to his ankles; blue jacket braided with silver; blue pantaloons tight to the knee, but very capacious upwards; red morocco hessians; an Egyptian riding whip of Hippopotamus skin, and to crown all, a red quilted caouk of the form and dimensions of a pint basin. "What harlequinade is this," inquired I, "and how comes it that you have abandoned the cross for the crescent?" "Oh," said he, "those ungrateful scoundrels, the Greeks, would have starved me; but here I am, well paid, and generally speaking, well treated. I hold the office of military instructor to the new troops in the household of the Capoudan Pasha, *qui, entre nous, est un imbecile;* but nevertheless, the third subject in the empire; and on state days is allowed the honour of kissing the Sultan's slipper. But come," said he, "I see you are just arrived. Moustapha—take the gentleman's trunk to my konak."

Greenheaded Moustapha, to my utter astonishment, put both hands to the sanduki, and turning to Captain S—— exclaimed, "By my eyes," and darted off alertly. The water-carrier had already disappeared.

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* This renders the service less odious in the eyes of Mahomed.

† An Emir; wearing light green is the peculiar privilege of the descendants of the prophet of which they are exceedingly jealous. It is not long since the lady of an English ambassador was knocked and beaten by some Yenicheris, for wearing a green veil.

‡ New institution. The regular troops of Sultan Mahmoud are so called.

"What," said I, "does this mean? I have been endeavouring to persuade this rascal to go on for this last half hour, and just now he was talking of taking me before the Cadhi for overloading him."

"Oh," said S——, "he knows me; and, moreover, do you see those two solemn looking gentlemen with white sticks in their hands? Moustapha is very well acquainted with their summary method of settling disputes of this kind. Let us go into Kafphené and make our *keff*, and then, if you like, as I am going to the morning drill, at which the Pasha is always present, I will present you to him."

I very gladly assented to his proposal, and after having passed under the hands of an Armenian barber, we adjourned to a coffee-house. Here were a number of Osmanlis reclining on cushions and otherwise enjoying themselves; that is, smoking their pipes, drinking coffee, stroking their beards, playing with their beards, and maintaining a profound silence. On our entrance, one meagre sallow-looking fellow, clad in a loose drab coloured benesh or gown, and wearing a curiously stamped felt cap, in shape exactly resembling a gigantic extinguisher, got up, spat upon the floor, and rushed out of the apartment. I afterwards ascertained, that he had a great character for sanctity, and belonged to a Mehdreseh* of spinning Dervishes,—gentlemen who, on stated days, entertain the public by turning round with a wonderful rapidity, "*a qui mieux*" for hours together, or, till they actually faint away, a most execrable din being kept up the whole time by tomtoms and other abominable instruments; the greater the spinner the greater the saint.

We took our places in the divan, and S—— commenced a conversation with an aged respectable looking Turk who sat next him.

"Is your keff† good?" "So so; and the keff of your worship?—" "Very pretty keff."

"This gentleman," said S——, pointing to me, "brings news that the Roumelie Giaours have been cut into cababs‡ by the wonderful Reschid."

The old Turk laid down his pipe, raised himself on his knees, and slapping both thighs, exclaimed, "Praise be to Allah! how many heads have they taken?"

As this was the first I had heard of the victory, I was rather puzzled for a reply, but my inventive friend S—— extricated me from the difficulty, by saying that the slain were so numerous they could only take the ears, some bushels of which were on their way to Constantinople, and would be found, in all probability, nailed to the walls of the Sultanum Serai on the following day. This news immediately set the whole conclave in motion, and S—— being pestered with questions, found it prudent to beat a retreat, pleading

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* Medreseh is a college or monastery. The one here mentioned, is a beautiful building in Galata, said to be richly endowed. On Fridays, one of the spinning days, infidels are admitted on condition of taking off their shoes.

† Keff may, perhaps, be translated "comfort." A Turk who has not had his pipe and coffee in the morning, under which circumstances he is very ill-tempered, is excused, because *he has not made his keff*.

‡ Cababs are pieces of roast meat, cubes of about an inch square.

his duty at the Capoudan Pacha capuri, that is to say, the Captain Pacha's gate, by which name the palace of that dignitary is known. We descended to Topkhana quay, and getting into a yeutch-chiffdée—a wherry rowed by three pair of sculls—directed the boatmen to the tersana, the arsenal, in the neighbourhood of which is the residence of the Captain Pasha. I was surprised to find the dock yard a scene of considerable bustle and activity; there were several magnificent vessels on the stocks, and artificers busily employed about them. It was a scene that accorded ill with all I had heard of Turkish apathy and indolence.

On our arrival at the divan, we found the Capoudan Pacha impatient for the presence of his instructor. He was seated in a small keschk,* overlooking an inner court of the palace, in which were about two hundred lads in military uniform, that might be called European, if we except the caouk and red morocco papouches, or slippers. The Pacha was a little, round, fat, fiery-looking personage; and his appearance would have been contemptible, but for his very handsome jet-black curly beard. Altogether he looked not very unlike a butcher—which epithet was neither unfrequently nor undeservedly applied to him. He wore on his head a crimson cashmere shawl; and although the day was warm, he was wrapped up in a superb caftan, lined throughout with sables. He looked hard at me, but took not the slightest notice of S——, till the latter presented me to him as an officer, late of the Greek service. I am free to confess that I thought this was a piece of intelligence not at all necessary to be communicated to his Excellency; and I felt that I held my head by a very precarious tenure, being no other than the will and pleasure of the Pacha, about whose humanity I had some scruples.

"He is welcome," said the Pacha; bid him sit; and say we are glad he has left those infidel dogs, the Greeks. He is now in Istambol, and when he goes home to his countrymen, he will be able to tell them the difference between true Musslemen and those Roumelic pesivencklerri."

Having made this speech, he ordered his Dragoman to be summoned; and while S—— put his Asiatics through their evolutions, the Pacha entered into a conversation with me—the object of which was to prove that one Turk was more than a match for ten infidels of any denomination; and that Sultan Mâhmoud would inevitably make those red-beards, the Russians, eat dirt.

As I took good care to assent to all his propositions, he gradually became familiar, and told me several tales of a former Vizir, renowned alike for his gallantry, and his wonderful despatch of business. I made the best comments I could; but the interpreter, who was evidently a wag, took the business into his own hands, and so diverted the Pacha with his interpolated translations of my replies, that he almost laughed himself into convulsions. He made me sit next him, and ordered me sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee—swore I

* Keschk, is a light, airy, summer apartment, generally very fancifully painted in arabesque.

was a merry fellow, and said what a pity 'twas I was an infidel. Having exhausted his stock of anecdotes, which, truth to say, abounded more with obscenity than wit, he turned his attention to S—— and his recruits.

"Bismillah Bré Capitan," said he, "in the name of Allâh, what are you doing there? I am tired of this. Can you not invent something new?" "Please your highness, I am teaching them the manual exercise." "What an eshec!—what an ass thou art!—I tell you I want my Cheris to amuse me—I do not want them to fight." "Please your highness, it is my business to form soldiers for the field—not for the parade." "Bakallam, we shall see. Inshallâh shallâh, I will command them myself." And then turning to me, "Sit you there," said he, "and I will shew you a thing." So saying, his highness jumped up, and putting on his slippers, he hastened down into the court.

"Now," said he to S——, "form them into two columns—you lead one, and I will lead the other:—you march round that way, and I will march this:—and when I order the clarionet to play, let them march as solemnly as they can; but at the sound of the tom-tom, let them run like greyhounds. Let it be done. Give me a sabre."

His highness placed himself at the head of his column, and having ordered the clarionet to play, the two parties marched round like mourners at a funeral; but when the tom-tom sounded, "*sauve qui peut*," the devil take the hindmost! The only thing that impeded their progress, was the person of their august chief, who, enveloped as he was in his caftan, and incumbered with slippers, in spite of his prodigious exertions, was evidently unable to keep up with his "beau ideal" of double quick time. The alternations of *maestoso* and *presto prestissimo*, were continued for some time, till the Pacha, getting tired, seized upon an unfortunate—who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, had outstripped his fellows, and so got clear of the ranks—and ordered him to be tied up to one of the pillars which supported the keschk. This being immediately done, he took a ramrod, and, with his own hands, beat him over the calves of his naked legs till the blood ran down from them: the poor wretch uttering all the while the most agonizing cries: but the Pacha only seemed to enjoy his amusement the more, and continued to strike till fairly exhausted. I was so wrought upon by this inhuman exhibition, that I dared not again trust myself in his highness's presence. So I took my departure without ceremony; leaving S—— to make what excuse for my absence he might think fit. And so ended my visit to the Capoudan Pacha.

METROPOLITAN CHURCH MUSIC.

My childhood was spent in a cathedral town, where my early passion for music was fostered and encouraged under the care of the principal organist of the place. He was an ardent lover of the Handel school, and a man of exquisite taste and judgment. I looked up to him with veneration. My days were passed in the organ-loft, and my evenings in the *studio* of my master, where I was constantly hearing the music of the best composers, performed by excellent musicians. From this atmosphere of sweet sounds I was suddenly forced away, just at that time of life when the enthusiasm of youth is beginning to be regulated by the judgment of manhood, and banished to a spot where, for many years, not a single strain of music saluted my ears. Destiny took me to the back-woods of America. Notwithstanding this uncongenial situation, my love of music, which was innate, continued unabated; in silence and in solitude I cherished the recollection of my former delights; and on my voyage back to the land of civilization, the prospect of renewing my musical occupations formed the first of my anticipated pleasures.

Immediately upon my arrival in London, I hastened to one of my former musical friends, and begged him to conduct me the next morning, which was Sunday, to some place of worship, where I could hear good sacred music. He took me to a Roman Catholic chapel at the west end of the town. From having been for a long time in a great measure banished from community with my fellow-beings, especially in the interesting act of public worship, the novelty of my situation at first occupied me a good deal; but gradually my attention was attracted to the music, and soon every faculty became absorbed in listening. The organ, touched by a master hand, was for some time employed in a low accompaniment to a soft supplicatory strain from a few voices, among which a beautiful female soprano was conspicuous. This over, the whole choir burst at once into a magnificent *gloria*, one of Mozart's finest compositions. Grand harmonies, entrancing melodies, and passages of exquisitely pathetic modulation, by turns succeeding each other, were all executed in the best style, by voices naturally beautiful, and on which the greatest care and cultivation had been expended, and which had evidently been formed in the best schools. I turned to look at the vocalists—the women I could not see, as they were screened from observation; but I remarked that the male part of the choir were men in the prime of life, and the full vigour of their faculties. The service, with the exception of the sermon, and two or three short intervals, was all musical. After one of these intermissions, the principal tenor sang the *Agnus Dei*. The exquisite sweetness of the voice—the beauty of the music—the impressive manner, and chastened taste of the singer—all combined to raise my feelings to a pitch of devotion which I had never before felt: and when the rest of the choir, supported by the organ, joined in supplication for peace and mercy, every worldly feeling seemed to leave my bosom.

On the conclusion of the service my friend said, "You have now been in the most fashionable Catholic chapel in London: in the afternoon I will take you to one of the churches which is resorted to by the rank and fashion of the Protestant part of the community." Enthusiasts do not easily tire of their favourite pursuits, and by the time that we set out for church my nerves had recovered their wonted vigour, and I was in the eager anticipation of fresh delight. When we entered the sacred edifice prayers had just begun. In due time the organ sounded. I was all expectation; but a moment or two shewed me that the instrument itself was a bad one, and miserably out of tune; a few squeaking notes introduced the crude and inharmonious subject, which was soon involved in a medley of harsh sounds and clumsy modulations, carried on without method and without meaning. I turned to look at my friend:—"The voluntary," said he in a low voice, accompanying the information with a grave nod of the head. I endeavoured to console myself for present disappointment by thinking that amends would be made by the vocalists. At length the clerk gave out the psalm—the organist played over the air—it was a melody that had been familiar to me from childhood, and I hailed it as an old friend. It recommenced—the congregation rose—and about a dozen young voices began to sing—some a little too sharp, some a little too flat—the organ swelled into louder tones till a flood of sound almost drowned the infant pipings, then dying off into fainter strains the shrill trebles of the little choir were again triumphant. I leaned my head on my hands and closed my eyes. I thought I must be under some illusion. I began to fancy that long absence from music had affected my judgment, and that my ears, and not the music, were to blame. I reflected that the sounds I heard were uttered to the praise and glory of the Omnipotent. I listened with the deepest attention; I resolved to approve, but notwithstanding all my efforts, my rebellious imagination would transport me to the woods of America, where the hissing of reptiles and chattering of birds form the harmonies of savage life. I roused myself, and looked up to the spot whence the strains proceeded.

On one side of the organ were seated about fifty crop-headed boys drest in the garb with which the benevolent hand of charity had clad them, and on the other about the same number of little girls in neat coloured gowns and white caps. The sight was interesting, and as the celebration of the Deity in song devolved upon this part of the congregation, I could not help wishing that the whole number of children had been permitted to join—it could not have been more discordant, and would have been more gratifying. I looked on till my attention was more particularly attracted to the leader among the boys, and I observed that ignorance was no bar to assurance. His countenance was disfigured by an expression of conceit, and every now and then he stamped with his foot, and turned with angry looks to his companions in song as they appeared to him to err. I cast my eyes on the rows of little girls, and I could not see that more diffidence or more forbearance was exhibited by their mistress. The same petulance and the same conceit were visible; and this conduct was the more remarkable as I could not perceive that the leaders on

either side sang with more truth or judgment than their fellow-choristers.

"Such," said my friend, as the congregation began to disperse, "is the character of the church music of the metropolis, and I wished to see how it would strike a stranger. I might have taken you to St. Paul's, or one or two other churches, where the music would have gratified you, or perhaps among some of the dissenting congregations you might have been better pleased, for the nonconformists are too well aware of the effect of music not to avail themselves of its attractions."

Is it not surprising that the music of the established church of England should be in this degraded and neglected state? I am well aware that it is inconsistent with the nature of the service as established by law to occupy much time in music; but why should not what music is allowed be good of its kind? There would be nothing heterodox in this, for at the Chapel Royal, where the King and Queen attend divine service, first-rate professors are employed, who give to music all the benefit and interest obtained from careful cultivation, corrected taste, and laborious study.

C. A.

LATE HOURS.

"Whether have I spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke."
HUMPHREY CLINKER.

THERE was no contending against it. A fixed displeasure was seated on her countenance, while at intervals she bent her brows firmly, still keeping her eyes riveted on the fire; a slight convulsion of the upper lip plainly showed she was labouring under the influence of some deep mental misery. This is an odd reception, thought I, after frequent attempts to draw my aunt Ursula into conversation; my uncle had been snoring on the other side of the fireplace for an hour.

It was my first visit. My uncle Benjamin and aunt Ursula were brother and sister, and had lived together on a comfortable scale of independence some thirty years. My uncle becoming childless and a widower early in life, had retired from business and taken up his abode with his sister "for better for worse." My aunt Ursula had never married, she might have done so,—she had refused the best offers, and broken the hearts of many,—she was the belle of every ball-room,—she might have kept her carriage. All these facts I have gathered from her own lips.

A long absence from England had made me ignorant of my uncle and aunt's way of living; I had only returned from India on the day before my visit; and as they were my *nearest* relations, by full three hundred miles, I repaired at once to their neat habitation at Hendon—big with expectation of the delight they would feel at my re-

turn, and ready to answer the thousand and one questions I expected to be asked.

Judge then my surprise when, after a slight salutation, and the tea-things were removed, my uncle rubbed his back against his easy chair and fell asleep, and my aunt sunk into the sullen mood I have endeavoured to describe. I began to fear some heavy calamity had befallen my family, which she was unwilling to break to me, but to all questions on such points I received satisfactory answers. Something was wrong—something had happened to sour my aunt's temper; but my uncle seemed to sleep happily and good-naturedly enough—it was a matter that evidently had not reached him. I had a right to feel disappointed, and was getting into rather a dignified humour, when I heard my aunt muttering something to herself which ended with "Confound him!" As she said this, she stirred the fire vigorously, and in replacing the poker misplaced the shovel and tongs, which falling with a splutter and clang awoke my uncle.

"What's the matter?" cried he.

"The matter, brother! the matter!" replied my aunt fiercely, "here's the old story again: three nights last week did I have to sit up for my gentleman! and its the same to-night;—but I knew how it would be;—I could see it as he went out of the gate: but if I don't find out his tricks—"

"Its very tiresome," said my uncle, and he fell asleep again.

Poor aunt Ursula relapsed into her former apparent agony of spirit, and refixed her eyes on the fire, occasionally ejaculating, "I'll be a match for him—deuce take him—not a morsel of supper!"—and so on.

I remembered to have heard while abroad of a certain cousin who had been adopted as darling by my aunt, and who, like many other darlings, had run his own course, and turned out no credit to her rearing up; I naturally concluded he was the aggressor, and that I could not mend the business by inquiring into it.

"Pray!" said my aunt, after suddenly ringing the bell, "Pray!" said she, as Sally entered the room, "what *is* the clock?"

"Nine, if you please ma'am."

"And is Jerry come in?"

"No ma'am."

"Bother him," replied she bitterly: "I thought so;—bring up the tray."

The jingling of the supper again awoke my uncle, and he bustled towards it with the good humour of a kindly host willing to do the honours of the table; but my aunt moved slowly, and dragging her chair after her said, as she advanced, "It's my firm belief, brother, that those Miss Jones's encourage him."

"I think it very likely," said my uncle Benjamin.

"Then what *is* to be done?" said she, "am I to be deprived of my natural rest night after night?"

"You have your own remedy," replied my uncle," get rid of him!"

"Brother! brother! are you mad?" cried my aunt; "are you at

your time of life a sufficient guardian to a house like this? No, no, if Jerry has his faults he has his merits also."

"Is it usual," said I, seing my aunt softening, "is it usual for him to treat you in this way? have you never reasoned with him?"

"Reason indeed—the brute!"

"Why it may not be too late to reclaim him, and the pleasure of doing so would amply repay—"

"Bah!" said my uncle.

At this moment there was a low growl at the outer door, followed by a clear boo, woo, woo, wooh!

"Thank heaven," exclaimed my aunt, rising from the table, "there he is!"

In a few seconds the parlour door opened and in rushed a fine black-tan terrier dog: his tail fell as he caught my aunt's eye, and he crawled imploringly towards me as she reached a little stick from the top of the looking-glass.

"And is this the culprit?" said I, on the servant's closing the door, "I expected to have seen my cousin Stanley."

"Alas!" said my aunt, shaking her head, and looking mournfully at the dog, "He has been dead these four years."

I afterwards learnt that Jerry had been the favourite attendant of my unfortunate cousin in his nightly rambles. My poor aunt Ursula who had loved her nephew, loved his dog also; but Jerry still clung to the old habits of his master. A chain and collar would have done the business, but my aunt was a lover of liberty, and would not hear of such a thing; she bore with Jerry as long as she could, but at last felt compelled to get rid of him on account of inveterate predilection for late hours.

J. W.

CONVENTIONAL FALLACIES.

It is a singular feature in the moral history of man, that the uncertainty of life presents no counter-check to ambition and selfishness. The subaltern departs for an infectious climate with the most complacent expectations of promotion, from the probable mortality likely to occur in his regiment, the first volley from whose arms may be fired over his own grave! The grasping commercialist stints the measure of justice and charity, avoids making friends, and risks making enemies, for the sake of accumulating gains; the first use of which may be, to furnish his own funeral!

This exemption from the consciousness of our own mortality, is held to be one of the wise provisions of nature, necessary to give energy to enterprize; and it is thought that, without it, man would stagnate in utter inertness, or capriciously limit his performances to the possible prospects of his existence. But I am inclined to regard it as the consequence of the system of general education, of which self-knowledge, necessary and difficult as the science is allowed to

be, forms no part;—in which the germinating being is not taught that he is a relative creature, and can derive his own happiness only by promoting the happiness of others; but he is instructed to be a ravenous creature, and to make his own happiness *at the expense of others.*

It is this sort of training that makes the great political and military gamblers, whose stakes are the liberties and the lives of thousands. But it is, perhaps, even yet more fatal in its effects on the character of the lesser adventurers, who, in the social and domestic area, have a grasp upon the fate of dependents and relatives.

It is thought that the grand work of improvement would not advance without the impetus of individual selfishness and ambition. I think, on the contrary, that the ratio of departure from this pernicious principle will be the ratio on which all real improvement will graduate.

The generous man is, under the worst circumstances, acquainted with a happiness impossible to his opposite, under the best circumstances. In the latter case there is a consciousness of debasement that casts its alloy into his joys; and however current they may pass with the crowd, he, in the secret chambers of his heart, knows they are but base metal: even while he cannot refrain from hugging himself over the selfish advantage he has taken or gained, he feels the soil of sordid feeling sticking to him, and he cannot express his mean satisfaction, save in a silent grin:—he wants the moral panoply in which the high-minded man walks erect among his kind, and speaks his feelings with an honest frankness that does not shun to show, or fear to share them. In looking on "that picture and on this," are there any that do not perceive the hideousness of the one, and the beauty of the other?—are there any that do not feel the infelicity of the one, and the felicity of the other?

It is only to turn from the atom to the aggregate, and we perceive society under both aspects—yet, so perversely are people bent on prejudging that which they have not experienced, that, among the many who can think justly regarding the individual portraits, scarcely one can do so of the collective ones. The most popular objection against the happiest of the latter, is, that society would be visited by that *ennui* and insipidity which was the bane of enjoyment in the "Happy Valley." It is thought that men would cease to walk to-and-fro on the earth, if they must cease to jostle and knock each other down. There need be no apprehension that moral harmony would produce this effect. The excitements of hope and expectation, which are deemed, perhaps justly, as essential to the developement of human powers and happiness, will always be abundantly furnished. Does not nature and art stand in opposition to man, and dare him to achievement? Will there not always be the seas of new worlds to traverse—the secrets of new sciences to explore? These will ever present dangers and difficulties, which, were he wise, he would not aggravate by anti-social habits; but rather seek to mitigate, by adopting the principle of union, which, partially as it has hitherto been exercised, has formed the indispensable preliminary to every great or good work yet accomplished.

To admire the unselfish character individually, and refuse to adopt those measures that would make it the character of society generally, is like preferring to walk by the gleam of occasional light, instead of the full-orbed glory of day.

The world, with all its boasting, is scarcely out of swaddling-clothes, and has little notion of throwing off the prejudices in which it has been nursed. Among its fallacies, can any be more gross than the principle on which it awards superiority? The machinist and mechanic, who are the principal organs of human greatness, are, forsooth, of the inferior class; while the monarch and his court minions, wrapped up in the chrysalis of pomp, like insects in the *pupa* state, are of the superior class! Woman, whose soul is "as fine an emanation from the great fountain of spirit as that of man," who has higher responsibilities, more important duties in the world, and pays a heavier tribute to it, is the inferior sex!

It is not the unshrinking support of burdens for the common weal—it is not the laborious discharge of functions for the common good—but it is to *exemption from all duties or endeavours for the benefit of the human race,* to which society, by an insane inversion of right reason, has awarded superiority. All, save the mere idly luxurious, may do good service to mankind. In the great moral arch, men and women, and all the varieties of men and women, are essential: but the existing key-stone of that arch is a mistake; and till it is rectified, the great structure of human happiness cannot approach to perfectness or permanence: it will continue to have a fatal bias, because it has a bad base. In process of time, intelligence will trample patents of nobility beneath its feet—coronets will crumble by common consent—as the dust they now dignify will, by common necessity—as soon as society is sufficiently advanced to perceive that it is to moral attributes and practical power, that the award of superiority properly and alone belongs.

The stream of knowledge, contrary to all hydraulic law, is flowing upwards. It has not come from the high places (so called) down upon the people; it is running up *from* the people, and will bear them along with it. The high and the low, as they are by conventional usage styled, or the few and the many, as they may more properly be termed, will change places; for it will hereafter be as impossible to prevent *true* greatness from rising to its due elevation in the social scale, as to keep the finer portion of air from rising above the denser atmosphere:—then society will be cumbered with no more lords and ladies, nor its records branded with those histories of unvalued worth, and unavailing talent, that now fill up the melancholy chronicles of daily calamity.

AN OLD WOMAN.

NOTES OF AN ARTIST.

No. I.

HAZLITT'S CONVERSATIONAL CRITIQUES ON MICHAEL ANGELO.

I REMEMBER hearing Hazlitt give an opinion on Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. The first sight of it, he said, disappointed him—the whole picture appeared flat; but the greatest defect, he thought, was a defect in character. Michael Angelo's figures always convey the idea of *power* contained in themselves. His Prophets are tremendous-looking beings. On the day of Judgment the human race should be depicted as in a state of subjection, of fear, "and looking for judgment;" but the figures in Michael Angelo's picture impress one with the same idea of power as his Prophets—they are a crowd of immense creatures that look as if they could knock you down if they swung against you—every muscle is forced equally into action, whatever may be the position of the figure, and they all appear moving about by their own weight and strength—totally incapable of fear. John Scott, who had also seen the original, agreed with Hazlitt in this criticism.

On another occasion I was present when Hazlitt was looking over some very fine copies of the Prophets and Sybils, made at Rome by Mr. Bewick for Sir Thomas Lawrence. They had been drawn within a few feet of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and were of colossal proportions, being nearly the size of the originals. Hazlitt was evidently much impressed with these copies; they brought to his recollection his former emotions respecting Michael Angelo; he looked at them in silence for a considerable time till his eyes began to stare, and he thought of what he had said about the Jeremiah, and felt that he was justified—so he expressed himself. In his "Journey to France and Italy," are some short remarks on the ceiling of Sistine Chapel, and, among other good things, I recollect a fine simile applied to the Jeremiah, which, however, I will not run the risk of spoiling by quoting from memory.

I have no doubt that Hazlitt would have entered more fully into the subject of this "awful synod" of Prophets and Sybils, could he have seen the originals to the same advantage with which he saw these copies. He confessed, indeed, that even the view from the gallery did not enable him to enter into the details of form or expression—*he had no idea they were so fine* until now, when he could confront their majestic lineaments at a satisfactory distance. Every hand and foot seemed to sympathise with the profound meaning conveyed by the expression of the countenances. There was nothing of that squareness and *manner* of which this mighty master has been accused, and of which he cannot be altogether acquitted in some of his statues. The alternate action and repose of the muscles according to the action of the limb, exhibited a rare union of knowledge and taste. "Each figure," said Hazlitt, "seems to unite in itself the leading principles of three arts, viz. Architecture, Sculpture, and

Painting. The composition is so far architectural as it combines strength and beauty—the breadth of the parts and compactness of the whole adapt it especially to the material of the sculptor—and the colouring, in its arrangement and execution, is as fine as the frescoes of the best colourists of Venice. In the head of the Delphic Sybil her supreme beauty is agitated, but not destroyed, by energy of thought. In the Cumæan Prophetess the wrinkles of age seem as impenetrable and enduring as hieroglyphs on an ancient stone: here is, indeed, an old woman sublimated—Sybil though she be, and monstrous in size—she is still an old woman of nature's own impress. The features of Isaiah are dilated with inward emotion—the veins on his forehead appear as if bursting—his brain is teeming with thoughts suddenly poured in by the divine boy-angel floating in air behind. The Prophet had been reading—his head resting on his hand; he has moved his head round in attention to the messenger of God; the hand remains in the position it held when he leaned upon it:—Sir Joshua Reynolds has evidently adopted this fine action in his figure of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse."

RUSSIA IN 1833.

It will be generally found upon dispassionate investigation, that the opinions of mankind on the moral and intellectual development of most nations on the face of our globe, are considerably in arrear of their actual progress in the march of civilization. At every period these opinions are based upon a series of facts, of ideas, and of recollections, which relate mostly to past events, to generations that have ceased to exist, to the operation of causes weakened in their influence, in fact, to an ancient state of civilization that has not remained stationary. Thus the people first in the career of glory and empire preserve for a length of time a preponderating reputation, which lasts long after they have passed their culminating point, and when rival powers less celebrated in the page of history have already outstripped them.

These observations apply to the nations that compose at the present day the immense empire of the Czars. It is not our intention to dwell merely upon the gigantic resources of this northern power, and upon those boundless and grasping plans of ambition which characterize its policy with regard to the East: our object is to exhibit also the social condition of an empire, the rapid development of which forms a subject of alarm to some, of hope to others, and of anxiety and attention to all. It is by ascertaining the exact point she has reached in the scale of civilization, by examining what she does to diffuse intelligence, develope industry, to ameliorate the condition of her people, and to concentrate and increase the public strength, that we shall discover what Europe has to hope or to fear from Muscovite influence upon the destinies of other states.

Scarcely a century ago Russia was comprised in the territory occupied by the Muscovites, who, in the opinion of mankind, were confounded with the Sclavonians, whose manners brought back to the memory the Scythians, the Parthians, and the Huns, and all those scourges of the human race that at different intervals of time have devastated civilized Europe. Suddenly a great man arose among these barbarians; he impressed upon them an impulse that survived him; he taught military discipline to their hordes, and industry to their towns; he conquered provinces in which civilization had already made some progress. By degrees the military resources of the empire were developed, and signalized themselves in every succeeding generation by conquests more and more important; some were extended across the dreary latitudes of Asia to the frontiers of China, of Persia, and of Turkey; the others embraced the finest provinces of Sweden and Poland. These last acquisitions considerably extended the civilized portion of the empire.

We can now appreciate those European errors which lead the most enlightened people to entertain erroneous opinions upon distant states. Russia never presents itself to the mind without suggesting the revolting recollections of the Barbarians of the North; and yet the people of the northern parts of Russia are incomparably more civilized than a large portion of the inhabitants of its southern divisions, or even those in the southern states of Austria. In the very centre even of the empire, Moscow and the seven governments that surround it, far from presenting the aspect of a barbarous country, are perhaps the districts the most advanced in civilization among all the provinces of Russia: the useful arts, and even the fine arts, flourish in them—industry displays her activity which commerce redoubles. Letters and the sciences are cultivated upon the banks of the Moskwa—the philosophy of Newton, the theories of La Grange, of Laplace, and of Lavoisier are taught not only in the academies of the ancient capital, but in those of the great towns of the empire. Both at Moscow and at St. Petersburg the masterpieces of Corneille, of Racine, and of Voltaire, of Schiller and of Klopstock, are represented in the language of their authors. Painting and sculpture embellish monuments of the most sumptuous architecture. This taste for the fine arts attests the progress of the upper classes in the march of civilization. We are indebted to a Russian Senator (Count Orloff,) for the history of Italian musick and painting, a work written in the French language, and remarkable for its purity of style and elevation of sentiment.

It is far away towards the east, and towards the frontiers of the south, that we must advance ere we meet with the barbarian tribes; it is in those regions inhabited by the Nomadic Tartar hordes, beyond the Taurida, nearer Turkey, at the foot of the Caucasus, or on the confines of China.

But even in these parts, the inhabitants are for ever cured of those prejudices that rendered their ancestors, the Huns and the Alani, the scourges of civilized nations. They begin to feel the advantages and benefits of education, and cherish the productive arts. Schools of mutual instruction are established upon either bank of the Don and

the Volga, upon the shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian, as well as upon those of the Frozen Ocean, in the very heart of Siberia, and on the table land of Tartary; in fact, despotic though it be, there is no government in the world that does more to advance the education of its people than that of Russia.

But what more especially deserves our profound attention, is the spirit of the Russian government, considered in relation to the great art of assimilating with the empire the populations of the conquered provinces. Since Rome, whose laws appeared to have been framed for the conquest of the world, no country has been constituted like Russia for extending, and more especially for *preserving* her conquests. Russia, like ancient Rome, seeing herself destined to compose her empire of a host of nations opposed to each other in religion, manners, and language, has imposed upon herself the rule of leaving to each people all those prejudices which are dearer to them than political existence. Thus every form of worship is equally tolerated, nay more, is equally protected. In Petersburg, for example, in the same street we behold temples of the Greek, the Jew, the Roman Catholic, and of every variety of Calvinist. In the southern provinces Islamism is openly professed, and even in the east the idolatry of the Nomadic tribes is unpersecuted; the government feeling that in time, and with the progress of intelligence, these people will raise themselves to a more enlightened belief, will adopt forms of worship more suitable to our nature, and less unworthy of the majesty of the Eternal. Neither does Russia seek by violent means to extinguish the remembrance among her conquered nations of the language of their forefathers, that intellectual inheritance associated with so many pleasing recollections and hereditary virtues. The government, trusting to the slow but sure operation of all those motives of hope and ambition that sooner or later induce a conquered people to employ the language of its masters, permits every nation to preserve its manners and customs. Russia allows the Tartars to fight in the same manner as they did in the time of the Scythians and the Parthians, contenting herself with forming "corps d'elite" of this irregular cavalry, which she places in the ranks of the Imperial Guard, to offer them as models of emulation to the barbarian pulks.

In enumerating the labours of the Russian government for the civilization of its people, we must not omit to mention the military colonies. The objects had in view in their formation were, 1st, the increase of the native population in particular districts. 2dly, The extension of knowledge and civilization. 3dly. The saving of the greatest part of the pay of the regular army. 4thly, The organization of an immense army to be employed in agriculture in time of peace, and to form nearly the whole land force of the Empire in time of war.

But this gigantic conception, which it was the boast of Count Ozeirouski would in ten years have given the Empire an army of six millions of men, was only partially executed, from the conviction probably of its unpopularity with every class of the people, and that it carried within itself the seeds of its own destruction. This institution, which at the time excited the alarm of all Europe, was not

conceived in a spirit of military aggrandizement, but with the more generous views of extending civilization. In admitting the incontestible power of Russia for defensive warfare, all writers who have treated the question of her military resources, have over and over again proclaimed, that from the penury of her exchequer she is utterly incapable of maintaining, for any length of time, a large army beyond her frontiers; and that, in consequence, her military power decreases in inverse ratio to the square of the distance, or in other words, to the length of the line of operation. We admit the truth of this proposition; but allowing that the financial means of Russia are in no ways proportionate to her military power, the opinion must nevertheless be received with both caution and limitation, since, in estimating pecuniary resources it has been too much the fashion to base the calculation on the state of this empire half a century ago, and without paying a sufficient regard to the prodigious development of her industry and commerce that has since taken place. In order to embrace at a single glance the rapid increase of these two branches of political economy, we shall merely state, that the value of the exports of the whole empire, which in 1789 amounted to only 18,720,000, were in 1827, 234,770,423 silver roubles.

Manufactures have increased in almost the same ratio, so much so, that only so far back as 1788, Russia imported all her woollen goods from England, while at present she manufactures sufficient for her home consumption. The number of manufactories throughout the empire are estimated at near 6000, and the value of their annual production amounted in 1824 to 117,625,734 roubles; while the value of the exportations, which only four years before amounted, according to the official returns, to 58 millions of roubles, were in the same year reduced to 26 millions.

But a new element in the revenues of Russia has suddenly been discovered: we allude to the gold and diamond mines in the Oural Mountains. Previously to the year 1821, only two gold mines were known in Russia (in the government of Tobolsk,) which yielded forty pouds * of gold per annum; but since the discovery of the great mines in the Oural chain, in which was found a mass of pure gold weighing 25lbs., these results have been considerably augmented. The precious metal is met with in the greatest quantity in the vicinity of Catherenburg, (56°. 10. 38. north lat., 30. 20. long. meridian of St. Petersburg.) Between the years 1824 and 1827, these mines, to the number of fifteen, produced 962 pouds 22lbs., which at the standard price of gold, would yield a sum equal to £2,500,000 sterling; a result far superior to what any of the South American mines have produced since they have been worked by English Companies; independent of these there are gold workings on several points, besides the silver and platina mines which are daily becoming more productive.

The discovery of diamonds is of a still more recent date. The celebrated Humboldt, struck with the geognostical analogies that subsist between the Oural formation and those situated in the diamond

* One poud is equal to 40lbs. English.

district of Serra Frio, in Brazil, and aware moreover of the exact identity of the association of certain minerals all over the earth, expressed his conviction that the alluvial soil of the Oural chain would be found to contain diamonds. The Russian government, in order to ascertain this important fact, fitted out a scientific expedition, and the result has proved the accuracy of the hypothesis—diamonds have been discovered of as pure a water as those of Brazil. Now, should they be found as plentifully as in that country, we may readily suppose that the Russian government will lose no time in rapidly developing this new source of riches, which would then enable it to carry into execution those gigantic projects of ambition that have so long been a constant source of anxiety to western Europe.

The direction which the aggrandizing schemes of this power appear destined to follow is toward the southward and eastward. She is already mistress of the entire navigation of the Black and Caspian Seas. Two of the longest rivers of the empire discharge themselves into the former, and an immense territory is thus immediately connected with the basin of this sea. So great is the fertility of this basin, that the productions of agriculture surpass in an almost tenfold ratio the consumption. Some idea of the prosperity of these regions may be formed by a brief survey of their statistics. In the space of ten years only the population of Odessa increased from 5000 to 35,000 souls. Her present population exceeds 45,000; and in the city there is a French, a Greek, and an Italian theatre, besides schools of law, navigation, and commerce, and every other establishment and institution that is to be found where civilization is at its height.

But here a great political difficulty presents itself to our consideration, the solution of which is intimately connected with the future destinies both of Europe and Asia. The Turkish government is master of the narrow channel that forms the communication between the Euxine and the Mediterranean. It is true that by the treaty of Adrianople the passage of the Dardanelles has been declared free, but this advantage is of a most precarious tenure, dependent as it is on the "*bon plaisir*" of a barbarian state, the march of whose government is directed rather by caprice than any fixed principle of action. This inconvenience will be more severely felt as the population and industry of the southern provinces increase, and their exports become more varied and multiplied. The question is, whether the Russian government will suffer the commerce of the southern parts of the empire to be dependent on barbarian caprice, or whether she will not make this a pretext for at length realizing the ambitious projects of the great Catherine. There is no marking the hour of such an event, but that the prophecy current among the Byzantines, and which, singular enough, has been preserved by their Turkish conquerors, is near the hour of its accomplishment, we firmly believe.

The Cabinets of Europe may write the most skilful diplomatic notes—may set forth the most admirable principles on the balance of power—may even assume an imposing attitude; but in vain will they attempt to arrest the march of events when Russia shall have finally matured her plans.

The possession of the Bosphorus is indispensable to the welfare, riches, and strength of the Russian empire: it is a course that comes down recommended by the sanction of every great name that she has ever produced; and further, from the conviction that there exists at this moment no barrier to its execution. From what quarter is any serious opposition to be looked for? Is it from Austria, with her worn out maxims and tesselated population? From Prussia chained for years past in the political wake of her colossal ally? From Great Britain or France, so *excentrisées* by their position, that ere a combined squadron had passed the Gut of Gibraltar, the Russian eagles would be floating on the walls of old Stambol? Or, lastly, is it from Turkey herself, whom we now behold sinking beneath the victorious arms of Mohamed Ali, and her Sultan, to shield himself from the vengeance of the rebel Pacha, reduced to the humiliating alternative of throwing himself into the arms of a treacherous ally.

From the moment that a Russian soldier places his foot on the classic shores of the Bosphorus, or the fertile plains of Syria, the Ichabod of the Mohammedan reign will have begun. By the mass of the political world, this event, we are aware, would be looked upon as fatal to the liberty of Europe; for our part, paradoxical as it may appear, we view it not through so dreary a medium, but, on the contrary, as one calculated to extend civilization and intelligence, and to raise to their pristine state of prosperity those lovely regions so long immersed in Turkish barbarism.

To this view of the subject it may be objected, that between the despotism of Russia and that of Turkey there is not a shadow of difference. But it is by such exaggerations that the judgments of mankind are perverted. The despotism of Russia is certainly not the form of government that we should desire to see extended; but, on the other hand, it is infinitely preferable to that of the Sultan, which sports with the life of man with a cold blooded ferocity, to which no other tyranny approaches:—one that condemns the upper ranks of society to ignorance, to fear, and to prejudice; the lower classes to abject misery; and the female sex to corruption and slavery. This despotism exercises its baneful influence over the finest regions of the ancient world, once the happy abode of liberty and civilization; and such has been its demoralizing operations, that for centuries past, from a population of upwards of twenty-one millions, there has not sprung up one individual who has made a single step in arts, science, or moral improvement. A parallel between the two governments, after the exposition we have given, we think cannot for a moment be maintained.

But another point of view occurs. It is natural for the human mind to look with anxiety on the future, and to endeavour as far as possible to calculate the course which events may take, especially in cases of extraordinary interest and importance; arrogant, therefore, as our prediction may be deemed, we venture to advance that the conquest of the Turkish empire by Russia, would lead to her dismemberment, and consequeutly to the annihilation of her political greatness. This is no delusive vision. On her immense extent of territory there would exist such a diversity of interests, utterlyimpos-

sible to blend and harmonize under one same system of government. The effects of these causes are already visible in the North American republic; and can we, as civilization extends, and as the relations and interests of her almost boundless territory (containing forty different nations, distinct in manners, language, and religion, and cherishing the recollections of former independence) become more and more complicated—can we doubt an equally sure operation of this great political law in Russia? No; the ascendancy of the Autocrats will decline in inverse ratio not only to the progress of civilization among their subjects, but also to the completion of her colossal schemes of conquest and aggrandizement.

NO MORE OF GRIEF.

No more of Grief, no more—
As o'er the spring-day, bright and brief,
Steals the dull cloud,—as in the leaf
Corrodes the canker,—so comes Grief;
O root it from the heart's deep core,—
No more of Grief,—no more.

No tears can win them back,—
Clasp'd in their cold and clammy bed;
Remorseless Death will keep the dead,
Though tears of blood the mourner shed,
Wrung by Woe's agonizing rack—
No tears can win them back.

Avaunt, then, idle Sorrow!
Fate still her awful web will weave,
Though dark her threads, 'tis vain to grieve,
Then why should harrowing Sorrow leave
On the time-spared brow of Youth its furrow?—
Away—away with Sorrow!

Ho!—brim the bacchant bowl,—
The sullen eyes of Memory blind
And indurate the brooding mind!—
What Pœan's this of frantic kind?—
Sink not the heaven-aspiring soul—
Spurn back that Pagan bowl!

God's will be done for ever!
No more sad tears must now be flowing,—
No more life-mining anguish growing,—
The same dark way we all are going:—
The binding hand may surely sever—
God's will be done for ever!

W. G. A.

CHESS-CLUBS, AND CHESS-PLAYERS, BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

THE sports and games of different nations have frequently been recorded by pains-taking compilers, with divers sage and profound disquisitions as to their effect on national character. Perhaps they ought to be considered, rather, as showing what that character is, than as an operating cause in forming it; but it is certain, that national amusements vary in different degrees of civilization, and that there could scarcely be a state of society in which gladiators and operas would be equally popular. Our pastimes, therefore, are a sort of criterion by which to judge of our progress in refinement; and he must be brainless indeed, who does not admit chess to be one of the best and most rational games ever invented, and of course, that its general extension is matter of high congratulation. For the history of the game and sundry anecdotes thereof—some of them not over probable—if there be any one unacquainted with such lore, let him go to the chronicles of the writers on chess; at present our intention is to shew the high point to which the study of the game has been raised, and the number and importance of the present generation of chess-players.

In the various cigar divans and coffee-houses throughout the metropolis, many respectable players are to be met with; there too, one frequently sees an old fellow take up his regular position for the evening in a padded arm chair by the fire-side, with the chess-board laid out before him, ready, like the knights of old, to challenge all comers. Night after night there he sits, in ludicrous relaxation, smoking cigars, drinking coffee, and playing chess with indefatigable zeal. Most of the literary institutions, as the London, the Russell, the Western Scientific, &c. have dedicated a room to chess, which forms no small attraction to many of the subscribers, and as they are in the habit of continually meeting together, the number of tolerable players is greatly on the increase. There are also several private clubs, the members of which meet at each other's houses; besides *the* club par excellence, which is considered a paramount authority in all matters connected with the *science*.

The London club meets at Tom's Coffee-House, Cornhill; its rooms are open every week-day, and the annual subscription is three guineas; the members commonly play for some trifling stake, seldom more than a shilling or half-crown, and this practice, I think, is not a bad one, as it makes beginners less eager to play with older hands, or, if they should be so aspiring, the veteran tactician, though he can gain no honour, is sure, at least, to pocket the siller for his trouble. The rules of the London Club are very generally referred to; they are the same as prevail among all European nations, with two exceptions; one is in the mode of castling. In Italy this movement is allowed greater latitude than with us, and the difference in many openings, particularly in some, the gambits, is very material; it is generally considered a superior method to our own, but I think it renders some

attacks too powerful, and so far destroys the balance of the game. In Italy also they do not allow you to take a pawn *en passant* on its first move; even with us this was a question, until Phillidor gave his authority in its favour, since which time it has been settled beyond dispute as the uniform practice. A great many good players, in the common sense of the term, rendezvous at Tom's, but the most celebrated are Messrs. Lewis, M'Donald, Keene, &c. especially the former who is a professed teacher of the game, and ranks high as an author, both for his own works and his translations of foreign writers.

Every one has heard of the match between the London and Edinburgh Clubs, which bid fair to rival in lengthiness the siege of Troy; five games in five years is what some people might call slow, and in my opinion, the London Club had better have resigned the silver cup to their rivals long before the fated time expired. There seems to be no intention of undertaking another such enterprize in order to redeem the honour of England; but there is, at least, the satisfaction of knowing we were beaten by no unworthy antagonists.

The Edinburgh Club is a highly respectable body, consisting of seventy-five members, of whom Mr. Donaldson is the chieftain; next in rank, are Messrs. Crawfurd and Murray,—*cum multis aliis*, whom the trump of fame has not heralded so loudly. They meet for the present in a boarding-house in St. Andrew's Square, but this arrangement is, I believe, only temporary, Their rules of play are the same as in the London Club; in both, the mode of election is by ballot, and visitors must be introduced by a member; there is an exception in Edinburgh on this last point in favour of officers of the garrison or of ships of war in the road. The club meets every week-day from eleven to eleven; it has been established about ten years. Soon after its formation, a Dr. Berry presented it with a medal to be worn by the best player,—a proud distinction in the eye of a chess-worshipper, far superior to the badge of Waterloo, or the decoration of *the three days*. Whether the provincial towns of Scotland have taken example by the metropolis, I do not know; in England there are many societies of the kind, particularly in Liverpool, where the devotion to the game is highly meritorious; so general is this feeling among the citizens, that chess problems have long occupied a corner in a lively well-written periodical. But what a falling off occurs, when we come in parliamentary phrase "to consider the state of Ireland;" there is no club in Dublin nor elsewhere that I am aware of, and the number of respectable private players is certainly below par; the Irish, in fact, are engaged in a more absorbing game—they use real bishops instead of ivory ones; like Don John, of Austria, they play chess with men.

If we cross to France, we find the game little practised except in Paris, where a chess-board may occasionally be met with as a variation to the wearisome everlasting dominos. Few spectacles, I think, are more humiliating, than to see a rational being sit night after night for hours together playing gratis at dominos! But the head-quarters of chess are in the Café de la Régence, which is frequented by a number of professors and amateurs, the greater part of whom

will readily play with any stranger, though some are more fastidious. They have always a small stake of a franc or half a franc on the game, many of them turning their skill to good account when they meet with inferior artists. They move in general with great rapidity, at least, until repeated defeats render them more cautious. I remember a gentleman, with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour at his button-hole, assigning as the cause of my success against him, the great slowness with which I moved, though we managed to get through seven games in two hours and a half! The professors who reckon their skill at chess among the ways and means of providing for current expenses, are very anxious to maintain their reputation, and explain away an unfortunate checkmate by all sorts of excuses. A friend of mine, who is what the fancy call "a tough customer," had beaten one of these gentry two successive games, for the loss of which the professor ingeniously accounted in a variety of ways, and began a fresh attack with undiminished ardour; but when a third checkmate had dashed his hopes, one would have thought the force of excuses could no further go: the Frenchman, however, was far from that opinion; he turned to the spectators, and ran over with great volubility, a list of the accidents which had conspired against him:—the lights were bad and he could not see; he had mistaken a bishop for a knight; the noise of the Café had confused him; in short, he had lost the game from any and every cause but want of skill. "*Je ne manque pas du talent,*" he exclaimed with great vehemence of gesture, and as long as the by-standers would listen, he continued repeating the same strain of excuses, invariably winding up with his favourite salvo, "*Mais je ne manque pas du talent—de tout—de tout—de tout.*"

This Café was the resort of Phillidor, and contains a portrait of him presented by his son. A treatise (*Traité des Amateurs*) was published some years ago by the players usually frequenting it, chiefly remarkable for a number of games in which odds of different kinds are given; but I fancy it is not much known in England. Many of the authors afterwards became *emigrés*, and some of them (particularly Verdoni) are spoken of by Sarrat as players of considerable skill.

Among the Germans, Dutch, and Belgians, chess appears to be in high repute. In Amsterdam, there is or was an academy of chess; in Brussels, it is a common amusement in the Cafés; and in Germany, there is actually a village (Stroënbeck) whose inhabitants hold by a chess tenure! Their celebrity induced Mr. Lewis to make trial of their skill, which he found by no means of the first order; they seem to have remained in *statu quo*, since their first institution, and their library is very limited. The account, however, is a curious one; it will be found at the end of the second part of Mr. Lewis's last work.

Spain, once so celebrated for her wealth and power, has now sunk into a second-rate kingdom, chained down by a bigotted priesthood: her Alberonis and Ripperdas are no more; the school of Murillo has few worthy disciples, and the generation of Calderon and Lope de Vega has quite disappeared. Chess-playing seems to have shared in

the general decay, though a study peculiarly suited to the grave cigar-loving Spaniard. The only symptom I can find to "tell that once it lived," is the fact, that Don Francisco, brother of Ferdinand the Catholic, has the good taste to patronize the game, and is himself a great chess-player.

In Italy—"in the land, where the poet's eye and the painter's hand, are most divine"—the science was formerly studied with great success; the academy of chess in Naples was celebrated throughout Europe, and knight-errants frequently adventured into other countries, challenging to single combat all players of eminence. It was an Italian who vanquished the Spanish champion, Lopez, in a public contest before the king and court, and a host of warriors have arisen at different periods in Sicily and the various states of the Peninsula. It is not singular, that our southern neighbours should have excelled so much in a game of so grave and thoughtful a character: with the exception of Phillidor, the foreign writers of celebrity are almost exclusively Spanish or Italian. Lopez, Giochino Greco, Carrera, Saliro, Lolli, the Modenese, and a number of others, are all well known in this country, and the earliest European work which has come down to us on the subject, is that of Dannano, a Portugueze. The only German work I know of, is one published by Stein, which is rather scarce; the Germans love a dissertation, and Mynheer Stein has favoured us with a parallel between the art of chess and the art of war, which on a wet day in a country inn, with no one to talk to and nothing else to do, might be very decent reading.

Phillidor's great work, the "Analysis of Chess," is of the highest merit; his management of pawns is allowed to be unrivalled, and though several of his positions have been successfully attacked by the Modenese and others, there is no one whose name is so completely identified with the game on which his reputation is founded. There is also a "Star in the East," which a young player if he be a wise man will assuredly follow; it is Stamma, a Syrian by birth, and the contemporary of Phillidor; there are few treatises more useful than his for beginners. Of our English authors, Sarrat may be considered the standard; in the match between London and Edinburgh, his book was agreed on as a work of reference: next to this, Mr. Lewis's "Progressive Lessons on Chess," is certainly the best of modern date. It is divided into two parts, one for beginners, the other for more advanced players, and contains a complete anatomy of the principal openings, modes of attack and defence, methods of checkmating with certain pieces, &c. together with a number of games actually played by himself or other first-rate artists. This gentleman has also published a small work, called "Elements of Chess;" and has translated several of the foreign writers. There are a variety of translations, treatises, and essays on particular games, by Bingham, Cunningham, Walker, &c. too numerous to mention here: for beginners, I should recommend the above works of Sarrat and Lewis, that of Stamma, and the octavo edition of Phillidor.

An opinion very commonly prevails, that chess cannot be learned from books; and perhaps it cannot from books alone: but that the study of the best writers on the science, will not be of use to a learner,

is an idea I hold to be utterly absurd. What reason can there be why the results of other men's brains should not be available in chess as in other things? If, indeed, a person learns a set of moves by rote, and starts with no other stock in trade, he can hardly expect to succeed against the worst player, who depends on his own resources. Such a noodle, neither books nor any thing else, will ever convert into an artist. It is extraordinary, too, what false notions people have of their own skill. A man who, in his own confined circle, can find "no enemy to fight withal," fancies he is invincible; and I have frequently been daunted by a reputation, which a single game has proved to be utterly unmerited.

Some years ago, Mr. Kempelen's chess automaton excited universal attention; it was so incredible, that functions manifestly intellectual could be performed by a machine, that every one was convinced there was an imposture; yet so ingenious were the means of deception, that no one could form any plausible theory by which to explain the juggle. The whole plan is now completely laid open, and may be found in Sir David Brewster's work on Natural Magic: the details cannot but gratify the curious, from their extreme and artful ingenuity.

A great singularity relating to the game, is the fact stated by a Parisian lecturer, that maniacs, or, rather, persons afflicted with monomania, have been known to play chess with the same skill as when perfectly sane!

The preference which Franklin gives to cards over chess, can only be considered a piece of special pleading intended to display the ingenuity of the advocate. Chess is not merely a pastime:—to excel in it, requires the habitual exercise of powers of combining and calculating to as great a degree as in the study of the mathematics; and if these last are cultivated by many, not for the practical use to be made of them in after-life, but solely for the habits of reasoning they tend to produce, why should not chess be encouraged with the same views, and with the additional advantage of amusing while it instructs? There is no danger that it will lead to gambling, and still less to other excesses. Chess players, in fact, have long formed a temperance society, whose members religiously confine themselves to coffee and cigars: and though there are many who think cards an abomination, yet chess has ever been excepted from the rigid interdict of the most fastidious puritan. It must be admitted, however, that it frequently affects *the temper* unfavourably: there is an intellectual inferiority in defeat, extremely galling to some minds, which often gives rise to feelings of hatred and dislike, almost incredible. The following is a remarkable instance; and the reader may be assured that it is no fiction, but actually occurred to a relation of my own.

During the war in India, by which the Company's territories were extended so far beyond their hopes, by the talents of the extraordinary men who conducted their affairs, the number of adventurers to the East was enormous; but as the fatigue of military duties destroyed a great part, and as India was really at that time an advantageous lottery to those who could bear the climate, cadets frequently returned in a few years with fortunes of considerable amount, and re-

cruits in abundance were always to be found ready and willing to serve the Company and themselves. Among others, Mr. S., a gentleman of the north of Ireland started as a surgeon in the army, and after various mishaps and disappointments, found himself, soon after his arrival, attached to the —— regiment of foot, then forming part of an encampment in the Carnatic. By some means he became acquainted with General W., the second in command, who had the reputation of being a first-rate chess-player. In India chess is a favourite game; and no sooner was it discovered that S. was a good player, than he received an invitation to a trial of skill. The first evening he obtained a slight advantage; but, though probably a little chagrined at the result, nothing could be more cordial than the manner in which General W. repeated his invitation. They soon became constant players, especially as the officers and aid-de-camps of the General's staff appeared to have little knowledge of the game, and were glad to be relieved from the disagreeable duty of playing with the certainty of being beaten. Whether it was that S. had been out of practice before, or whether he got into the General's mode of play, it so happened, that after a time the account of winning and losing stood considerably in his favour; but this appeared rather to excite and animate his opponent, who declared, in the true spirit of chess philosophy, that the interest of the game was greatest when the opponent was most formidable. At length S. thought he perceived a slight change in the General's manner—he was less friendly and social—to chess he seemed to have become quite indifferent—seldom expressing a wish to play, and when reminded of an exchange, for which Mr. S. was anxious, and to effect which General W. had assured him he would use his interest, he now returned a vague and evasive answer, as if it were merely a matter of official routine. It was quite evident that Othello's occupation was gone; and it was natural to suppose that the General, who was a proud man, with something of the old school about him, felt he had carried his familiarity with so young an officer rather too far, and took this method of shewing him he was to fall back into the ranks.

S. was not a man to thrust his acquaintance on any one; he had the sensitive pride which an adventurer, without fortune or connections, so naturally feels, and met the newly-assumed stateliness of his commanding officer with the formal deference of military discipline. The distance between them increased every day; they never met except on duty, and then as perfect strangers, until at length the feeling on the General's part appeared to have deepened into inveterate dislike. Whatever reports S. made, he invariably neglected: he spoke slightingly of him before the other officers; and once, on giving a general invitation to the regiment, omitted his name in the most marked manner.

At length a circumstance occurred, which S. could not overlook. The rainy season being at an end, the troops were put on active service; an attack was planned on a neighbouring town of some consequence, and the command of the detachment entrusted to General W. It was in expeditions of this kind that the great prizes of the Indian lottery most frequently turned up; and the —— regiment considered

it a fortunate circumstance that they formed part of the troops destined for this service. At the mess it was a never-ending theme; from morning to night nothing else was talked of; and S., in common with the other officers, was indulging in sanguine expectations of success, when, the very day before starting, the adjutant read a regimental order that Surgeon S., of the —— regiment, should remain in camp, in charge of the hospital, and Assistant-Surgeon Taylor accompany the forces.

Now the season had been remarkably healthy; the sick-list was smaller than usual, and certainly afforded no ground for such a departure from the common routine. On inquiry, it turned out that this alteration had taken place by the express order of General W., and Mr. S. immediately posted off to his quarters, surprised at this new proof of dislike and prejudice towards him. The General was in his tent, and, as it happened, playing chess when S. entered. "I have come, sir," said he, "in consequence of an order that I should not accompany my regiment to Bh——, which, I understand, was issued by you." General W. bowed stiffly. "May I ask, sir, the reason of so unusual a proceeding?"

"I am not in the habit of giving explanations, sir; it is my order."

"I am at a loss, General W., to understand on what grounds. The number of patients in hospital is remarkably small, and the assistant quite capable of attending them."

"It is my order, sir," replied the General, in that cold and obstinate tone which shews all remonstrance to be hopeless.

"Then, sir," said S., irritated by his supercilious manner, "I shall apply to the commander-in-chief to do me justice."

"You will do as you please, sir," was the contemptuous reply, and Mr. S. immediately hastened to head-quarters.

Here he laid his case before the commander-in-chief; and after clearly shewing that there was no necessity for his stay, coupled with the fact that the order was not issued until a few hours before marching, together with hints of the General's unaccountable aversion towards himself, he succeeded in obtaining a written command to accompany the detachment. It was late at night when he entered General W.'s tent, and presented his credentials. "It is well, sir," said the General, in his haughtiest manner, and throwing the paper on the table. "It *is* well," replied S. firmly, as he left the tent to complete his preparations for the morning.

After a fatiguing march of four days, the troops reached their destination. The artillery could not arrive for some days; but it was generally thought the place would be attempted by storm. Next morning, S., in company with other idlers, went to get a look at the fortifications. They advanced close to the outworks, and remained for some time unmolested: at length a party of the garrison pointed a wall-piece at them—a hint which induced them to keep at a more respectful distance, behind some broken ground in the rear. These wall-pieces are guns fixed on a pivot, with a sight to them—in fact, regular fowling-pieces, except that, instead of snipe-shot, they carry balls of a pound weight or more;—and no doubt S. and his friends made their observations more coolly, from having a trifling hillock

or two between them and these pop-guns. They had scarcely made good their retreat, when a party of mounted officers rode up to the very spot they had quitted. It was the General himself, with his aid-de-camp, and two or three of the staff. The gunners on the walls immediately brought their wall-piece to bear on the new covey. S. and his comrades called to the party, to warn them of their dangeo; and one of the aid-de-camps was observed pointing to the ramparts; but whether from obstinacy of disposition, or contempt of the garrison engineers, the General took no notice; and of course the rest of the party followed his example.

But this confidence was fatal: the very first shot was fired with so good an aim, that it knocked General W. from his horse. It had struck him on the left shoulder, and when S. hurried up to give his professional assistance, he saw at a glance that the blow was mortal. They removed him immediately out of reach of the enemy, and sent for a litter to convey him to the camp; but before it arrived, he breathed his last in Mr. S.'s arms. The next in command succeeded him; and two days after the town of Bh—— was taken by storm, and given up to pillage; and Mr. S. had the good fortune to realize money to the amount of several thousands.

Shortly after the capture of the town, S. was walking with one of General W.'s aid-de-camps, and remarked to him, that he never could account for the sudden and inveterate dislike which that officer had displayed towards him. "Oh," replied the aid-de-camp, "I can tell you the reason: you played chess with him. That was the reason, and the only one. I knew him well, and never would play with him. He always despised the man he beat, and hated the man who beat him."

INDIAN ANECDOTES.

During a recent tour in the United States of America I had crossed the Alleghany mountains, and arrived at that wonder of the New World, the city of Cincinnati. From Cincinnati I embarked in a steam-boat bound for New Orleans. It was now the month of May, and the weather was cloudless and delightful, for a blue Italian sky reigns for ever in the regions of the Ohio. We glided past towns, villages, and plantations; fields of cotton, tobacco, and maize appeared and disappeared; incomparable islands gave to the scene the air of a fairy land, and numerous tributary streams were rolling their waters into the most beautiful of the rivers of the earth. We had passed in succession the towns of Laurenceville, Louisville, and Shaunee Town, when the requisite supplies of wood for the daily consumption of the steam-boat, occasioned us to land at Fort Massac, the most ancient and celebrated of the strongholds of the French discoveries of the valley of the Mississippi.

Accompanied by a fellow-traveller, an English gentleman from London, I walked up to the Fort, and was received in the court-yard

by a backwoodsman of substance and importance, who had possessed himself of the Fort, and reigned the Robin Hood of the neighbourhood, maugre a notice of ejectment from the secretary at war. He was dressed in deer-skins from head to foot, wearing a cap and mocassins ornamented in the Indian style. His deportment was courteous, self-possessed, and dignified. He welcomed us to the Fort, and perceiving our curiosity to know the history of the place, shewed us through the dilapidated quarters, and round the now ruined gardens of its French possessors.

Fort Massac, he informed us, was built by the troops of the Grand Monarch, at a period when so vast a portion of this continent was included in the limits of Louisiana, and subject to the crown of France. Its history contained many tales of the enterprises for its demolition by the neighbouring Indian tribes. For many years the garrison were immured in the walls of the Fort, the supplies of provisions, arms, and ammunition being derived from the French entrepôt of New Orleans, distant about fifteen hundred miles, and a solitary keel-boat arriving in a period of three months against the current of the Mississippi, formed the only communication with the external world.

The Indians seldom ventured to the walls, for the fire-arms of the white men were yet the terror of the natives of the forest. At length, however, a design was laid by the wily Chickasaws, which proved fatal to every man, woman, and child within the walls of the Fort. It was about the middle of winter, and the Ohio was frozen over, when two bears were seen crossing the river upon the ice immediately below the Fort. The officers of the garrison, unmindful of the many stratagems of the enemy, hastily sallied out to follow and bring down the animals. The gates of the Fort were left open, and numbers of the soldiers of the garrison had gone down to the banks of the river for the purpose of watching the progress of the chace, when a body of eight hundred Chickasaws issued from the neighbourhood woods, and rushing into the Fort, despatched every human being to be found within its walls. Hence its name of Fort Massac, which it retains to this day.

Some years after this dreadful event, the Fort came into the possession of the English conquerors of these western colonies. The walls were repaired by the troops of his Britannic majesty, and our entertainer informed us that long after this period the hostile attacks of the Indians were frequent and destructive. Upon one occasion, a grand assault had been planned by a confederation of all the tribes of the Ohio, and the warriors were appointed to assemble upon a certain day at Chillicothi, a fortress distant through the wilderness about one hundred and sixty miles. At this time, it appears that the celebrated Daniel Boon, then a young man, was a captive in the hands of the Indians at Chillicothi, and to avert the impending destruction of his countrymen, he resolved at all hazards to effect his escape, and to apprise the garrison of the approach of the hostile Indians. He accordingly set out, and travelled the entire distance through the trackless woods in the short space of four days, eating only one meal in the time, a feat which could only have been performed by the

Herculean frame of this celebrated hunter. He arrived at Fort Massac in time to prepare the garrison for the reception of the enemy, who were repulsed with extraordinary slaughter; and after this period the Indians abandoned in despair the attempt to cut off the white invaders of their soil.

The ringing of a bell now announced that the operation of "wooding" had been completed at the steam-boat, and taking leave of our hospitable and intelligent entertainer, we returned on board, and again were moving through the Elysian scenery of the Ohio. In a few hours we entered the Mississippi river, and soon perceived the change from the undulating, high, and charmingly wooded banks of the Ohio, to the swampy, dreary, and uninhabitable region of the Mississippi. An unvaried and cheerless morass presents itself for hundreds of miles, and from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, only six small eminences of land are washed by the waters of the Mississippi. At one of these, called the Fourth Chickasaw Bluffs, we again landed for supplies of wood; and here we enjoyed a glimpse of savage life in its inmost recesses. Upon the bank of the river were a number of Indians in a state of almost entire nudity, holding bows, arrows, and blow-pipes, with which latter instrument they bring down birds, squirrels, and other small game, with extraordinary precision. They gazed at the machinery of the steam-boat with great intensity, but without overstrained or stupid wonderment; and their erect and noble figures, and large, dark, and rolling eyes, inspired us with feelings of considerable awe. Perceiving a small rising at a short distance in the woods, I approached the spot, being accompanied by my English friend, and a fellow-passenger, a gentleman from Kentucky. It proved to be the wigwam of an Indian family, consisting of a man, woman, and one boy. The man was repairing a canoe, the squaw was seated upon a log ornamenting a pair of mocassins, and the boy was busily employed in skinning a fawn which had recently been killed. The Indian approached us with a smile of welcome, and shook hands with the whole party, uttering the expression of "Boba Shela," the usual salutation of all the Indian tribes. He could not, however, speak a syllable of English, and our intercourse was accordingly confined to signs. He immediately gave us to understand that he knew two of the party to be Englishmen, which he did by pointing to the eastward, and waving with his hand far away across the sea. On seating ourselves upon the log, he expressed by gestures his great satisfaction, as though this was an act of considerable condescension, and I now observed that the squaw and the boy appeared wild with delight.

Our companion the Kentuckian turned his back and remained standing, apparently displeased at our familiarity with the Indians; for the prejudices of colour prevail almost as strongly against the red people as against the negro population of the planting States. The squaw offered us refreshments, consisting of wild honey, bread of Indian corn, and a small quantity of milk. A fine haunch of venison was roasting by the fire, a stick being passed through the meat and stuck into the ground, and this being occasionally turned, the opera-

tion resembled the toasting of bread. The roof of the wigwam was very ingeniously thatched with bark, and we observed a good supply of blankets, and several small ornaments, which proved that this was a family of some consequence in the tribe.

When the ringing of the bell again recalled us to the steam-boat, I cut from my pocket-book and presented to the squaw an engraving of the Strand at Charing Cross, in which these natives of the forest might explore the wonders of the streets, carriages, shops, and crowds of the greatest of the cities of the world.

THE FIRST ROMANCE.

Solyman, the emperor of the Turks, surnamed by his subjects Ranani, or Institutor of Rules, and by Christian historians. The Magnificent, ascended the throne in the year 1520, from which time, until the period of his death in 1566, he continued the terror of Europe. In execution of his avowed purpose to overturn the German empire, he opened a way into Hungary by the capture of Belgrade, totally defeated the army of the Hungarians, (whose young King Lewis fell in the retreat) and subsequently took Buda, Pest, and other important places. After the death of Lewis, the Waywode of Transylvania, prevailed by intrigues with the Hungarian nobility, to get himself elected king; but his title was disputed by Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, who claimed the crown in right of his wife Anne, sister to the late king, and putting himself at the head of an army in assertion of his rights, marched into lower Hungary, and invested Buda.

Among the feudatory chieftains whom the Archduke had summoned to his assistance, was Casimir, Margrave of Brandenburg, in whose ranks there served, as a private soldier, a native of Anspach, named Leopold, not less remarkable for his personal strength than for his dauntless intrepidity. Leopold distinguished himself during the siege of Buda, and when that place was taken in a desperate night assault, he was one of the first who escaladed the walls, and entered the city. Finding all further resistance useless, the mass of the Turkish garrison made their escape by one of the gates, but several detached parties, being intercepted in their retreat, hurried tumultuously about the streets. A band of these fugitives burst into the noble palace built by Matthias Corvinus, a former king of Hungary, and rushing into the chapel, clung to the altar, imagining, that no Christian soldier would violate so holy a sanctuary. In this, however, they were wofully mistaken. Leopold and some of his comrades followed close upon their heels, and without staying to expiate the desecration by any more lengthened process than that of kissing the cross hilts of their swords, assaulted the wretched Mussulmen, put them to death without compunction, rifled their persons, and then dispersed about the palace in search of other plunder.

Treasures of art and literature, which even the ignorant Turks had respected, were now doomed to be rifled and destroyed by still more ignorant Christians, if that name could be justly applied to the rude and infuriated soldiery, who were making havoc of every thing in the palace. It had been the pride of its builder to import from Italy for its decoration, not only the most precious statues, vases, and antiques, but the rarest books and manuscripts for the formation of an extensive library. In the confusion of indiscriminate pillage, many of the former were overthrown and broken, but the ravagers had not yet made their way to the library, which was detached from the main building, and approached by a corridor. Along this, Leopold was the first to pass. It was terminated by a closed door, which, with the assistance of his sword he wrenched open, hoping that he had stumbled upon the treasury of the palace. Not less to his disappointment than surprise, he found himself in a spacious apartment stored from the floor to the ceiling with books and manuscripts, surmounted by busts, vases, and pateræ. Lifting up his torch, he made a hasty survey of the library, which he was about to quit, as containing nothing of sufficient value to tempt his cupidity, when the light flashed upon the cover of a book richly decorated, emblazoned with gold, and fastened with clasps of the same costly metal. Our soldier could not read, nor would his scholarship have availed him in this instance, even had he received the rudiments of education, for the work was a Greek manuscript. Estimating its value by its costly exterior, he thrust it into his half armour, and hastened to the other rooms of the palace in search of further and more attractive plunder. How far he succeeded in this object we have no means of ascertaining, but it appears, that shortly after the capture of the city he sold his manuscript to Vincent Obsopæus, of Basle, who published it in 1534, and in his dedication to the senate of Nuremberg, briefly related the foregoing circumstances.

The work thus singularly rescued from destruction, proved to be a romance, composed by Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca, in the fourth century, of whom Nicophorus relates, that a synod having given him his choice either to burn his "love story" or to renounce his bishoprick, the paternal regard of the author for the offspring of his brain, prevailed so far over his sense of episcopal duty, that he chose rather to lose his mitre than to throw his romance into the fire. It bore the title of Αἰθιοπικὰ, or the Ethiopics, and contained "the adventures and amours of Theagenes and Chariclea," by which latter title it is generally known to modern readers.

Many writers doubt the fact of Heliodorus having sacrificed his bishopric rather than his book. Whether or not their suspicions be well founded, we may conclude that, at the decline of literature, when the Greek language fell into desuetude, and controversial theology superseded every other reading, the work in question was consigned to a long oblivion on the dusty shelves of some monastery, where it slept all through the dark ages, until, in the fifteenth century, it was rescued from oblivion by some agent of the Hungarian king, Matthias Corvinus, who, it is known, despatched emissaries

both to Italy and Greece, for the purchase of curious manuscripts and rare works of art. In the library of its new proprietor at Buda, though doubtless known to the few literati who had access to that collection, and were masters of the Greek tongue, it might be still said to have been buried in a comparative obscurity. On the capture and pillage of the city and library in 1526, most of the other works were dispersed or destroyed; but the loves of Theogenes and Chariclea, snatched from the general doom, and given to the world in a variety of translations, were destined to enjoy a subsequent celebrity, which might well atone for their long previous oblivion.

Who would have thought that the volume thus casually preserved by a succession of lucky chances, should be the primary source of those innumerable and redundant streams that are fed by the romances and novels of modern literature? The mighty waters of the seven-mouthed Nile seem less disproportioned to the insignificant Abyssinan spring whence they proceed, than does our present wide world of fictitious narrative to the little Ethiopic volume of Heliodorus: yet from this must all our novels be deduced. Bishop Huet, a contemporary and admirer of the Scuderis, and too apt, perhaps, to judge after the models of that time, pronounces the work in question to be the most ancient monument that has reached us, of adventures, supposititious and yet probable, conceived artfully, and written in prose, for the amusement and instruction of the reader. A Latin translation, by Stanislaus Warszewicski, a Polish knight, was published at Basle in 1551; since which time, versions have been made in most of the modern languages.

Opening in a very striking and spirited manner, the incidents of the romance succeed one another with rapidity, and the interest of the first part is tolerably well sustained: but the second is somewhat tedious and wire-drawn. The unexpected meetings of the lovers after their separations, though by no means deficient in the marvellous, cease to excite or surprize us; and we feel far from dissatisfied when their long-desired nuptials terminate the work. Is it to be presumed that the romance of real life always ceases with marriage? Our novelists seem to think so—for the great majority have, in this respect, been imitators of Heliodorus.

In the Ethiopic romance there are observations that evince a considerable insight into human nature, generally viewed; but there is little attempt at that marked and faithful portraiture of individual character which constitutes the charm of modern fictitious narrative. As in the Arabian and other Oriental tales, the parties introduced are rather distinguished by their professions and stations in life, than by personal and peculiar traits. Heliodorus, and the other ancient tale writers, described with tolerable accuracy the different divisions of mankind; but they had no idea of isolating a member from his class:—they attempted not idiosyncracy. This is the great distinction between the ancient and the modern schools.

From internal evidence, it might be presumed that the Ethiopic romance was written not only before its author obtained the mitre, but even previously to his being converted to Christianity: for it is

composed throughout in a Pagan spirit, though free from indelicacy, and often affecting a high moral tone. At the conclusion of his work, the writer informs us that he is a Phœnician, a native of the city of Emessa, and a descendant of the sun, as, indeed, his name implies, although it is a boast which a Christian would hardly make. Bayle, however, pertinently remarks, that this vaunt is by no means conclusive evidence of heathenism, since it might be merely adduced to establish the honourable antiquity of his family, just as St. Jerome makes St. Paul a descendant of Agamemnon; and Bishop Ignesius was proud to reckon Hercules among his ancestors. There must be something natural to men in this family pride, absurd as it may appear to philosophers, when we find saints and bishops referring with such complacency to their progenitors among the Pagan heroes and demigods, and thus obliquely admitting the heathen Polytheism, even while they claim to be the champions of Christianity.

Some writers assign a more ancient origin to Romance than the age of Heliodorus, and refer to the Milesiacs of Aristides, a collection of short licentious tales, which found imitators among the Greeks and Romans, more especially in Apuleius and Lucian, who flourished in the second century. Their compositions, however, were rather tales and allegories, than romances. Macrobius has allotted The Golden, Ass, and all such rhapsodies, to the perusal of nurses; and the emperor Severus expressed great indignation that the senate should bestow the title of learned upon Claudius Albinus, who had only stuffed his head with idle tales taken out of Apuleius.

THE FRENCH CONVULSIVES.

No. II.

THE TALISMAN, BY BALZAC.

M. Balzac has been styled the French Hoffman, for, like the German, he deals in the fantastic and supernatural, but with far higher powers than his prototype: he makes his supernatural machinery subservient to the exhibition of the living palpable world around him, and without so far outraging probability, he dexterously interweaves his fantasies with reality, and places things as they are within a magic circle. Endowed with genius singularly elastic and original, the wildness and vigour of his imagination, the brilliancy of his conceptions, and the dramatic force and vivacity of his expression, imparts a fascination to his writings, which it is difficult to withstand. His great power lies in placing before our eyes the form of modern society, of anatomizing its construction, of dwelling on its diseased parts, of exhibiting to view the canker that preys upon its vitals, the poison that rankles at its heart. He loves to call into action the two great antagonist principles of good and evil, and to show the latter triumphant over its rival.

Of the numerous stories which he has given to the world under the title of philosophical novels, "La Peau de Chagrin," or the Talisman, is the most remarkable. Raphael de Valentin, the hero of this tale, was the only son of the representative of an ancient family of Auvergne, who had succeeded in establishing himself in the foremost ranks of the most powerful party in the state, at the period immediately preceding the revolution. Death deprived him of his mother at a very early age. On quitting college, his father, a man of stern and inflexible character and severe manners, devoted him to the study of the law, and subjected him to the most austere discipline and watchful superintendence. Up to his twentieth year, he continued beneath the yoke of a paternal despotism, as cold and unalterable as that imposed on the inmates of the cloister.

At length he is admitted to the confidence of his father, and is given to understand that he is neither to be an avocat nor a notary, but that the preparatory process he has undergone, is to form him for a statesman. But the accomplishment of this magnificent design is suddenly arrested by an ordinance of M. Vilèle for the restoration of the property confiscated under the Imperial Government, which strips both father and son of the possessions purchased from the generals of Napoleon. After two years of unsuccessful struggle to maintain these acquisitions, the father dies of a broken heart, and in 1826, at the age of twenty-two, and Raphael finds himselfwithou t resources for the present or prospect for the future beyond the sum of £70.

He now forms a resolution by reducing existence to its lowest wants, to make that amount suffice for his maintenance during three years, and to devote those three years to the production of a work which might draw upon him the public attention, and be the means of acquiring him fortune and renown. The only solace of his solitary life, is the occasional company of his landlady's daughter, an interesting little girl, whom he undertakes to educate.

Soon after the completion of his work, Raphael's course of existence undergoes a complete change, by an accidental meeting with Rastignac, a man of wit upon town, which he thus describes:—

"In spite of the miserable condition of my wardrobe, Rastignac recognized me, gave me his arm, and inquired into my affairs. I told him in a few words, my manner of life and my hopes. He began to laugh, and treated me at once as a man of genius and a fool. His Gascon accent, his experience of the world, and the style of living due to his ingenuity, had an irresistible effect upon me. He represented me dying in an hospital, conducted my funeral, and buried me among the paupers. He spoke of Charlatanism, with that amiable pleasantry which rendered him so seductive, he pointed out to me all the men of genius as so many Charlatans, and declared, that to remain in my garret was little better than self-destruction. According to him, I should enter the world—egotise with dexterity—accustom people to pronounce my name, and cast aside the humble *Monsieur*, so unbecoming to a great man of his ideas. 'The weak and impotent,' said he, 'call this pursuit intrigue, the moral proscribe it under the name of dissipation. Let us not stop at men, let us interrogate things and their results. My dear fellow, dissipation is a system of policy—a man's life spent in consuming his income often becomes a speculation. His capital is, his friends, his pleasures, his

protectors, his acquirements. Does a merchant risk a million?—for twenty years he neither sleeps, nor drinks, nor amuses himself; he broods over his million, he sends it to travel over Europe; he grows weary, and gives himself over to all the demons invented by the imagination of men, and then, a failure often leaves him pennyless, nameless, friendless. The dissipated man, is he who really enjoys life, and if perchance he loses his capital, he has the chance of marrying—of being attached to a ministry or an embassy—he still has friends, a reputation, and money at all times. Knowing the springs of the world, he skilfully manœuvres them for his own advantage. Is this logic or am I only a fool? Is not this the morality of the comedy which is every day played in the world?'—'Your work is finished,' resumed he after a pause; 'You have talents of the highest order. Well: this is nothing—it is only the point to start from. You must now achieve your own success—that is the most certain course. You will go and form alliances with coteries and engage the criers up. I am anxious to have a share in your glory, to become the jeweller who shall have set your diamond. To begin, then, be here to-morrow evening; I shall introduce you in a house which is the resort of all Paris—that is our Paris. You shall see Fœdora—the beautiful Countess Fœdora—the woman *à-la-mode*.' 'I have never heard of her,' said I. 'You are an ass,' said Rastignac, laughing, 'not know Fœdora!—A woman whose hand is free, with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and will accept of nobody, or of whom nobody will accept! A species of female problem, a Parisian half Russian—and a Russian half Parisian!—A woman at whose house are edited all the romantic productions! The handsomest woman in Paris! The most graceful!—Bah! you are an ass.' He turned upon his heel and disappeared without listening to a reply, not deeming it possible that a man in his senses could refuse being presented to Fœdora."

Raphael accepts the proposition of Rastignac, is introduced to Fœdora, and has the happiness of winning her favour and esteem. His whole existence is now delivered over to passionate love; but to his ardent professions, the cold and imperturbable Fœdora replies, "that it were better to be dead than unhappy, and that a man so impassioned would eventually abandon his wife and leave her to perish on a matrass after having squandered her fortune."

At last he is scornfully rejected by his mistress, and ordered to quit her presence never to return. Her all-engrossing selfishness shrunk from the idea of surrendering her liberty to any admirer. Instead of committing suicide, by the advice of Rastignac, he plunges deeper into dissipation. The following is a lively, but in some parts exaggerated sketch of the wild excitement consequent on the violent transitions from beggary to wealth, so frequent in the life of a gamester. Raphael has been awaiting the return of Rastignac at his apartments:—

"I had lapsed into a state of insensibility when Rastignac bursting open the door of the apartment with a kick, cried aloud, 'victory! victory! we may now die at our ease!' He showed me his hat full of gold; he placed it on the table, and we commenced dancing like two cannibals, yelling, and screaming, jumping, giving each other blows that might have killed a rhinoceros, and singing at the sight of all the pleasures in the world contained in a hat.—'Two millions of francs!' repeated Rastignac, as he added some bank checques to the heap of gold. 'For others, this money would be sufficient to live upon, but will it suffice to kill us?' 'Oh yes, we will

expire in a bath of gold—hurrah!'—We divided the cash like brothers, piece by piece, commencing by double Napoleons, proceeding from the larger to the smaller pieces, and distilling our joy by the oft repeated expressions—'For you—for me.' 'No sleep,' said Rastignac, 'ho! Joseph—punch!'—And flinging some gold to his faithful servant,—'There's *your* share,' cried he. The following day I purchased furniture, hired apartments, and had them fitted up in the most expensive style. I provided myself with a carriage and horses. Then it was that I launched into a vortex of pleasures, fictitious as well as real. I played; I lost and won, but it was at balls or at the houses of friends, never at the gaming table. In a word, I became a *liver*—to use the picturesque expression consecrated by the language of the orgy. I had a species of ambition in killing promptly—in extinguishing my gayest companions by my elasticity and power. I was ever exquisite and elegant. I passed by common accord as a wit, and nothing betrayed the horrible existence within me."

This course of life leads to its inevitable results—utter destitution, abandonment, and despair. After having lost his last guinea in a gaming-house, our hero walks forth with the settled determination of ending his existence by a plunge into the Seine. While awaiting night to put this project in execution, and with a view to counteract the moral stings which the reactions of his physical nature had begun to inflict upon his mind, he enters a repository of antiquities, and feasts his senses on the most exquisite creations of art. Thither all the nations of the world seemed to have contributed some fragment of their sciences, some specimen of their arts. After having given full scope to the poetic fancies suggested by these productions, after having contemplated all the countries, ages, and reigns of the world, all the known creations, he sinks exhausted into a chair; and while his eyes wander over these phantasmagorical representations of the past, he insensibly lapses into a reverie of confused dreams. On a sudden he is startled by the apparition of a person who is thus described: Raphael, henceforth being spoken of in the third person instead of, as hitherto, in the first:—

"He was a little old man, dry and meagre, dressed in a black velvet gown, which was fastened about his loins by a thick cord of silk. On his head he wore a cap of velvet, also black, which allowed the wavy curls of his long silver hair to flow down on either side of his figure. The gown enveloping his body, as it were, in a vast winding-sheet, and his cap being drawn over his brows, permitted nothing but a narrow white visage to be seen. But for the fleshless arm, resembling a stick supporting drapery, which he held up to direct the full light of the lamp upon the countenance of the young man, his countenance might have appeared suspended in mid-air. A white beard trimmed to a point, concealed his chin, and imparted a likeness to those Jewish heads which serve as types to artists, when they would represent Moses. His lips were so pale and evanescent, that it required an effort to mark the narrow line traced by his mouth. His broad, wrinkled forehead; his wan and hollow cheeks; the implacable rigour of his small green eyes, divested of lashes and eyebrows, might give occasion to the stranger to imagine that the gold-weigher of Gerard Dow had just stepped from his frame. An indescribable expression of cunning betrayed in the sinuosities of his wrinkles; the circular lines engraven upon his temples betokened a profound acquaintance with the affairs of human life. It was impossible to deceive this man, who seemed endowed with the gift of reading

at a glance the thoughts at the bottom of the most discreet hearts. The manners and wisdom of all the nations of the earth seemed concentrated on his cold countenance, as the productions of the universe were accumulated in his dusty magazines."

While occupied in gazing on a splendid picture exhibited to him by this singular being, our hero betrays, by an involuntary exclamation, his intention of putting an end to his existence. To the inquiries of the hoary sage relative to the cause which could dictate such a resolution, Raphael answers proudly that it mattered not, and that he cared not to beg succour or consolation. "Without giving you either," replied the sage, "I can make you richer, more powerful and respected than a constitutional king." So saying he directed his auditor's attention to a phenomenon immediately over his head—but we shall give the author's words:—

"Hanging upon a nail on the wall, a piece of *chagrin* (an Oriental leather), not exceeding in dimensions a fox's skin, seemed to project rays of light, in the profound obscurity which reigned in the apartment, resembling those of a little comet. The incredulous youth approached the talisman, so powerful against misfortune, deriding it by a suppressed expression; but actuated by a very excusable curiosity, he bent forward to view it alternately under every variety of position; and he then discovered a very natural cause for its singular brilliancy. The black grains of the skin were polished so carefully and so wonderfully—the capricious rays emitted by them were so regular and neat, that, like the facets of granite, the asperities of this Oriental leather seemed so many foci, which strongly reflected the light. He demonstrated to the old man the mathematical reason for this phenomenon, but his only reply was a malicious smile. This smile of superiority caused the young savant to imagine that he was made the dupe of some imposture; and not wishing to carry with him to the tomb an additional enigma, he turned the skin with the precipitation of a child eager to learn the innocent secrets of a new plaything. 'Hah!' cried he, 'here is the impress of the seal, called by the Orientals the Seal of Solomon!' 'Do you know it, then?' inquired the dealer in curiosities, whose nostrils gave forth two or three puffs of air, which conveyed more ideas than the most energetic words. 'Can any one be so simple as to believe in the existence of this chimera?' cried Raphael, piqued at observing that silent laugh, so full of bitterness and derision. 'Since you are an Orientalist,' said the old man, 'perhaps you will be able to read this sentence. Advancing the light close to the talisman, which the young man held reversed, he discovered to his eyes characters encrusted in the cellular texture of the wonderful skin, as if they had been produced by the animal to which it had belonged. The mysterious words were thus disposed:—

"If thou dost possess me, thou shalt possess all
Things. But thy life shall belong to me.
God has willed it thus. Desire, and
Thy desires shall be accomplished;
But regulate thy wishes by thy
Life. It is here. At each
Wish I shall decrease like
Thy days. Likest thou
Me? Take me. God
Will hear you.
Let it be.

"'Well, then, I would have knowledge,' said the stranger, seizing the

talisman. I dissolved away my life in thought and study, but they have not given me bread. I do not wish to be the dupe of a lecture worthy of Swedenberg, and of your Oriental amulet, or rather, sir, of the charitable efforts which you make to retain me in a world where it is impossible to exist. Let us see,' added he, grasping the talisman with a convulsive hand, while he gazed upon the old man, 'I wish for a royally splendid banquet—a bacchanal feast, worthy of the age in which every thing is, as they tell us, brought to perfection. Let my companions be young, sprightly, and unprejudiced—joyous even unto folly, &c. &c.'——A loud laugh burst from the old man, and resounded like a shout from hell. The young man was confounded. and paused. 'Think you,' said the merchant, 'that all this is to appear on a sudden? No, no, young fool. You have signed the compact. All is said. As it is, your wishes shall be scrupulously satisfied—but at the expense of your life. The circle of your days will be narrowed according to the force and number of your wishes, from the lightest to the strongest.——Your first wish is vulgar—I have it in my power to realize it—but I leave it to the events of your new life. After all, you wished to die!——Well—your suicide is only retarded.'

"The stranger, surprized and irritated at seeing himself an object of mockery to this singular old man, whose equivocally philanthropic intentions were clearly demonstrated by this last sally, cried out, 'I shall see if my fortune will change during the time occupied in crossing the Quai Voltaire or rather—to know, at once, that you are not mocking a wretched being: I wish that you may fall in love with an opera-dancer, and that for her you may squander all the riches that you have so philosophically amassed.' With this, he sought the door, without listening to a heavy sigh, heaved perchance by the old man, and fled with the precipitation of a robber caught in the damning act. Blinded by a sort of delirium, he did not even perceive the incredible ductility of the talisman, which became supple as a glove, yielded to the pressure of his frenzied hand, and might be put into his pocket; where he thrust it mechanically."

He has scarce stepped beyond the precincts of the repository, when he finds himself lost in surprise at the simple and natural manner in which his first wish is destined to be fulfilled, and though still incredulous in the existence of a magic influence, he is amazed at the chances of human destiny. He is forcibly laid hold of by a band of young journalists, who had long been in search of him, and led off in triumph to a magnificent entertainment given by the founders of a new opposition journal.

The banquet to which he is thus suddenly transported by the accidental intervention of his old associates in pleasure, answers in every particular of sumptuousness of decoration, luxurious costliness of appointment, brilliant corruscations of wit and fancy, and wild and reckless licentiousness and debauchery, to the demands of his overexcited imagination. There were collected the most renowned wits of the day; and all the inventions of modern luxury were exhausted in their entertainment. The orgy proceeds through all its stages, from refined and rational festivity to intoxication; and from intoxication to unrestrained sensuality, and thence to ribaldry and uproar. In a a fit of wild exultation, Raphael, drawing forth the mysterious skin, wishes for a fortune of two hundred thousand a-year, and carefully marks its dimensions, by circumscribing them upon a napkin. On the following morning, as some of the guests are sitting at breakfast, a notary, who had been of the party the preceding evening, and who

had remarked the presence of Raphael, appears, to announce the fulfilment of the wish, which is thus contrived:—

"—— 'Peace a moment,' said the notary, deafened by a chorus of malicious jokes; 'I have come hither upon serious business. I bring six millions to one of you.'—Profound silence—'Sir!' said he, addressing himself to Raphael, who, at the moment, was unceremoniously wiping his eyes with the corner of his napkin, 'was not your mother a Miss O'Flaharty?' 'Yes,' replied Raphael, somewhat mechanically, 'Barbara-Maria-Charlotte, born at Tours.' 'Have you in your possession,' rejoined the Notary, 'the certificates of your own and your mother's birth?' 'I believe so.' 'Well then, sir, you are sole heir of Major Martin O'Flaharty, deceased in August 1828, at Calcutta. The Major having, by his will, disposed of several sums for the benefit of some public institutions, the residue of his property has been claimed of the East India Company, by the French government. Now it is at this moment clear, palpable, and beyond doubt—and for a fortnight I have sought in vain for the next of kin of the lady Barbara-Maria-Charlotte O'Flaharty, when, yesterday—at dinner—'

"Here Raphael sprung suddenly from the table, betraying the quick motion of a man who had just received a wound. There ensued a sort of silent acclamation; for the first impression of the company was a voiceless and cruel feeling of envy. All eyes were directed upon him like so many flames. Anon, a murmnr like that which is the prelude to an uproar in the pit, commenced and swelled, and each one uttered a word of congratulation for this immense fortune brought by the Notary.

"Restored to the full enjoyment of his reason by the sudden obedience of fate, Raphael quickly extended on the table the napkin upon which he had previously measured the dimensions of the talisman. Without hearing a word that was uttered, he placed the talisman upon it, and a convulsive shudder shook his frame on observing a considerable space between the contour traced upon the napkin and that of the skin. 'What's the matter with him?' cried the banker. 'Support him, Chatillon,' said a painter to Emilius; 'he is going to die of joy.' A frightful pallor brought into relief all the muscles of the faded figure of the heir: his features became contracted; the projections of his countenance became white; its hollows became sombre, the skin livid, and the eyes fixed. He beheld DEATH!

"That splendid banquet, surrounded by faded courtezans, by those countenances marked with satiety, that agony of joy, was the living image of his life.—He gazed thrice at the talisman, which played with ease within the merciless and capricious lines imprinted on the napkin:—he strove to doubt; but a presentiment annihilated his incredulity. The world belonged to him—he could command every thing, and he wished for nothing more. Like the traveller in the midst of the desert, he had a little water left for his thirst, and he measured his life by the number of mouthfuls. He saw distinctly the total amount of days which each desire would cost him. Then did he believe in the talisman. Hearing his own respiration, he already began to feel ill. He asked himself, 'Am I not consumptive?—Did not my mother die of inflammation of the lungs?'

"Every thing that then met his eye—those golden ceilings, those courtezans, that banquet, that luxury, fastened upon his throat, and made him cough.—'Do you wish for some asparagus?' cried the banker to him. 'I *wish for nothing*,' replied Raphael, in a voice of thunder."

From this hour all his faculties are employed in the preservation of existence. Though he has become Marquis de Valentin, and is surrounded by more than eastern magnificence, his life is a continued torture, a protracted agony. His first care, after his change of for-

tune, is to seek out the old and faithful servant of his father. He instals him *Major domo* in his splendid palace, and makes him the medium of his connexion with the living world. Submitting his will, his understanding, to the gross common sense of an aged peasant, scarcely civilized by a domesticity of fifty years, he abdicates life, to live, divesting his soul of all the poetry of desire, and almost exulting in becoming a species of automaton. His aim is to brave death, and to struggle with the cruel power, whose defiance he had accepted. Desirous of prolonging his existence at any price, he resumes, in the midst of luxury, a life of study. Suppressing his most trifling desire, he exists in such a way as not to cause the slightest contraction of the terrible talisman.

But its fearful power is again brought into action, in spite of his endeavours to prevent it. The preceptor of his youth, is dismissed from a professor's chair by the Citizen King, on a charge of Carlism. In his destitution, the old man seeks the assistance of Raphael, for procuring the superintendency of some college, and is fortunate enough to gain admittance to him. The professional garrulity of the simple old man, fatigues the attention of his quondam pupil.

"He was a prey to an invincible fit of drowsiness, when the monotonous voice of the old man ceased to vibrate in his ears. Compelled by politeness to gaze on the lack-lustre and almost motionless eyes of this old man with his slow and heavy utterance, he had been stupified, magnetized by an inexplicable force of inertness. 'Well—well, my good father,' replied he, without knowing precisely to what interrogatory he was replying, 'I can do nothing in the matter—absolutely nothing;—however, *I wish most strongly* that you may succeed. You may rely upon me.' Instantly, without attending to the effect produced upon the yellow and wrinkled brow of the old man, by these common-place words, so full of egotism and carelessness, Raphael started to his feet like a young roebuck; then observing a thin white line between the border of the dark skin and the red contour, he gave such a terrific scream, that the poor professor almost fainted. 'Begone, you old wretch!' cried he; 'you shall be appointed superintendant. Could you not have asked me for an annuity of ten thousand crowns, rather than my protection?—then had your visit cost me nothing. There are a hundred thousand employments in France; and I have but one life. A man's life is worth all the employments in the world.'

"'The evil is done, my old friend,' resumed he, in a gentle tone. 'I shall have largely recompensed you for your cares; and my misfortune will at least have procured the happiness of a good and worthy man.'"

Yielding to the kind entreaties of his faithful servant Jonathan, Raphael is persuaded to seek distraction from his brooding fancies, by going to the Italian Opera; but here the mysterious influence of the fatal talisman presents itself to his notice under a new shape; while fresh opportunities are afforded for a further developement of its powers. As he wanders through the gay groups assembled in the saloon, his attention is arrested by the appearance of a little old man, on whose person all the resources and artifices of the toilet, in communicating to age the fictitious freshness and bloom of youth, had been lavished with painful care and anxiety. His wrinkles were covered with a thick enamel of rouge—his hair and eyebrows were

dyed—and he was habited in ultra-fashionable extravagance. While contemplating this species of decorated skeleton, whose satanic smile recalled to his mind the ideal features which painters have given to the Mephistophiles of Göethe, he was at a loss to recollect where he had seen this fantastic figure. But when he beheld him take the arm of a beautiful opera-dancer, arrayed in all the costliness of Oriental magnificence, he bethought him of the satirical wish, with which he had received the fatal present from the aged merchant; and as he contemplated the humiliation of that sublime wisdom, whose fall might have been deemed impossible, he enjoyed all the luxury of revenge.

" ' Well, sir,' said he, stopping the Jew, ' have you forgotten the severe maxims of your philosophy?' ' Ah! ah!' replied the merchant, in a broken voice, ' I am as happy as a young man. I had taken the cross-ground of existence:—there is a whole life in one hour of love.' "

Raphael had scarce entered his box, when Pauline, the gentle pupil of his lonely garret, took her seat almost by his side, amid a buzz of general admiration, extorted by her surpassing grace and loveliness. They were both petrified at this unexpected meeting; but restraining the violence of their feelings, they agreed on an interview for the next day. On the following morning, Raphael again tempts the power of the talisman. ' I wish to be loved by Pauline,' said he. His interview with her takes place in the identical garret where they had first known and loved each other. By the return of a long-lost father, who had been taken prisoner in the Russian campaign, she has been raised to dignity and affluence. His wish of the morning is realized to the utmost. The love of Pauline is characterized by all the unbounded passion, all the deep and thrilling tenderness and sensibility, all the sublime devotion, even to self-sacrifice, which it is possible for the most ardent imagination to conceive. Compared to her's, the passion of Haidee loses part of its intensity. On his return home, while thinking of the sudden and complete realization of his wishes, a cold thought passed through his soul. He looked upon the talisman—it had shrunk a little.

Two months pass away in the uninterrupted enjoyment of all the happiness that passionate love can bestow, when he is seized with a violent inflammation of the lungs, and rapidly reduced to a skeleton. He consults the most celebrated physicians, who order him to repair to Aix-la-Chapelle. Thither he accordingly goes; but his presence becomes odious to the gay society of the place, and he is politely requested to withdraw. This his pride forbids; and one of the company having undertaken to compel him, a challenge is given and accepted.

" The following morning the adversary of Raphael was the first to arrive at the ground, accompanied by a surgeon and two witnesses. ' An excellent place!' said he, gaily; ' what a beautiful morning for an affair!'—and he gazed on the blue vault of heaven, the lake and its rocks, without the slightest feeling of doubt or sadness. ' By just winging him,' continued he, ' I shall send him to bed for a month, at least—eh, Doctor?' ' At least,' replied the surgeon; ' but pray leave off fiddling with that cane, or you will irritate the nerves of your hand, so as to interfere with the accuracy of your

aim. You may kill your man, instead of wounding him.' 'Here he is!' said the seconds, as they heard the noise of a carriage—and a travelling calash and four soon made its appearance. 'What an original idea!' cried the adversary of Raphael; 'he is come to be shot *en poste*.' In a duel, as at play, the slightest incidents influence the imagination of the actors strongly interested in the success of either party. Thus it was, that the young man awaited, with uneasiness, the arrival of that carriage.

"The aged Jonathan was the first to dismount. His motions were awkward and heavy. He assisted Raphael to alight, and the spectators experienced a profound emotion, as they beheld the latter approach the spot, leaning upon the arm of his servant. Pale and exhausted, he walked as if he was afflicted with the gout—held down his head, and said not a word. They were two old men, reduced to decay; the one by time, the other by thought. The first had his age written upon his grey hair; the younger had no longer any determinate age.

"'I have not slept, sir,' said Raphael to his adversary. This freezing expression, and the terrible look which accompanied it, caused the giver of the provocation to shudder. He felt a secret shame for his misconduct. The attitude, the voice, the gesture of Raphael, revealed something strange. The Marquis paused, and the others imitated his silence. Anxiety and attention were at their highest. 'It is yet time,' said he, 'to give me a slight satisfaction: but give it me, or else you are a dead man! You are confident, even now, in your skill—without shrinking from the idea of a contest in which you deem the advantage entirely your own.—Well, I am generous. I forewarn you of my superiority. I possess a terrific power, that shall annihilate your skill, dim your sight, shake your hand and heart; nay, that shall kill you. I have only to *wish*—I do not desire to exercise my power twice; its exercise costs me too much!—If, then, you refuse me an apology, your ball shall take the direction of the lake, spite of your practice in assassination—mine will go straight to your heart.'

"Here Raphael was interrupted by confused exclamations. While pronouncing those words, he had directed full upon his adversary the insupportable brilliancy of his fixed eye. He then drew himself up, exhibiting a countenance impassive, implacable; similar to that of a fool, who is coolly wicked. 'Stop him!' cried the young man to his second; 'his voice wrings my bowels.' 'No more, sir,—your words are useless,' said the surgeon and seconds to Raphael.—'I fulfil a duty. Has this young man any affairs to settle?'—'Enough—enough.'—The Marquis then remained upright, immoveable, without for an instant taking his eyes off his adversary, who, overcome by an almost magic power, was like a bird before a serpent;—constrained to bear that homicidal look, he avoided it, and returned to it unceasingly. 'Some water,' said he to his second; 'I feel thirsty.' 'Are you afraid?' 'Yes,' replied he, 'the eye of that man is burning, and it fascinates me.' 'Will you make him an apology?' 'Tis too late.'

"The principals were placed at a distance of ten paces from each other. The pistols were handed to them, and they awaited the signal. 'What are you doing, Charles?' said the second to Raphael's adversary; 'you are putting in the ball before the powder.' 'I am a dead man,' murmured the other, 'you have placed me opposite the sun.' 'It is behind you,' said the Marquis, in a deep and solemn voice; and he continued slowly charging his pistol, indifferent to the signal given, and the studied aim of his adversary. There was something appalling in this supernatural confidence, which communicated itself to the two postillions, whom a cruel curiosity had attracted to the spot. Sporting with his power, or wishing to put it to the proof, Raphael continued speaking to Jonathan, and looking towards him, at the moment his adversary fired. His ball struck the little willow, and skimmed the water of the lake; while that of Raphael pierced his heart. Without

bestowing the least attention on the youth who had fallen dead without a cry, Raphael drew forth his talisman with precipitation, to ascertain what a human life had cost him; and finding it no larger than a poplar leaf, a kind of rattling sound issued from his throat. 'What gape you at?' cried he, to the postillions, 'To the road!—away!'"

After this fatal occurrence, he repairs to the waters of Mount d'Or, in Auvergne. He flies the contact of the world, and every thing that can remind him of his approaching fate; but his precautions are in vain: the image of death pursues him every where, and soon claims its tortured victim.

Such is the wild and fantastic offspring of Mr. Balzac's excited imagination. It is clothed in a language singularly suited to give effect to its gloomy originality. He tells us, that his intention has been to tread in the steps of Rabelais—to idealize an epoch—to typify the dominant principles that govern the elements of society; and, while lashing its vices, and exhibiting its studiously concealed deformity, to set forth the all-absorbing egotism of the day.

RESULTS OF THE RECORD COMMISSIONS.

Of all British literature, that which costs the most to society, and is in proportion of the least public service or amusement, is the literature which derives its origin from the laudable national anxiety for the preservation of valuable records, and its existence from the public purse. Without for a moment disputing the importance of the labours superintended by the Commissioners of Public Records for the last thirty years, we lament that every other object of the commission should not have been fully attained, before it commenced the printing, at an enormous national expense, of such works as the "Calendarium Inquisitionum Post Mortem," the "Inquisitiones in Curia Scaccarii," the "Rotuli Hundredorum," and the "Testa de Nevill," a concise and intelligent report upon which, would have been of far more use to the *public* than the records themselves. Such a course, would have been more in accordance with the spirit of the Commons' address to George III., in 1800, and of his Majesty's commission; in the former of which, it is suggested that some of the "ancient and valuable monuments of our *history*, *laws*, and *government*" should be printed; while in the latter, the printing of "Records and papers" is mentioned after that of calendars and indices, as the last duty of the commissioners.

Are the works above enumerated among the "monuments of our history, laws, and government" in the liberal and natural sense of the expression? A painful examination proves the contrary. In point of utility their pretensions can go no further than contributing to the knowledge of what is already pretty well ascertained—the ancient value of land and commodities; and, in some few instances, saving trouble and expense in *private* researches after property. The English Record Commission, has, however, been a model of useful-

ness and activity in comparison with that of Ireland, originally appointed in 1810. According to the terms of the commission, the commissioners named in it—being the great officers of state and some of the first nobility of the kingdom—were authorized to appoint a clerk or secretary, and likewise such persons of ability, care, and diligence, as they might think fit, as sub-commissioners. This they accordingly did; and, in addition, created another board, under the name of a "Committee of Observation," totally irresponsible to government, and not one member of which belonged to their own body. To this committee, however, they delegated the *whole* powers of the commission, although two out of the five composing it were interested as sub-commissioners—deriving emolument from the tasks thus set by themselves, and to ensure the due execution of which, this committee possessed the sole controlling power;—the only check on possible peculation under such a system being that of the board of accounts to examine the expenditure. Such a proceeding showed that the enlightened and generous feeling of the Imperial Parliament had never reached the hearts of the commissioners; and by this measure, all hope of the national character of the undertaking was annihilated: its legality, even, is doubtful; for the delegation of such power to the fulfilment of such important duties by five irresponsible individuals, was surely never contemplated by the commission. Be this as it may, can it be wondered, that under such an arrangement, the sums drawn by the Irish commission should be enormously extravagant, and its labours small in an inverse proportion? Even the reports which were made to the Commons' House of Parliament, and which, until within these few years, were all it had given to the public, were so slovenly, that the second volume ordered by the House to be printed, was subjected, while at press, to such extensive alterations, as actually, when re-produced, not to be the same that had been laid before Parliament.

At the present moment, after more than twenty years of labour, and at an expense of upwards of 100,000*l*., the Irish Record Commission has produced to the public, besides its crude, inaccurate, and undigested reports, with their appendices, only two volumes of Records; the one containing a repertory to the Inquisitiones Post Mortem, in the Rolls Office, relating to the several counties in the province of Leinster, and the other composed of an abstract calendar of the Rolls in Chancery. And where are these "monuments of our history, laws, and government," to be seen in England by the public, who have paid so extravagantly for their production? Not even in the British Museum; so that, if to consult them it be necessary to make a voyage to Dublin, the additional trouble of searching the methodized records themselves would be very trifling, and the expense of editing and printing might have been saved.

The public repositories of Ireland contain no great masses of documents, the publication of which would tend in any important degree to the illustration of national history; the greater portion consisting of dry records of the acquisition, possession, and transmission of lands, and the mere every-day affairs of government, as the appointment and swearing in officers, &c. &c. &c. This, indeed,

seems to have been well understood by the Commons: for in the address for the appointment of a commission, not a word is said about the printing of Irish records, which occurs obscurely and incidentally only in the commission itself.

The ordinary publications of both the Irish and the English commissioners, are, from their nature, exempt from comment, except as regards their utility in proportion to their enormous expense; but a work which is fully amenable to criticism by its size and pretensions, the comprehensive though vague nature of its "scope and intent," and the importance of some of the objects which it undertakes to effect, is the "Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ, ab An. 1152 usque ad 1827, or The Establishments of Ireland from the nineteenth of King Stephen, to the seventh of George IV., during a period of six hundred and seventy-five years, being the report of Rowley Lascelles, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at law, extracted from the records and other authorities, by special command; pursuant to an address, An. 1810, of the Commons of the United Kingdom: ordered to be printed in 1824;" two vols. journal size, folio. The history of this work will exhibit in a light peculiarly gratifying, the mode in which *national* undertakings are sometimes commenced and completed.

Mr. Rowley Lascelles was employed by the Record Board of Ireland, in 1813, to edit Lodge's List of Patentee Officers; but, about the year 1820, he quarrelled with the board, and came over to England; and in 1822, presented to Parliament a petition, stating the vicious manner in which the powers of the commissioners were delegated to and executed by the committee of observation, under the controul of the then secretary to the commission, and exposing its extravagance. The following is an abstract from this virtuous and indignant patriot's examination before the committee of the House of Commons, on the Irish Miscellaneous Estimates, in 1829:*

"Q. What was that personal grievance you had to complain of which you have referred to?—A. One was this; it was but one of many: I was paid 300*l.* a year only, when the implied, if not express agreement had been, that I was to receive 400*l.*† * * * * * * * Besides, I had been promised a statute sub-commissionership cumulatively; but on the plea, real or *pretended*, of retrenchment, or public economy, that appointment when it became vacant, was suppressed instead of being given to me according to promise. However, relying upon obtaining *amends* from government some time or other, I had long since put up with this *wrong*.

Q. Under what authority were you paid 300*l.* a year when you expected 400*l.*?—A. The arrangement was made with the board, through the medium or agency of its secertary, with all the sub-commissioners; but there arose a higher ground of irritation between the secretary and me. As I was informed by the late Lord Frankfort, one of the Privy Council, and Mrs. Lascelles's uncle, my returns to government, on an important reference,

* Parliamentary Paper, No. 342 of Session of 1829, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 19th, 1829.

† Mr. Lascelles, according to his answer to another question, did receive 400*l.* per annum, from March 1814, forward.

were sent in under another person's name, thus barring against me the road to favour.

* * * * * * * *

"Q. If they had renumerated you by giving you 400*l.* a year, you would have had no reason to complain?—A. Yes I should, though I never should have complained solely for a pecuniary loss; *but first of all it is a very fair ground for entering into inquiries about public mismanagement.*"

Here we have a man, who, according to his own confession, to revenge himself for private disappointments, makes use of the public wrong of which he had long been cognizant, and which, but for the check put upon his mercenary longings, might have remained unnoticed by him to the present day. But although he thus freed himself from the authority of the board as regarded his future engagements, he contrived most ingeniously, apparently by playing off against the commissioners a dread of exposure, to retain his office so far as concerned the reception of the same or a higher salary.* In the petition presented to parliament in 1822, he stated "that the accumulation of extraordinary commissions on the great law and state officers in Ireland, requiring from them technical duties which those high persons are unable to discharge; whereby such duties devolve on obscure agents, incompetent and not trust-worthy (using still their authority under the name and seal of the high persons above-mentioned), is the occasion of much abuse and oppression, accompanied with various illusory representations to parliament from time to time." "But," says the same gentleman, in 1829, with regard to the record commission, "there has been a *reform;* both general, as to what I conceived a public wrong, and particularly, as to my own private grievance." With the nature of the first *reform* we are totally unacquainted; but the latter, it appears, consisted in Mr. Lascelles being appointed, with a salary of 500*l.* a year, to compile something to bear the title of the two cumbrous volumes since produced, but without limit as to time or plan of execution. By whose authority was such a work commenced?—It was not under the direction of the Irish Record Commissioners, who, we are given to understand, repudiate any connexion with it, although the very title page assumes it to have been executed under the powers granted by the commission of 1810;—and yet these commissioners, it appears, have allowed 500*l.* a year of the money granted to them for specific services, performed under their direction, to be paid to one who had thrown off their authority, under which he was originally employed, and who had publicly charged them with a betrayal of their trust; while the services which

* Mr. Lascelles, on coming to England, brought his papers with him, and retained them as a lien until his *claims* were satisfied. "A person," says he "came, or was sent over, to seize them, but I sent them to my banker's. I was offered by that other person 200*l.* or 300*l.*, or less, I forget the sum exactly, in London." By whom?—on whose account?—to be paid from what fund?—was this offer of hundreds for what the gentleman either had or had not a distinct right to the possession of? As for *claims*, it does not appear that there were any arrears of salary due by the commissioners; and for what other claims could he justify the lien?

he was to render for the salary, so considerably greater than that of any other sub-commissioner, were wholly removed from their controul or inspection.

In answer to questions put by the above-mentioned committee, Mr. Lascelles stated that he had no written appointment, but a verbal authority, granted in 1822, and confirmed in 1824;—all in consequence of the petition above noticed, the matter of which, being referred to Lord Redesdale, this nobleman "recommended to the government an instant arrangement." How creditable to all the honourable parties concerned! Either Mr. Lascelles or the record board are guilty, the one of making an unlawful delegation of their power, and a waste of the public money, or the other of slanders for which his dismissal would in common course, have been indispensable; but, by an *instant arrangement*, the complainant, to silence him, gets a snug five hundred per annum without the least responsibility to any one!

Mr. Lascelles, with eye-sight improved by "long provocation and imagined disparagement," could perceive the illegality of the appointment of the Committee of Observation; but 500*l.* a year, with no responsibility, cast over his eyes so grievous a film, that he could not discover the unsoundness of his own. "Will you explain under what authority you are at present acting?"—Inquire the committee of 1829.—"Under the authority of the chief secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland, who is *ex-officio* one of the commissioners of the board of records," answers Mr. Lascelles. But who it may be asked gave to Mr. Goulburn (the secretary who made this appointment), and continued to his successors in office, the whole power of the Irish record commission, every act of which was to be performed by *three or more* of the commissioners?

The works of Lodge, which Mr. Lascelles was employed by the record board in editing, are embodied in the *Liber Hiberniæ*, which was completed about the end of the year 1830, and therefore presents the labour of eighteen years of this gentleman's highly valued time: we give his own statement concerning it to the committee of the House of Commons in 1829:—

"Q. Will you state the nature of the work? A. That is already done in my return to this committee. The nucleus of the work was the list of patent officers. I was commissioned by the board of records in Ireland to edit "The Patentee Officers of Lodge," a work which commences in the reign of Edward II., and terminates nearly about the commencement of the late reign [that of George III.]; and it was necessary to make a continuation and supplement thereto. I soon saw that he [Lodge] had omitted one entire department of the patentee officers; for I consider the royal beneficiaries and bishops, who are, in Ireland, all created by letters patent, to be patentee officers of government for the ecclesiastical department."

Not deeming this sufficient to impress on the minds of the committee the vast importance to the public service of his labours, Mr. Lascelles presented himself before them, without being sent for, to give vent, among other pompous things, to the following inflated puff of his veiled work:—

"As I have kept the key of it myself, and there is no index to it yet, there are but two persons who understand the real nature, object, and principle of

this book. It is meant to be a complete Chief Secretary's book—the red book of record from the earliest ages to the latest establishment;—displaying the present and past state of all the offices, public institutions, and public boards; with lists in regular succession, and abstracts of all acts of parliament relating to the same; together with a full series of precedents of the privy seals, warrants, patents, commissions, &c.; also of returns and reports, in chronological and departmental order. It professes to give the history of all offices, and their methods of doing business. It is a perpetual calendar, not only of royal, but of any other patronage, of dignities, titles, parliamentary privileges, of franchise of boroughs—subjoining the abstract of their charters; schedules, tables of remuneration, pensions, salaries of office, and all the accounts official or public of Ireland; &c. &c."

Q. Is there any controul exercised over your transactions at the present moment by the record commissioners of Ireland? *A.* No, there is none whatever; but I have been desired to confer with Sir Thomas Tomlins, who is a man of great experience, both as a lawyer, and as connected with the records of the country.* * * * * * * *

Q. Was there any controul exercised over the work, except by Sir Thomas Tomlins? *A.* No; nor was there any exercised even by him, in the vulgar sense of that word. He judged with his usual good sense that an architect might, if honest, be trusted with his own work, and was the only person that could properly be held responsible."

The work consists of two unwieldy volumes. The first of these is commenced with an "Introduction and Plan," in which Mr. Lascelles gives us the following information:—"We may observe here, once for all, that Ireland itself has no history." If we might venture to quote in opposition to so great an authority as Rowley Lascelles, the words of Sir James Mackintosh, we would cite the following passage:—"In one respect, *Irish history has been eminently fortunate.* The chronicles of Ireland, written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published, with the fullest evidence of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of many of their legends by this authentic publication, *are yet by it enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possesses in its present spoken language*:—they have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. *Indeed no other nation possesses any monument of its literature, in its present spoken language, which goes back within several centuries of the beginning of these chronicles.* The ancient date of the manuscripts concurs with the same internal proof as in the Saxon chronicle, to support the truth of the outline of their narrative: they are edited by the learned and upright Dr. Charles O'Connor, the lineal descendant of Roderic O'Connor, king paramount of Ireland at the time of the *Anglo Norman* invasion. Dr. O'Connor lived only to complete this monument of the literature of his country, of which his forefathers were the last native and independent rulers."—*History of England*, vol. I, pp. 88, 89.

Mr. Lascelles begins with upwards of one hundred and seventy pages of meagre and incorrect historical matter, under the head of a "Supplement to the History of England; or Res Gestæ Anglorum in Hiberniâ;" consisting chiefly of a vulgarized abridgement of Leland, so far as his work extends, with a continuation to the period

of the union. In point of style, we give the first sentence, noting accurately its punctuation, as a specimen of its lucidness and elegance:—

"Ireland, in extent of surface, is, about, equal to—Scotland; but is in the proportion of three to one, as to its produce and population. It is less of an extreme temperature as to heat and cold than England; and perhaps is, upon the whole, of a finer soil—and more genial climate."

The learned gentleman adduces the *round towers* to prove that th Irish church was derived from the Greek rather than the Latin hierarchy; and says that the "monastic or Gothic (otherwise the cathedral or episcopal) architecture" was one of the expedients devised by ecclesiastics to prop up their falling power. Further on we find the following humane remark:—"William the Norman had once entertained this project (the conquest of Ireland); and it is to be regretted that it went no further, for he would have executed it on a large scale, like the king of a great people, and not as it afterwards was executed, more after the manner of some puny feudal chieftain, or roving adventurer. William might have colonized Ireland at once with his Normans and Englishmen, making it another England; and thus the measure of the Union would have been ante-dated, exactly seven hundred and fifty years." Mr. Lascelles' lamentations that the ravages of one of the most ruthless though talented barbarians that ever harried the world, were not extended to another unoffending people, even to their extermination, is worthy of a tory soul under the corruptest tory patronage. Of the first conquest of Ireland by the mercenary Anglo-Norman adventurers, Mr. Lascelles says—"So far from disdaining to dwell on these particulars, the regret is that we have not fuller accounts of them. It is a view of human nature as singular as it is interesting: *the darings of heroic chivalry having a great and noble purpose;*" and speaking of Henry II.'s invasion, while disclaiming sarcasm, he says—"he bethought himself of [Pope] Adrian's *donation* [of Ireland], made some eighteen years before, and of the *solid* as well as *gallant* service he might now render the holy see by bringng Ireland within its dominion." We now blame the Irish people for the popery, which, as conquerors, we inflicted upon them! Their church, like ours, was Christian; but not popish. The petulant Giraldus Cambrienses, allowing the superior chastity of the native Irish Clergy, in that age, and the accuracy of their list of saints, denied, however, that one single martyr could be found in the Irish calendar, "True!" observed the Archbishop of Cashel, "our people have not yet learned to murder God's servants; but we shall soon have a calendar of martyrs, now that the apostle Henry has introduced his religion among us."

The whole Irish nation collectively, and the various septs separately, repeatedly petitioned in early ages to be admitted to the privileges of English subjects; this, however, was invariably refused them through the instigation of the local government, to which such applications were referred; "wherein," says Sir John Davys, "I must still clear and quit the crown and state of England of negligence or ill policy, and lay the *fault* upon the pride, and covetousness,

and ill counsel of the English planted here, which in all former ages have been the chief impediments of the final conquest of Ireland." Again, he says, that the English lords palatine, "persuaded the King of England that it was unfit to communicate the laws of England to the Irish:—that it was the best policy to hold them as aliens and enemies, and prosecute them with continual war." And yet, after quoting these passages, and adding on his own authority, that "the murder of a native was at the same time not considered a crime punishable by law, while to wreak the most cruel injury on the neighbouring septs was accounted an heroic exploit." Mr. Lascelles puts forth the following slander, as cruel and unprecedented as it is impudent, unsupported, and nonsensical:—

"After all, it is easy to see that the granting the above petition to the Irish would not have been so much conceding any thing to those, as the taking it away from these. And this was all that was meant by such petitions. So little, then, were the petitioners in a condition to accept such a boon, that it is known they neither understood nor cared for it: they were resolved to stand by their own vernacular usages and laws, if these might be so called. So enslaved were they to barbarism by their way of living, that no acts of parliament could possibly emancipate them at once, or remove their disabilities. But they saw that the granting their petition would utterly repeal and dissolve the power of subsisting local government. And this was the sole object of the petition, presented with one hand, and having arms in the other."

Thus, the hateful injustice which Sir John Davys, a member of the Irish goverment, deplored two centuries ago, as a most grievous political *fault*, occasioned by the most odious political vices, Rowley Lascelles defends, in the present civilized age, by impudent and groundloss assertions, and the truly tory apology that the Irish were too rude and poor to be treated with justice; a ready argument for every tyrant or slave-master.

The last fifteen pages of this part of the work consist of crude extracts from works "of the right tendency," under the head of "National Characteristics of the Irish, as Men, as Statesmen, Writers, Orators, &c." wretchedly defective in every thing, though containing an extravagant length of twaddle about *Hume*, from *Hardy's Life of Lord Charlemont*. The following observations concerning the state of society in Ireland, are by Mr. Lascelles in propriâ personâ:—

"In England all are free alike, the labourer and the prince, the servant as well as the master; and rights are distributably, not commutably equal: but in *Ireland and the Colonies, liberty looks like something noble, ingenuous, privileged.*"

In another place, he says—

"Let any one read Bryan Edwards's West Indies; let him note the character of the planter and the labouring population: to this let him add a third, the character of the agent, whether for land or law, and the man of office—united in one, having an uncontrolled confidence placed in him, *attended, of course, by unlimited abuse of such confidence.* IT WILL THEN BE EASY TO UNDERSTAND THE LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF SOCIETY IN IRELADN."

The next division of the book contains Lodge's Baronetage of Ireland, being his valuable "lists from the record itself," brought down

to the year 1771, and composed of a catalogue of creations, &c., arranged in chronological order under the heads of the respective titles, to which are appended synoptical tables, and in the body of which are inserted by Mr. Lascelles, crude illustrative extracts from Archdall's edition of Lodge's Peerage, with a continuation down to 1785, from the same authority: from the latter date, the lists are ostensibly continued to the year 1800, from the journals of the Irish House of Lords, and further, to the year 1827, from the King's letter-books, in the Irish Department-office, at Westminster; but in lieu of the matter being at all classified in immediate continuation, or in the manner of Lodge, it consists merely of memoranda, in which all titles are intermingled, and just taken in the chronological order in which they were to be found. The Baronetage of Lodge, which succeeds, is disposed of in a similar slovenly manner; having, first, a continuation from Beatson, and, second, a list in continuation of the latter; after which, as if to set at defiance every chance of any thing useful being made of the whole by index, a continuation of Lodge's *peerage* from Beatson is inserted; all "*to be verified lower down, on collation with the rolls of chancery in Ireland;*" instead of any one accurate list being made out at once. But such an exertion of industry seems to have been quite beyond the thoughts of Mr. Lascelles, for only one instance of the kind is any where to be found in the work. Lodge's Parliamentary Register follows; but the abstracts of charters here given, though perhaps including all now on official record, do not notice some which are known to have been granted at a very early period, and the privileges bestowed by which are yet ascertainable.

Part II., comprising a record of Lodge's compilation, forms the most valuable portion of the book; it contains—first, abstracts of the appointments of all patentee officers in Ireland, civil and military, from 1541 to about 1772, giving the names, succession, date of King's letter or privy seal for their appointment, date of patent, term for which the office was granted, salary, &c.; and, secondly, similar lists of the patent officers, such as are of record, during the times preceding the reformation.

Part III., a supplement to the last, begins most unpromisingly with crude, unarranged, verbatim extracts from the Calendar of the Patent Rolls in the Tower, published by the English Record Commissioners, and also from the catalogues of the Harleian, Lansdown, and Cottonian manuscripts, and the Lambeth library, a great part of which is wholly irrelevant; and the whole, had their been a plan, could never have formed part of it. To make confusion worse confounded, other extracts from the Catalogue of the Patent Rolls in the Tower follow; and then comes a broad sheet entitling itself "Project of a Schedule to the Establishments of Ireland," the most prominent feature of which is some ignorant whining against Catholic emancipation, and political economy. To this succeeds "Mr. Le Bas's List of all Patentees of offices, benefices, pensions, &c. ,whose grants have passed through his office for the space of twenty-two years, ending in 1817;"—a mere chronological list of miscellaneous entries; next we have extracts from Harris's edition of Sir James Ware's Works on Ireland, on the power anciently entrusted to the three great officers of the crown in Ireland.

the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord High Chancellor, and Treasurer, with tables from the same and from Howard's book on the Exchequer. Then follows "A List (in Lodge's mode) of all the officers noticed on the patent rolls of Chancery in Ireland, and also on the patent rolls of Chancery in England, from 1760 to 1826;" but a memorandum added says, "the Rolls and Indices not having been made up beyond the year 1811, so as to be conveniently accessible at the time of the latest searches made for this report, in 1818, the subsequent appointments on the rolls of Chancery, both in England and Ireland, from that year to the 7th of the King, will be given in a future *appendix* or *supplementary part*," which, however, does not any where make itself manifest; scattered additions to a later period are however given from the King's Letter Book. It was in the compilation of this list, we presume, that Mr. Lascelles was employed by the Irish Record Commissioners, and to their credit be it stated, that it is the only part of the work, not Lodge's, that bears any respectable face.

Part IV—A strange wilderness of rugged Latin—appears to be brought down to the year 1359; but here a sudden break throws us upon nearly the whole of Prynne's "Animadversions, Amendments, and Explanations of the Fourth Part of the Institutes," relating to Ireland; after which are inserted dreary extracts from Rymer's Fœdera, occupying nearly a hundred pages; and at the end are desultory and irrelevant memoranda relating to the time of Charles II., from papers in the Hanaper office at Dublin. Thus terminates the first woeful volume, of about eight hundred and seventy pages.

Part V., and volume II., commence with an abridgment of Harris and Ware's lists and memoirs of the bishops of each diocese in Ireland; but in lieu of tracing the sees from their foundation, as in the original work, Mr. Lascelles starts from the year 1150; a mere list of the succeeding prelates down to the year 1820, follows, and to this is subjoined a supplement of dry particulars concerning the see since the Reformation, from the Patent Rolls of Chancery in Ireland. Next we are favoured with all the letter-press of Dr. Beaufort's ecclesiastical map of Ireland, stating the extent, &c. of each see; followed by notes of royal presentations, as well to common livings, as to dignities remaining on record on the Patent Rolls of Chancery, from the Reformation to the present time; consisting, so far as 1760, of nothing but unclassified items in the chronological order in which they necessarily occur; but subsequently to that period arranged under the heads of dioceses, parishes, and dignities:—for this we suppose there was some particular facility. Next come notes of grants of glebe lands, and the union and separation of parishes since the same periods, and in the same disorder as the matter immediately preceding; and then, with the exception of the introductory matter, and some interspersed in the way of memoranda, is inserted, *at full length*, Erck's Ecclesiastical Register of Ireland, which occupies 52 of Mr. Lascelles' *enormously valuable* pages. Appended are parliamentary papers presenting tables of the unbeneficed curates of the established church. To these succeeds the table of dissolved monasteries given in Harris's edition of Ware;—but supposing this and

all the rest to be within the "scope and intent of this work," it is not even the best information on the subject; having been framed long before the publication of Archdale's Monasticon. And of what use but to make up an enormous book, is the insertion of lists from the earliest period of the dignitaries and prebendaries of St. Patrick's cathedral (and no other), from Mason's "History and Antiquities?"

The next part, composed of 268 pages, is utterly useless; for the dislocated extracts of statutes, &c. of which it consists have no observations attached, showing which are and which are not in force; many of them fall far wide of relevancy. Neither to this nor to either of the other paris there is an index, which, indeed, would but group the deformities.

Part VII. comprises 380 pages; of these about sixty are occupied by extracts from the journals, the ostensible use of which in this work it is difficult to divine. The parliamentary papers, occupying 320 pages, and terminating this volume of about 900, with the exception perhaps of some of those from the Appendix to the Journals of the Irish House of Commons, are a waste of money even as regards the expenses of printing, as they are of easier reference in the sets of parliamentary papers themselves than in this wilderness of type. No one however can deny their essential service in making up the book—they did not require even the trouble of transcription.

Mr. Lascelles, we hope, will be grateful to us for making this index to his work, so much superior to any thing of the kind which that work itself presents; but no index whatever can make it of any moderate degree of utility; and it is beyond the compiler's power, with "the key which he has kept to himself," to open it in such a manner as to let light into its pages. This any one will immediately see who examines the utter want of system which prevails throughout, with few exceptions, and so entangles even the minor details that they can never be unravelled by supplementary aid.

About two-thirds of these volumes are selected without one atom of judgment; they consist of the broadest copying--often without even the necessity of transcription. The wretched style of composition —the vile contemptible tone of sentiment that pervades those parts which aspire to originality, would have been less obnoxious to criticism, if there had been the redeeming virtue of an useful arrangement of the compiled matter. But there is nothing of the kind—the volumes are inimitable trash—good-for-nothing garbage. It is frightful to reflect how often the artisan's hungry family have been stinted in bread in order to scrape up the taxes to be applied in ministering to the menial luxuries of such a despicable drone as Mr. Rowley Lascelles

MERCIUS.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE WILL TO BE GREAT.—Earl Dudley is dead, and has occasioned by his last will, greater employment for scandal than he ever did during his life, and that was needless. The deceased nobleman was determined that the public should be made acquainted with the extent of their loss; and has therefore commemorated his *talens de société*, in annuities of thousands and of hundreds. Like most gentlemen of eastern habits, he was capricious, and partial in the extreme; for there were several other ladies of respectability who had an equal claim to the Earl's golden regards, as that highly-gifted and fortunate pair, who seem so especially to have merited his worship's esteem. Earl Dudley possessed in a remarkable degree, an unpleasant peculiarity—that of speaking his thoughts aloud. On one occasion, he was driving his cabriolet across Grosvenor-square, in his way to Park-lane, when he overtook an acquaintance, Mr. Luttrell, we believe. It was raining rather sharply, and his lordship goodnaturedly invited the pedestrian to ride. They drove along until they had nearly arrived at Lord Dudley's mansion, where Mr. L. having given no hint of wishing to alight, the Earl unconsciously exclaimed aloud, what many would only have thought under similar circumstances—to the extreme horror of his fashionable companion, "Damn this fellow, I suppose I must ask him to dine with me!"

HIEROGLYPHICAL EMBLEMS.—The public are informed by the daily prints, that a hatchment is placed on the front of the late Earl Dudley's mansion, in Park-lane. We hope to see the day when griffins and hobgoblins will be at a discount, when the worthand nobility of a family will be transmitted to posterity by some more pleasant symbol than a puppy dog's head, or a bear's paw. The ignorance of our Yankee friends in this particular branch of aristocratical study, is quite refreshing.—A sprig of nobility, who resides at New York, wished to enlighten Jonathan, and therefore ordered from England the die of his own paternal crest, the emblem of a noble house—a mitre. From this die many mitres were cast, intended for the adornment of his harness, which was studded with the glittering insignia, and exposed by the proud tradesman to the delighted gaze of the New York *beau monde*. When the harness was sent home, the die was demanded by the owner; but the sadler begged the loan of it a few days, as he had received above thirty orders for sets of harness, with the same ornaments! At this profanation, of course, the sprig was horror-struck, and much to the surprise of the tradesman, gave an indignant refusal. It was rather singular for New York, that the reputation of its citizens should have been preserved, by aristocratic prejudice; for some future Mrs. Trollope would not have scrupled to have written them down as citizen-bishops, galloping about, heedless of their sacred duties.

PARLIAMENTARY EXPLANATIONS.—The Commons of Great Britain and Ireland evince at times the irritability of noble minds. An

honourable member insinuates, that but for such or such a thing, the honourable member who last addressed the house, would have given utterance to very different sentiments. The latter flings back the insinuation with scorn and contempt, and takes the opportunity of sending a counter-insinuation by the same conveyance, which is again flung back in the legitimate shuttlecock style. But honourable members are pacific. A third party declares, that the words first used by his gallant friend, will not, probably, bear the construction which has been put upon them by the honourable member for ——, and by his volunteered explanation, he goes near to prove that they can. The aggressor confirms the mediator's opinion, and, matters standing thus, the party attacked would be less than human if he rejected the explanation. Consequently he is satisfied, and not to be outdone in the palinode, he begs to assure the gallant member for ————, that in his remarks upon that gentleman, he meant nothing personal. Of course not!

OURHONEST BRITISH TRADESMEN!—YOUR "honest British tradesman" is the greatest rogue in the universe. His constant boast is, that "he pays his way, and owes no man a shilling." He owes no man a shilling, because he knows by experience he will be robbed if he runs a bill: and he pays his way, because he is obliged. Your honest British tradesman is a great physiognomist; he has seventeen prices for every article in his shop, and regulates them as he sees the lines of gullability more or less developed in the countenance of his customer. Industry and economy are his household terms; that is, he makes his people work, day and night, and half starves their families. He is a great stickler for the love of his country; that is, if a hungry pauper steals a loaf, he transports him if he can. He is a devoted admirer of his country's institutions; that is, if any servant live to be too old for labour, he sends him to the workhouse. He is a stern clamourer for justice; that is, if a debtor be ill and cannot pay, he thrusts him into prison to die. He is no bigot in politics. If times are good—that is, if he can rob at his ease, he cries, "Down with the vile radicals!"—if the reverse—that is, if his profits are reduced to 50 per cent, he is a rectifier of abuses, and cries, "Down with the ministry!" He is no bigot in religion. If he serves the Bishop of London, he is for "Church and King"—if the presbytery, he cries, "Down with the tithes!" He follows literally the apostle's command, he is "all things to all men." HE IS A KNAVE! Read the following:—

"*Tricks of Trade.*—Every day affords practical illustrations of the contemptible tricks to which some tradesmen have recourse, in order to force the sale of their commodities. This was the case lately, at the shop of a haberdasher, on Ludgate-hill. A lady, accompanied by a gentleman, perceiving a quantity of ribbon marked in the window for sale, all at 8½d., entered the shop, and desired the person behind the counter would cut her off eight yards: with a simpering self-sufficiency, he said that the price of 8½d. applied to the narrow as well as to the broad ribbon, and unless an equal quantity of both were taken, it could not be sold at that price. The lady observed, that she thought this was unfair dealing, and quite inconsistent with the conduct of a

fair tradesman; nevertheless, she desired to see some narrow ribbon, of the same pattern, which the man-milliner admitted he could not produce. The lady then desired that the quantity she required should be cut from the piece, at the price marked; but, in defiance of all expostulation, her request was refused, and impertinence was added to deception!"

We remember another instance, and had the satifaction of hearing it related by the chief actor, who chuckled over this *chef-d'œuvre* with all the pride of interest. A lady passing by a shop in the borough, observed some stockings ticketed in a shop window, which she thought worth the money, and went into the shop to purchase; but being rather suspicious of our honest tradesman, she insisted upon having the *very* stockings she pointed out, and taking them home. This was a puzzler for our honest tradesman. In vain did he shew other stockings: in vain did he offer to send them any distance—it was diamond cut diamond; the lady was as keen as he. At last a luminous idea of roguery was made manifest to him—he was instantly all acquiescence. He folded up the *identical* hose, and giving them to his boy, Rees, desired him to accompany the lady—he could not think of her carrying a parcel, he would rather accompany her himself. His politeness was quite overwhelming. Away went the lady, delighted with her bargain, and followed by the obsequious Rees. No sooner had they crossed the threshold, than calling to other assistants, the honest tradesman made the following disposition to retrieve his character as a tradesman, and—his stockings: "Here, Jones, do you follow the customer; and if she turns any where, place yourself at the corner of the street, and keep her in sight: you Ap Griffiths, follow Jones, and keep him in sight; and you Howell, stand at the door, and keep a sharp look out on Ap Griffiths." The honest man, delighted with his invention, "put up" a remarkably inferior pair of stockings, folding them in a similar manner, and away went Howell with the parcel after Ap Griffiths; Ap Griffiths relieving him of the treasure, soon overtook Jones, and Jones taking the parcel, flew after the lady, whom, after dexterously exchanging parcels with her attendant, Rees, he left on her way rejoicing.

SENATORS ANCIENT AND MODERN.—The aristocracy of all countries is vastly inferior to the mass of the people, in general intelligence, activity of mind, and in all that relates to the improvement of the social condition of mankind. Is any national benefit suggested?—it takes years before the legislature will make it a law—see the slow progress of rail-ways and steam-carriages,—solely because of the obstructions created by the legislature. The Birmingham rail-way is a grand national work involving the interests of millions, yet it was thrown out of the House of Lords last session in consequence of its touching upon some "noble lord's" estates; and a toll was actually imposed upon steam carriages amounting to their prohibition, by the House of Commons! This scandalous law, however, was rescinded, though after great delay and disappointment, by some enlightened member shewing the barbarian, the heathen folly of such a check to science. Every improvement is considered by a great proportion of

our noble and honourable law-givers, as a reflection upon the wisdom of our ancestors and consequently opposed. When railways and steam coaches shall be as common as they are now rare, people will look back with astonishment to think that the opposition of feeble minds should so long have delayed this utility from the public.—If we look back upon former parliaments we see the same spirit of advance characterizing the people, and the same slavish subservience to old forms marking the aristocracy. In looking over "Gray's Debates," we find this feeling admirably exemplified in a debate on a bill for building a bridge at Putney, on April 4th, 1671. A Sir W. Thompson remarks on the walls, gates, and boundaries of the city of London, "the which no man can increase or extend; these limits were set by the *wisdom of our ancestors* and God forbid they should be altered. But, Sir, though these land marks can *never* be removed—I say *never* for I have no hesitation in stating that when the *walls of London shall no longer be visible, and Ludgate is diminished, England itself will be nothing!*—though Sir, these landmarks be indestructible except with the constitution of the country, yet it is in the power of *speculating theorists* to delude the minds of the people with visionary projects of increasing the skirts of the city, so that it *may even join Westminster!*"

Who does not see in our own times a lineal descendant, of this twaddling old coxcomb in the person of Lord Eldon or Sir Robert Inglis, or of a score more, who seem to have been created solely as a check to all human improvement—a millstone round the neck of the swimmer, a clog to the fleet of foot? The same objections against building Putney Bridge have been raised against the upsetting of Old Sarum! In those days the house likewise had its wags—gentlemen who could set the house in a roar; but we who know that honourable house are aware that it does not require the talent of a Yorick to accomplish so desirable an end. On that same debate touching Putney Bridge we find a Mr. Boscawen, a gentleman who will be immediately recognized as the original of the present illustrious knight of the defunct Boroughbridge, the facetious Sir Charles. In a cutting tone of irony this ancient Tom Fool remarks —"perhaps some gentleman would find out that *a bridge at Westminster* would be a convenience. Then other honourable gents might dream that a bridge from the *end of Fleet Market* into the fields at the opposite side would be a fine speculation; or who knows," (chuckles the wag) "but at last it might be proposed to arch over the river altogether, by building a couple more bridges, one from *the Palace at Somerset House*, and another from the *front of Guildhall into Southwark!*" (Great laughter) "Perhaps some hon. gent might propose that one or two of these bridges should be *built of iron!*" (Shouts of laughter) "For his part if this bill passed he would move for bills to build bridges at Chelsea, Hammersmith, Brentford, and a dozen other places besides!" (continued laughter).

How would this old twaddler about the "wisdom of his ancestors" stare, if he could now behold those bridges, the mention of which created such "roars of laughter," on the very plans he proposed, and one actually of iron! What a lesson is this for the Sir Robert

Inglis's and the Sir Charles Wetherall's of the present day, who are hourly opening their oracular jaws, and prophesying with equal vigour,—shaking their senatorial heads, like a mandarin in a grocer's window, with equal significance and effect. Now we find that Ludgate is "demolished," and the city walls no longer "visible," yet England is something still: "speculative theorists" have actually succeeded in their diabolical attempts to join the city with Westminster and still the constitution is not destroyed. Although this note is rather long, yet these sages of ancient days are so completely in tune with the would-be aristocracy, the soi-disant conservatives of our own time that we must quote another brilliant specimen on the same debate in the person of Sir Henry Herbert. "If a man, Sir, were to come to the bar of their house," quoth the right honourable noodle, "and tell us that he proposed to convey us regularly to Edinburgh in coaches, *in seven days*, and bring us back in *seven days* more, should we not vote him to Bedlam? Surely we should, if we did him justice; or if another told us he would sail to the Indies in *six months*, should we not punish him for practising on our credulity? assuredly, if we served him right!"

In our Houses of Lords and Commons, we see still the Sir William Thompsons, the Boscawens, the Sir Henry Herberts checking all advancement, renouncing all improvement, like blind puppies snuggling in their kennel, little dreaming of the faculty and sight in others, their own eyes being closed to the light; or like tadpoles rendering their little circle of existence filthy by their own floundering.

PANORAMA OF THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.—The point of time chosen to represent this scene is the morning, a few hours previously to the surrender of the Citadel. The spectator is supposed to stand close in the rear of the breaching batteries of the French; before him appears the bastion de Toledo, in which a breach has just been effected: on his right are the fortifications of the City. Over them, in the extreme distance, rise the tower of the Cathedral, and various churches of Antwerp. Behind him is laid the flat country towards Boon and Berchem, varied from its usual appearance by the entrenchments formed by the besiegers, in their gradual approach to the last point of attack. On the left are seen the fort St. Laurent, the house of General Chasse, demi lune, &c. Of the Citadel itself very little is visible; the brick wall of the bastion Toledo surmounting the fosse, and a few dismantled buildings, are all that can be discerned amidst the clouds of smoke. The groups of French artillerymen and musqueteers are introduced with great judgment, and present an extremely natural appearance in the mass. The wintry appearance of the atmosphere, the colouring of individual objects, and general tone of the whole, are painted in strict accordance with nature. Indeed, the whole effect of the Panorama warrants the truth of Mr. Burford's assertion, that he was himself an eye witness of the reality, and was employed for some days in making drawings on the spot.

Coroneted Coal Merchants.—With all the increase of knowledge, and the advance which the people of this country have made in useful acquirements during the last few years, they are still more easily acted upon by the charms of title than any other nation. Notwithstanding their vaunt of independent feeling, and their more than aristocratical arrogance from the conciousness of a well-filled purse, let but a lord condescend to take him by the hand, and your burly independant Briton sinks upon his marrowbones, with all the stolidity of a stunned calf. At the late nomination for candidates for Marylebone the name of Murphy was announced, under the usual distinction of Esquire, in which a number of senseless boobies raised a laugh, and repeated, jeeringly, "Esquire!" These cries, however, were chiefly limited to the hustings and its neighbourhood, and consequently proceeded from the aristocratical master-bakers, illustrious friends of the Beresford; fellows who have no scruple in poisoning you with their bones, saw-dust and jalap, instead of bread, but would resist to the death the assumption of the dignity of esquire, by a *radical* tradesman.

We make these remarks with no political reference whatever. Mr. Murphy is no ally of ours; but, as a coal merchant, he is equally deserving of consideration and respect, with the Marquis of Londonderry and the Earl of Durham, who are but coal-merchants upon a larger scale. If there be any disgrace in the exercise of so comfortable a calling, how deeply must these titled vendors feel their degradation.

Shades in Pauperism.—A Mr. Walker, whose peculiar province it is "to settle things pleasantly" between parish overseers and paupers, at Lambeth-street—an occupatation we wish him joy of—publicly declares that he never attends to applications from persons of decent appearance.—Towards the close of the month a widow, who stated that she had some time ago kept a public house in the neighbourhood, but was now reduced to extreme destitution, having two children to support, applied for relief.—Mr. Walker remarked that she looked well, and was *decently dressed*, and *desired* her to get her own living.—A young man who had made himself as "tidy" as possible, and formed a contrast to his unfortunate companions, stated that he was formerly a clerk, but had been out of a situation some time, and wished to be passed, together with his wife, to his native place, where he had friends that would assist him.—Mr. Walker told him that he never passed nor attended to the applications of persons of his appearance. It is as well that this hint should be made as public as possible, lest any body should imagine that respectability in distress is any passport to magisterial commiseration. Filthiness and rags, those certain insignia of idleness and vice, are the best possible recommendations to relief in Lambeth-street. If Marylebone and a few other police-offices, as well as that of Lambeth-street were to be displaced for more efficient tribunals, it would go far to relieve the public from Dogberrys and thieves.

NOVELTY IN MERCHANDIZE.—Some benevolent individuals a short time since, formed themselves into a committee, sanctioned by the legislature, for the purpose of providing wives for the *settlers* at Botany Bay. They dispatched several ship loads of *material*, which arrived safe at their destination; but their kind anti-Malthusian intentions of the committee have been entirely frustrated by the obstreperous and unruly conduct of their fair protegées. The committee were all understood to be gentlemen of good experience, and of the nicest taste; yet, the event shows how utterly unable we are, even the wisest of us, to combat the wiles of the sex. Their fair friends appeared, to their patrons of the committee, as modest as May-flowers; yet the unfortunate gentlemen of Botany Bay declare they would rather receive a deputation from Old Nick than such another consignment. They impugn the taste of their pseudo benefactors in good round terms, and declare that merchants who could ship such stores, must be monstrous bad judges in the article of petticoats. They decline receiving any more goods from such a sample. One great cause of the failure appears to have arisen from an oversight in intrusting so precious a freight, so capricious a cargo, to the guardianship and seductive society of a crew of merchantmen. It seems these jolly free-traders are equally free in their principles. What is the Lord Mayor or Mr. Ballantyne about, that they do not look to this? For the sake of the moral reputation of the city, they ought to have been vigilant. Had this goodly array of virgins been sent by a king's ship, the result, it is affirmed by those who understand these matters, would have been more satisfactory. This compliment to his Majesty's navy is not unadvisedly bestowed. Your regular jack tar is a pattern of purity, and a sailor officer one of the mildest and most modest of human beings.

FORENSIC RAPACITY.—The following paragraph has lately appeared in the papers: it is somewhat provocative of comment.—

"The magistrates of Middlesex have, it appears, made a laudable attempt to institute what is called an intermediate sessions, in order to abridge by one half the periods of imprisonment before trial of the persons charged with misdemeanours; many of whom, after some weeks' imprisonment, are every sessions declared not to be guilty. This attempt of the magistrates has been resisted by Mr. Alley and the other members of the bar at those sessions, and the ground these learned gentlemen have taken is, that *the proposed alteration would be inconvenient to* THEM, as the intermediate sessions would be held whilst they were absent on the circuit; and, as a consequence, the prisoners would be deprived of the benefit of counsel."

This is the old story again: no sooner is any humane attempt made to diminish the horrors of the laws, that it is met with a protest from the bar,—"the proposed alteration would be inconvenient." Many innocent persons must still suffer "weeks of imprisonment" to suit Mr. Alley's convenience. We should like to see Mr. Alley "and the other members of the bar" in the situation of "the persons charged with misdemeanours, many of whom, after some weeks' imprisonment, are every sessions declared to be not guilty." Mr. Alley and the other members of the bar, would, we imagine, under such circumstances, view the question in a very different light. The proposed

alteration would certainly be inconvenient to Mr. Alley and some of his brethren, inasmuch as being on the circuit, they could not pocket the Clerkenwell fees. Unlike Macheath, instead of saying "How happy could I be with either," they want both. Let them make their election;—if the charms of the circuit predominate over those of the sessions, let them cleave to the circuit. They need not be at all alarmed, that "as a consequence, the prisoners would be deprived of the benefit of counsel," No such calamity could occur—there would still be more barristers than briefs.

MR. JUSTICE ALDERSON AT NEWCASTLE.—We solicit attention to the following extracts from a report in the columns of The Durham Advertiser, of the proceedings on the crown side of the Court at Newcastle:—

"Thomas Jewitt, aged 23, was convicted of having maliciously wounded John Elliot, at Hallington, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm, on the 11th of January last. *The prisoner had got the small bone of his leg broken and the prosecutor took hold of his leg and said he was making too much to do about it, and that it was not broken.* A quarrel ensued, and the prisoner struck the prosecutor a tremendous blow with a poker. The Learned Judge said, that he had great difficulty in his mind whether he should not allow the law to take its course upon the prisoner. His life should be spared, however, but he must expect to spend the remainder of his days in a distant part of the world in a very miserable condition.—Sentence of death recorded."

"Guiseppe Sidoli, an Italian, aged 29, was arraigned on a charge of killing and slaying, on the 13th instant, in a public-house in Grindon Chare, Hugh Ross.—George Shepherd examined by Mr. Losh. I was in the Bell Inn, in Grindon Chare, on the night in question, about half-past nine o'clock. There were a number of persons scuffling with one another. There were the two Trainers, and a man named Kane, on one side; and a baker, together with the Italian, in the other. I saw the Italian knock down one of the Trainers with his fist. Ross then said to the prisoner, "You d——d rascal, what have you knocked the man down for?" Upon this, Ross and the prisoner began to quarrel. They gripped each other, and I think both of them struck. The Italian then jumped back about two yards, and took something out of his breeches pocket; I think it was a knife, or something taken out of a case. He then stepped forward with the instrument in his right hand, and said to Ross, "D——n you, I'll stick you." They both again met in fighting position, and the prisoner struck Ross with the instrument in his right hand about the waist. None of the parties appeared to be drunk.

"John Wardropper examined by Mr. Ingham. In consequence of hearing a skirmishing noise I went to Miller's public-house: there were fourteen or fifteen persons there, several of them pushing one another: I saw no blows struck. I heard the prisoner say, "Three or four men to one—me finish one." I saw him then draw something like a dagger from his left side, with which he struck Hugh Ross right in the stomach: *the prisoner gave the instrument three shoves backwards and forwards; after which he gave it a screw round, and pulled it out.* After a few minutes the jury returned a verdict of Guilty. The Learned Judge then addressed the prisoner. He observed, that had the prisoner not been a foreigner, he should have thought it his duty to sentence him to transportation for life. The offence of which he had been found guilty differed from the crime of murder by very minute distinctions. The weapon itself, and the manner in which it had been used, could be calculated only to produce death. The sentence against him (the prisoner) was that he should be transported beyond the seas for the term of seven years."

The Durham Advertiser is a very correct and pains-taking paper in general, but in these reports surely there must be some mistake. In the first case, the prisoner under the excitation and agony of having his broken leg twisted about, by a brute who tells him that he is "making too much to do about it and that it is not broken," snatches up a poker and inflicts on his ruthless, insulting, and cowardly tormentor a blow. For this, which be it remarked does not prove mortal—he narrowly escapes with his life, "to spend the remainder of his days in a distant part of the world, in a very miserable condition!" In other words he is transported for life.

The second case, as reported, arises out of a common public-house row, "none of the parties appeared to be drunk." "There were a number of persons scuffling together." The Italian knocks down a man, named Trainer. Another person (Ross) interferes, a struggle ensues between him and the Italian, who jumps back, draws a mortal weapon, with which he not only stabs Ross, but with murderous malignity "gives the instrument three shoves backwards and forwards; after which he gives it a skrew round and pulls it out!" Ross dies, and for this unprovoked, cool, deliberate, and most atrocious murder—we beg pardon, the jury call it manslaughter, although his lordship said the crime differed from murder by very minute degrees—the miscreant is sentenced by the same judge who tried the first case to be transported only for seven years! because he happens to be a foreigner!

Aristocratical notions of Charity.—Mr. Cobbett may be justly called the representative of the poorer classes. He certainly neglects no opportunity of advancing their interest, and is even jealous of the terms by which they are recognized. He will on no account suffer them to be called the "lower classes;" he says, "the parson tells us that in the eyes of God all men are alike," and must be equally respected. Mr. Cobbett is right, but sometimes his charges against the rich for their want of feeling as regards the poor, excites the ire of his more aristocratic compeers in parliament. Sir C. Burrell objected in strong terms to the course which Mr. Cobbett pursued, of exciting the poor against the rich. He affirmed that the rich had the most tender regard for the poor, and he adduced an example in proof:—"It was only the other day," said the hon. baronet, "that a clergyman, a friend of mine, sent a son out into the world, and at the same time sent 1*l.* to Alderman Atkins for the poor;" and further the hon. baronet begged to say, that on the recurrence of a similar event, his clerical friend always did the same! Mr. Cobbett was of course completely annihilated with Sir C. Burrell's splendid illustration of aristocratical generosity—he had not a word to reply.

Such examples as these ought to be quoted as often as they occur—to be sure, we can expect them but seldom,—for they would serve to combat the false notions prevalent amongst persons of a certain class regarding the feeling of the rich towards the poor. Here is a poor clergyman, the friend of an hon. baronet and M.P.—perhaps the livings of the pious gentleman do not amount to more than 1,800*l.*

a-year,—so that if blessed with six sons, he, during the course of an exemplary life, will be the munificent donor of a matter of six pounds to Alderman Atkins for the poor of the parish! Verily, if the six sons are like their respected parent, they will be sent forth to the world as a "*saving* grace unto all people." Poor Cobbett was so cut up that he has not opened his mouth on the subject since. His talented castigator, is, we believe, the member for *Leatherhead*.

ARBITRARY ARBITRATIONS.—The following passage from the parliamentary debates of the last month has given us great satisfaction:—

"The Solicitor-General, in answer to a question respecting the Arbitration Bill of Lord Tenterden, said it was not his intention to proceed with the measure, and objected to forcing parties to an arbitration."

The Solicitor-General knows something of the consequences of "forcing parties to an arbitration." He cannot have forgotten the means by which Lord Tenterden achieved his comet-like career, through the *nisi prius* cause paper—and how largely those means contributed to the bankrupt list. Thirty or forty actions were disposed of per day—some were *tried*, but many *referred*. It may be said that a suitor need not submit to arbitration unless he pleases: this is true, but on account of his ignorance of the consequences, he blindly accedes to the judge's bland benignant recommendation—backed of course by the advice of his counsel and attorney—to "settle the matter out of court." In many instances this mode of settlement settle the suitors as well as the suit. The public should know how these things are arranged, and how they operate. A., we will suppose, has brought an action against B.; the usual proceedings, at the usual expense, have been taken by both parties—the cumbrous and costly juggernaut of justice has been for some time in motion—the briefs are delivered—the counsel feed—the witnesses ready—the jury sworn. Two free-born Britons are about to amuse themselves by practically enjoying that boast of Great Britain, a trial by jury! But no sooner has the plaintiff's counsel given an outline of the case than his lordship suggests a reference. Some coquetting ensues between the learned leaders and their respective attornies—they cant decently say "Yes," at the first popping of the question—and the plaintiff's counsel goes on. Presently his lordship interferes again for the salvation of the suitors. "Really, the matter might be much more satisfactorily arranged by some gentleman at the bar—but if the parties *will* stand in their own light."—This overcomes all obstacles—the charms of an amicable adjustment of their differences by "some gentleman" are too seductive to be resisted by the plaintiff and defendant—his lordship suggests that probably Mr. Blather would accept the reference—a young barrister on one of the back benches bolts up, bows to the bench—the amazed jury are directed to give a nominal verdict without hearing a word of evidence—although they have just sworn to give a *true* verdict—*according to* the evidence—the court fees are paid—and the next case commences.

Within a mere trifle the whole of the expences of getting the cause tried in a constitutional manner by judge and jury have already been

incurred; but a new career of charges is now commenced. Within a few days, an appointment is made by Mr. Blather; the parties attend with their counsel and witnesses at Mr. Blather's chambers; each counsel gets three guineas for his trouble; some business is done, and Mr. Blather gives another appointment. The same farce is frequently acted over and over again, at the same expense; and by-and-bye Mr. Blather makes his award, for which the parties pay—*what he pleases*. We recollect a case of reference, in which, after the victims had, as it were, paid for a trial in open court, they were put to the harass, delay, and cost of eleven meetings before the arbitrator; the charges of *each* of which to *each* party were about as follows:—

Attending arbitrator for appointment	0	6	8
Attending to appoint witnesses to attend	0	6	8
Instructions to counsel	0	6	8
Fee to him and clerk	3	8	0
Attending him therewith	0	3	4
Attending appointment before arbitrator	0	13	4
Coach-hire and coffee-house expenses	0	10	0
Total	5	14	8

In addition to this the arbitrator was paid his demand of forty guineas, for his "amicable adjustment" in the affair. In court, the trial of the cause by a judge and jury, might perhaps have occupied three or four hours: in the arbitrator's hands it lingered for two or three months, at an expense to the parties little short of 200*l*. So much for what we trust we may venture to call the by-gone glories of arbitration!

Beauties of "Berkeley."—A "gallant captain," on the discussion of the Irish Bill, supported the measures of coercion, because his opinion had altered materially concerning the character of the Irish people. He said, that for the last three years he had been "innocently occupied" in the sister kingdom, with the sport of fox-hunting, and such was the peaceable nature of the people, that he frequently "stayed out all night;" but from the year 1831 the noble friend he visited had become unpopular, so that he could no longer "stay out all night!" Such a state of things ought not to be allowed to exist.

Some tolerable arguments have been urged by Lord Althorp, Mr. Stanley, and Sir Robert Peel, in favour of the absolute necessity of their compulsatory enactment. They have cited murders, robberies, and incendiarism: but the insecurity of "staying out all night" seemed to have escaped their intelligence. Most magnanimous Nimrod! great thanks are due to you for such an unanswerable climax to the arguments of your friends. By all means, we say, let these wretches be locked up in their hovels, that gentlemen in buck-skins may scour the country at night without risk of being kicked. It was doubtless the heavy foot of some ignorant Irish peasant which occasions this revulsion of feeling in the breast of this honourable "flyer by night." Gibbet forthwith the unmannerly bog-trotter who would

dare to interfere with the caterwauling of this scarlet-coated senator. If legislators in leather-breeches cannot effect their nocturnal perambulations in security, why, there is an end to all order and good government.

Long-winded Orators.—Orators of all ages have had their peculiar characteristics. Some have been distinguished for their force, and others by their piquancy of style; some for their lofty imagination and comprehensive reasoning; and not a few for their extraordinary length of wind. Orators of the latter class abound in our present Parliament. If they don't see their names at the head of two columns in the Morning Papers, life is a burthen to them: they have "lost a day." It is not always, however, that their audience are such good listeners as the orators can desire; in that case, the threat of adjournment is held out, and forthwith the refractory members are reduced to obedience. This is an infliction more keenly felt in the present Parliament than in any former one; for it abounds in young members—promising youths, of about some sixty or sixty-five—who delight in nothing so much as hearing themselves expound, and thereby convince the nation of their talent for legislation. Many of them can hardly get two or three hours patient hearing. If honourable members would take an example of patience, beyond that which Scripture affords them, we would refer them to the American Chamber, where they will find, that "Mr. Brandywine resumed the *floor*, and occupied the *sitting* till the adjournment!" But Mr. Holmes, of the same honourable assembly, is a still more indefatigable patriot; for we are told, "he has the *floor*, and will to-morrow, and will occupy it the whole of the next day." What would our tetchy gentlemen say to a few such *floorers* as this?

Chesterfield in Sussex. Brighthelmstone is peculiarly felicitous. A prince ennobled it by his presence, and adorned it with his pavilion. Under the influence and example of the most finished gentleman in Europe, its inhabitants have soared into the seventh heaven of graceful urbanity—the polish of their manners is splendidly intense. Leeds and Liverpool are all very well in their way—that is, as regards commerce, manufactures, and similar trifles; but we must go to Brighton for behaviour. Their decorous—or as Evelyn would say—particularly *fine* deportment at public meetings deserves to be held up as an example. For instance, on Wednesday the sixth of March, as we find by the report of that well conducted paper the Brighton Herald, at "an important Vestry Meeting, to consider the Report of the Town Committee," the following civilities occurred among the gentlemen present:—

"Mr. J. Smith proposed Mr. Dadley as chairman, *which was met with a loud laugh* from Messrs. John Patching and Slight.

"Mr. Smith *reproached Messrs. P. and S. for their jeers*, when—

"Mr. Slight *said that Mr. Smith was a fool!*

"Mr. Smith retorted by declaring *that Mr. Slight was the most impudent fellow in the town!*

" Mr. Buckman: The meeting would recollect that Mr, Hallett was proprietor of 'The Brighton Guardian.'

" Mr. Cohen: *You are a liar, Sir.*

" Mr. Buckman: Allow me to state without fear of contradiction, that I was a short time back in company with Mr. Hallett, when he said he was master of The Guardian; and could throw it, types and all, in the street just when he pleased. Allow me to ask, who has told the lie now? (Cheering.)

" Mr. Hallett: *You have:—you're a liar!*"

The spirit of Chesterfield sojourneth for this generation in the body of Mr. Cohen: but the mantle of the most gentlemanly monarch has clearly fallen on Mr. Hallett.

Confiscation of Poles. It will be remembered that some short time since, the Tartar Czar of Moscovy—the " father of his people" —exercised the parental right over some of his refractory children—boys who entertain a strong aversion to the *knout*—by making free with their estates, much the same as that interesting individual of former times, the Roman Emperor, who interested himself so much in the affairs of the rich patricians, that when they were accidentally missing, he took charge of their property.—The Czar, with a kindness worthy his great predecessor, during the absence of some of his Polish children, who are either devoting themselves to the science of mineralogy in the mountains of Oural; or botanizing in the pleasant fields of Siberia, has advertized their estates for sale in the French and English newspapers; the return of the owners being so very uncertain. That the estates may be enhanced in the eyes of a Tory purchaser, the advertisements specify that several hundred serfs will be sold with each estate.

The sale however has been a failure; for, notwithstanding the application of a few English Tories and some of the Polignac school in France, the *security* was found so questionable that little business was done. A few miserable dogs of renegado Jews speculated, but with the understanding that little objection would be made to their kidnapping the natives for the Brazil market. Our attention has been recalled to this, the Autocrat's paternal Ukase, by observing a suspicious advertisement in a country paper, as follows:—

" *Poles from the plantations.*—A quantity of Poles will be offered for sale by *Ticket,* at the Grosvenor Arms, in Eccleston, near Chester, on Tuesday the 19th day of March, at four o'clock in the afternoon."

Can this be a *ruse* of the Tartar's tory allies in England, who finding the speculation of their friend a failure, have opened the adventure again through a disguised medium, to favour the scruples of timid speculators;—Pozzo di Borgo has been lately here—we know that his mission has not been entirely confined to hunting old Talleyrand:—we merely throw out these remarks as hints for the consideration of the Polish committee.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF LORD BYRON. VOL. XV. LONDON: MURRAY.

AMONG other interesting novelties in this volume is a prefatory paper, entitled, "Some observations upon an article in Blackwood's Magazine, No. XXIX., August 1819." We shall make a few extracts, as it tends, in some degree, to give a new insight into the character and opinions of the departed bard. The observations are thus prefaced:—"To J. D'Israeli, Esq., the amiable and ingenious author of 'The Calamities and Quarrels of Authors;' this additional Quarrel and Calamity is inscribed by one of the number. He commences his remarks with asserting that he has been unjustly treated in being represented as the author of Don Juan, and mentions several other anonymous publications previously attributed to him; (among others, Songs to Madame Lavalette, Odes to St. Helena, Vampires, and what not—of which, (he says), I never composed nor read a syllable beyond their titles in advertisements. "With regard to Don Juan," he continues, "I neither deny nor admit it to be mine—every body may form their own opinion; but, if there be any who now, or in the progress of that poem, if it is to be continued, feel, or should feel themselves so aggrieved as to require a more explicit answer, privately and personally, they shall have it." He then proceeds to make a most violent attack upon Southey, Colridge, Wordsworth, and Professor Wilson, the last of whom, he treats as the writer of the article which has given rise to his "Observations." After venting his wrath, in no very measured terms, upon the Lakists, he proceeds to take a review of the present state of English poetry, which he sums up by saying, "as I told Moore not very long ago, we are all wrong except Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell." He, however, does justice to some who had been the objects of his severest satire in his "English Bards," and, among others, speaks of Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper" as, one poem "that will not be willingly let die." Of Southey, he thus speaks:—"He has written 'Wat Tyler,' and taken the office of poet laureate—he has in the 'Life of Henry Kirke White,' denominated reviewing 'the ungentle craft,' and has become a reviewer—he was one of the projectors of a scheme, called 'Pantisocracy,' for having all things, including women, in common, and he sets up as a moralist—he denounced the battle of Blenheim, and he praises the battle of Waterloo—he loved Mary Wolstonecraft, and he tried to blast the character of her daughter—he wrote treason, and serves the king—he was the butt of the Antijacobin, and he is the prop of the Quarterly Review, licking the hands that smote him, eating the bread of his enemies, and writhing beneath his own contempt—he would fain conceal, under anonymous bluster, and a vain endeavour to obtain the esteem of others, after having for ever lost his own, his leprous sense of his own degradation. What is there in such a man to 'envy?' who has envied the envious? Is it his birth, his name, his fame, or his virtues, that I am to 'envy?' I was born of the aristocracy, which he abhorred, and am sprung by mother, from the kings who preceded those whom he has tried himself to sing. It cannot, then, be his birth. As a poet, I have, for the past eight years, had nothing to apprehend from a competition; and for the future—'that life to come in every poets creed,'—it is open to all. That he is not content with his success as a poet may reasonably be believed—he has been the nine-pin of Reviews: the Edinburgh knocked him down, and the Quarterly set him up; the government found him useful in the periodical line, and made a point of recommending his works to purchasers, so that he is occasionally bought (I mean his books as well as the author!) and may be found on the same

shelf, if not upon the same table, of most of the gentlemen employed in the different offices. With regard to his private virtues, I know nothing,—of his principles I have heard enough."

It will be seen from the above quotation that no inconsiderable portion of his defence of Don Juan, is nothing more than an attack upon others; and where he does answer his reviewer, it is rather as an apologist for the poet, than the poem. There is a great deal said about his "war with the world," and his exile from England, in consequence of the calumnies of certain "enlightened anglo-circles," with "a considerable leaven of Welbeck-street, and Devonshire-place," which is too ridiculous to quote. That he should have "settled himself by the waves of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes himself to the waters," because "the fashionable world was divided into two parties" respecting his conduct and the majority was against him, shows a littleness of mind, or an affectation of sensibility, equally absurd and contemptible.

The present volume, as the prefatory advertisement announces, "contains three cantos of Don Juan, the first and second written at Venice in 1808, and the third at Ravenna, in October, 1819. A dedication and several other stanzas hitherto suppressed, are now given in their proper places; and from two separate MSS. of the poet, many various and interesting readings have been supplied.

Don Quixote. Vol. II. London: Effingham Wilson.

This volume is illustrated by a well engraved, and well printed imaginary portrait of Sancho Panza, from a capital design on wood, by Meadows, and five rich racy etchings by George Cruikshank. The first, and perhaps the best of these, is "Don Quixote enchanted in the Cage;" in the second, Gines de Passamonte has just stolen Dapple. Quixote, Rosinante, and Sancho are here exquisitely treated: the most profound repose prevails, except where, in the distance, Gines is absconding with Dapple—at such a pace, however, as we should scarcely have supposed the Squire's steed was capable of achieving. In the third, Sancho is introducing the Don to Dulcinea; in the fourth, we have the Squire of the Wood's nose gleaming, to the mutual astonishment of Sancho and his master, in a choice bit of woody landscape. In the last of the series, Quixote is depicted in the act of braving the lion; and here the writing engraver has given a spice of that quality, for which the corps to which he belongs is so deservedly eminent—namely that of boldly deviating from the beaten track in quest of new *spellings*. Mr. Roscoe, the editor, is a niggard—he gives the Don but one T; the letter-writer benignantly affords him two.

Family Classical Library. No. XXXIX. London: Valpy.

In this number, Pope's translation of the Odyssey, from Book V. to Book XXIV. is given, together with the postcript. The next number will contain Ovid. It is an advantage to purchasers, that any author comprised in this publication may be had separately.

The Family Topographer. By Samuel Tymms. Vol. III. The Norfolk Circuit. London: Nichols and Son.

The present volume is devoted to a condensed topographical account of the following counties—Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Cambridgshire, Huntindonshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk; of each of which a neat map is given. Though small, the work is calculated to be useful, on account of the judgment displayed by the editor in selecting his materials, and his skilful mode of arranging them. Under the head of Lyme Regis, we find the following

notice of a sporting fury:—"There died in 1792, aged 78, Miss Mary Breeze, who never lived out of the parish she was born in, was as good a shot as any in the county, regularly took out a licence, and kept an excellent pack of hounds. At her desire, her dogs and favourite mare were killed at her death, and buried in the same grave!"

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKSPEARE. VOL. V. LONDON: VALPY.

THE fifth volume of this neat, pleasant, and portable edition of Shakespeare, contains "All's Well that Ends Well," "Taming of the Shrew," and "The Winter's Tale," with upwards of a dozen outline illustrations from the plates of Boydell. The talented editor (M. J. Valpy, M.A.) has adopted the text of Malone: a brief historical digest is prefixed to each play; obsolete words are explained in a glossary, and the most striking passages are carefully indicated, so that the edition may be characterized as being peculiarly adapted for youthful readers.

THE CABINET ANNUAL REGISTER, FOR THE YEAR 1832. LONDON: WASHBOURNE. EDINBURGH: CADELL.

THE second yearly number of this work is equal in every respect to the first. It is compactly and cleverly got up. The title page is ornamented with fine medallion portraits, after Wyon, of the King and Queen. The volume is divided into fourteen chapters, to which is added an appendix of public documents, lists, tables, &c. The first chapter treats of domestic history; the second of proceedings in parliament; the third, of foreign history; the fourth, of Holland and Belgium; the fifth, of Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Greece; the sixth, of Germany, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Switzerland; the seventh, of the Colonies; the eighth, of Turkey, Egypt, and China; the ninth, of America: the remaining are respectively headed Annual Obituary and Biography, Trials, Law and Police, Accidents, &c.—Chronicle of events and occurrences, and Omnium for the year. The range of the work is therefore sufficiently wide, and it must be admitted that in most cases, the compiler has done as much justice to his subjects, as the limits allotted to each would permit.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. PART XXXVI. EDINBURGH: ADAM BLACK.

In this, the seventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, the supplement to the former editions is incorporated, and the illustrative engravings are entirely new. When complete, if carried on with its present excellence, it will, assuredly, as the prospectus promises, form "the most valuable digest of human knowledge that has yet appeared in Britain."

The present part, with a number of minor miscellaneous papers, contains important articles on the following subjects:—COAL, COAL-TRADE, and COLLIERIES; COCHIN-CHINA, COHESION, COINAGE, COLD, COLOMBIA, and COLONY. From the last mentioned article we select the following passages:

"Under the ignorance in which Englishmen have remained of East India affairs, it floats in the minds of a great many persons, that somehow or other, a tribute, or what is equivalent to a tribute, does come from the East Indies. Never did an opinion exist more completely without evidence—contrary to evidence—evidence notorious, and well known to the persons themselves by whom the belief is entertained. India, instead of yielding a tribute to England, has never yielded enough to pay the expenses of its own government. What is the proof? That its government has always been in debt—has been under the necessity of continually augmenting its debt, until it has

arrived at a magnitude which it has often itself described as alarming. So far is India from yielding a tribute to Great Britain, that in loans and aids, and in the expense of fleets and armies, it has cost this country enormous sums!"

Again;—"we have the advantage, it may be said, of the commerce with India. There is an inveterate habit in England of estimating—not commerce in general, but commerce with this or that country, in addition to others, far beyond its value. They who are under the dominion of this blind persuasion, do not reflect that commerce is exchange, and that England or any other country can only exchange what she has got to exchange. But can any doubt that England could exchange all that she has got to exchange—which is but a limited amount, if India "were in the deep sea sunk?" To make out this argument then, they must say, that we exchange on better terms with India than we could with any other country; but if they do say so, it will puzzle them to make good their position."

Under the head of COAL TRADE, are these observations:—"One thing is positively certain, that for a great many years to come, the supply of coals will be equal to the demand. Mr. Taylor, an experienced coal owner, calculates the quantity consumed in Great Britain and Ireland, at 15,580,000 tons annually, exclusive of foreign importation; and this estimation does not differ eventually from those of Messrs. Stevenson and Bakewell. With regard to the extent of the Coal fields, it is the opinion of Mr. Taylor, that *those of Durham and Northumberland* are adequate to furnish the present annual supply for 1700 years. Dr. Buckland, the celebrated geologist, thinks this estimate much exaggerated, but he is of the same opinion with Bakewell, that *in South Wales alone* there are coal-beds which will meet the present demand for 2000 years to come. When we take into account the other extensive coal mines throughout England and Scotland, it must appear sufficiently absurd that the exportation of this valuable mineral should be cramped by heavy duties, on the ground that the mines would become *soon exhausted*."

THE EXILE OF IDRIA. A GERMAN TALE. IN THREE CANTOS. LONDON: COCHRANE AND M'CRONE.

This unpretending performance has some beauties and many faults. The former, however, are scarcely striking enough to elicit applause, nor the latter to provoke censure. The author is evidently possessed of considerable imagination and feeling; and may, we should think, with more care, be more successful.

THE BYRON GALLERY. PART V. LONDON: SMITH, ELDER & CO.

This number is quite equal to either of its predecessors. The engravings, after the designs of *Westall* and *Parris*, are much superior to the other three. In the first plate—(Westall)—by Finden, representing a scene from Marino Faliéro, we observe a clear and delicate line in the principal female figure, which is, moreover, prettily designed; but there is some confusion in effect between the Doge and the guard. This latter person is unceremoniously meddling with the old man's cap, whereas it is evidently intended that his hand should be supporting his own chin.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE, No. 3. WALTHAM. LONDON. SMITH, ELDER, & Co, 1833.

WE feel a strong desire to encourage by all fair and proper means, the enterprize of Mr. Ritchie, conceiving, as we do, that if it be successful, it

must needs operate beneficially for the public; and, at the same time that it may control the mischievous influence of one or two predominant publishers, open a fair and legitimate source for such men of talent as are unwilling to degrade themselves and modern literature by succumbing to a system which must, in the long run, prove fatal to all parties.

It is with much pain, therefore, that we find ourselves under the necessity of withholding from the present volume that degree of praise which we were happy to award to its predecessors. At the same time, we are very far from asserting that Waltham is without merit.

The chief objection that can be brought against it is, that it is not equally well adapted with its predecessors to propitiate the inveterate novel reader, eager for excitement, and all agog for a sensation. Certain we are, that very few of our modern novels can produce a character more admirably drawn than that of Murdoch Macara; and Jonhston the quondam tutor, Mr. Bolton, and Hulson, are sketches that no one but a man of talent could have conceived. and none but a master could have filled up. Unfortunately, they are not finished, and our author is no master. We look forward with pleasure to the forthcoming number of the series from the pen of Mr. Galt; hoping, as we do, that it will fully atone for the last.

GEMS OF BRITISH LANDSCAPE. LONDON: H. GIBBS.

WE recommend these mezzotint plates to all who, being possessed of something more than "eyes without feeling," desire the addition of picturesque effect to clothe the correct outline of a topographical view. The taste of a painter sometimes appears to disguise a familiar scene, by throwing over it colouring or chiaroscuro, whose counterpart exists no where but in his own fancy. Nature, however, in the work before us is not sacrificed to any coinage of the artist's brain, but is exhibited without the vices of formality or extravagance. Of the three scenes in this number, viz.—*Warwick Castle*, *Stonehenge*, and *Snowdon*, we prefer, on the whole, the wild moonlight effect of Stonehenge. The Engravers, Messrs. LUCAS, EVERY, and QUILLEY, appear to have made every effort to do justice to the drawings of Mr. MARSHALL. There might be more clearness in the half tints, which would prevent a certain spottiness at present interfering with the repose of the pictures.

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.—ENGRAVED BY C. LEWIS, AFTER A PAINTING BY R. P. BONNINGTON.—LONDON: C. TILT.

THE light elegant style of the painter is most successfully imitated in this plate. The shadows are transparent, the half tint and masses of light silvery. The sky is somewhat objectionable, not from its effect, which is extremely clear, but that there exists a certain appearance of mechanism in the execution. The figures in the foreground, boats, buildings, &c. contrast richly with the gradually receding water, and distant line of palaces. On the whole, it is a very fine work of art.

FINDEN'S GALLERY OF THE GRACES. PART III.—LONDON: C. TILT.

THIS work does not appear to diminish in its good qualities. There is a mingled tenderness and vivacity in the engravings; the lights are clear, and the dark touches introduced produce a brilliant effect. Mr. STONE's female heads are designed with much taste. The girl reading is a pretty specimen of the young, artless sort of being intended to be pourtrayed. The head, by BOXALL, is not so good as its companions: the eyes being destitute of

expression, and the hands inelegant. The other head, by Stone, is a radient imaginative young creature, haunted by "that old and antique song of yester-eve."

BAINES' HISTORY OF THE COUNTY PALATINE OF LANCASTER. FIFTH DIVISION.

The present part of this valuable work is principally occupied by an elaborate and satisfactory account of Manchester—its local history, traditions, antiquities, manufactures, &c. Although the engravings are not of first-rate excellence, they are executed with great regard to finish and pleasing effect. There might have been more boldness and vigour of workmanship in the Fragments of Antiquity, but the Church of Winwick does great credit to the taste and skill both of the draughtsman, T. Allom, and the engraver, J. Sands. Mr. Allom is especially happy in the choice of his point of sight; he deserves an engraver of higher powers than he usually meets with to do justice to the elegance of his designs, and their delicate execution. Some very good wood cuts are scattered through the pages, executed with much taste and feeling, by Landells, who has some splendid specimens of his art in the Exhibition.

LETTER TO CHARLES EDWARD LONG, ESQ. BY GENERAL LORD VISCOUNT BERESFORD. LONDON. JOHN MURRAY. 1833.

IT appears to us that this is one of the very numerous class of publications which, dictated by the punctilio of military honour, may be interesting to military men, but can possess few or no charms for the general reader.

It seems, that in a work entitled "Strictures on Colonel Napier's History," certain remarks were hazarded, which were considered by the relatives of the late General Long as in some degree compromising his military fame and character. A statement was accordingly put forth by Mr. Long, (to whom the present pamphlet is addressed), who, feeling it due to the honor of his deceased relation to rebut such assertions, published fragments of his letters and diary (evidently never meant for the public eye) in which that officer expressed himself hardly dealt with by Marshal Beresford. The latter, in the pamphlet before us, seeks to rebut the imputations cast upon him in Mr. Long's statement.

It is impossible for non-military men to form any correct opinion of military tactics, or to pronounce any judgment upon a matter in which the initiated are far from unanimous; it is sufficient to state that, in our opinion, Marshal Beresford has completely exculpated himself from charges of prejudice and hostility to General Long, which have been sought to be fixed upon him.

The subject of contention would appear, after all, to arise from some error in judgment on the part of General Long, in taking a *detour* of greater extent than was necessary, in leading into action the troops under his command, to which, as is shown in the Marshal's Pamphlet, there was a nearer way; and that General Long was deceived in the supposition that the latter route was impracticable for cavalry.

Considering the very dubious nature and result of the action (Campo Mayor) which forms the subject from whence the remarks of General Long originate, it seems only natural that Marshal Beresford should strive to develope the causes that contributed to the very unsatisfactory event of the battle in question; and to us it appears that the imperfect execution of the orders entrusted by the Marshal to General Long may be fairly considered as one of the principal reasons that tended to render that action somewhat unsatisfactory.

This may be true without any impeachment of the courage or conduct of General Long; as it must be obvious to the reader, that there must frequently arise in every action, circumstances, alike unexpected and unforeseen, upon which a commander of troops may be deceived; and it certainly appears to us, that General Long was in this predicament; and, being so, his error became a fair subject for comment; as the test, whereby good generalship should be judged, must consist as much in the correctness of its *coup d'œil*, as in the decision of its consequent movement.

THE BOOK OF REFORM. PART I. BY WENTWORTH HOLWORTHY. LONDON. EFFINGHAM WILSON.

WE have been successively amused, perplexed, and disgusted by this extraordinary composition; amused by the folly, perplexed by the impertinence, and disgusted by the self sufficient arrogance of its juvenile author.

It appears, that about six months since, our author was guilty of a small pamphlet entitled "What will Reform do?" much of which, he informs us in a note, "he has seen reason to wish unwritten;" and that, about two years ago, he committed two other pamphlets, while yet a boy of seventeen, one of which on the subject of "Colonial Slavery," he pronounces to be penned "in a ranting and declamatory strain;" and begs humbly to apologize to the public for the boyish and tumacious style in which it is written—for having ever insulted it with such trash. This at least is candid. The author begs pardon like a gentleman, but in the same breath repeats his offence; for nothing can be more ranting and declamatory than the present affair. It is pure pistol from beginning to end. King Cambyses sports a train of 247 pages.

It has been said that a distinguishing characteristic of man, as elevating him in the scale of creation above the level of the brute, is his power of retrospection and foresight. It will not be denied that this double faculty, commonly resides in the Bimanous Mammalia. Now the memory of Mr. Holworthy might naturally have been supposed to modify his prospective views with reference to his present production. He might, we think, have argued thus: "If, after a lapse of two years, I find that I have written terrific trash, it is not impossible that in another two years 'The Book of Reform' may appear to my cooler judgment, twaddle of a no less nauseous description?" But experience keeps a dear school, and Mr. Holworthy is evidently not on the foundation.

Let Mr. Holworthy take our word for it, he is not yet competent to the discussion of any one of the numerous questions touched upon in his pamphlet. And, if he would be advised by us, we would suggest to him that the world is never very willing to be instructed by a gentleman who candidly confesses that he does not think it worth his while to clothe his thoughts in a tolerably decent raiment. We would exhort him, instead of "dashing them down," to hoist them up; and when the "ill-favoured cubs" are once "whelped," (these are his own words) to give them "a good licking"

The following is a brief and hurried selection of his beauties:—

"It is, I think, pretty generally admitted by men of all parties, that the present *posture* of public affairs is most critical, and *pregnant* with consequences of the utmost moment to the future welfare and happiness of the human race." Here we have a posture in the family way.

"Somehow or other, too, I am addicted to being more *pitiful* than most men." This is an assertion which we shall not venture to dispute.

"Now, although I most heartily approve of the principle of the late Reform Bill, I feel half inclined to agree with those who contend that it was conceding a little too much at once—taking a little too long a *stride* for a

'first step,'—the transition was probably too abrupt. I think it might have been better if the Bill had been made two *mouthfuls of*; in which case there would not have been such a terrible hubbub about *choking* and *cramming*, as the party militant were pleased to raise. At the same time that I admit this, I must confess, that however small the *bolus* had been, the Conservatives would, in all probability, have *piped to the same tune, though in a lower key*; for, in point of fact, it was not so much that the Bill was too large for their swallow, but that its ingredients were unpalatable." In the whole range of English literature there is no parallel passage to this. The figure of a Conservative *piping*, with a small bolus going down his throat is matchless; and then the metaphor of a *stride* being taken *at two mouthfuls!*

"I confess I exult and glory in the proud consciousness of my own independence,—I clap my wings and crow for joy. For I see a wide and boundless ocean before me, upon which my bark is but just launched." Here the author is a cock on the brink of embarkation.

"As Buffon once observed, that if he were shown only so much as the smallest joint in the little toe of an animal, such was his knowledge of comparative anatomy, that he could assign the *genera* and species to which it belonged, &c." Where did Buffon observe this? He was scarcely such an ass! What! assign an animal to *genera*! Is Mr. Holworthy so ignorant as not to know that genera is the plural of genus? The passage quoted is quite as droll as though one were to say, "only let me see any gentleman's little finger, and I will tell you of what *countries* he is a native."

"For what am I created, and what ought to be the aim and business of my existence?" This question we really cannot answer: it is quite clear that our author was not "created" to write a pamphlet.

"Truth, in her native modesty, retires from the fierce arena of contention, disgusted with the meanness and selfishness of her mock-champions—in the scuffle for victory, and the hurly-burly of conflicting interests, she gets crushed and trampled upon by both parties." In this passage, a young lady very properly retires in her native modesty, and perfectly disgusted because she has been *crushed and trampled upon.*

"The Tories, like that renowned heroine of romance, Mrs. Partington, run down to the beach, brandishing their mops, *to prevent the flowing of the tide;* while, the more nimble Radicals leap over their heads, and *strive to mop the tide on;* one is every whit as absurdly employed as the other." Query. When writing this pamphlet was not the author more absurdly employed than either?

"I draw a line here, in order to signify, that there is no kind of connexion between the above propositions and those which follow." This is invidious: on the same principle the author should have "drawn a line" after every paragraph in his book, "in order to signify that there is no kind of connexion between the foregoing propositions and those which follow."

"I fear I may not have rendered myself quite intelligible to many of my readers." The author's fears are not without foundation; but we beg to assure him that although "quite unintelligible," he is, by no means, the less amusing.

In his chapter on Church Reform, the author asks, "Who is there, who understands the question in all its breadth, its height, and its depth?" Certainly not Mr. Wentworth Holworthy. Shortly after he gives triumphant evidence, that, as regards style, he has ceased to be "boyish and tumacious:"—

"I have heard many a stormy debate over which the whirlwind of human passions has swept. I have read many an hypocritically-indignant pamphlet and news-mongering article, beslimed and beslobbered with Billinsgate insult

and blackguard calumny, rushing down with the torrent of invective, and fanged with the venom of 'all maliciousnes.' I have seen men struggling and wrestling together on the subject, until their unhallowed wrath on this hallowed ground has culminated to such a pitch, that they kicked and bit at one another, in the desperateness of their rage." God bless us! what a deal you have seen! How old are you? Oh! aye, we recollect, you state that when you published your pamphlet on Slavery, *two years ago*, you were only seventeen. You are, therefore, no less than nineteen years of age! Astonishing! why you must have been breeched about 1818. What a political Roscius! While *other boys* are ignobly wasting their time in scholastic studies, you, beardless, adventure forth most chivalrously to tell men what they ought to think, on such light and amusing articles as Ireland, National Education, Pauper Establishments, Slavery, Colonial Policy, East India Company, Banking and Currency, Corn Laws, Free Trade, Taxation and Finance, The Press, Public Charities, Law Reforms. A Daniel, a very Daniel, and come to judgment!

At p. 77, will be found the following passage which, we are free to confess, is the very reverse of boyish, tumacious, or insulting to the public: on the contrary, it is manly, level, and gentlemanlyin the highest possible degree:—

"*As for the bulk of* mankind, they are but a vast *stony* heap of *flinty* prejudices, selfish party feelings, and personal biases and enmities—they wag and rattle their long noisy tongues, they know not for what;—things are they—must I call them men?—who, to wring a smile of favour from some piece of gilded brocade, or to scratch their itching passion for fame against the rubbing-post of popular applause, would not care if they blasted the *very Rock* of human happiness." Deucalion had the faculty of transforming stones into men: Mr. Holworthy's endowments enable him to counteract Deucalion's "devilries:" like the gorgon's head, his potential pen turns men into stones. He transforms the human race into a *stony* heap—of what? Why, naturally, of *flinty* prejudices, party feelings and personal biases; then by an amazing exercise of magical power, our political Mr. Bayes bids the dead men rise, he re-animates the *stony* heap of *flinty* prejudices &c. and makes them "wag and rattle their long noisy tongues" and *scratch* what?—their *pessions*, against what?—popular applause! Prejudice scratching a passion against popular applause!

At p. 80, the gentleman says, "But to speak less metaphorically"—and at p. 82, we are indulged with what follows:—"Now when this *barrier of* religious prejudices first gave way, *it* was followed by so prodigious a revulsion, that *the mind*, in its impetuous eagerness to tear off its manacles and gyves, sorely lacerated its own *flesh*, and wrenched and sprained almost every *joint* and *sinew* in its moral frame. This natural antipathy has been exasperated to an incalculable degree, and the kindred feelings of ridicule and contempt have been provoked to join in the *assault*, by the multiplied variety of adventitious perversities, which have clung round the heaven-built fabric of the Christian religion, and dragged it to the vile earth." In this tumacious piece of absurdity we have the phenomenon of the prodigious revulsion of a barrier, in consequence of which the *mind* lacerates its *flesh*, wrenches its *joints* and sprains its *sinews*. This suicidal act of the mind we are next told is an *assault*, aggravated by certain gentlemen denominated "perversities," who, however take no immediate part in the affair, but amuse themselves while *mind* is lacerating its flesh, &c. in clinging round the Christian religion, and dragging it to earth.

At p. 140, the author enlivens us by stating that he "will not, for the present, waste more stationary in writing what nobody may be pleased to read." We intreat that in compassion to himself, he will not waste sta-

tionary in writing what nobody will read for the future; let him not, to use one of his own phrases, again give way to "a vulgar and unnatural appetite that is insatiably hankering after the stickjaw and lollipop of mob-applause."

An Essay on Woman. By Nicholas Michell. London. Effingham Wilson. 1833.

We thank Mr. Michell, heartily, for this volume. The best method of getting rid of a nuisance is by rendering it so intolerable that it can no longer be endured. The reign of the theme-writers in verse is at an end. It will no longer be borne that a conceited young man shall ring the changes in this fashion with a ready-made poetical phraseology purloined from Pope, Goldsmith, Rogers and Campbell. Not a substantive appears before us but is accompanied by the self-same adjective that has done duty for the last fifty years, through the innumerable volumes written by gentlemen resident in the country, and published at the request of friends, whose names appear in the subscription list.

The artificial school is fast dying away. The public is becoming sick to death of the wearying sameness and monotony of these generalizing geniuses. To a man accustomed to such inflictions, it were no difficult task, only give him the subject and title of the new poem, and the first word of each paragraph, to state pretty accurately of what the obnoxious volume is composed. Let the reader try his hand, "Woman"—"Yes"—"Oh, Greece!"—"Hark!" "Say," "Lo"—and so on to the end of the book, or the distraction of the sufferer.

But not to condemn Mr. Michell unheard or unseen, let us give a short specimen which will, perhaps, furnish precisely the idea we mean to convey to the reader, of the misery entailed upon the hapless wretch whose fate it is to pass sentence upon, after having waded through, verses of this description.

> "First, *dove-eyed Pity! favourite child of Heaven!*
> Are not thy *softening spells* to woman *given?*
> Who mourns o'er pain, responds affliction's sigh,
> And *wipes the tear from Misery's haggard eye?*
> At wintry eve, *when oft the heartless boor,*
> *Would spurn the fainting traveller from the door,*
> Who in his favour breathes the prayers that win,
> Piles the warm hearth, and hails the Pilgrim in?"

Every successive paragraph stares us in the face with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, but, alas! with none of the cordiality of an old friend.

We say conscientiously—we speak it advisedly—there is not one new idea in this poem—or even a new combination of words. It is made up altogether of reminiscences. It is, however, chiefly parrot work, mere prate and chatter of something the creature has learned by rote. When it ceases to be this, it is the mumbling of a mouse making away with cheese-parings of ideas stolen from the larder of other men's brains. Let an instance or two suffice.

> "Yet these, ye Virtues! bid you beam more bright,
> *As stars shine fairest in the darkest night.*"

Goldsmith was "father to that thought." One more:—

> "So the proud pine that lifts its brow to Heaven,
> When tempests wake, is shattered, crushed and riv'n,
> While the frail flower that decks the neighbouring rock,
> Stoops its fair head, and smiles amidst the shock."

Give every woman her due (and surely the poet of woman cannot refuse to do so) and the valuable property of these lines belongs to Isabella in "Measure for Measure."

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of the Rev. William Lavers, late of Honiton. By I. S. Elliott. With a Portrait.

Poetic Vigils; containing a Monody on the Death of Adam Clarke, LL.D. F.A.S. &c. &c. &c., and other Poems. By William Bennett Baker.

The Second Volume of Sermons, which have been preached on Public Subjects and Solemn Occasions, with Especial Reference to the Signs of the Times. By Francis Scurray, B.D.

The Fourth and Fifth Parts of the Anecdotes of Hogarth, written by Himself; with Catalogues of his Prints, Paintings, and Drawings. Edited by J. B. Nichols, F.S.A.

Cyclopian, or Pelasgic Remains in Greece and Italy, with Constructions of a later Epocha; from Drawings by Edward Dodwell, F.S.A., and Member of several Foreign Academies. In 1 Vol. folio, with numerous Plates.

The Narrative of two Expeditions into the Interior of Australia, undertaken by Captain Charles Sturt, of the 39th Regiment, by order of the Colonial Government, to ascertain the nature of the Country to the west and north-west of the Colony of New South Wales.

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Letters on Poetry and General Literature. By James Montgomery. 1 Vol. post 8vo.

Directions for the Analysis of Inorganic Substances. By J. J. Berzelius. Translated from the French, by G. O. Rees, in 1 Vol. 12mo.

A Translation of the Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Uterus, and its Appendages, of Mme. Boivin and M. Duges. By G. O. Heming. With Additions.

The Odes of Anacreon. By James Usher, Hebrew Professor to the Eclectic Society of London; Author of an Elegy on General Moore, &c. &c.

The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Isaac Watts, D.D.; with Notices of many of his Contemporaries, and a Critical Examination of his Writings. By the Rev. Thomas Milner, A.M., Author of the "History of the Seven Churches of Asia." In one thick Volume 8vo.

A popular History of Priestcraft, in all Ages and Nations.

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Travelling Observations on the United States and Canada, during 1830. By the Rev. Isaac Fidler. In one Volume.

History of the Middle and Working Classes, with an Exposition of the Causes which have influenced the past and present Condition of the Industrious Orders.

Sunday in London; with Illustrations, by George Cruikshank; and a few Words by a Friend of his.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Upland farmers and the cultivators of sound and dry soils, are probably full as forward in their operations, as is usual at this season of the year; in fact, they have had little to impede them throughout one of the mildest winters within memory, to the first week of the present month: those of the above class then, who prefer early sowing of those crops which will admit of it, have enjoyed an opportunity utterly denied to the heavy and lowland farmer; to this latter class, February throughout proved a blank, or worse. According to our own Middlesex Meteorology, there were few days in February, on which it did not rain. In many other districts, no day or night of that month passed without its portion of rain, which sometimes descended in deluges, accompanied by high winds, rendering all attempts abortive to approach the soil to any beneficial purpose of manuring, or bestowing upon it the finishing operations, in order to prepare it for the reception of the

seed. By consequence on heavy and wet lands generally, field culture must have stood still throughout last month, and all seminations have been delayed until the present, when, so far fortunate, we have experienced the benefit of dry and frosty weather. In the mean time it must be considered that the lands referred to were so thoroughly sodden with moisture, as to require an interval of some length before the dry and frosty air could operate upon them, and render them sufficiently light and friable to be worked into a proper state for the seed process. Thus, although even on heavy lands, early winter culture was sufficiently forward, old February fill-ditch imposed a stern negative upon all ideas or hopes of an early Lent corn season. Not but attempts were made in various parts to get upon the mired and puddled soil, distressing to both men and horses; on some occasions we hear, these attempts were wisely relinquished, and when they were carried into full effect, the operations were so imperfectly performed, that the latest seed season would have afforded a more probable chance of a crop. Considerable damage has been done to the wheat on low heavy lands (we hope not to any great extent) where the springs have arisen, and the plants have been literally flooded and washed out of the ground. There is an old mode of fallowing and laying-up lands of this description, in order to drain and preserve the future crop, so far as it is possible, from the injury of too much moisture, of which those farmers who have not hitherto, would do well to make experiment. This mode of practice, if we recollect rightly, is clearly laid down, and its utility demonstrated, in the "Modern Land Steward."

The present month has brought with it a late substitute for winter; fortunate for us, should it be preventive of a still later. Under such expectation, we must not repine at the injuries all too forward productions may have sustained from a winter in March, when early fruit trees and shrubs are prepared to send forth their foliage and blossoms to expand. The clovers and winter tares on cold and wet lands, must have received an unfavourable check from the sudden change of the weather; but the same articles on dry and sound soils, forward and luxuriant as they are, may yet produce a valuable stock of early Spring feed. It is the same with the wheats, which, favourably situated, apparently retain their full vigour, strength of plant, and gloss of colour. On the other hand, the poor and wet land wheats have suffered considerably, from the united ill effects of cold and moisture, have parted with their share of verdure, and have assumed a sickly and unpromising yellow. The reason generally assigned, why so little of the wheats of the present season have been winter-proud, is the late time in which they were sown; that symptom, however, appeared on some of the best lands, and also the *gout*, a *plethora* probably, or redundance of juice in the plant. The success of this crop, the great object of our solicitude, depends entirely on the nature of the season to come—the moist state of the weather within the last few days, is at no rate in its favour.

Great exertions have been made upon the heavy and backward lands in all parts, since the change of weather in the beginning of the month; but they required a much longer time for improvement than could possibly be spared, with any consideration to expedite the business of the season, which now, at all events, must be a late one with these soils; and, perhaps, not an early one with the most favoured. On the former, neither pulse nor early oats could be got into the ground to any extent during the last month; and, in the present, much of the business has been executed upon foul and very rough tillage, particularly ill calculated for the dry system. Upon dry and good barley soils, a considerable breadth has been sown, under favourable circumstances. Cattle food of all kinds, grass, turnips, hay, have been superabundant, attributable, no doubt, in part to the diminution of the national stock of sheep. The turnips, where prevented from running to seed, are at present good nourishing food, and likely so to continue as long as wanted.

In some of the distant counties, it has been said, "there are more turnips than sheep" which are then taken in to keep, at one penny-halfpenny each per week. The stock of hay, and that of very good quality, is so large, that it is not probable it can be sold and consumed during the present year.

Cattle, during such a season in plenty, of course, have done well, and remunerated the breeder and grazier. There has been, of late, a small reduction of price. As to sheep, they have also done well on their proper, namely, dry soils. The early lambing season commenced with the year; the general, in the present month. On good soils, the season has been successful, and the produce large, with only the common share of unavoidable accidents. But, at best, we consider our English sheep husbandry greatly defective, and such is the opinion of various foreign flock-masters, with whom we have had the opportunity to discuss the subject. Sheep are certainly a most improper kind of animals for exposure upon heavy wet lands; and upon such, the loss of both lambs and ewes have been considerable. The sufferings of these animals, which we have too often witnessed, form a tale of pity as well as regret, at the losses thereby occasioned, and they have been considerable in the present season. The ewes, being at turnips, have been left in the field, however wet and unfavourable the weather, up to their bellies in mud, drenched to the skin, remaining on their legs for days and nights together, having no place to lie down where they could take rest or sleep; and in such state of comfort, they have to bring forth their young! Both lambs and ewes naturally contract diseases, appropriate to such exposure; and to finish this tragedy with a farce, the heads of their proprietors seem so filled with ideas of medicine and quackery in the case, as to contain no place for the grand remedy of PREVENTION. Another example of the tender mercies of cupidity, is the shearing a few sheep, loaded with wool, immediately previous to sending them a long journey to market, in the most severe weather; and we have long been accustomed to see the miserable objects in Smithfield, shivering with ague, and literally glandered; a state in which their flesh cannot be good and wholesome food. The rot is reported to have been lately discovered in several parts, where it had not previously made its appearance. This ever-periodical and extensive disease in our flocks, to our great national loss, and the ruin of so many farmers, is, beyond all question, in a great measure attributable to the *intérêt mal entendu*, interest ill understood—to the neglect of preventive measures. Wool, some time past, appeared to be upon the advance, and was worth 34s. per tod; it has since declined, and considering our vast imports, is not very probable to revive.

Amid the almost general complaints from the country, we are cheered by favourable exceptions, and the absence of all dissatisfaction. Those farmers in all parts, who have been able to stock their lands with cattle and sheep, and to bring them to market in good condition, are said to have done well, the times and the state of the corn-markets considered. The general dampness of last year's corn, even yet affecting the sample, is much against the farmer. The accumulating distress of the ill-starred tillers of poor soils, is a never-failing monthly topic; and it is confidently averred, that great numbers of such must be "sold up" during the interval between the present time and Michaelmas next, unless they should be so fortunate as to be taken under the benevolent protection of their landlords.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s.* 0*d.* to 3*s.* 10*d.*—Mutton, 2*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.* 8*d.*—Veal, 3*s.* 4*d.* to 5*s.* 0*d.*—Pork, 3*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 0*d.* dairy.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 42*s.* to 64*s.*—Barley, 22*s.* to 36*s.*—Oats, 18*s.* to 22*s.*—London Loaf, 4lb. 9*d.*—Hay, 50*s.* to 80*s.*—Clover ditto, 80*s.* to 100*s.*—Straw, 28*s.* to 33*s.*

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool 14*s.* 6*d.* to 20*s.* per ton.—Delivered to the consumer at an addition of 9*s.* to 12*s.* per ton.

Middlesex, March 25.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV. MAY, 1833. No. 89.

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THE EDITORS' LETTER BOX.

In reply to W. N——, we beg to state that the omission of which he complains, is entirely the fault of his Bookseller—the Monthly Magazine, having invariably been ready for delivery, *on the morning previous to the regular day* of publication, for the last half century.

We have received interesting remarks upon, and addenda to "Humbug of the Bar"—"Metropolitan Architecture," "Ferocity of Foxhunting;" "Chess-Clubs and Chess Players," &c. &c.—the greater part of which we purpose shall appear in the ensuing number.

The proprietor of a country newspaper complains of not having received his usual presentation copy;—we beg to assure him, as well as others in similar circumstances, that, after the present month, in consequence of arrangements we have made, no such disappointments will again occur.

To P. R.—W. N.—H. P. P., and a host of others, we will reply in private. A Cantab, requests that his paper may be *left out;* he will perceive, on glancing through the contents, that we have done ourself the pleasure of obeying him.

Notwithstanding the unusual space we have devoted to Reviews, our arrears are considerable. They include Vol. I. of "Scott's Poetical Works;" "Taylor's Useful Geometry;" "Fergus on Nature and Revelation;" "Blakey's History of Moral Science;" "Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare, No. XXIV.;" "Botanical Miscellany, Part IX.;" "The Heliotrope;" "Sketches in the Tyrol;" "Life of the Apostle Paul;" "A Treatise on the Eye," by H. Curtis, Esq.; "Practical Gardening," by Martin Doyle, Esq. "Gallery of the Graces, Part IV.;" "Address to the Proprietors of the University of London;" "The Tailor's Masterpiece;" "Tea Trade of England;" "History of the Native Princes of India;" "Poor Law Commission;" "Mundell on Corn Laws;" "Berkeley the Banker," &c. &c. notices of all which will appear in our next.

At the eleventh hour some new lights have broken in upon us as to the "Tenterden-street Humbug," with which we shall irradiate our promised article on that subject, in the June Number.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XVI.] MAY, 1833. [No. 89.

PALMERSTON POLICY.

FUTURE generations will view with mingled wonder and contempt, the deplorable spectacle of our foreign policy—a policy that will ultimately entail on the country, a war as ruinous as the one we waged to roll back the tide of the French revolution.

There is scarcely a question that has been started of late, as to our foreign relations, that is not either pending, or has been decided against us. It is true, that we have sometimes raised our voice in favour of trampled freedom; but what has it availed us? The despots of the Continent have proceeded in their work of extermination, regardless of our feeble cry. Yet, when, in November last, a clamour was raised by the conservative party against our armed intervention in Belgium, the partisans of ministers confidently maintained, that the line of policy pursued by the government, in conjunction with our French allies, would level every difficulty, solve every question, and disperse every vestige of uncertainty. "The imposing attitude we have assumed," was their cry, "will be the surest guarantee of a lasting peace." In what way these brilliant promises have been realized, we shall just examine.

The Belgian flag floats, it is true, upon the battered walls of the citadel of Antwerp; the forced halt imposed upon Prussia, upon the very frontier of that kingdom, was, we allow, a masterly stroke of diplomacy;—but what other result has been obtained? The navigation of the Scheldt, the real European question, is as far from it's solution as ever. The conference of London is dissolved, dead, and buried, beneath the ponderous heap of it's own protocols. The cruise of the combined squadrons in the North Sea, and the second act of the comedy, "the blockade of Holland," are suspended until the season of the year shall admit of more effective operations. In the mean time, William of Nassau, more obstinate than ever, and with good reason too, since it has so admirably succeeded, pursues a system of calculated inertia and a war of Custom Houses, the most profitable by far that he could wage. However driven to his last entrenchments, the faithful ally of the crafty Nicholas has just thought of another subterfuge—that of an appeal from his own obstinacy, to that of the States General, and of removing to their shoulders the weight of a responsibility that begins to be severely felt by his people. The

delays of a deliberative assembly will wonderfully serve this new temporising strategy of King William, who, it is now evident, has been playing, and with triumphant success, the game of the Imperial autocrat.

In Spain, where,as in every other despotic government, Liberalism, emanating from the Sovereign, is but a fortuitous accident transient in operation, the young Queen has lost the ephemeral power of which she made so noble a use, and is now but nominally regent. That two days reign of liberal ideas, astonished at germinating, even for an instant, upon the absolute soil of Spain—is over. The *cadavre* of the absolute king, dead for liberty, lives yet for despotism, like those deceased sovereigns, whose deaths are carefully concealed, and whose coffins still reign for the profit of a few favorites. Even thus does the Camarilla of Aranjuez, turn to its own advantage the long agony of Ferdinand, and dictates to him a posthumous re-action. With the ministry that has just risen upon Spain, like a star of evil augury, all hopes of seeing revered the ancient franchises of the nation, and the convocation of the Cortes, have vanished. The re-action has commenced—the voice of our ambassador has been derided; and in such a Court, who can say where the re-action will end?

In Portugal, which Napoleon considered as a colony of England, we are now hated both by Liberals and Absolutists, and with just reason too; for in whatever way the struggle now pending may be decided, the result will be equally disastrous to that ill-fated country, and she may with justice lay her ruin at the door of Great Britain—that in turn has encouraged and deceived—supported and abandoned both parties at present struggling for mastery upon her soil.

In Germany, our ascendancy is completely eclipsed. As if the Germanic liberties were not sufficiently curtailed by the decrees of the Diet, they are now proceeding in detail, to the work of mutilation, not daring, by some remains of respect for human opinion, to annihilate them at a single blow. They are taking them one by one. Wirtemberg and Hesse* have been the first victims, the turn of Bavaria and others will come next.

There now remains the East, which, not without design, we have reserved for the last place,—that East, pregnant with events threatening the future independence of every state in Europe. If any thing were wanting to prove the decline of our European influence, it would certainly be the powerless effect of our intervention in the affairs of that section of the East, which our tardy policy has rendered a complete "embroglio." The Russian fleet rides at anchor beneath the walls of the Seraglio, and the influence of that power triumphs in the Divan. Where is the fleet that should have given weight to the remonstrances of our minister—the display of energy that should have brought the Sultan to have thrown himself into the arms of the

* The position of the Electoral Colleges in these two States is precisely similar to that of the French Electors, after the famous proclamation of Charles X. But, notwithstanding all the fine things that were declaimed last year, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, upon the public spirit of the Germans, we are convinced that the only thing that will drive them to extremities is an ordonnance against *the pipe*.

ally who formerly saved him in his hour of need—instead of clinging to that one, who, after having dictated the peace of Adrianople, comes to dearly sell him his treacherous support?

Such are the results of our foreign policy—the *paix à tout prix* system. The despots of the Continent could scarcely have gained more by open war than they have done during the most profound peace. We are hated from one end of the Spanish Peninsula to the other,—derided in Holland—reproached in Belgium—invoked in vain in Germany—almost forgotten in Italy—despised in Turkey—treated with open contumely in Russia, and suspected even in France. Great Britain, once the lever of the world, has become the laughing-stock of Europe. If Lord Palmerston be a vain man, we envy him not his feelings—he is no match for the admixture of Greek ductility, and Scythian energy of the Russian diplomatists. The wily Pozzo di Borgo and the foxhunting Matucewitz, have played him as skilful anglers do a trout. In his person—the Foreign Minister of England, whose voice should have swayed all Europe, has dwindled into a mere automaton, moved at the will and pleasure of Nicholas Paulovitch, Czar of all the Russias.

Months ago we foretold that the struggle between the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt would become an European question of the first magnitude. Months ago we foresaw the field it would open to Russia for the consummation of her ambitious projects upon Turkey. But our foreign minister has been dazzled by an "ignis fatuus," amid the marshes of Holland. He has been pursuing a political phantom while Russia has been actively and successively undermining our influence in every quarter of the globe. She is at this moment carrying on an active diplomatic correspondence with the Sheic tribes on the north-western frontier of our Indian empire. She has stirred up Persia to make demands upon our Indian governments, that will, in all probability, end in a war. Her agents are every where. They may be found in the highest walks of English society, and amid the phrenzied peasantry of Ireland—sowing the seeds of disunion and discord, reconnoitring our vulnerable points, and unfolding the hidden sources of our greatness. While her influence reigns triumphant in the Divan, while her fleet rides at anchor in the Bosphorus, and while her battalions are advancing, by forced marches, towards the Balkan, *our* ships have been lying inactive in the Tagus, or cruising, in the dead of winter, in the North Sea. We have been protocolling in the West, while, in the East, Ibrahim Pacha has traversed the desert that separates Egypt from Syria, and advanced from the foot of Mount Taurus to the shores of the Egean, by one of the most extraordinary marches in modern times, the very inverse of that of Alexander the Great. The East, following his victorious steps, has paid back the visit she received from Ancient Greece, twenty centuries ago;—and *now* as *then*, civilization is on the side of the conqueror. Our foreign department has remained lamentably in the dark on every point connected with this extraordinary man,—the regenerator of Ancient Egypt, the renovator of the empire of the Caliphs, the modern Aroun al Raschid. It is evident that the Egyptian people are rapidly advancing. But who has opened this career to them? Who has the first planted in the barbarous

soil of the East the seeds of European civilization? Who has overcome fanaticism? Who has rendered, at last, these regions safe for Europeans? Who has created so many new productions? The Arab, who, a few years ago, scarcely possessed the art of constructing a frail bark, now launches on the ocean a stately first-rate. The Egyptian armies—have they not astonished all Europe by their courage and severe discipline? And yet all this is the work of one man!—of Mehemet Ali! Lord Palmerston appears to forget that he is at the head of 130,000 disciplined soldiers; master of a fleet of several ships of the line and heavy frigates, admirably manned and disciplined; that under his rule the commerce of Egypt has encreased a hundred fold. He has been only looked upon as a rebel Pacha, whose head—the price of his temerity—would probably soon adorn the gates of the Seraglio at Constantinople.

When Mehemet Ali raised the standard of revolt, he had no alternative left him. He was too wily a politician not to penetrate the designs of Russia, not to see that the men who surrounded the Sultan were in the pay of that power, and that the death firman issued by Mahmoud was the work of the crafty Nicholas, who marked, with a foreboding eye, the barrier which the civilization of Egypt would oppose to the consummation of his darling policy. The vice-king of Egypt was the firmest pillar of the Ottoman Porte. His gold, his soldiers, his ships, have been lavished on the defence of this tottering empire, but the return for so many sacrifices, has been the blackest ingratitude. The griefs of Mehemet Ali against the governor of St. Jean d'Acre, were notorious. The Porte might have made an example of this Pacha, who had formerly raised against her the standard of revolt; but, with her usual crooked policy, she declared in his favour, and Mehemet Ali was branded as a rebel. This policy rendered war inevitable, but neither anathemas nor prescriptions could terrify the Viceroy, whose course was founded on justice. The war once commenced, it was no longer in his power to arrest its devastating fury. The population along his whole line of march eagerly flocked to his standard, and Ibrahim Pacha, advanced to the very centre of Anatolia, hailed as a liberator! If the course of events had been allowed their free operation, we verily believe that, before the expiration of a month, the majority of the Osmanlis would have rallied round the Egyptian army—have carried in their arms its victorious general into Constantinople itself, and seated Ibrahim upon the throne of Mahomet, by the most sacred of all rights, the will of the people.

But it did not suit the policy of Russia to allow the Divan of Constantinople to be replaced by a young and regenerative government. What benefit, in fact, would this northern power have derived from the dispersion of the Janizaries, if those who remained of that order were to be formed into regular and disciplined corps? The constitutional bravery of the Osmanlis, their warlike habits, would have been the means of future salvation to the empire. Russia viewed with jealousy the birth of an European military system of organization in Turkey, that she felt conscious would prove a barrier to her invasions. Her projects are evident to the most superficial observer—for more than a century her policy has never varied. Ever since the treaty of Adria-

nople, she has looked upon Turkey as a prey that cannot escape the talons of her Eagle; and when the Imperial Autocrat ordered his fleet to sail from Sevastopol for the Bosphorus, *it was his own property that he felt he was going to protect, and not that of the Sultan.*

The other powers of Europe are alarmed, and justly so, at the appearance of the Muscovite flag before the walls of old Istambol, and have loudly demanded their departure. But while they have sought to repel the perfidious intervention of Russia, they have thought proper themselves to interfere between Ibrahim, who has the whole nation in his favour, and the Sultan Mahmoud, who has nothing left but his divan and his court. Mahmoud has arrived at that pitch when he can no longer reign but under the patronage of Russia. His navy exists but in name; his army is without chiefs, dispersed, demoralized, and without one principle of re-organization in its ranks. Surrounded by ignorant and corrupted counsellors—deprived of the advice of a single man of honesty or talent—exposed to the deadly hatred of his people—troubled by unceasing revolts—exhausted by the tributes to which he is subject, Mahmoud has not a chance in his favour. His remains of power, nay, even his life, are now at the mercy of a popular tumult—from which it would be difficult to guarantee either one or the other.

Whatever, therefore, may be the good-will of these powers, it is utterly beyond their means to save *both* the Sultan and the empire—that time has gone by. It was in 1829, before the passage of the Balkan by the Russian army, that their intervention might have preserved Turkey. The treaty of Adrianople marked the term of Mahmoud's power, for since that period it has been but nominal.

The fatal error of not intervening in 1829, we admit cannot be laid at the door of the present ministers, for they were not then in power; but what we accuse them of is, not redeeming this oversight of our diplomacy, when a favourable opportunity presented itself. In fact the true policy of the great powers of Europe, is now to support the Pacha of Egypt—a policy, we admit, not of choice but of necessity. Ought France to allow the Russians, those constant enemies of her glory and her liberty, to establish themselves at Contantinople? Ought she to suffer to be compromised, the future prospects of her Algerine colony, by allowing to be forcibly torn up those seeds of civilization in Egypt, and at a moment when the glorious career of re-civilizing the northern shores of Africa is before her? Again—Can Austria see without fear and apprehension, the Russian battalions upon her Eastern frontier? What compensation, and what guarantee can she hope from pursuing *a l'outrance*, her defensive policy? And lastly—Is it the interest of Great Britain, that Russia should seize a position so threatening to her Indian empire—two seas, locked like two basins, upon which, she might, in perfect security, form and exercise a navy that may one day wrest from her the trident of the seas? What, to pursue our questions still further, would then become of that European balance of power, which the British, French, and Austrian cabinets are so desirous of maintaining—and of that kingdom of Greece, which, with so much difficulty

has been engendered by their diplomacy, in spite of the autocrat's machinations? Is it not the interest of these three powers, that the culminating position of Constantinople should be really and effectually guarded, and prevented from becoming the capital of a Muscovite appanage?

These are questions that are solved as soon as they are clearly enounced. But in interfering in the affairs of Turkey, in arresting the career of Ibrahim, these three powers have arrested the march of that regeneration that alone could save the Ottoman empire, and erect upon the shores of the Bosphorus a barrier against Russian invasion. Whether they succeed or not in obliging the squadron of Nicholas to quit the harbour of Constantinople, they must make up their minds, if they persist in their policy towards the Viceroy of Egypt, to see him sooner or later fix himself upon the throne of the Sultan. A mere pretext will suffice, and when the favorable moment for acting shall have arrived, he will laugh to scorn the diplomacy—aye, and the armaments too of combined Europe. Once master of the Ottoman capital, who could drive him from it?

A prompt regeneration can alone save Turkey. But to the Sultan Mahmoud such a regeneration is impossible; and to maintain this Prince any longer upon the throne, would only be to hasten the dissolution of the empire. The future prospects of the Osmanlis are centered in the person of Ibrahim Pacha, and the cause of Egypt appears to us to be that of the whole nation.

In opposition to these views, it may be asserted that Mehemet Ali is a vassal of the Sultan's, and to support him would be consecrating a revolutionary principle. But is it in the 19th century that this obsolete feudal question is to be revived? Besides, it supposes protection on one side. But latterly it is Egypt that has protected the Porte, and it would be eminently absurd that national force should pay tribute to national weakness. It is utterly futile to talk about a revolted vassal, of political engagements, and so forth:—the force of things is equally imperative upon governments as upon individuals, and by obliging Mehemet Ali to recall his army and to evacuate Syria and Anatolia, these three powers would not by that means guarantee for six months longer the reign of Mahmoud. As to the armed intervention of Russia—France and England ought not to have allowed it under any pretext; and if a war with that power were inevitable, they ought not to have waited to decide upon it till she was mistress of Constantinople.

The policy pursued by the ministers of England and of France has been such, that had they been in the pay of Russia, they could not more effectually have served that power. On the one hand they propose to the Russian Admiral to return to Sevastopol, and guarantee the integrity of the Porte, while on the other, they imperiously order the Egyptian to evacuate Syria, and threaten him, in case of refusal, to enforce the mandate, bidding him content himself, as the only indemnity for so many victories, with the simple investiture of the Pachalic of Acre! Mehemet Ali must naturally have been furious at these conditions, since he had concluded, with the envoy of the Porte,

Halil Pacha, a treaty that offered him many other advantages and guarantees: the Divan consented, in fact, to cede the four Pachalics of Syria. The answer the Viceroy gave to this *sommation*, for such it was, twenty-four hours being allowed for a categorical answer, was noble and firm:—"I have hitherto lived with honour; if necessary, I will die as I have lived. What you propose to me I cannot accept."

Thus Mehemet Ali has, formerly refused to adhere to the conditions proposed to him—and from the tergiversations of policy that we have witnessed, we may conjecture that it is the intention of our government to wait until one of the two parties have seized the initiative, 'ere they decide on what course to pursue in this grave conjuncture

The present posture of affairs may be given in a very few words:—

1st. The formal intention of Ibrahim Pacha, to push as far as possible the advantages he has gained.

2dly. The firm resolution of Russia, of maintaining her armed intervention, and of occupying Constantinople under the pretext of protecting the Sultan.

3dly. The absolute nullity of the Cabinets of France and England, in the affairs of the east.

What direction affairs may ultimately take, so complicated is the aspect they have assumed, we declare our inability to predict. At the eleventh hour our squadron has been ordered to the Bosphorus; but all may be over before it reaches the seat of action, otherwise the simple alternative, offered to the Russian Admiral, of sheering off, or of seeing the British Jack flying at his mizen peak, would solve at least that difficulty. But the probability is, that Ibrahim will make a dash at Constantinople before the Russian auxiliary force arrives. The moral effect of his presence on the population of the capital, who cordially detest the "dogs of Moscow," might produce a general rising, and the Russian squadron have some difficulty "*de se tirer d'affaire.*"

On the other hand—supposing affairs take another direction—that Russia, awed by the hostile attitude of England and France, halts her advancing columns? What if the Egyptian should not prove equally tractible? Mehemet Ali, it is true, is too profound a politician to brave the vengeance of the great powers of Europe; but both father and son are flushed with conquest, have shewn themselves to be men of head and execution, and are surrounded by daring spirits of the old imperial French army, who can appreciate the advantages of his position. His power is in the very heart of Anatolia, amid a population devoted to his cause, and whose fanaticism still preserves a character of great energy. Should he prove obstinate, it is not an army of twenty, or even thirty thousand Christians that would drive him from his position. This contingency would moreover entail upon the two powers the protectorate of the Ottoman Porte—a measure, leaving the enormous expense it would entail on them out of the question, which we suspect would ultimately embroil the protecting powers themselves.

In this delicate conjuncture, the true policy of France and this country is to guarantee the possession of Syria to Mehemet Ali, otherwise, they will be only labouring to the profit of Russia; for the power of the Sultan is absolutely null there, and it is not by the conven-

tions of European diplomacy that it will be restored. In fact, no peace can be lasting, that is not based upon the independence of Egypt, with the territorial arrondisement we have alluded to:—without this *sine qua non*, hostilities would recommence ere the expiration of a twelvemonth, and instead of erecting an imposing barrier against the ambitious designs of Nicholas, the very few obstacles that remain to oppose their completion would most effectually be levelled.

"*Dans trente ans*," said Napoleon, on the ocean rock of his exile, "*dans trente ans, l'Europe sera ou republique ou Cosaque.*" In 1830, only ten years after these prophetic words were uttered, the Russian standards floated on the walls of Warsaw, and before the close of 1833, if our present besotted and drivelling policy be persisted in, they will soar on the towers of the Seraglio at Constantinople—and then who will say that the completion of the prophecy, after such a course of events, is beyond the range of human probability? But however this may be, one thing at least is evident, that Napoleon was better acquainted with the grasping policy, and ambitious designs of the Russian cabinet, than our present foreign minister, Lord Viscount Palmerston.

OUR WOOD ENGRAVERS.*

In the present "high and palmy state" of Wood Engraving, the ignorance of the press and the public, as to the art and its professors, is truly remarkable. The most wretched trash is not only purchased, but praised to the skies for its beauty, vigour, force, colour, breadth, and half a dozen other qualities—in every one of which it is most glaringly deficient. Among the fine art critics of the day, there are many who evince a profound judgment, and great taste, in pronouncing on the merits and demerits of paintings, and copper or steel engravings; but on the subject of wood-cuts, the best of them rarely hazards an opinion without committing an error. Happy men! they have no idea of the prodigious laughter which their complacent criticisms excite among the parties criticised! Their censure is contemned,—for, in most cases, it falls on the finest productions of the first masters; their praise is scoffed at—rejected with loathing—because it is frequently lavished on the worst cuts, the occasional failures of the great veterans, and the sheer abortions of the veriest sticks in the profession. The tooling of raw lads, destitute alike of experience or talent, often obtains a higher degree of praise than the most skilful execution of men gifted with extraordinary natural powers, cultivated to perfection by intense study and most elaborate practice. In fact, the critic is precisely in the condition of that celebrated trunk-maker, who had the misfortune of always applauding in the wrong place.

The number of wood-engravers, at least of those who have any

* Fables, Original and Selected. By the late James Northcote, R. A. Second Series. Illustrated by two hundred and eighty engravings on wood. London. John Murray.

claim to be considered as artists, is very limited; but even of these, four-fifths, including the most eminent, are unknown even by name to gentlemen of the press. If one of them happen to be mentioned, he is invariably praised for that quality in which he knows himself most wanting, or abused on those especial points in which he is generally admitted to excel the most talented of his competitors. As to the comparative merits of such few of the wood-engravers as have been lugged before the public for exposure by name, the most laughable ignorance prevails. In an essay on the subject, published some months since, Sam Slader was placed at the head of the list! Bewick's cart-load of laurels were transferred most ruthlessly to the young Quaker's brow; and poor Sam, conscious of the absurdity, had nearly sunk under the good-natured infliction: Sears, Walker, and Dorrington, were elevated above Thompson: of Nesbit, the writer made no mention: Sam Williams, he said, might, perhaps, emerge from the back ground, and William Harvey was "really rather a promising young man."

We do not expect that our readers, misled and kept in the dark as they have been by the ignorance of the critics, will see any primâ facie absurdity in this; and yet, we assure them, the statements are quite as ridiculous as the following parody on the passage, in which the names of authors are substituted for those of the artists who are mentioned:—"The laurels of Byron now grace the brows of Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson; Campbell is far beneath S. S. Edgar, and A Constant Reader: Banim may perhaps emerge from the back-ground; and Thomas Moore is really a promising young man."

Within the past month, the most respectable portion of the press have perpetrated errors, in reviewing Northcote's fables, equally gross. A paper of high pretensions, and displaying an admirable degree of talent, not only on general topics, but even on art, has very recently, in noticing the work which gave rise to the present article, attributed the whole of the designs to Northcote *and the whole of the engravings to Harvey!* What claim Northcote has to *any* of the designs—and the foolish old man himself would never have thought of laying claim to more than a third of them—we shall presently shew; but, just now, we will merely observe that *Harvey did not engrave one of them!* (as the critic might have ascertained, had he used his eyes, from the book itself)—nay more, that Harvey has neither engraved or professed to have engraved a single block for many years past; he has had more lofty occupation, more profitable employment.

A slight glance at the nature, rise, and progress of the art in our own times, and the ability of its more eminent professors, will not perhaps, after what we have said, prove unacceptable. An engraving on wood differs very materially from one on copper or steel; in the latter, all the lines which appear in the impression are sunk; in the former they are raised, or rather the original surface is cut away, so as to leave them standing above the bulk of the block. To print from a copper or steel plate, the entire face of the metal is covered with ink; this is carefully wiped from the surface but left in the lines, from which it is transferred to damp soft paper, so as to produce a perfect impression, by passing the plate and paper together,

under a roller, clothed with blankets. A wood cut is printed on directly the reverse principle, and in this consists its intrinsic value, because it can be worked with type. All the lines instead of being sunk, constitute the surface of the block; those parts which are intended to be white, are cut away, so that when the lines are armed with ink, the impression is taken without wiping; thus the double and difficult operation is saved. In a metal plate the lines are channels, in a wood cut ridges. The copper or steel plate engraver has to transfer his original, frequently on a decreased scale, to the material on which he works: from a wood engraver this is not expected, the drawing being made *on the wood* for him by the artist employed to design the subject. So that in an impression from wood, we have the original touches of the draughtsman, while those on copper or steel, are translated into the language of his own art, by the engraver.

Bewick may, without question, be pronounced the father of modern wood-engraving. He was decidedly a genius. After having practised for some years, in a provincial town, as a cutter of common metal ornaments, doors-plates, &c. &c.—without education, without, apparently, either hint, assistance, or encouragement from any one—by his own individual energy, perseverance, and extraordinary talent, he revived, or rather created an art, which he carried so far towards all the perfection of which it is capable, that with numerous pupils and competitors, he died the other day with few if any equals, and certainly no superior, in force, truth, and effect, as a delineator of nature. In brilliancy and elaborate execution, the men of the present day have excelled him; but for this superiority they are as much indebted to the skill of their principal designer, and the recent astonishing improvements in printing, as to their own professional dexterity and taste. Unlike our present artists, Bewick made his own drawings; and to these the highest possible degree of praise must in justice be attributed. His birds possess a truth of texture, form, and expression,—an individuality of character, which has never been surpassed. His tail-pieces, occasionally, display scenes of the most disgusting grossness; but such of them—and these constitute the majority—as are unpolluted by his prevailing vice, are among the finest homely pictorial morals, that have ever been conferred on human nature by the powers of art. In grace and imagination he was particularly deficient—his forte consisted in appreciating, and depicting with miraculous truth the poetry of matter-of-fact. When we consider the difficulties he had to encounter in acquiring his new art, and the tremendous obstacles which he must have overcome in the printing of his cuts, we cannot but look upon his works with feelings of wonder and admiration.

While Bewick was rapidly advancing in the formation of a little school of wood cutters at Newcastle, a kindred spirit arose in the metropolis. This was the elder Branston. Brought up to nearly the same occupation as Bewick, without any instruction in the art, he began by copying some of the latter's most simple cuts, and long before the close of his comparatively brief but brilliant career, became one of the northern prodigy's most formiable rivals—excelling him in some points, though falling short of him in others. John Thompson,

the elder Branston's apprentice, who we believe began wood-engraving, shortly after, or perhaps about the same time as his highly gifted master, is now, and has for some time past, been at the very summit of his art.

The elder Branston and Thompson gradually established a school of wood-engraving in the metropolis; and, assisted by the taste and talent of Thurston the designer, advanced their art far towards its present state of excellence. Clennell, and Nisbett, a northern man, a pupil of Bewick, the present patriarch of the profession, contributed largely by their skill to its elevation and popularity; wood-cuts, on account of their vigour and economy, but especially from their capacity of being worked in juxta-position with type, became in considerable request, and wood-engravers increased. Thurston drew his thousands, and Craig, an inferior but most prolific artist, his tens of thousands of designs—Stothard produced a set of most beautiful illustrations (capitally cut by Clennell) to Rogers' Pleasures of Memory; and wood-engraving not only proudly lifted its head among the existing arts, but gave birth to a new one—that of wood-cut printing. This soon proved of the most vital assistance to its parent, and they now go hand-in-hand together. The skill of the artist is in vain exercised without equal talent and finished execution be displayed by the printer—indeed, to such a point does this principle extend, that a beautiful wood-cut, unless worked by an accomplished printer, will give worse impressions than had it been engraved coarsely and clumsily. Bensley, Maurice, and Whittingham, were among the earliest artists in wood-cut printing, and to the latter gentleman in particular our present engravers are very materially indebted, having, by his great improvements in the mode of taking off impressions, largely extended the range and application of their art.

To William Harvey, however, the present school is, if possible, under still deeper obligations. A pupil of Bewick, a wood-engraver of the most consummate skill, after having astonished the town by his colossal print of Dentatus, he devoted himself with the most indomitable zeal to the study and practice of painting. In spite of difficulties that would have disheartened, and vanquishing obstacles that would have defied almost any other man—by intense and persevering study—an absorbing devotion to one great object—aided by a brilliant imagination—exquisite taste—facility of execution—and that indefineable feeling and perception of the beautiful—without which no man can become a great artist, he attained the enviable privilege of being justified in saying—"And I, too, am a painter!" Profoundly versed in the principles and practice of his art—with a vividness of conception that has never been surpassed—and with a perfect knowledge of wood-engraving, of which his predecessor had not the advantage, Harvey succeeded to the throne that had become vacant by the death of Thurston. This event constituted a new era in wood-engraving; meagre vignettes were followed by rich pictures, displaying magnificent composition—vigour in the detail of character—powerful simplicity in depicting the subject—truth of expression—breadth—colour—air—all that could be desired. His designs are heaped with graceful forms—his figures are moving illus-

trations of the line of beauty, which flows perpetually in all his groupes: his compositions are full of life—sometimes crowded—apparently from the prodigality of his fancy. But amid the wildest revelry of imagination, the same sound principles which have been the objects of study to the greatest painters of ancient or modern times are constantly displayed. His *learning* not only accompanies but ministers to his fancy. His wit and invention seem to be boundless. Is an illustration required? His mind soars with eagle velocity over all the regions of fiction and fact, and invariably seems to pounce upon the most apt and appropriate subject.

With such a designer, the engravers on wood in a mass, though individually unknown and unappreciated, rose with astonishing rapidity. Printing kept pace with them;—partly through the exertions of Harvey himself, who personally superintended the working of his "Henderson on Wines," and partly too by the practical skill and experiments at press of the elder Branston and his talented eldest son Robert, now of the firm of Vizetelly, Branston, and Co. Meanwhile Whittingham was making gigantic strides as a fine printer, and the wood engravers received, from time to time, valuable additions to their little corps. Samuel Williams, a self-taught artist, who had commenced wood-engraving, by copying some paltry cock-robin cuts, while a printer's apprentice at Colchester, pushed forward into the foremost ranks, and displayed considerable talent as a designer: his brother Thomas followed close in his rear; the pupils of Branston soared up to individual distinction; Jackson, an elève of Bewick, came to town; and the veteran Nesbitt, after a long retirement, returned to the practise of his profession. George and Robert Cruikshank, especially the former, added by their designs to the popularity of the art; then came Seymour; and after him Meadows—fruitful in fancy, and most felicitous in the delineation of graceful cupids and graceless blackguards, pre-eminent in portrait, and pretty considerable in all things—besides a few designers of minor powers, and a multitude of mere copyists and fac-simile transcribers. Other engravers now started up—Bonner, John Wright, and Frederick Branston, pupils of the father of the latter; Smith, an emanation from Jackson; Landells, a pupil of Bewick, and others of inferior fame.

With two or three splendid exceptions, the second series of Northcote's fables affords specimens of the works of all the living engravers who have attained to eminence in their art. It is truly a most extraordinary work, and merits a very extensive sale. Its production casts a lustre even on the name of the great John Murray. It is a portable gallery of beautiful pictures—pictures of the highest merit—redolent of imagination, grace, the most profound wit, and the most delicate humour—a monument of the genius of Harvey. We say of the genius of Harvey, for Northcote merely played the bellows-blower in concocting it. Our indignation is boundless, at the impudence of withholding Harvey's name from the title-page, and at the shallow impertinence of our sage reviewers in attributing the designs to Northcote—an incompetent twaddler, who, had he reached to the age of Methusalem, and enjoyed full possession of

his faculties to the last, could never have achieved them. He had not the most remote claim to any beyond the head-pieces. And what claim had he to these? Of course the reader will conclude, that, at least he furnished Harvey with the pencil sketches of them. No such thing: it was not in his power to do so. What he did was this. Supposing he had to manufacture a head-piece to a fable entitled "The Cock, The Eagle, and The Pig:" he would first cut out a cock, an eagle, and a pig, from any engravings in his possession; he would then puzzle his shallow brains in shifting them about on a bit of printed landscape, until he had got them into passable positions: his next feat was to paste them down; and if the group wanted an additional rock, or a tree in foreground, or a river, cloud, castle, or wood in the distance, he would rob another print of the desired object, and plaster it upon his contemptible patch-work composition. To this may be attributed the stiffness and formality of the designs, their occasional outrages on comparative size, their frigidity—their want of flow—their contemptible meagreness of composition—a fault of which Harvey never is guilty. He would have done them immeasurably better, had Northcote not exerted his pastepot and scissars at all in the business. The ornamental letters and tail-pieces, with which Northcote had nothing to do, are full of life, fancy, feeling, taste, and all that can render a pictorial composition valuable; while most of the head-pieces are comparatively cold, formal, dull, and inanimate. The first series was got up precisely in the same manner; and knowing this to be the fact, it pains us considerably, to find Allan Cunningham, in his last volume of British Painters, just published, after having properly exposed the literary demerits of the Fables, making the following observation—"The accompanying designs are much more creditable *to Northcote.* Some of them are elegant alike in conception and execution." Northcote had nothing at all to do with them beyond the scissars and paste exploit of putting something similar to the head-pieces together. All that is "elegant alike in conception and execution" is to be found in the ornamental letters and tail-pieces, and these are entirely the work of William Harvey. Northcote was incapable of conceiving or executing them; as an artist, he was a downright quack; all his compositions were patchwork on the broadest scale; and Harvey has done well in the tail-piece to the present volume, to place conspicuously beneath the old gentleman's bust, that instrument to which he was so largely indebted—namely, a huge pair of scissars.

No man was ever more egregiously over-rated. He was supposed to excel as an animal painter; but this prevalent idea was ludicrously unfounded. At one time, as he admitted to a friend of ours, having a picture on hand, in which it was necessary to introduce a tiger, he went to the School of Painting for the purpose of stealing one from a picture by Rubens. But the students were all copying the desired animal, and their copies were all so superior, as he saw, to any attempt that he could make, that, not wishing to expose himself, he withdrew. "This was on a Wednesday," said he, "and Thursday being a holiday, when none of the pupils would be there, I went down

to the academy, and privately *traced* the tiger upon some sheets of tissue paper, which I took with me for the purpose."

Nothing can be imagined more opposed in style to his great preceptor's works, than those of Northcote; they are deficient in the charms of colour, feeble in drawing, and, though free from any glaring defects of character or composition, they fail to arouse the imagination, or to create any lasting effect on the mind. At a period when West's pictures excited enthusiastic admiration, it was quite natural for such a man as Northcote to obtain a considerable share of patronage; but at the present day, the best of his pictures would fail to gain a painter admission to the academy. He left nothing behind him of value but money, and a large portion of this could scarcely be called his own, for he never deserved a twentieth part of the price he obtained. In the whole range of his works, it would be difficult to place one's finger upon any thing good and say, "This is Northcote's." No, no! Scissars was the man. It is clear that, pictorially, he would not only covet, but steal his neighbour's ox, or his ass, or any thing that was his. He was made up of envy, hatred, malice, and self-conceit; he was feared, but neither admired nor beloved. People who had been betrayed into praising him, or purchasing his pictures, kept him up for their own sakes; those whom he had taken in, helped him to take in others, and thus the humbug went on. Meanwhile, his sister contributed not a little to his self-complacency; in every position, right or wrong, she supported and corroborated him by the simple agency of echo. If he cried "Trash!" on looking at a work of art, she, *without* looking at it, would also cry "Trash!" but in a more shrill and decided tone. On hearing that Haydon, whom he hated, was painting "The triumphal entry into Jerusalem," Northcote, with bitter vehemence exclaimed, "*He* paint our Saviour! Oh Christ!" The sister came in with the tea-kettle at this crisis, and mechanically taking her cue, screamed out a tributary "Oh, Christ!" with peculiar emphasis.

The fables in his second series would be of no value, did they not serve as pegs for the support of Harvey's pictures. The morality inculcated, is either trite or exceptionable: it is Northcote's morality, of which he gave us so admirable a specimen in the 88th fable in the first series. In this laudable production, a philosopher buys a gown made of the skins of lynxes, and lined with those of lambs; but turns the former, which are of great value, next his body, so that the innocent lambs' wool alone is visible. In his application of the fable, our wily old hypocrite applauds the stratagem, and winds up with declaring that "it will do us most service, *if we shew the lamb outside, and keep the lynx hid from sight,* AND FOR OUR OWN ADVANTAGE ALONE. J. N."

In the getting up of the present volume, no expense appears to have been spared; it blushes beneath the weight of its honours. The designs are by Harvey; the engravings by the élite of the engravers (with some exceptions); the paper-maker is Dickinson; the printer Whittingham; and the publisher Murray! Such a superabundance of felicity could only have been obtained at a vast outlay. Northcote it appears—when *close* men err, they err egregiously—left

3000l. for the purpose of achieving this darling object of his declining days. Its publication affords us a legitimate opportunity of exposing the fallacy of his pretensions—of stripping the daw of his borrowed plumes—of cudgelling the ass in the lion's hide. He has voluntarily erected a posthumous pillory for himself, out of the fund accumulated by his own mortifications while in the flesh. This is retributive justice; this affords a finer moral than all his fables put together.

With regard to the head-pieces, we have merely to observe, that they are pictorial curiosities: we recognize the original pieces of patchery by Northcote, in spite of the flattering charms by which they are endowed by Harvey. The ornamental letters are, with some few exceptions, beautifully designed—by Harvey be it observed—and capitally executed by Landells. They are pigmy wonders of art, both as regards conception, effect, and high finish: landscapes, pieces of profound pictorial wit, and even historical compositions, are condensed but not crowded into the square of a nail's breadth. They constitute the perfection of epigram, for they tell their meaning in the most terse and polished language, so to speak, at a single glance; their point flashes upon us like lightning: they are quite as effective, and at the same time infinitely more intellectual, more exalted, more imaginative, than Bewick's best bits. Harvey is a wit, Bewick was a humourist. Bewick trusted, in telling his story, to a true transcript from nature; Harvey takes a more exalted position, and adopts all the accessories of the most refined and imaginative art.

The tail-pieces possess an equal degree of excellence, and for the most part, they are cut with great taste and feeling. The names of Jackson, T. Williams, Branston and Wright, Smith, Bonner, White, Thompson, Slader, Gorway, Nesbitt, Landells, and C. Thompson of Paris, all figure in the list of engravers, in which however we miss those of the talented Samuel Williams and Robert Branston; the latter of whom executed some of the finest cuts in the first series; while of the former we deem it but justice to say, that in our opinion, with two splendid exceptions—Nesbitt and John Thompson—although frequently meretricious, he is without a superior, and almost without a rival in his art. It behoves him, however, to push on, or he will soon have three or four younger competitors neck and neck with him.

We have already occupied so much of our allotted limits, that we can only afford room for a hasty notice of *some few* of our favourite cuts. The head-piece to Fable I. (Nesbitt) is a sweet, simple, picturesque bit of woodland scenery; the foliage is most tastefully varied; it is just such a retreat as "The Redbreast and the Sparrow" would select for a colloquy. In that to Fable IV. Landells has overcome immense difficulties, and come out of the scrape with flying colours. The Two Swine, Fable VIII., by J. Thompson, is a splendid pictorial engraving, which no man but himself could have wrought: precisely the same observation may be applied to The Hare and the Bramble, Fable LV. (Nesbitt)—a most extraordinary and admirable work of art, which, as regards masterly and felicitous execution, with the tail-pieces to Fables XXVI. and LXXXI., both by J. Thompson, constitute the gems of the book. The tail-piece to XXVIII. (Jackson) is capital in every

respect; that to XLIV. (J. Thomson) comes out like one of Edwin Landseer's best bits; so does that to XLVI. by the same accomplished artist. Among the head-pieces, LX. (Landells) XVI. (Branston and Wright) LXXI. (Smith) and XCI. (Smith) merit most honorable mention; LXXVI. (Nesbitt) is particularly bright, but rather deficient in repose; LXXXVIII. (T. Williams) exhibits all that breadth and taste for effect in which the artist excels; XCIX. (by the same haud) is sharp and spirited—it reminds us of a painter's sketch—the light looks like colour laid on, the dark touches are exceedingly rich. Bonner, Slader, Gorway, White, and Martin, have each added to his reputation, by the cuts contained in this book; which, in addition to its profusion of sweets by standard artists, affords us a few comfits of comfort and sugar plums of promise by Eliza Thompson and Miss Williams, but not, we lament to perceive, by their fair rival in art, the nymph of the silver medal, Elizabeth Branston.

The work, as a set-off to its multitude of beauties, contains a number of absurdities, besides numerous offences, as regards drawing and engraving. It is a wonderful peculiarity of Harvey, that he makes his pictures without any other models than the impressions of nature engraven on his own brain: and these bear him out most gloriously in ninety-nine cases, but leave him most lamentably in the lurch in the hundredth. His astonishing rapidity oocasionally betrays him into glaring faults. Excellency from his pencil is so much expected as a matter of course, that error glares out upon us with prodigious effect. But we must admit that the offences in this volume are almost entirely restricted to the head-pieces, in which the artist was in some measure fettered by the scissars and paste patches of poor Northcote. The old gentleman kept his cats in one cupboard and his mice in another; and he was prone to the fortuitous accidence of occasionally selecting a colossal mouse from one cupboard, and a diminutive cat from the other, simply on account of their postures being suitable to his purpose. It was in vain that he pasted an Orinoco or a Rhone between them;—the former, from the size of the more distant animal, dwindled into a brook,—the latter into a rivulet: hence the discrepancies in the present volume, which, with all his pictorial licentiousness, would scarcely have occured, had not Harvey been compelled, during the old man's lifetime, to follow, in some measure, his manufactured sketches. In The Elephant and the Wolf, for instance, although the trunk of the former almost rests on the head of the latter, his body is reduced to such comparative dimensions, as would befit him, were he distant some league and a half. Again, in tail piece to Fable XXI., The Fox and the Stork, although supposed to be in close conversation, are separated by a river broad as the mouth of the Medway.

The book is not well printed. This will astonish Mr. Murray—amaze Mr. Whittingham—and turn half the inhabitants of the Row into star-gazers. The fact, however, will remain as it was—the book is not well printed.

The ignorance of our cotemporary critics as to wood engraving is not to be compared with their ignorance as to wood-cut printing: of the former they know but little—of the latter nothing. It is a new

art—a mystery in which a small number of persons only are initiated. The Whittinghams of this world are few indeed. In fact the metropolis does not contain above half a dozen master printers capable of properly working a fine wood-cut. The critics judge only of the impression before them—they cannot see what might have been done with the block in better hands. They are completely led by the nose by imprints—if a book come from "the Chiswick press," they conclude that it must, ipso facto, be exquisite, and pronounce judgment accordingly. The fulsome praise bestowed upon the working of this volume has sickened us:—some of the cuts, we rejoice to say, come out capitally,—but the majority are muddled—a few are most woefully "translated"—and, on the whole, the book is far from what it is supposed to be—a chef d'œuvre of the typographical art. Half a dozen years ago it would have been a startling wonder, and even now, comparatively bad as it is, there are not above four or five men in the world who could have done it better. But of these Mr. Whittingham is supposed to be the autocrat—his pretensions are paramount—he is therefore pre-eminently amenable to criticism.

Although we are willing to accord him all the praise he deserves for his typographical improvements, yet on one vital point we *do* differ, and always have differed from him in toto. He is invariably too grey—too rotten—too broken; he does not go sufficiently into the midnight depth of colour; he begins with twilight, and is thus driven into hainess for his middle tints, and the broad dazzling glare of sunshine for his softest lights. He has done much for wood-cut printing we admit, but all his works are ruined by one capital error—that of not forming the base of his superstructure on pure perfect black. In wood engravings, every colour in nature must be represented by the intermediate tints between pure black and pure white. Mr. Whittingham commences at some degrees above black, and is thus precipitated into blank paper, long before he ought to soar out of grey. The consequence is, that the finest lines of the wood-cuts which he prints are broken, or entirely and ruthlessly by means of his overlays, left untouched. This is inflicting a most gross injustice on engravers. Our maxim is, that every line which an artist has cut ought to be printed perfectly and clearly; if it is to be broken let him break it, and not the printer. We were inclined to quarrel with Harvey, for having left so many white splotches in his designs for this work; but on looking at the engravers' proofs we find that these offences are wholly attributable to the press—that the revolting patches of blank paper, are in the blocks covered with colour—and that, Mr. Whittingham, apparently emulating Alexander the Great in his discussion of the Gordian Knot, has *cut* that which he could not otherwise achieve. Hence the bald abominations at pages 161, 214, 230, 228, 224, &c. As regards the cut last alluded to, the whole of that glaring lump of white on the lamb's body, is beautifully tinted in the block with fine, woolly lines, most elaborately and skilfully executed, every one of which Mr. Whittingham ought in justice to the designer, engraver, and himself, to have brought up:—to suppress them was decidedly unwarrantable. Many of the sheets appear to have been worked in moist, *muggy* weather, when the balls were

consequently in the worst possible state; but this ought not to have been the case in the bringing out of so important a work of art. We could have waited—there was no hurry. He might have laid by until the atmosphere suited his purpose; until he could have printed the work in such a style as to increase, rather than diminish, his reputation. The sheets are so unevenly worked, that although Nesbitt's lovely cut of The Hare and the Bramble, in our copy is beautifully brought up, yet in several others that we have seen, it comes worse than any other in the book. The back grounds of that clever young artist, Smith—who, by-the-bye, has established himself in the foremost rank of his profession with unparalleled celerity—are cruelly smudged and begrimed; while some of Tom Williams' cuts, than whom no man offers greater facilities to the printer, present the appearance of a grouty and chaotic *batter*—dim, dreary, dismal, and bedevilled!

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.*

The humane, noble, and intelligent people of England have more diversions tending to animal torture or destruction than any other race within the bounds of civilization. They are beaten only in brutality by the most barbarous of savage tribes. He who can hunt a hare, as hares are hunted in this country, and subsequently have the victim of his loathsome propensity served up to his table, is but one remove from the New Zealander, who dines off an enemy that he has killed by the slowest tortures savage ingenuity can devise. The cannibal sometimes is known to put an end to the sufferings of his human game by a benevolent blow on the head; but our country squire would as soon think of taking the Curtian leap as getting a-head of his hounds, and, by an effective shot, terminating the agonies of the poor hare, that, after what is termed a gallant run, with blood-shot eyes, nearly blind, bedabbled with grime and the death-sweat, totters, shrieking, towards the form from she was started. The gallant British sportsman would deem this an offence akin to sacrilege; it would spoil sport, and be quite unsquirish. How ridiculous must we appear in the eyes of foreigners! We have a Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, the officers appurtenant to which, get a clatter kicked up at the police-offices, if a Smithfield drover hit a bullock some half dozen times over the hocks, or a hackney coachman tool his team a little too tragically. The delinquents on these occasions are very properly mulcted; because, as the magistrates with much energy maintain, there is no occasion for such barbarity. But why does the Society content itself

* The Field Book; or, Sports and Pastimes of the United Kingdom. London. Effingham Wilson.

The Young Cricketer's Tutor. By John Nyren. London. Effingham Wilson.

Sunday in London. Illustrated in Fourteen Cuts by George Cruikshank. With a a Few Words by Friend of his. London. Effingham Wilson.

with such poor pitiable prey? Why not fly at higher game? Why not send their officers into the hunting provinces and on the race-grounds? Why not keep an eye on Sir Francis Burdett, the Duke of Beaufort, and the Master of the King's stag hounds? Leaving the game out of the question, we will venture boldly to affirm, that there is ten-fold more cruelty committed by the hunting-whip than the goad; and that the heart of a hackney coachman is as butter in the dog-days, compared with that of a racing jockey. The latter, if he receives instructions to win, and finds it difficult to do so, scruples not—adopting his own phrase—to cut his horse into ribbons; to stab him violently with the spur in those parts which, above all others, are most acutely sensible! A winning race-horse, after a neck-and-neck run, is often one of the most pitiable spectacles that can be conceived. The goad of the drover, and the clumsy tool of the jarvey, employed on the bullock or the callous hackney-coach horse, are but play-things compared with the whip and spur of a severe jockey, inflicted on the young, high-spirited, thin-skinned, delicate racing filly. And what occasion, to quote the metropolitan magistrates, is there for such barbarities? None in the world, except that one blackguard black-leg may beat another.

We have certainly some British sports which may be termed manly. Among these are wrestling and single-stick. But what noble and gallant fox-hunter was ever known to engage in either of them? It is true that they afford as fine exercise as fox-hunting; but then they consist of a series of fair contests—trials of skill, in which man is opposed to man. This would not suit the noble and gallant fox-hunter, who cannot enjoy himself unless the odds are so immeasurably in his favour, as to reduce his personal risk to nullo, unless he rides like a tailor, or has not given money enough for his horse. Wrestling and single-stick are, it must be confessed, the pastimes of yeomen; but is there not a hard-riding miller, or butcher, or farmer, or farrier, or chimney-sweep, in almost every hunt in the kingdom? Are not the exploits of a whole field frequently eclipsed by those of a low-lived ignorant menial, the dog-boy's first cousin, Jack Nasty-face, the whipper-in?

In a steeple-chase, the squire has often for his antagonist a friend's servant; and it is known that a sporting nobleman and his body-groom frequently bet by commission, through the same agent, on races to come. Indeed the whole community of gallant British sportsmen are one united gang of miscreants, gamblers, and black-legs, comprising every intermediate grade, from the "live-cat-skinner," who backs his terrier in the dog-pit, to the nobleman who enters his horse for the Derby; from the pick-pocket who plays at pitch-and-toss on Primrose-hill every Sunday morning, to the peer who gambles at the club-house every Sunday evening. They are a band of brothers; and yet, strange to say, there is no fraternal affection among them. Fox-hunters exclaim against dog-fighters; and peers wish to put down the Primrose-hill sports of pick-pockets, without, however, abolishing their own—evidently anxious to

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning others they've no mind to."

The higher classes would much more easily improve the habits of the lower, by precepts than acts of parliament. Were they to abandon their barbarous sports, brutality would soon become unfashionable as a sovereign ingredient of pastime, even among the most dissolute and depraved. The desuetude of the stag-hunt would, in a few years, be followed by the annihilation of badger-baiting. The Sabbath dog-fights in the fields about London are kept up by the flipping and figging of the Sunday morning lounge at Tattersall's, and the Sunday evening sprees in St. Giles's by the Sunday evening parties in St. James's.

The subject of our paper demands a much more careful and elaborate treatment than we can at present afford it. Our foregoing loose remarks have arisen out of the perusal of three sporting books, all by the same publisher, which reached us late in the month. Of these, "The Field Book" possesses the greatest magnitude and the least merit. It is disfigured by a sprinkling of wood-cuts, principally copied from bad copies of Bewick, and disguised by some of the small fry of Mr. Sears. In drawing and engraving they are pitiable—too deplorable to excite contempt. There is not one cut in the book for which any man living, would give the one-hundreth fraction of a farthing. Nothing is *depicted*, and nothing even is caricatured that every body has not seen caricatured a thousand times before, in Cock Robin chronicles, stories of Jenny Wren, or little books about Bow-wow and his Brothers. The artist (!) has taken any thing that came to hand and badly copied it, adding a few scars in the scenery to make it pass for his own. There is not a cut in the book that was wanted; there is not one that tells us any thing new—that reveals an object with which we were not previously much better acquainted than the poor forlorn ignorant devil of a draughtsman. No research has been employed; nature has never been consulted, although game, during the past season, might be had almost at any price offered. In fact the cuts, from beginning to end, form so gross and glaring a humbug, as only to be equalled by the accompanying letter-press. This, however for the consolation of Mr. Sears' apprentices, we beg to state, not only equals, but beats them hollow, in "bitter badness." It is, without exception, the most ignorant, impudent, presumptuous affair that ever fell beneath our notice. The fellow who has fudged it up, is no more fit to achieve a work of such pretensions than one of Barclay's draymen. The book, to our practised eye, looks as though it had been done, by some forlorn hack, at fifteen shillings per sheet! And *done* it is, as we shall speedily shew, to all intents and purposes.

It pretends to be a compendium, in an alphabetical form, of the Sports and Pastimes of Great Britain. Among these sports and pastimes we find,

"GRUNT, *v.* to *murmur* like a hog."

Of the substantives which our compiler has thought proper to define, for the benefit of modern British sportsmen—the Burdetts and Beauforts of the age—these are selections:—COW, *s.* the female of the bull.—CATAPLASM, *s.* a poultice.—CLERGY, *s. a man* in holy

orders.—COCK, *s.* the male to a hen.—CRAB, *s.* a shell-fish.—CRACK, *s. the sound of anybody bursting* or falling.—EWE, *s.* the she sheep.—FEMALE, *s.* a she.—FISH, *s.* an animal that inhabits the water.—FISH-HOOK, *s.* a hook for catching fish.—FROG, *s.* a small animal with four feet, *of the amphibious kind!—the HOLLOW PART of a horse's hoof.*"

What a pretty fellow is this to get up a book of "Sports and Pastimes of Great Britain!" He must be some cockney ass—some penny-a-line prodigy of the press, who has never even been to the Epping hunt. Ignorant and brutal as they are, our fox-hunters are certainly not so lamentably unenlightened as not to know what is the meaning of a cow, a cock, or a fish-hook. They surely wanted no ghost to tell them that crabs were shell-fish, and certainly not a fat thick ghost, who estimates himself at five and twenty shillings a copy! But to sink the wind on this point; what will sporting people think of a wretch who, in a large work especially produced for their edification, presumes to tell them that the frog is the *hollow* part of a horse's hoof? He might just as well have said, the steeple is the most striking feature of a church. So far from the frog being the *hollow* part of a horse's hoof, every fool who has ever looked into one knows that, with the exception of the outward horny wall, *it is the only part that projects.*

A man who undertakes to get up a book of grave pretensions on the sports of this country, ought at least to possess some trifling knowledge of natural history; but our clever compiler is singularly—ludicrously ignorant of its most common terms. Every tolerably well-informed man knows, that animated nature is artificially arranged, by scientific men, into *classes;* that (sinking groups, tribes, sections, families, &c.) each class consists of a number of *orders;* that these are respectively divided into *genera*—each genus comprehending certain *species.* But at p. 217 of the present work, we are told by the impudent blockhead who has manufactured it, that "*genus,* in science, means A CLASS of beings, comprehending under it many species; as *quadruped is a genus* comprehending almost all terrestrial beasts." The fool might just as well have said, that "*county,* in geography, means an *empire,* comprising a great number of *villages,* as EUROPE IS A COUNTY comprehending almost all parts of the habitable globe." This, we solemnly assure such few, if there be any, of our readers, as are unacquainted with the accidence of natural history, is not, in the most trifling degree, more egregiously absurd than the extracted definition of genus. Quadruped, it is proper to add, is no more a genus than Europe a county. Indeed the term is found in no system of arrangement whatever; applicable as it is to a vast number of animals, offering such broad differences as to induce and warrant their separation, not only into an immense multitude of genera, but also into classes. Were quadruped a genus, the lion must of necessity be ranged with the lizard—the chameleon with the camel-leopard—the toad with the tiger! But our erudite compiler goes still further; for at p. 501, he states that a *species* is a CLASS!! Now, this is precisely tantamount to saying that No. 88, Royal Exchange, is Great Britain.

The fellow is not so egregiously ignorant on some points. At p. 206, for instance, he favours the country gentlemen with the following capital definition:—"FOX-HUNTER, *s.* a man whose *chief ambition* is to shew his *bravery* in *hunting foxes*." This is candid—a concession for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful, for it makes out at least one half of the position we have assumed against our gallant British sportsmen. What a poor pitiful thing must he be whose chief ambition is to shew his bravery in riding at the tail of twenty couple of hounds, after one fox! And yet here we have the fact broadly stated in a big bouncing book, "compiled from the best authorities," expressly for the country gentlemen. Truly this great sporting lexicographer beats Mrs. Candour hollow. He is the finest specimen we have ever met with of that maledicted class of "good-natured friends" from whom every man cries, "the Lord preserve me."

But let us collect a few more of his beauties—of the words which he deems it necessary, in a Book of Sports and Pastimes, to explain:—"CURRICLE, *s.* an open two-wheeled chaise, made to be drawn by two horses abreast." This is truly a most benevolent and correct piece of information. Of course, no British sportsman could conceive what "curricle" meant, before the publication of this patriotic work. "DIG, *s.* to work with a spade." In our last Number, we earnestly recommended fox-hunters, who followed the hounds for the sake of exercise, to achieve their object by digging in some poor cottager's garden; and this definition is doubtless given in order that gentlemen may know what digging is. "DOCK, *s.* to cut off a tail; to cut any thing short." Would that the compiler had cut this thing short! But is this all? Nothing about the operation—the docking knife—the *modus operandi*—the cure? Not a syllable. "DRENCH, *s.* physic for a brute." We beg to suggest an addendum,—"The Field Book." "EMMET, *s.* an ant, a pismire." How kind this is! "Fives, *s.* a kind of play with a ball." As a matter of course, it will be supposed that the rules of the game, the mode of playing it, &c. &c. follow. Oh, dear no! The book is not got up on any such low, paltry, pains-taking principle. Racket is thus dismissed:—"a fine manly game, in which a small ball and cat-gut instrument are used." At p. 230, the compiler seems to have sat for his own picture; and this is the result: "GOSLING, *s.* a young goose, a goose not yet full grown." "GREENFINCH, *s.* a small bird." How particularly copious and satisfactory! Here is a splendid sample of research—of elaborate compilation compressed! What could the most inquiring mind wish to know about the greenfinch, that is not contained in these three comprehensive words—"a small bird?" About a hundred pages back, we are benevolently informed that the chaffinch is a bird so called, *because it delights in chaff!* "GREEDY, *s.* ravenous, voracious, hungry, eager." This, and a multitude of similar definitions, are gratuitously thrown in among the sports and pastimes—not as a make-weight to the book—by no means—but because it may reasonably be presumed, that no country gentleman possesses a copy of Johnson's Dictionary, or knows any thing about the commonest terms of the language in which he speaks. "GRIMALKIN, *s.* a cat." For

less magnificent additions to the stock of human knowledge than this, some persons have had pieces of plate presented to them, and pillars erected to their memory. Grimalkin, a cat! The intellect of man totters beneath so mighty a donation! "GRUB, *s.* a small worm *that eats holes in bodies*: a short thick man." Now really, with the utmost deference, we are induced to doubt this definition, for among all the highly respectable short thick men—*the grubs*—with whom we are acquainted, not one of them, to our knowledge, is addicted to *eating holes in bodies*. "GUINEA-PIG, *s.* a small animal with a pig's snout." It grieves us to observe, that Mr. Gosling, for so will venture to christen our sage compiler, is here out at elbows—the snout of the Guinea-pig bearing no resemblance whatever to the snout of the hog. We are very sorry—but really our duty to the public compels us to be particular in noticing so *great* a work. "GULLET, *s.* the throat; the *meat-pipe*." What exquisite elegance! What admirable propriety! Gullet, the meat-pipe! We were wrong in giving the gentleman the name of Gosling, it shall be Gullet the Meat-Pipe. "Gurgitting, *s.* in falconry, act of suffocation in hawks." In what brutal ignorance have we been plunged! We always thought that gurgitting was a technical vulgarism of "regurgitation," and that it meant the act of throwing up the feathers, bones and hair which a bird of prey had not the power of digesting—we never had an idea until now that the hawk, the eagle, or the owl, during its daily regurgitations, or gurgittings, was *suffocated*, poor thing! "HASLET, *s.* the heart, liver and lights of a hog, with the wind-pipe and part of the throat to it." This is a new and most interesting light for gallant British sportsmen. "HEDGEHOG, *s.* an animal set with prickles, *like thorns in a hedge*."—This is equal to "CHAFFINCH, *s.* (already quoted,) a bird so called because it delights in *chaff!*" "HORSE-HAIR, *s.* the hair of horses." Good heaven! is this possible? Is "horse-hair" then, after all, "the hair of horses?" "HORSEPOND, *s.* a pond for watering horses."—Prodigious discovery! "LEVERET, *s.* a young hare." Indeed! "MARE, *s*, the female of a horse." God bless us! "MINUTE, *s.* the sixtieth part of an hour!" "MOLE-CATHER, *s.* one whose employment is to catch moles." Moss. *s.* a plant!" MOP, *s.* pieces of cloth, or locks of wool, fixed to a long handle, to clean floors, carriages, &c. &c." "MUSTARD, *s.* a plant!" "NEEDLE, *s.* a small instrument, pointed at one end to pierce cloth, and perforated at the other to receive the thread." "WOODLARK, *s.* a sort of *wild* lark." "OSTLER, *s.* The man who takes care of horses at an inn." "POACH, *s.* To steal game; to carry off game, privately, *in a bag*." It is impossible to live under such a load of learning!—the pen almost drops from our hand. Ostler, the substantive who takes care of horses at an inn! Poach, to carry off game privately *in a bag*! This, Dr. Johnson redivious will be the death of us—we cannot endure him!

To speak seriously, the Field Book is atrociously bad. Mr. Gullet the Meat-Pipe, knows nothing about the subject on which he treats; we cannot conceive on what plan he has acted, for he lugs in words that have not the most remote reference to sporting, and omits others of paramount importance. At p. 513, we find the word "star"—but we beg pardon—stars are certainly sporting subjects; for, now

and then they *shoot*. Of his total incapacity to get up such a book as as this professes to be, we have already given numerous instances; but, we will take the trouble of adding a few others. At p. 474, he tells us that farriers call the operation of making a seton, *rowelling*. Now the commonest farrier is perfectly aware of the difference; so might Mr. Gullet have been, had he condescended to read what he has cut out for his own abortion, from the volumes published by White, of Exeter. We quote them as they appear in "The Field Book", under the respective heads of "Seton" and "Rowel."

"Rowels are seldom so convenient or so useful as setons. They are formed by making an incision in the skin, where it is rather loose, as in the chest, about an inch in length. This being done, the finger is to be introduced, or an instrument called a cornet, that is, the crooked end of a small horn made for the purpose, and the skin separated from the parts underneath all around for the space of about an inch. Into the cavity thus made a round piece of leather, with a hole in the middle, wrapped in tow and smeared with digestive ointment, is to be introduced. The orifice in the skin is then to be plugged up with tow, and kept there until suppuration takes place, that is, four or five days. The tow is then to be taken out, when a great deal of matter will flow from the orifice. The rowel is afterwards to be moved daily and kept clean."—*White.*

"Setons consist of tape, threads, or lamp cotton passed under the skin, and smeared with digestive ointment. The instrument employed for conveying these under the skin is named a seton needle, and may be purchased at the instrument makers. When lamp-cotton is used, it can be withdrawn gradually, thread by thread, which on some occasions is desirable. Setons are preferable to rowels, being more convenient and equally efficacious."—*White.*

The reader will see, that even according to Mr. Gullet's own quotations, although their object is nearly the same, no two operations can be much more dissimilar.

In doing this book, Mr. Gullet has gone to a few obvious, and popular sources of reformation: of many of the best writers on the subject of British sports and pastimes, he is evidently ignorant. To Mowbray, Jesse, White, Blaine, and Hawker, he expresses his obligations; but steals wholesale from Lawrence's work on "The Horse" without even once mentioning the name of that talented veteran. In his introduction, he complains of such writers as have adopted every thing, good and bad, from certain originals, without a single addition of their own, and dosed the public, *ad nauseam*—revending the same wares again and again. This is precisely what Mr. Gullet himself has done: except, as may be seen in the extracted specimens, that he sometimes gives us additions of his own, which are not only worthless, but incorrect, and eminently ridiculous. A more contemptible compilation has never been presented to the public. It is offensively tumid, and yet singularly meagre. Ignorance and poverty of research are apparent in every page. "Carniverous" is thus explained:—"flesh-eating; a term applied to birds and animals (as though birds were not animals!)" Then follows an extract from Bewick about carniverous birds, but no information whatever is afforded as to carniverous beasts, or fishes, or reptiles, or insects. The extracts, as they appear, are totally destitute of authority—for Mr. Gullet lumps them

in a mass, and places the names of the authors he has pillaged, not each after his own passage, but all together at the end of the subject which he attempts to elucidate. Thus it is impossible to ascertain whether any assertion which attracts our notice be the dictum of Buffon or Blaine—Griffith or Mr. Gullet—for he very complacently quotes from his own "Wild Sports of the West."

The book is put forth as being "compiled from the best authorities, ancient and modern." This is not the fact. It is said to be "unique in arrangement." It is arranged as a dictionary. Its embellishments are asserted to be "splendid." They are outrageously bad. It professes to embrace "every subject connected with the flood or field." It does nothing of the kind. Its "utility as a book of reference" is proudly proclaimed. It is of no use whatever as a book of reference or otherwise. It is proffered as "a valuable and elegant addendum to the sportsman's library." It is a worthless piece of trashy humbug, that would disgrace the library of a rat-catcher.

"The Young Cricketer's Tutor" is quite a different affair. This little work is replete with practical information on one of the finest and most unexceptionable of our pastimes—full of life, spirit, anecdote, and novelty—a perfect gem—deeply interesting even to those who have never pitched a wicket, and to every batsman and bowler in the kingdom, decidedly a *sine qua non*. We are happy in being able conscientiously to accord it our most unqualified praise.

"Sunday in London" is a work devoted to an exhibition of the Sabbath sports and pastimes of the metropolis. It is written in rather a lively, amusing style, and contains some capital illustrations by Cruikshank. The author seems to be well acquainted with the dog-fightings and dram-drinkings of the lower orders, but he is evidently not *au fait* to the Sabbath exploits of our "miserable sinners" in high life. Hence the latter appear to be venial compared with the former—whereas, in fact, they are directly the reverse. The moral offences, committed on a Sunday morning in St. Giles's, are as dust in the balance compared with those perpetrated during the latter part of the day in St. James's. The timely appearance of this volume, and its intrinsic merits, especially as regards the embellishments, will doubtless ensure an extensive circulation. The cuts are vigorously drawn, full of humour, character, and moral satire—well engraved, and printed in such a style as to confer great credit on the Widow Maurice's establishment.

THE EAST INDIA EXCRESCENCE.

THE exposition of the ministerial plan for the future government of our dominions in the eastern world, has been received with a satisfaction, which only can arise from the still very imperfect knowledge in this country of the political, moral, commercial, and domestic condition of the millions subjected to the Company's power. Believing, as we do, that the government of our Leadenhall-street legislators has been one of pure despotism towards the people of India, and that a renewal of irresponsible arbitrary power over half the world ought no longer to be entrusted to them, we purpose, in the following remarks, to show our readers that such a system of tyranny, rapacity, cruelty, extortion, extravagance, and waste, ought in these enlightened days of reform, to be swept at once from the earth.

We propose first to offer a few observations upon the revenues of the East India Company. Our readers are doubtless aware that the grand source of this revenue consists of the land tribute, which is levied by virtue of the right of sovereignty, derived from the ancient princes of India. It amounts to about sixty-two per cent. upon the entire productions of the soil, and forms an annual income of sixteen millions sterling. This immense land-tax is farmed out to certain contractors, called Zemindars, who, in consideration of a stipulated sum to be annually paid to the East India Company, are allowed to assess at discretion, the ryots, or small cultivators, and peasantry of the country. The presidency of Bengal alone possesses a system of fixed and permanent taxation—a blessing which originated with the government of Lord Cornwallis, who, perceiving the destructive consequences to all industry and prosperity of a tax, which, limited by no law, left no security for property, prevented the accumulation of agricultural capital, and laid waste whole districts of the most fertile country in the world, procured, in 1793, under the sanction of an act of parliament, the settlement of a permanent land revenue in Bengal. In Madras, Bombay, and the Ceded Provinces, the arbitrary system of assessment still prevails; and we consequently find that these portions of the territory, containing a population of forty-five millions of subjects, present but one vast scene of misery, poverty, hunger, neglected fields, gang robbery, insurrection, and all the crimes and sufferings engendered by the hydra of despotic power. So degraded, pauperized and wretched is the population in the districts subjected to the fluctuating land-tax, and of so little value is property in a country where the utmost exertions of human labour are devoured by the government, that a well-informed writer (Colonel Galloway) informs us that the land bears no tangible price, agricultural capital there is none, the dwelling of a ryot or peasant is not of the value in money of a single rupee, or less than two shillings and sixpence sterling, and the wages of the labourers, in the rice-fields and cotton-grounds, are not quite equal to threepence per day. The collection of the fluctuating land-tax we also find to amount to an enormous per centage upon the gross revenue, and, in the presidency of Madras alone the

collectors are 640,000 strong, being in the proportion of one tax-man to every twenty inhabitants.

On the other hand, in the government of Bengal, since the settlement of the permanent land-tax in 1793, the expense of collecting the revenue has not exceeded three per cent; and though the amount be full sixty-two per cent upon the produce of the soil, or three times the amount of taxation paid by the tax-laden people of England, yet from the slight remnant still left as a stimulus to the toils of an ingenious and industrious people, we have seen the value of land raised to about sixteen years' purchase, and the revenue increased from 4,500,000*l.* in 1794, to 9,000,000*l.*, or double the amount, in 1828. Under the influence of the fluctuating tax in Madras and the other dependencies of the company, the revenue is universally declining, with an increasing expense in the inverse ratio for armies for the suppression of the ceaseless insurrections of a plundered and despairing people. The Directors of the East India Company have ever resented the diminution of their unlimited power of taxation, by the enlightened experiment of Lord Cornwallis, and their utmost efforts have been directed in recent years, to frustrate and annul in Bengal, the only humane act of legislation ever received from his Christian conquerors by the miserable Hindoo.

Seeing the devastating consequences of an unlimited power of taxation, we trust in the forthcoming Parliamentary measure for the future government of India, that a permanent assessment of the land tribute will become the first portion of constitutional liberty to be awarded to our fellow-men in that enslaved and benighted region.

A power of unlimited and plundering taxation, founded only upon the ancient rights of the Mogul tyrants of our Indian empire, ought not to weigh a feather in the consideration of the natural rights of the natives of the soil. To mitigate the severity of the fate of the impoverished and abject population of our eastern dominions is required, not by motives of humanity and justice alone, but by an enlightened policy, and the self-interest of the merchants and manufacturers of England; for our export trade must be regulated by the ability of foreign nations to purchase and enjoy, and assuredly no extension of the market for our manufactures can be expected whilst a devastating system of taxation lays waste the fields, drains away the capital, and leaves without remuneration the labour of the mass of our Indian population. When labour is not of the value of threepence per day, and dwellings are sold for a rupee, the people cannot become the purchasers of the luxurious productions of our looms, or even of the cheapest utensils of domestic life. But, with the introduction of a just and defined system of taxation, so fertile is the soil, so favourable the climate, and so ingenious, industrious and temperate, the population of our Asiatic dominions, that in a few years an improved and extended cultivation would double the productions of the soil, increase the amount of the land-tribute, decrease the expense of its collection, enlarge the market for the manufactured exports of Great Britain, and confer the blessings of liberty, comfort, prosperity, and

content upon the countless millions of the East. Since then the principles of benevolent and equal government, which mark the present age, concur with the commercial interests of our merchants and manufacturers, to link the welfare of the Hindoo population with the welfare of the operatives of Birmingham and Leeds, we trust that the people of England will now, by the power of public opinion, demolish for ever the system that for a century has supported the corrupt patronage of a few Directors, by the slavery of half the world.

In addition to the land-tax of sixty-two per cent upon the produce of the soil, as in the settled provinces, and an unlimited power of taxation, as in the Presidency of Madras, in addition to numberless vexatious restraints upon peculiar modes of agriculture, we find that a monopoly of the trade in salt, opium, and other extensive branches of commerce, is retained by the East India Company. The salt monopoly is more cruel and oppressive than the land-tax; for the price of salt, throughout India, is thus raised to a value, which convertsinto a precious luxury this commonest of the gifts of nature, so indispensible to the healthful operations of the animal system of man in all countries and climates. To establish a monopoly of the sale of water would be little more cruel than the monopoly of the trade in salt, by which a profit of 2,000,000*l.* per annum is cleared from the forced prices of this commodity, sold to the impoverished and naked population of the East. The peasant, whose wages do not amount to threespence per day, or about three pounds per annum, is compelled to expend an average sum of six shillings yearly, or a tenth part of his scanty income, in the purchase of salt alone. And yet does the ministerial proposition for the future government of India contain no notice whatever of these outrages upon all justice, charity, and natural liberty; and the Directors of a Company, supported in splendour by means so diabolical, can avow their sole motive for continuing the sovereigns of India to be the benefit of the people who are subject to their sway!

The entire revenue of India from the land-tribute, the monopolies of salt and opium, the post-office, transit dues, and other miscellaneous sources, we find to be about twenty-two millions; and yet this magnificent sum, derived as we have seen from the very marrow of the bones of the Indian population, is asserted by the Directors of the East India Company, to be inadequate to the expense of the government of the country, without the additional profits of the trade to China. We hope, however to satisfy our readers, that, by the introduction of a just system of government, and the downfall of the system of plundering patronage established by the Company, not only might this amount of revenue be rendered sufficient for the expenses of the government, but even be reduced one half, to the end that more salt may be consumed, more British manufactures worn, and a habitation and a rice-field become the lot of every peasant in Hindostan. The cost of the army is the first great source of expenditure. Allowing, however, that for a brief season longer, two hundred thousand troops are required for the suppression of the outbreaking spirit

of a population delivered over to hunger and despair,—a population which is naturally the most peaceful, simple, and contented in the world, still we cannot doubt that an enormous diminution might be made in the expenditure. The sale of cadetships, and other commissions, alone, would produce an immense addition to the revenue, and in the pressure for employment of the crowds of well-educated persons in the present day, there is no reason why the pay and allowances of the officers of the Indian army, should be double the amount of the pay of the officers of king's regiments stationed in still more unwholesome climates and more expensive countries, or why an officer shall purchase, at an expense of a thousand pounds, a commission in a regiment in the West Indies, whilst the cadet, in the service of the East India Company, without the expenditure of a shilling, by the influence of a bilious Director, shall be placed in possession of double pecuniary advantages. The entire expence of the Indian army may be unquestionably reduced by several millions.

The cost of the civil service of India amounts to two millions sterling; the number of persons employed being two thousand, and their salaries and emoluments amounting to the monstrous average of two thousand per annum for each individual!

The judicial department is another vast scene of corruption, extravagance, and waste. Upwards of 2,000,000*l.* per annum are expended for the nominal administration of justice, the principal judges being English lawyers, who possess little knowledge of the laws, customs, or language of the Indian population. The office of an Indian judge is in reality little other than an enormous sinecure, the business being chiefly transacted by the inferior native judges; and our readers may form a proper idea of the state of the administration of justice in India, from the circumstance that the arrear of causes amounted in 1828 to upwards of 140,000 in Bengal alone!

To the families of the native princes the enormous sum of 1,218,648*l.* is alloted. These are the princes whose dominions have fallen, by the chances of war, into the power of the East India Company, and who, in deference to the principle of legitimacy, are maintained in royal splendour, though, for the purposes of government, no longer any other than empty pageants of departed power. Upon the principle of the cheapest government, were a reduction of one million effected in this branch of the expenditure, still the remainder of the sum of 1,218,648*l.* would surely be a most generous allowance to these thirteen families. The home establishment incurs an expenditure of 580,000*l.* per annum; the cost of coals, repairs, and taxes, is 60,000*l.* per annum; and the estimated value of the rent of the premises is is about 80,000*l.* per annum. Thus we see that, at home and abroad, the grand evil of this company is in wasteful expenditure, the salaries being in general full two hundred per cent. above the fair remuneration for the services rendered, and to pay these, millions of money are annually extorted from the poorest population in the world.

At the expiration of their charter, the Company is in a condition of utter insolvency. In the annual balance sheet submitted to Parliament in the recent session, we find the amount of their debits and assets, commercial and military, to be as follows:—

Total amount of Debits	£60,479,802
Total amount of Assets	50,376,996
	10,102,812
Add amount of Stock	6,000,000
Total deficiency	16,102,812

Here then is a deficiency of more than sixteen millions, according to the accounts of the Company themselves; but when it is remembered that of the sum of 50,376,996*l.* the amount of the pretended assets, the sum of 10,000,000*l.* is inserted for fortifications and other military property, which to a commercial company is not of the value of ten millions of shillings, and that the four ships, the East India House, and other property of the Company, are estimated at more than double their true value, we find that the deficiency will in reality amount to about thirty millions sterling.

The East India Company is subject to the same rules of legislation which govern all other joint stock companies, the profit or loss at the expiration of the act of incorporation being the profit or loss of the proprietors of the stock of the company, and not of the nation. Our ministers, therefore, upon general principles, do not possess the right to make up the losses of the proprietors of the stock of this company of dealers in tea, silk, and saltpetre, out of the general revenue of the country. If the proprietors of East India Stock, by reason of ignorance of the true state of their affairs, or by want of power to control a self-elected Court of Directors, are unprepared to render up their farm of the East Indies in circumstances of solvency, then ought their creditors, and not the overladen people of England, or of India, to sustain the deficiency. The landlord in common life does not discharge the debts of his tenant, and as the East Indies are the property of the Crown at the expiration of the charter of the Company, it is folly to say that the nation is bound to the payment of the territorial debt incurred by the waste of annual millions in the patronage of Directors, who, upon such a principle, might have increased that debt to an amount of one or two hundred millions. Beyond the amount of the sum due from Parliament to the Company, of which notice of repayment has been served in accordance with the conditions of the charter, we most vigorously contend, that the ministers of the Crown have no right whatever to intermeddle with their pecuniary affairs, and, if no longer solvent, then ought the East India Company to be at once swept away, and the East Indies become subject to the regular government of this country.

The cessation of the monopoly of the trade to China will form a most splendid event in the history of modern commerce. For, notwithstanding the assertions of the venal writers in the pay of the East India Company, most certain we are that very great results will arise to the manufacturing and shipping interests of this country by the extension of the market for our exports, and the diminution to our labouring population of the price of the luxurious imports from the celestial empire. That the profits to the East India Company

from this branch of their commercial transactions have amounted to an annual sum of 1,500,000*l.* even under the wasteful management of a great incorporated body, in the fair field of competition, the advantages to our merchants would be vastly greater. The argument that the Company possesses any advantage whatever above individual merchants in the market of China, is unquestionably false and hollow. Even the Hong merchants of Canton are in reality a mere cabal, whose pretended exclusive right to the foreign trade has no foundation in authority. The pretended prudential management by the factory at Canton has certainly little foundation in truth, for the meanest and most trivial personal causes, as the building of a wall, or the clearing of a plot of ground for a needless promenade, have very recently proved sufficient with the undignified and puffed up agents of the Company, to hazard the suspension of our trade with the entire Celestial Empire.

Our relative political position with the government of the Celestial Empire is too little understood by the statesmen of this country. The continuation of our commerce is now so indispensible to the existence of the peace and internal tranquillity of China that very important priveliges might at the present period be readily obtained. A cessation of the trade with Great Britain, by throwing out of employment the twenty-five millions of persons engaged in the cultivation and sale of tea, would inevitably tend to revolutionize the empire. An apprehension of this result is known to be perpetually present to the Emperor and principal officers of the government; and though most desirous to prevent the introduction and contact of foreign liberal opinions and manners, yet in no event would the authorities proceed to the extremity of closing a trade now indispensible to the stability of the throne itself. The history of China presents, indeed, a remarkable scene of revolution following after revolution, in very rapid succession, and twenty-two dynasties have been numbered in the annals of this great hive of the human race, each founded by the chief of a successful insurrection in the provinces, the result of hunger and oppression upon an exasperated people. So rapid has been the increase of population in this singular community, that, since the accession of the Tartar dynasty, it has risen from seventy millions—the remnant of ferocious wars—to the present extraordinary number of 361,000,000. The superabundance of population, and scarcity of food, give warning of a vast and furious convulsion; and a few years or months will, perhaps, produce extraordinary changes in the political condition of the Chinese people. The proclamations of the Emperor discover his anxiety for the future, and the annual exhortations to the people to economise the supplies of food, with the laws against the existence of all useless quadrupeds, give evidence of a most precarious and dangerous condition of affairs. The present rebellion in the mountain districts, though partially suppressed, will be inevitably followed by insurrectionary movements in the adjoining provinces; and it is not improbable that at an early day a simultaneous and general rising will be the result of the deficiency of food, and an overflowing population.

We would here remind our Ministers of the advantages of a final determination upon the long projected passage by the Mediterranean,

and a canal or rail-way across the Isthmus of Suez to the Red Sea, and the various countries of the eastern world. The result of this work would be not only a saving of millions per annum, in the diminished cost of the transport of merchandize, troops, and colonists to India, China, and New Holland, but, by the increased rapidity of communication, the improvements of civilization would be carried with redoubled speed to those benighted regions. The expenditure of a million, or of several millions, for the construction of the land passage through the territories of the now independent Pacha of Egypt, would be compensated in a single year by the commercial advantages to result to the whole world, from the completion of this great work.

Finally, we urge the people of England to awake to the true importance of this great question. The renewal of the charter of the East India Company, is the renewal of another term of arbitrary power over a hundred millions of our fellow-men; for the thirty Directors of Leadenhall Street, are the thirty tyrants of the eastern world. Policy, humanity, and every just legislative principle, require the abolition of a heterogeneous government of merchants and jobbing colonels; and we trust that a reformed parliament will never, from the tyranically exhausted resources of India, continue the payment of a usurious dividend of 10 per cent. to a company, the expiration of whose term of oppression ought to be hailed with acclamations of joy by the friends of liberty all over the world.

MR. PHILIPPS'S LECTURES ON VOCAL MUSIC.

We attended the third and fourth lectures of Mr. Philipps, and were considerably gratified by the ability with which they were conducted. This worthy veteran is a zealous advocate for the adoption of a fixed set of principles, founded on the peculiar genius and construction of our language, as the basis of a legitimate school or style of English vocal music; applying to its composition and delivery a series of oratorical rules, having for their object, that rational union of sound and sense which ought to be the highest aim of the musician. He ably maintained his theory, and supported it by a multitude of facts, and by judicious illustrations, executed in a very correct and respectable manner. Some of his digressions might, with advantage to professional dignity, have been omitted. It was, surely, a poor compliment to the intellect of his audience, to attempt "to pick their pockets of a laugh," by grinning at them, through a painted sheet of pasteboard. On the whole, however, these lectures were highly creditable to the professor and his assistants, and, we hope, may have the effect of drawing the attention of the musical world to a much neglected but highly important subject.

THE WALHAM WAG.

FROM THE DIARY OF A JOKE-HUNTER.

* * * Sam answered my knock. "Master's out, sir," said he; "found himself very queer and quisbyish this morning, so he's took the Fulham stage, and gone down to Mr. Hook's." Felt exceedingly queer and quisbyish myself, and determined on following the example of so good a judge. Made the best of my way to the White Horse Cellar. Mat Webster was there—clean as usual, but evidently down upon his luck. Inquired the reason. "Why it's a blue look out, master," said he. "Here now arter trying for more nor a month, and spending within a trifle, one and ten pence to bring the thing to a final commencement, they turns their beggarly backs and laughs in my face. Only I couldn't afford it, mind me, I'd ha' set to and kicked 'em!" Begged him to afford me further particulars. "Why, to tell you the truth, master," said Mat, "I thought I'd made my fortin—but my inwention's all smoke, it seems—other people inwented the same thought years ago. I found the way to make a shilling bottle o' blacking for two pence—winegar included: but the blacking-makers calls that extrawagant, and says a shilling's worth, bottle and all, only costs 'em five farthings—or helse how should I think they could live?"

Condoled with Mat on his misfortune, and inquired for the queerest coachman. Mat said that Walham Jem was the rummest kiddy on the road, barring Duck-nosed Dick. "But the latter warment," added Mat, "arn't so conwersible: that's Jem a coming up—he with the blue muzzle and white hat, what looks so wicked—him there what's all clothes and hands—barring his face. I had occasion to tip him a dig in the ogle t'other day, and you see, master, he han't struck my colours yet."

Jem now approached—"Fulham, sir," said he; "a box wacant." Agreed to ride by his side, and in rather more than ten minutes we started. Over the stones conversation was out of the question, but the moment we got on the road we had "a talk" to the following effect.

"Bad black eye that of yours, Jem—how did you get it?"

"I was trying to wink, sir."

"Your near horse is lame in the off fore-foot, Jem?"

"High grand-actioned horse that! Lamed himself last night by striking his toe against his upper teeth. Been a charger!"

"The other's lame too—"

"Yes: he trod upon *a frog*—poor thing!"

"How he whistles!"

"Ah! he's unwaluable, sir. Got a *thrush* in each foot."

"What time will you reach Fulham?"

"I shall draw the *boot* of my wehecle on the *foot* of the bridge precisely at eleven."

"Why, you're a punster, I perceive!"

" No; I'm a Chelseaman—birth, parentage, and education."

" Write a good hand?"

" Not at all—I was born a *pen-shunner*—close by the college: but for all that I can make my mark to a receipt for any amount. Twig this here old gentleman—' Fulham, sir?'—I only says that to plague him. He's a rear-admiral. *Rear* indeed, and can't ride a rocking-horse! He won't travel with me?"

" How have you offended him?"

" Why one night when we got to his door, being a mighty uppish sort of a cove, he wouldn't lean on my arm; which the step was broken, and down he fell flat under the porch. ' Why, admiral,' says I, ' you've *struck your flag!*' "

" So you lost your passenger by your joke?"

" Joke—I can't see no joke in it."

" Then you don't know what a joke is."

" Don't I? Only look at this lady with the little boy in her arms what's a coming—now this is what I calls a joke. ' Beg your pardon, ma'am, there's the child's shoe——on its foot!' Did you twig how flustrated she was—and how she looked about her; and how, when I said ' on its foot,' she half-laughed, half-frowned, and went off blushing, giggling, and biting her lip. I had a joke with Buckle what keeps the Goat and Boots this morning. I made a little hole in a horrindge, sucked all the juice out, and then blowed it up with my breath so as to make it look quite nat'ral. Along comes Buckle in a gig with his wife; and just as we was a passing one another, I tosses him this here make-believe horrindge. ' Thankye, Jem,' says he, while it was a falling—but when he cotched it in his whip-hand and found it crumple up to nothing in his grasp—Oh, crikey!—Here he comes—solus and sulky—left his wife at Walham Green I reckon—won't speak I can see. ' Buckle—Buckle—(and Jem pointed to the vacant seat in the gig as he spoke)—why Buckle you've dropped your *tongue!*' "

" Now that's a very fair joke. Buckle himself turned round and shook his first and grinned at you for it."

" Well, I can't see nothing of a joke in it for my part. I wish I knowed exactly what a joke was. Then I shouldn't lose no passengers—nor yet get laughed at so often. Now there was t'other day, Mr. Coggan says to Blanch—no, Mr. Blanch says to Mr. Coggan, ' Coggan,' says he, ' that there breed o' bantams I bought of you don't answer—they're all cocks.' ' Well, sir,' says I, ' there's one comfort—if you don't get no chickens you gets lots of *crows*.' With that both of 'em set to and laughed at me—quite disagreeable. Well, presently Coggan says to Blanch, says he, ' It's all the same cocks or hens—for no fowls could thrive in such a hole of a hen-house as that—the water comes in from all quarters—it's a regulur fishpond.' ' That's true enough,' says I, ' for one day I saw a *perch* or two in it myself.' Upon this they laughed at me worse than before; but when they began to talk about Mr. Coggan's own poultry—fine black Spanish birds as ever was seen, with combs as big as beef steaks and white ear-bags just like pillow cases, I made an observation which they took up in such a way as put my pipe out completely.

'Tellee what it is,' said Mr. Coggan, 'do all in the power of man, and sometimes birds will fail as well as coachmasters. Now there's my stock—they don't half get on—not as I could wish; can't tell how it is—but they're overrun with vermin.' 'That's odd too, sir,' says I, 'for no fowls' heads can be better *combed*.' This innocent obserwation o' mine got me a dig in the ribs on one side from Mr. Coggan, and a ditto ditto on t'other from Mr. Blanch, and away they went, quite ungentlemanly, laughing at me like Winkin."

"Who was Winkin, Jem?"

"A printer's apprentice, what run away with little 'Gin and Bitters,' Mother Waterton's barmaid at the Red Cow, and hung himself two days arter, because her breath always smelt of pump water. There goes Miss Evelina Develina Thingumbob—the female swell—she's cut me for a downright good honest hagshun. In course, sir, you can't be so hignorunt as not to know that *bustle* is *tin*, which means money. Very well. One day I sets her down at the bottom of Bond-street, and arter she'd paid me—while I was putting up the the steps—I sees a farthing on the flags; so thinking in course it was her property, I runs arter her, calling out, 'Hollo ma'am—you've dropped your *bustle!*' Wi' that she puts down one hand just under her waist in front, and t'other like lightning just under her waist behind, where in some out-and-out swell ladies, there's an opening to the pocket,—which, what with nutmegs, nutmeg graters, the cupboard keys, and so forth, makes them stick out so in that department. 'Good God' says she, 'my bustle!' and she'd have fainted if I hadn't shewed her the farthing. You'd hardly believe it, may be, but as sure as I'm here sitting, she slapped my face and won't never ride wi' me since. Now there's a gentleman at that bow-window—he in the green coat, with the smutty mug—what looks as though he'd rubbed his face again a nigger—we calls him Dr. Tarpaulin—"

"Why?"

"I suppose, because he's the biggest liar going: he'll make you believe the most unbelievable thing whatsomever—and then laugh at you for believing it. *He* always rides with me. Tellee why—though I don't see no reason in it. There was a bit of a heifer—a poor stinted thing—a downright calf to all appearance, met with a misfortune on Barnes' Common—she fell down a quarry and died. Nobody owned her: so Dr. Tarpaulin had her lugged up to his shop—he's wetinary surgeon—to make into a skeleton. While he was a opening her, I popped in with a horse what had got the grease—my fellow servant had basted him so, and by jingo, the poor little hannimal proved to be in calf. 'Why she's nothing but a calf herself,' says Dr. Tarpaulin. 'Well,' says I, putting in my spoke, 'I've often heard of such a thing before, but this is the wery first time ever I saw a *weal* within a *weal*.' 'Jem,' says he, 'that's a good un!' and he's rid with me regular ever since because o' that common obserwation, which he must have heard ten thousand times afore."

"Allow me to tell you it was a joke, Jem."

"No such thing, sir, axing your pardon: this is a joke as you shall see. There's Mr. Burchell's man, and Colonel MacLeod's man—both blackeymoors—standing at their masters' garden gates, and

looking down the road as if they was a waiting for the milkman or summat, while all the time the lazy wagabones is doing nothing but dawdling to see my coach pass. Now you'll please to notice how I'll make 'em front about. The nearest—this here chap to the left, is Mr. Burchell's Pompey—'I say Inky-face'—did ee see how he turned? Now for t'other; 'Hollo! Alabaster—what's lignum whitey?' There—he knows his name, because for why? Alabaster and Inkey-face is all one—black and white being the same thing. Some people calls me 'Gipsey,' because I'm brownish—and others knows me by the name of 'Lilly white,' for the same reason.—But dash my rags, if here an't some o' the Royal family—notice the coachman." This gentleman was *worthy* of notice; his livery coat was intensely scarlet; his complexion crimson, his eye lurid and blood-shot. My companion hallooed to him in stentorian tones as the two vehicles passed each other, "Why coachee! you looks if you'd been put in a smith's forge, and *blowed red-hot.*"

"Jem, I must ride with you again: set me down at the top of Fulham town."

"Thankye, sir, but afore we reaches the corner, talking of jokes, I'll make bold to tell you the best joke I knows. One night, 'twas my last journey, I'd just stepped into Jermyn-street to get a go of Kennet ale, to wash down my wittles, while my wehicle was at the cellar; when, as I was coming back, I puts up my foot on a stone what propped a post in St. James's-street, to tie my shoe. Well, it so happened, that just then, some nobleman, who'd lost all he had, as I should think, at one of the club-houses, comes along,—chock full of fury, without having nobody to abuse—when he sees me bent double with my back towards him. So—mind me, we'd no acquaintance, it was the first time we met—he takes a bit of a run and gives me a kick behind what sends me bang into the middle of the road, saying, says he, 'D—n you! you're *always* tying that shoe!'"

"Well! and what did you do?"

"I laughed fit to split my sides; for thinks I, he's lost his *tin;* and supposing I'd been regularly *cleaned out* at a club-house, and set eyes on a coachman, what I'd never seen afore, a-tying his shoe under a lamp-post, *I* should have made so free as to kick him into the middle of the road, saying, says I, 'D—n you! you're *always* tying that shoe of your's!'—Now, that to my fancy, *is* a joke."

SCENES

FROM CALDERON'S NINA DE GOMEZ ARIAS.

A WOODY LANDSCAPE.

Enter DOROTHEA *and* GOMEZ ARIAS *an officer in the army of* QUEEN ISABELLA *of* CASTILE, *in travelling dresses.*

GOMEZ. Here in these green labyrinths,
Mountains and romantic forests,
Shrouded from the sun himself,
Gines, bind our weary steeds;
Whilst, within the lovely bosom,
Of this blooming solitude
My beloved mistress rests.

DOROTHEA. Little feels she weariness
Who for peace a wanderer flies;
Many are the weary miles
Rendered happy by her hopes.
And 'tis thus the more she wanders
More unwearied she becomes,
For the body's worst fatigue
Then becomes the mind's repose.

Enter GINES.

GINES. Sir, the animals are bound,
Moaning all with one accord,
Not a slight lament thereat,
Asking, sir, in brutish speech
Wherefore, as the fools are ours
Thus we take and bind them fast?

GOMEZ. Perhaps you do already sore repent
You did display so rare a resolution!

DOROTHEA. O fear it not! you wrong my truest love!
Not father only and my father's home,
Would I have left to follow after thee
But, were it all the riches of this world,
The bribe to stay would yet seempo or and vain:—
I might be forced, were I now weak, to feel
What to my fame and honour bright I owe,
Yet since you pledged to me your word and hand
As spouse, and in that trust I place my hope,
Of what should I repent;—or why repine?
When that exculpates which my motive was!
First, that my parent threatened to bestow
Me on a hateful spouse, against my will;
Next, the confusion of that dreadful night,
When in our house your foe discovered you;
And then my fear the blow which for that once
Gines had warded off, again would fall;
And that at Cadiz time at length had shown
How false were all Granada's jealousies;
When from the maze of all these gathered ills
My flight would free me for the time, and free
Me, from the mention of that odious spouse,

Thee, from the gnawing tooth of jealous fears,
And both from doubt, how would one foolish fear
E'er bring me to repent of what I've done!
Is't not enough too, O my love! my spouse!
That I am all thine own in fullest faith,
And peace, and confidence, and free, and happy?—
Nay, fear not thou, that I into Castile,
As thou dost seek to go, will fear to follow
Where'er the sun his cheering beams denies;
But with inhospitable hand revolves,
Alternate cold, and fierce and scorching heat,
Even there would I, with free will, follow too!

GOMEZ. You pay me more now than you ever owed.—
Upon this bed of flower-bespangled grass,
Covered with countless hues—rest—till the sun
Tempers his noon-day heat. Far from the road,
Fear of pursuit has led us, and we must
Wander a few days longer through the woods.

GINES. Cold creeps athwart me when I hear you speak!

GOMEZ. How sir?

GINES. From fear—

GOMEZ. What fear you?

GINES. For that here,
These tall Sierras at whose feet we stand,
Are Alpujarra's mountains, from whose tops
The outlaw Moors are wont each day to come
For gold and murder.

GOMEZ. Idle fantasies!
When forth from Cadiz we, some two days hence,
Departed, chose we not the road opposed
To the Sierra Morena?

GINES. Truly, yes!
But was't not in the night?—and who can vouch
We have not missed the path we knew so badly?—

GOMEZ. Speak low: Dorothea, I fear me sleeps:
My dearest maiden!

GINES. Hush! why seek to wake her!
Leave her—

GOMEZ. I will awake her not.

GINES. Then hush!

GOMEZ. Only to see if she still sleeps—

GINES. You hear her—

GOMEZ. Then let us go, and with such silent steps
That even the moss shall suffer not the prints.

GINES. If you depart that she may undisturbed
In silence take repose, then you do well.

GOMEZ. No I do ill; that she may sleep I fly not,
'Tis from herself I fly.—Untie our horses!—
We must begone!

GINES. O, sir, what do you say?

GOMEZ. What shall I say but that this mortal beauty,
That seems a heavenly type of Flora's self,
Within these woods of morning's purple glow,
And skilful pencil with the rose's hue,
And jessamine's, with snow and carmine tinged,
To me a serpent is, which, under flowers,
With traitorous art her deadly sting conceals.—

See'st thou yon woman clad in all her charms?
To me she is a treacherous basilisk,
I shun her, for her gaze doth bring me death.
O had I never with the blinded eyes
Of admiration gazed, till sight grew love!
Desire so strong in fond anticipation,
Denies me love when in the full possession.
Love is a man who deals in precious jewels,
Whose value lies but in their estimation,
Whose worth is nought the day they lose esteem.

GINES. I wonder not at your perversity;—
Yet must I wonder how you find the heart,
Alone and sleeping in this wild to leave her.

GOMEZ. Why not? when since the day that she was mine
So hateful was she ever in my eyes,
A poisonous viper I not more abhorred.
Where shall I fly encumbered with a wife!
And should I all mine oaths and prayers deny,
Her sight alone would bring convincing proof.
My bread's my sword, and all my gold and wealth,
My valiant mind—the ranks, my fatherland.
And more than all, I know, that undeceived,
Beatrice waits me, rich, and young, and fair,
Whose love had first possession of my soul.—
Untie the horses then and let us fly!

GINES. Ah! woe betide her who will trust a man
That loves another!

GOMEZ. Come, another time
For your formalities—away! why linger?

GINES. O, sir, bethink you that your cruelty
Is greater than—

GOMEZ. How! do you raise your voice?

GINES. No, no, I only say 'tis most unworthy
Of you to act towards a woman thus:—
Think of some other way to part from her:
Leave her not in the mountains here alone!
Has not Granada cloisters?—Yet bethink!
Take not her life whose honour you have wronged.

GOMEZ. Hum! see you this dagger? it shall be the key
To open up a thousand bloody mouths
Within your breast, and lock my secrets fast.
Come forth with me, or you are near your doom!

GINES. If I must choose, I choose then—

GOMEZ. Not so loud!

GINES. To go! Yet turn once more, I beg of you,
And see the sweetest beauty where she lies!

GOMEZ. I've seen her oft enough—she is misfortune.
Yet had I loved, had she not loved in turn.

[GOMEZ *and* GINES *retire.*

(CANJERI *and* MOORS *appear on the top of the mountain.*)

CANJERI. Softly tread with thievish footsteps!
For from yonder steep afar
Saw I men and saw I horses
Through the bushes glide away.

A MOOR. 'Tis perchance the travellers' horses,

Whom we slew upon the mountains,
Which have caught your sight at last.
CANJERI. Creep with silence! lest they hear us.
Hush now! for you know the troops,
Mad with rage at our oppressions,
Through the mountains hunt with purpose
Isabella's path to clear,
When the Alpujarras' strongholds
All her army comes to storm. [*They descend.*
ANOTHER MOOR. This way seemed the noise to sound.
CANJERI. Don't deceive thyself! The beasts
Saw I on this side—but hold,
I have seen—yes! if mine eyes
No illusive phantom blinds,
Yonder a divinity!
Whose appearance, as she lies,
Shows for life too little action,
And for death too much of soul.
Resting on the blooming carpet
With the emerald flowers inwoven,
And by all the winds of heaven
With the forest leaves bestrewn,
Lies she there! In all my life
Saw I ne'er such sovereign beauty!
Were I not a Moor, but Pagan,
I would say it was the Venus,
Or Diana, of these woods.
Shall I venture nearer to her?
The fond drunken soul declares
All the danger, and 'tis right!
What would not those charms do nearer
Which afar such fires inflame?
DOROTHEA (*in her sleep*). Did my love deserve this wrong?
CANJERI. Hark! she speaks! to tread behind
Will I venture, since that tone
Undeceives me that she sleeps,
And declares her mortal mould. [*Draws nearer.*
DOROTHEA (*awaking*). O stay! O fly not, tarry yet!
But woe's me! what see I? [*Looks up.*
What horrid change is this?
Within my husband's arms
I slept but now—(O Heavens!)
And find—(O Destiny!)
Awaking—(Sure 'tis false!)
Myself (great God!) within
A hideous monster's power!
O tell me, thou dark lowering thunder cloud,
What hast thou done with the fair light of day?
Where hid'st thou, black shadow, the bright sun?
Where, Night, concealest thou the morning Star?
My love, my lord, my husband, where art thou? [*Tries to fly.*
CANJERI. Hope thou not from me to vanish.
Thou couldst not, though Love himself,
For thy purpose, lent his wings;
And perhaps 'twill prove thy lover,
Whom thou soughtest but now to call,

Was a young Castilian knight,
And with him you hither came.
Know then, if 'tis so, thy lover
Comes no more, for him this day
My companions have surrounded,
And upon this mountain slain.

DOROTHEA. Then vanish from mine eyes the light of day!
Since I to such calamity was born!
Yet is it real? say!
He dead, and living I!
Impossible! O no!
Without my leave to die
He could not, who, within my heart is living!
Whose life, and love, and being only grow
And in my love are found.
But if (ah me!) thou hast been more forgiving,
And hold him captive bound,
Him from your wild will save!
Give him his freedom, and, for ransom, cherish
Me in his place as slave.
Fear not his word! for he would sooner perish,
Than would return no more
For her whom to adore
Alone he lives; whose heart
Would feel more pangs from me than life to part.
And should my gold not prove sufficient dower
To free us from thy power,
Let him depart for one,
I shall remain alone!—
But is't as you declared?
Have you (O God!) to murder him then dared?
And I myself die not!
But I already spoke mine inmost thought—
No, there shall not upon love's tenderness
Such base indignities be cast,
As that in life I staid behind the last;
Nor that he loved the more and I the less;
But from my fate all shall example see,
That death in love will follow constancy.

CANJERI. Hapless one! thy spouse no other
Seems than he who on these mountains
Found his death.—I tell thee then,
Though thy plaint might move this mountain—
Though thy tears could melt these rocks—
Yet my hard determined breast
Never, never will they move.
From my power and adoration
Could not all Arabia's treasures
Nor the Orient's diamond store,
Ransom of thy beauty be!
Mine thou art, and crowned shall be
Queen of all the Alpujarras
Not alone, but of the world.
Follow now to yonder heights.

DOROTHEA. No! a thousand deaths thy dagger
Sooner shall on me bestow!
Cease thy hold, thou Moor!

CANJERI. 'Tis vain!
Thus to strive and wildly fence,
Bind her fast and bear her hence!
DOROTHEA. Wilt thou, Heaven, behold my pains?
Tear us not (ah me!) asunder.
Hast thou, Heaven, no bolt, no thunder,
On these monsters' heads to fall? [*A trumpet sounds in the distance.*
VOICES (*behind the scenes*). To the mountains! mountains! all!
CANJERI. Ha! we're lost! a Christian band
Round about the mountain stand;
Let us then our force uniting,
To the peak fly without fighting,
And with us bear off this beauty:
She to-day will serve for booty,
And for glorious booty.—I
Would not wish to see her free.
DOROTHEA. Heaven, alas, look down on me!
CANJERI. Heaven in vain you pray to—fly!
[*As they are departing* DON DIEGO *appears in the distance.*
D. DIEGO. Voices sounded near me now.
Ha! thou grizly Moor there! halt!
Loose thy hold, or mine assault
Soon thy turbaned head shall bow.
CANJERI. First my life— [*Trumpet behind the scenes.*
A MOOR. We dare not stay!
We must leave her—we must fly!
[*A troop of Spanish warriors appears.*
CANJERI. Few we are! then no delay!—
Warriors! Ha! I must, must I?
For this bright-eyed Christian dame
Lose my booty and my fame!
[CANJERI *and* MOORS *fly to the mountains,*
D. DIEGO. Follow me, Senora, now:
You I give my knightly word
That I feel your piteous case:
In my mansion you must tarry,
Till your sorrow time shall soothe.
These gray hairs shall be your safety,
And my daughter your companion,
Until heaven shall send relief.
DOROTHEA. O forgive me, if your goodness
I dare not refuse just now.
D. DIEGO. Come then!
DOROTHEA. Void of life I go!
Hapless, hapless Gomez, yes!
'Twas my love that gave thee death,
Dying now the debt I pay. [*Exeunt.*

AT THE GATES OF GRANADA.

Flourish of drums and trumpets. Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, *with a brilliant train of Courtiers, Knights, and Ladies.*

QUEEN. Granada, glorious Queen!
Fair shines thy brow on yonder throne serene!
Where to the heavenly vault,
Thy gorgeous towers their glittering heads exalt,
Each like a blazing star,

A gem of glory in their Queen's tiar.
Thy snowy-mountain zone,
With cloud-capp'd heads surrounds thy royal throne.
Queen of all realms! how empty seem our words
To paint the conquest of our warriors' swords!
Now thy Sierras rude
Alone remain unconquered, unsubdued.
Far off, remote, and inaccessible,
The swart Moor holds his rocky citadel;
And scorns, with impious word,
Fernando's laws, my royal king and lord:
Therefore thy Vega's plain
Once more beholds me with this warlike train:
Thy plain where bright streams flow,
And limpid Darro, o'er his sands of gold,
Rolls his pure streams of waters uncontrolled.

D. Diego. Now let the trumpets blow!
And with their silver sound
Waken dull Echo in her cave profound!
Let each harmonious voice
Proclaim our jubilee. Rejoice! rejoice!
Till the sweet songs of birds with envy fail:
Live, live our royal Queen! all hail!

All. All hail!

Flourish of trumpets, Shout.—Enter Don Luis, *and throws himself at the* Queen's *feet.*

D. Luis. Long live the Queen, and may her countless years
Outstrip all memory, I say! For ever
Sacred must be her valour and compassion
To one who needs them both! O, pardon then,
Great Queen! a wretched, miserable man,
Who at thy feet now throws himself for mercy.

Queen. Stand up! stand up! From wretched woe indeed,
Such bitter tears—such sorrows must proceed;
Speak—what demand you?

Don Luis. Justice, mighty Queen!

Queen. Cheer up then, for no step I onward go
Ere I have heard the grievance of your case.

Don Luis. O, royal Queen, a daughter had I once—
Well may I say I had, for if alive
Or dead is now alike: to me she's lost!
I reared her youth! But this is to begin
Far from the source—from noble blood I spring,
Albeit unworthy 'tis to name that now!—
Pious, and fair, and good, I trained her youth,
Till virtue, faith, obedience, modesty,
Whate'er I garnered to my heart, were all
By the black arts of a magician lost;
Lost and seduced from her poor father's arms.
And yet, O madam, wherefore tell in words,
What truer, better, can my tears relate!
Then let me pass, how I beheld her shame—
Heard her false name within a neighbour's house—
And let me come unto the vilest wrong,
That e'er the blackest heart of man conceived.
A Moor, who to the Alpujarra's mountains

Our path directs, this letter brought to me:
Heavy he left me, tho' he found me light.
O, would'st thou deign my royal Queen to read it,
And thus shalt thou instruct thy generous heart,
And spare to me the bitter pang to name,
My cruel wrong before the assembled world.

QUEEN. Give me! (*she reads*) "My dearest, ever-honoured father!
Past crimes can never better be excused
Than by confession. By a man deceived
I erred: but first his hand and oath he gave
As spouse, and afterwards with countless wiles,
And perjured treasons to the fierce Canjeri
He sold me for a slave. Treat for my ransom!
Chastise me afterwards as I deserve:—
I do not fear to die upon thy sword:—
Yet much I fear to risk my holy faith."

QUEEN (*raising her voice.*)

The warlike bands who from Castile have come
Hither with me unto Granada's heights,
And every man who has besieged the city,
Shall forward now to Alpujarra's peaks.
No pause, no rest, my zeal will give your march;
And for this man—if he the name of man (*To* DON LUIS.)
Deserve, what is he?

DON LUIS. Arias, is he called!

QUEEN. Be it proclaimed, no man, on pain of treason,
Aid or abet to save this villain's life:
But whoso captive brings him unto us,
Dead or alive, receives a thousand crowns.—
Here I, in face of heaven, do vow an oath,
Never to sleep or garment change till all
The tyrant Moors are subject to my power:
That ages yet to come shall surely know,
A woman wronged, a woman has avenged.—

(*Exeunt.*)

(To be continued.)

THE TRITON OF THE PACIFIC.

THE public will learn with indignation and astonishment, that in this great and flourishing country, a junior Lord of the Admiralty, as a compensation for his services, obtains only a miserable stipend of one thousand per annum, "with a free residence at Whitehall, *and other advantages.*" Were our state coffers low—were trade languishing—were our assessments bending us to the earth—were every second or third shopkeeper in our streets insolvent—were our poor-houses crowded with paupers—were we at war with all the world—something might be said in extenuation of so paltry a pittance. But the reverse being the case in every respect—at a period of profound peace—it is the height of patriotism in any distinguished individual to accept of such a situation at such a salary. As to the duties—although they may be imagined, to describe them would be difficult indeed. Yet there are a few discontented individuals—and the fact cannot be too deeply lamented—who presumptuously inquire of what use are the junior Lords! In this enlightened age the question is startling. Being of a benevolent turn we will condescend to open the eyes of the moles. To give them some idea of the importance of a seat in the Admiralty—it was at one time deemed expedient to call in the great modern Marquess of Worcester!—a man of such stupendous intellect, that, while driving four-in-hand, the cads at Charing-cross have actually suspected him to be a Greenwich coachman in disguise!

Burning to become extensively beneficial, and regardless of the scanty emoluments, in obedience to the call of honour and Earl Grey, Captain Maurice Berkeley has at once come forward to fill up the recent vacancy at the board. Such gallantry and devotion cannot be sufficiently eulogized. Like another Quintius Curtius he has leaped into the gulf for the salvation of his country! But so ungrateful is man—that several stultified people have impeached the patriotism of the exploit!

Many, however, do not adopt this brutal course, but act with more methodical malice. As regards the presumed necessity of filling the vacant seat—like the Scotch disputant—they admit the fact for the sake of the argument, but if they fail in the argument they reserve to themselves the right of doubting the fact. And what is their precious argument? Simply a Socratic one; to wit:—What are Captain Maurice Berkeley's qualifications for a post in the Admiralty?

Luckily a man in office, even if the lucre be only a thousand per annum ("with other advantages,"), never wants supporters. Captain Maurice Berkeley's "friends" are particularly "good-natured." They have told the clamorous some home-truths. They have clearly proved that Captain Maurice Berkeley is a man of exalted merit—being not only *brother to a noble Lord,* but *brother-in-law to a Duke,* having married Lady Charlotte, sister to his grace. This is unanswerable.

But in addition—Captain Maurice Berkeley, as his friends triumphantly state, *has two brothers in the present Parliament*:—The Hon. Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, member for Gloucester, and the

Honourable Captain Craven Berkeley, member for Cheltenham—*there are three of them!**

Nor is this all: Captain Maurice Berkeley is not a mere "soldier officer"—he has not simply "cut a figure in the local;" he is in the navy, and has actually seen the sea.—His first commission was dated in June, 1814:—on the subject of Captain Maurice Berkeley's naval exploits up to the period of his last employment, the gallant officer's friends are indignantly silent—indeed it would be useless to particularize them—but with becoming pride we are informed that Captain Maurice Berkeley's most recent service afloat "was in 1830, when he acted as flag Captain to Rear Admiral Sir Charles Paget, on board the Semiramis (24) *on the Cork station.*" As Mr. Gully pertinently remarked the other day to Tattersall, "When there's no chance of a fight it's all one whether you're the bruiser or the bottle-holder." This is true: therefore, while on the Cork station, in 1830,—there being no chance of a fight—the subject of our notice soared up to the level of Sir Charles Paget; the Honourable Captain, by the benefit of an hypothesis, became equivalent, pro tempore, to a gallant Rear Admiral.

On the strongest point of Captain Maurice Berkeley's case his friends have not touched—they were doubtless fearful of proving too much. Be ours the grateful task of supplying the deficiency. Captain Maurice Berkeley's first commission was dated in June, 1814,—about the period when the peace of Europe was settled by the battle of Waterloo: the gallant Captain, therefore, is not one of your burly, broadside, weather-beaten tars, whose chief merit consists in practical experience, acquired during the war; on the contrary, he enjoys the proud distinction of never having been contaminated by any collision with American frigates or French seventy-fours—he has practised his belligerent profession during a peaceful period—he has never moved in the society of thirty-two pounders—his last service afloat was on the Cork station, and he is consequently,—whatever such "untoward" veterans as Sir Edward Codrington and Lord Dundonald may think—qualified beyond all doubt to act as a ruler of the British navy, when there's no prospect of a war—to sport as a Triton in the Pacific—never, we beg to add by way of rider,—never having been engaged in any *action*, except, perhaps, AN ACTION AT LAW.

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* This was written under an impression that the gallant Captain would have been re-elected for Gloucester, as Sir John Hobhouse was for Westminster—"not on account of the public confidence in Ministers—but in consequence of the man's individual merits." Such, however, has not been the case. Mr. Hope, the unsuccessful conservative candidate at the last election, was put in nomination against him. At the close of the first day's polling Mr. Hope was about ninety a-head of the gallant Captain: and on Tuesday the gallant Captain retired from the contest. "The *Gloucester Journal* of Saturday said that many of the friends of Captain Berkeley took umbrage at his accepting office and at some of his votes. This appears to have been the case. Many of those who are considered of the Radical party voted against him. The Corporation were in favour of Captain Berkeley, and this alone induced the radicals to vote for his opponent, although an ultra-tory." So that for the present there are but two of them.

LE PIED MARIN.

On a gloomy morning late in the month of December, I embarked at Calais for Dover; there were but few passengers on board the steam-boat, and these few, from the lemon hue that tinged their complexions, appeared already sick by anticipation. Two ladies had taken up a position in a britscka, swung amidships, in which they were lolling back, the pictures of despair: others, well cloaked and shawled, their bonnets drawn closely over their faces, were resigning themselves, by a desperate effort, to the fate that awaited them. *Quant à moi*—jolted almost to dislocation by my journey from Paris, which, owing to the wretched state of the roads, had occupied six and forty hours, I stretched myself at full length on a bench, and, accustomed from earliest youth to the buffet of "wild ocean's wave," found myself in comparative Elysium.

Among the male department of passengers was a Frenchman, who, in order to set off his little squat figure to the greatest advantage, had robed it in a superb white *redingote à l'Anglaise*. In this person I recognized a *commis voyageur*, whom I had casually met a few months before at the *Intendence de la Police*, at Metz, in the north of France. The little man, I recollect, was at the time in a towering passion, at what he termed a "*mauvaise plaisanterie de la part de ces gredins de la Police*," who, it appeared, in the signalement of his passport, had robbed him of half an inch of his height, which, with the aid of a pair of high-heeled boots, *à la Polonaise*, did not exceed five feet three inches of our measure. "*Tenez*," he indignantly exclaimed, on shewing the document to a friend who accompanied him, "*quatre pieds et dix pouces seulement! Mais ce n'est pas la taille d'un Voltigeur!*"*

A single glance at the countenance of this little traveller would have convinced the most superficial observer that he was one of those mercurial and voluble Frenchmen, to whom silence is worse than death; and, in fact, he was impatiently pacing the deck, and looking eagerly around for some one on whom to inflict the torture of his conversation; but on every side "*la Morgue Anglaise*" presented an imposing front, which apparently, with all his assurance, he dreaded to encounter. Briton or not, there is no occasion on which a man feels less disposed to be sociable, than on the eve of sea sickness. The little man continued his walk, humming, as he went, the *barcarole* in Massaniello—

> "*Pêcheur, parle bas, jette tes filets en silence,*
> *Et le Roi des fleuves ne t'echappera pas.*"

The concluding line of the couplet, which he sang "*con amore*," evidently inspired by the scene around him, brought him in juxta

* Napoleon was latterly obliged to admit into the ranks of the army, men considerably below the standard height, who were formed into light infantry corps, called *Voltigeurs*. Hence the proverb "*Petit comme un Voltigeur.*"

position with myself, and my recumbent posture afforded him an opportunity of giving vent to his volubility. "*Monsieur se trouve donc deja mal?*" quoth he. "Not ill, Monsieur, but almost shaken to death by your cursed Diligence." "*C'est que Messieurs les Anglais sont tous marins.*" "When a man," said I, "has crossed the line a dozen times, he ought, I think in all conscience, to be a sailor!" "*Une douzaine de fois! En verité c'est beaucoup voyager. Mais moi aussi—j'ai fait mes petites courses en mêr: voici par exemple la cinquième fois que je passe la Manche, et je me flatte d'avoir aussi le pied marin.*"

Notwithstanding the air of triumph with which he uttered this, I was convinced that on his fifth passage of the Channel he would find that he had not "*le pied marin*," of which he appeared so vainglorious. It was blowing fresh from the northward and eastward—a strong south westerly current was setting right up Channel, and, from the conflict of the two elements, I foresaw there would result a sea that would try the stomach of many a better sailor than this little *commis voyageur*, in his *redingote à l'Anglaise*. The anchor was weighed, and the vessel dashed swiftly through the opposing wave, but not swifter than the tongue of *Monsieur du Pied Marin* continued to run. "*Monsieur a sans doute vu des gros temps?*" he continued. "More, I assure you, than I ever wish to see again." "*Cependant je donnerois tout au monde de voir un gros temps. Car, comme votre Burke a fort bien remarqué 'Il y a du sublime dans le peril.'*" "It will blow fresh when we get outside." "*Tant mieux—tant mieux! J'aime la sublimité. J'ai beaucoup voyagé—beaucoup—beaucoup—mais vouz savez que les voyages par terre sont insipides—il me faut des sensations fortes. Je voudrois même avoir peur pour une fois!*"

By this time most of the passengers were "poorly:" one old dowager and her maid had been handed below, completely "*hors du combat.*" "*Voila le desagrément d'un steam-boat,*" observed the little Frenchman; "*ces scènes là sont dechirantes.*"

We had just cleared the point that stretches to the southward and westward of the harbour of Calais, and the boat—now fairly in the trough of the sea—began to give some of those heavy pitches, which, as a young Spanish lady once said to me under similar circumstances, "*hace salir el alma por la boca.*" I narrowly watched the countenance of my hero; the rubicond hue of his complexion was succeeded by a yellow tint, faint as that which tinges the cheek of the ripening lime—the demon of sea sickness had set his hand upon him. "Does Monsieur find himself unwell?" I inquired. "*Ah que non! une petite migraine seulement—l'effet du café infernale qu'on m'a fait boire a l'hôtel.*"

The illusion of the *pied marin* had vanished; still he appeared reluctantly to yield to the conviction of the fact. "*Nom de Dieu!*" he exclaimed at last, when on the brink of the catastrophe, "*est il possible que je me trouve mal?—est-ce possible?*" But the Captain appeared to have no doubts whatever on the subject. "Forward there," he roared out; "hand that gentleman in the white coat over to leeward." For the poor little Frenchman, by a gross violation of all the rules of naval etiquette, had chosen the windward side for

offering his sacrifice to the sea god. Two nautical monsters accordingly lugged him over to leeward, where he sunk down, utterly heedless of the waves that almost every instant broke over him. There he continued until we reached Dover, exclaiming, as often as his paroxysms would permit, "*Mais mon Dieu est-ce possible?*"

When within a few yards of the pier, all again became bustle and animation: the old dowager made her appearance in a superb *chapeau,* probably the last "improvisation" of the celebrated Victorine; but in her hurry she had only rouged one side of her face. It was really amusing to observe the metamorphoses the toilets of the ladies had undergone in a few minutes. Vanity had given them "*le pied marin*" — all sported some article of finery in order to cheat the harpies of the custom-house. On getting alongside the pier, a general rush was made towards the steps. In the rear of the column I observed the little *commis voyageur,* but

"*Heu quantus mutatus ab illo Hectore!*"

His superb redingote was besmeared with tar, and drenched with sea water. "*Et votre pied marin, Monsieur,*" said I. He did not hear me, but tottered along, endeavouring to argue himself into a conviction that he had been dreaming. On reaching the steps, he cast a hasty look back at the scene of his distress, and went off, muttering "*Cependant je me flatte d'avoir toujours le pied marin! Nom de Dieu!*"

A COUPLE OF CONTRASTS.

THE "impazienza del luogo," as the Italians call our passion for travelling, or some other more cogent reason, had induced an English nobleman and his wife to take up their abode at Port Mahon, in the course of their peregrinations, until some of his majesty's ships should be at leisure to convey them to Sicily. This is a most convenient mode of travelling, particularly for those who have gay wives and handsome unmarried daughters. In the first place it costs nothing, and some of our captains and their officers are gay young men of good families, fortunes, and expectations. Then a voyage by sea affords such opportunities!—walks on deck by moonlight—an entire seclusion in a little world of one's own—music and propinquity!

I first met the noble family above mentioned, and her Royal Highness the Duchess Dowager of Orleans, the widow of the famous, or rather infamous "Egalité," on the same night at a grand fête given by Sir —— —— on board his own ship. The English family were all life and spirits on this occasion. The Earl was a quiet mean-lookmg man, the Countess a magnificently beautiful woman of fashion, the elder daughters were lovely as angels, and the younger ones promised to grow up like them. Scandal accused the mother of

being very gay; if so the father took it very quietly; for I remember a story was told at the time of one of the officers meeting his lordship on the quarter-deck, leading his little boys, who not knowing him personally, inquired "Whose children they were?" To this the Earl drily replied, "They are my Lady ——'s, I believe," and walked on. At this ball she was all smiles and graciousness, and as she was the only English lady of rank and fashion present, she enjoyed what she dearly loved—universal admiration!

Her Royal Highness the Duchess Dowager was full of pride and prejudices; pleased at receiving the homage due to her rank, yet regretting her present situation, as the attention, homage and respect she received must have excited unpleasant recollections. Although the little town of Mahon must have been a sorry exchange after the gaieties of Paris, still it was a safe asylum, out of the noise and bustle of the world, and afforded a quiet refuge to the Princess and her court of unfortunate attendants.

My second rencounter with the old Princess was some time after the last peace. I was admiring the Place de Carousal, at Paris, when a carriage with six horses, outriders, servants, and numerous attendants in the royal livery, drove past me in great state. The people all pulled off their hats, and my valet de place whispered in my ear, "The Duchess Dowager of Orleans going to pay her court at the Thuilleries." I smiled at the contrast, as I thought of the almost forgotten old lady in her retreat at Port Mahon, and compared her situation when I last saw her at the fête with her present magnificent appearance, surrounded with all the paraphernalia of pomp and power.

The next time I met the Earl's family, whom I had seen at this fête, the mother delighted with gratified vanity, and the daughters glowing with all the charms of youth, health, and innocence, was in a much sadder situation. It was at an inn in the town of Alessandria, on the road to Turin, after a lapse of several years. *Two* of the daughters had that morning run away from Genoa with a married man, who had poisoned himself by taking too much laudanum by mistake; and the mother, who had all the time supposed him an admirer of her own, had just arrived at the same inn in pursuit of the fugitives, in a transport of anger, jealousy, and shame, in time to see him expire. To make myself known under such circumstances would have been only insulting the unhappy. I could do no good—I therefore passed on.

VICTOR DUCANGE.

HAVING already directed the attention of our readers to that portion of the literary fiction of our Gallic neighbours, appropriately distinguished by the epithet "convulsive;" we at present propose noticing another species, altogether different in character and execution, which is known by the name of the "vaudevilliste," from its resemblance in style and spirit, to the charming little pieces produced at the Theatre du Vaudeville. This rich and amusing class of productions, light and sketchy, yet philosophical and humorously illustrative of living manners, with its brilliancy, brevity, and epigrammatic point, forms an agreeable contrast, and a pleasant set-off against the wild vagaries and exaggerated horrors of the Convulsives: nor are its airiness, sprightliness and humourous levity, its only charms; for, frequently, under the sparkling garb of liveliness, it conveys sound practical lessons of political wisdom, and powerfully exposes some of the abuses and absurdities flowing from institutions of the "good old times."

Victor Ducange is one of this school. The same exquisite address in seizing on the ridiculous and absurd in things and men—the same easy elegance of expression, playfulness and vivacity of imagination, and piquancy of observation, which have rendered his dramatic works so successful, are eminently conspicuous in his novels. His profound knowledge of human nature is as apparent, as the easy gaiety of his style is amusing; his skill in the developement of characters, and in tracing the gradual changes and modifications effected by new circumstances, bringing with them new motives and new ideas, is particularly striking and natural.

Great differences exist between an English and a French novel of the present day: while the one appeals to the vitiated taste of an aristocracy-loving set, by minute details of the fictitious distinctions which surround the higher classes, their dinners, routs, equipages, tracasserie and scandal, the other recognizes no artificial distinctions, but applies itself entirely to the moral world—to measures, not men—to things and not to theories—and to the accurate delineation of living manners in every department and grade in society. If nobility be occasionally introduced, it is only to afford an opportunity of exposing the absurdity of its pretensions to a privileged ascendancy, derived from old institutions, which in the present state of society, are incompatible with the happiness of the mass of mankind. In this particular, Ducange may be taken as a fair representative of the sentiments of his countrymen, of the moral revolution and widely diffused republicanism of opinion, of which, none but those who have resided for some time upon the continent, can form any idea. That respect and deference which was formerly the attendant on exalted stations and great names is now transferred to intelligence, developed in well directed industry; and a successful stock broker at Paris, or the proprietor of a flourishing manufactory in the provinces, eclipses in public esteem, a score of the vielle noblesse.

Jean Phol (the principal personage in a tale, by Victor Ducange, of

which we purpose giving an abstract *raisonné*, as a specimen of the *Vaudevillistes*) is a paper manufacturer, and his probity, superior intelligence and usefulness, are happily contrasted with the idleness, intrigue, and insignificant pretensions of a Marquis of the *ancien régime*. Git-au-diable, the Baronial Castle of the latter, overlooks a little settlement of industrious Huguonots in the distant village of Ghyl au Bois, and a rapid sketch of its vicissitudes of proprietorship, until it reaches the Marquis, lays open the miseries and injustice resulting from the feudal system under every succeeding reign. From the crusading barons, it passes into the hands of the monks, from them it is transferred to the Huguonots, and then by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, it is seized as a forfeiture to the crown: at length Louis XV. bestows it on a poor but noble Limousin gentleman, who is inveigled into a marriage with a young beauty of his seraglio in the Parc au Cerfs. The count discovers his dishonour at the moment his young bride is dying in childbirth, breaks the sword that could not be his avenger, sends his commission and title deeds to the Minister in disdain, and quits France for ever.

After this overt act of rebellion, the house of Kerneseck, which traced its origin to the remotest antiquity, became possessors of the castle and domaine of Git-au-diable, and from them it descended in a right line to Timothy, Marquis of Kerneseck. Hisbrothers, Martin and Gregory, having previously been disposed of, by being thrust, the first into the navy, and the second into a monastery, his two sisters take the veil in the convent of St. Affrique, where the eldest dies in the odour of sanctity from the consequences of a wonderful fast. Every thing seems prosperous, when as ill luck would have it, the revolution breaks out, and the Marquis is induced by circumstances to mount his horse and set off to join the Austrians at Coblentz.

Meantime the property of the emigrants is confiscated—the convents are closed, the nuns are flying in every direction, and a deputation of Sans Culottes from the Jacobins, seal up the gates of Git-au-Diable, and write on the little church adjoining—

"THE FRENCH PEOPLE RECOGNIZE THE SUPREME BEING AND THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL."

"The Marquis Timothy did not return with the Austrians, but continued his route to Poland, where he found the festivities very agreeable. Martin the sailor went out with the expedition of Rochambeau, to America; Gregory the Monk abjured his faith at the bar of the Convention, married a Carmelite nun, and enlisted as a dragoon in the revolutionary army, while Andoche the nun (the younger sister) fled with her confessor into Piedmont. The Castle of Git-au-Diable was by the revolutionary hammer, knocked down to the sturdy paper manufacturer, Jean Phol, who converted it into a factory. All the resources of art were put into requisition: the idle population of the neighbouring village found employment, and the whole country became enriched by the industry of Jean Phol. Meantime the Emigré Marquis was teaching his pure French to some dozen heavy Germans in Silesia. Among the pupils who attended his lectures, from charity, was a fair young pastry-cook, whom the Marquis reasoned himself into espousing, by the following soliloquy. :—

"'Illustrious descendant of the victors of Tolbiac, you are no longer any thing more than a poor devil, as beggarly, thin, and contemptible as your

great-grandfather, when he beheld the demolition of his last tower at Patavy; he, for the love of religion, and you for the honour of the monarchy, lost your weathercocks, your rights of seignory, your blazoned shields, and what is worse, your stamped crowns. France is a republic; the throne is to let; the aristocracy are wandering beggars, and Europe is getting whipped. This is no time for being proud. Will you let your noble race perish with you when Providence gives you, in its mysterious wisdom, a means of support in an adorable pastry-cook? Calculate, my dear Marquis, with the prudence of Ulysses, not with the pride of Agamemnon. To be sure you set out to make war, and it may not be so noble to make pies; but what is there that misfortune and fidelity do not ennoble? Well then, marry the pastry-cook:—primo, because she has as much cash as a baron's daughter; secundo, because you have not a sous, and that it is disagreeable to trudge the streets when it rains or hails, and for a miserable salary to be at the beck of sundry varlets, who call you Monsieur, while treating you like a lacquey; tertio, and it is the best and strongest reason, because a hungry stomach has no ears, and a fasting marquis must dine.'

"Upon this, Timothy, Marquis of Kerneseck, pirouetted upon the toe of his left foot, with a grace and elasticity quite French, and wiping the dust from his shoes with his Rouen handkerchief, pulling down his sleeves, adjusting his collar, and presenting his right hand forward, like Vestris, he hastened to declare his tender passion to Julia, at the moment she was engaged in taking tartlets from the oven."

Julia, of course, was delighted at being made a Marchioness, and the Marquis on his part, was well fed and happy, selling his patties with his sword by his side, and glorying in being the inventor of pies *à la Marquise;* when lo! one fine morning, he reads the intelligence of the peace of Amiens, and of the permission granted to the Emigrés to return and recover whatever portion of their property had escaped the revolutionary hammer. Accordingly, he sets off for his Castle of Git-au-Diable, with his spouse and daughter. On the road he falls in with his brother Gregory, in the capacity of a carter, his sister Andoche, in that of cook in a tavern; and on reaching Moulines the party is joined by Martin, who had been made a captain in the navy by Napoleon. The sagacity of the latter discovers that, owing to an informality in the sale of the domain of Git-au-Diable, a small farm might still be recovered; and his interest with the government having secured this, the good people of Ghyl au Bois are surprised by the sudden appearance of the long absent family, in a wretched cart, which they mistook for the equipage of Polichinello.

Curiosity was the only feeling that the illustrious descendant of Clovis excited in his quondam vassals. The Curé alone, though a stranger to the Marquis of Kerneseck, received him with demonstrations of joy.

"By instinct—by some inexplicable power of homogeneity—some secret instruction of natural alliance, and mutual succour, a parson and a lord sympathize in all places, times, and circumstances. An innate sentiment teaches them that they participate in the same essence—that they are sprung from the same principle, and that they are uterine brothers, twin-born of the great feudal mother, and nourished with sacred milk. Lords without parsons—parsons without lords, is a greater anomaly than partridge without lemons. Hence it was that tears of joy rolled down the cheeks of the good Curé of St. Medard, and that the sight of the ci-devant lord produced upon

his senses an effect analogous to that which the first beam of returning light, after six long months of darkness, produces upon the sorrowing eyes of the inhabitants of the Polar Circle."

While the Curé is entertaining them, news of their arrival is brought to Jean Phol, who hastens to invite them to the chateau, where he proves to them, logically, that he is in their debt to the amount of some thirty thousand francs, being the principal and accumulated interest of a sum left by one of the predecessors of the Marquis, in the hands of his grandfather, and which he was bound by oath to restore. By this act of generosity on the part of Jean Phol, the Marquis and his family are established in their farm adjoining the chateau. A complete harmony ensues between marquisses, merchants, emigrants, Huguonots, and priests, all living like true republicans, and calling each other citizens. This ease and prosperity affords leisure to the Marquis to meditate over his favourite projects. He still dreams of recovering his chateau, and of restoring the Bourbons. Time passes away in the manufacture of intrigues; and, at length, the sailing of the expedition of Pichegru and Georges, promises a certainty of the assassination of the First Consul. The Marquis sets off for Paris, after pressing the hand of the Curé, and humming to himself, with a triumphant air, "I shall have my castle." He reaches Paris in time to witness the arrest of the conspirators: he is petrified with horror, but had he known that the police were equally well acquainted with all his movements and designs, as with those of the sufferers, he would have had much greater reason for alarm.

"There was at that time a minister more dexterous and cunning than all the conspirators that ever did or will exist; for this minister had himself a share in every conspiracy: he formed them at first, for he was faithful like the Marquis, and then he disclosed them, when they were not succeeding to his wishes. This was profound sagacity and superfine diplomacy. Now this minister said to the Consul, 'We have got a Marquis of the finest species, who conspires and trifles—who will kiss your hand and betray you. He is quite a model, a type—let us catch him. He would be a treasure in a palace; he would shew the direction of the wind better than fifty weathercocks, and would not cost so much as an ambassador.' The Consul was amused with the suggestion; he laughed at it—he should rather have been shocked. The next day the Marquis was summoned before the minister. The day following he was presented to the Consul, who said to him, while he tried to suppress his laughter—'You are a Marquis. I am glad of it. You have served the King; I esteem fidelity. You will attend my levee. Call at the Treasury.' The Marquis flew thither. On the day following the Marquis strutted through Paris as proud as a peacock, discoursing in the coffee-houses and the Palais Royal in this strain:—'Sirs, the Republic needs a master. France demands an Emperor, and Buonaparte is the man of destiny.' In fact, eight months afterwards Buonaparte was an Emperor; the Marquis was a Chamberlain; Mr. Vincent Jean Phol posted to Paris with the view of obtaining through the influence of the Chamberlain Marquis, the title of *Imperial* for his factory; and Madame Jean Phol said to Julie. 'My dearest friend, you see how much time has done towards drawing closer certain distances, and in dissipating obstacles and prejudices. Our fortune is still much greater than yours; but the Marquis is at Court; he may be exalted by favours; his protection may

be of use to my husband; and my Gustavus will certainly be rich enough to seek rather an alliance which will connect him with the *grande monde*, and the honours of the Court, than an increase of fortune, which would add nothing to happiness.'"

Between Gustavus, the son of Jean Phol, and the gentle and delicate Isaurine, daughter of the Marquis, a tender attachment had subsisted from childhood, and time had ripened it into a more decided passion. But the catechizing and reiterated religious lecturings of the bigotted Andoche, the ex-nun, had so wrought upon the mind of the sensitive little girl, that her partiality for Gustavus caused a perpetual struggle within her bosom, as she was taught to believe that she would certainly be damned if she married a heretic. Meantime events proceed, and the fate of Isaurine is from day to day depending on a conspiracy, or a coalition, on peace or war, on a defeat or victory, on an imperial whim or a telegraphic despatch, and a thousand cunning devices of the Cabinets of London, Berlin, and Vienna, as her union with Gustavus must be determined by these various occurrences. The Empire had displaced the Republic. Buonaparte sat upon a throne, surrounded by a newly created nobility. The Marquis was in favour; he obtained places for his family; he became rich; he communicated with the Cabinets of London, Berlin, and Vienna; legitimate treasons grew dearer by coming from better sources, and English, Austrian, and Russian pensions went on increasing. Jean Phol too had almost kept pace with him in preferment: from Imperial manufacturer and Government contractor he had been created a Baron of the Empire, and shortly after a member of the Council. The influence which these changed positions of both parties exercise over the destinies of Gustavus and Isaurine, and the new ideas and speculations they give rise to, are happily shewn in their letters. The Marquis, for instance, seeing that Jean Phol was ennobled, no matter how; that he was in possession of a castle and eighty thousand a year; and that the continental system of blockade confiscated conspiracies as well as merchandize, writes to the Marchioness in this style:—

"Madame. Continue to pursue your present course; hasten on the marriage. My fidelity, the sacred cause, and the important interests of the unfortunate monarchy, require this further sacrifice; the more so as it will restore, indirectly it is true, but better so than not at all, my castle of Git-au-Diable, to which I adhere from principle and fidelity, for this you know is my immutable device. So lose not a moment; hasten on the marriage: the Empire is up—Legitimacy is down—St. Cloud is very brilliant, and the conspiracy has proved smoke since the crowning at Notre Dame. Not that we do not know how to estimate these matters. His legitimacy is but so much whipped cream: but he makes barons; this is monarchical, a good beginning, and for want of better—meantime—even though—marry my daughter—she may become a Duchess, and this will be a point gained."

So much for the Marquis; now for the matrimonial epistle of Jean Phol, the Baron and legislator:—

"My dearest spouse. Our love, our marriage, and above all, Heaven, have given us but one son, and nature has endowed him with virtue, sense, and talents. The success which accompanies me, the fortune which awaits him, and the happy dispositions of his character, presage for him a brilliant

career. Let us not be too hasty in deciding his destiny—in bounding his career—in checking his progress. An imprudent marriage influences a whole life. Immense destinies are awaiting France: the fortune of the crowned Hero may be more strongly reflected on us hereafter than at present; and why may not our Gustavus, rich by my titles, my office, my fortune, and his expectations, raise his ambition above the daughter of an insignificant Marquis, without an estate, lowly connected, and without firmness at Court? Do not precipitate matters. Victory is on the point of carrying our eagles beyond the Neva. Russia has declared war against us. We shall have a throne more to dispose of. Let us await the issue of this great event."

Meantime the French army had entered the capital of the north; and from the Imperial towers of the palace of Peter the Great an ordinance arrives at Paris, upon the Emperor's favourite system of fusion, which comprehends within its scope the respective scions of the houses of the Marquis of Kerneseck and the Baron Jean Phol. Accordingly Fouché, who was as well skilled in matrimonial diplomacy as in other state intrigues, acquaints the parties with the wishes of the Emperor, and all the preliminaries being adjusted, the marriage is on the point of taking place, when, besides the serious obstacle of the bride's being almost driven to distraction by the fatal power of her Capucin aunt, Andoche, in working on her religious scruples, the Marquis interdicts the union, as a rumour prevails that the Emperor is frozen to death in Russia, and that the Bourbons are on their way to Paris.

Buonaparte, however, returns to the Thuilleries; and the Marquis flies thither to swear that France was still faithful to him: he meets Jean Phol, and they give each other the cut direct. France has to produce another army to supply the place of that which has perished; Gustavus sets out with the newly enrolled corps; and after a series of hard fighting, is left for dead upon the field of Leipsic. The capture of Paris follows close upon this event. The Marquis was right. Jean Phol was wrong. The former retains his chamberlain's key; the latter, after voting for the dethronement of the man of destiny, writes over his establishment "Royal Manufactory."

Gustavus, who was supposed to have perished, is preserved almost miraculously; and after enduring many calamities, returns just at the moment when his bride has ceased to exist. The account of his death, maliciously imparted to her by the furious zealot Andoche, had so far aggravated the malady to which she had long been a victim, that she had sunk under it; and her lover performs the last duty of depositing her in the tomb.

We are sensible that, in this short sketch, we have but faintly delineated the spirit that runs through and animates the work of Victor Ducange. To convey a just and accurate idea of the vehemence and address with which his satire is brought to bear on the Feudalism and Jesuitism, against which the whole force of his attack is levelled, would require much wider bounds than those to which we are necessarily restricted.

CHATEAU DE COURCY.

In that part of Picardy, situated between Saint Quentin and Soissons, about four leagues from the latter city, in the middle of a magnificent valley, and upon a mountain of no very great elevation, but which commands a prospect at once varied and picturesque, the traveller beholds a small town, entirely surrounded by walls, flanked by strong towers, the aspect of which insensibly leads back the mind to the middle ages. The approaches to this town are steep and rugged. Four dark and ponderous gates, between enormous towers, pierced with loop-holes, impart to it a formidable appearance; somewhat softened, however, by the romantic charm of the ivy that festoons the exterior walls. On the south side, upon the same mountain, there are seen four towers, of prodigious thickness, connected by high ramparts, forming an irregular square; from the centre of which arises another tower, beautiful from its strength and the elegance of its proportions, which commands the town and an immense extent of country. Within these walls, there formerly existed a chateau, the name of which has been rendered famous by the illustrious race to which it belonged.

Built by Enguerrand de Courcy the Great, one of the most eminent French Barons of the twelfth century, this chateau was, for 300 years, the cradle of the Raouls and the Enguerrands de Courcy. The last of the race, Euguerrand the 7th, united, in his own person, all the glory of his ancestors—an archduke of Austria, earl of Bedford, in England, count of Soissons, and connected with the highest offices at the court of France; held up as a model of bravery and loyalty, courted by all the Kings of Europe, and particularly by Edward the Third of England, who gave him his daughter in marriage. Endowed with a thousand rare and brilliant qualities—handsome in person, cultivated in mind—this Sire de Courcy died of the wounds he received in the crusade against Bajazet, on the disastrous day of Nicopolis. It is worthy of remark, that, in the first crusade, led by Godefroy de Bouillon, a Sire de Courcy greatly distinguished himself; and that, in every subsequent one, a hero of this name died upon the field of honour; in short, that the last of the de Courcys sealed, with his blood, the last of these pious wars. There were no more crusades, or Sires de Courcy, after the battle of Nicopolis.

Now a-days, the gates of this noble castle are no longer guarded by numerous men at arms. The formidable outworks that defended its approaches, the ponderous draw-bridge that fell at the sound of the stranger's horn, claiming hospitality—all are now in ruins, or have disappeared. In the place of the gallant knights, and their martial train, who made the lofty hall resound with the echo of their armed heels, the traveller sees but a few inhabitants, in a state of the most abject wretchedness: at those gothic windows, from which, so many times, the beauteous Châtelaine threw, with her white hand, to her lover, setting out for the burning plains of Syria, the bracelet, the "*gage d'amour,*" if you now perceive a human creature, it will be some hideous old beggar-woman, who has dug for herself an asylum

amid the ruins; and who holds out her dishrevelled hand, into which the wanderer must deposit an offering, to escape her maledictions. There, where the Châtelain de Courcy sighed his tender complaints and his love for the Dame de Farel, you will hear but the croakings of the raven, or the shrill cry of the owls, those ill-omened minstrels, whom the noise of your footsteps frighten to their gloomy retreats. Seek no more for traces of those lofty halls, of those immense apartments, which the almost regal magnificence of the Sires de Courcy, had embellished with feudal splendour; for ruins, and nothing but ruins, covered with ivy, wild roses, and parasite plants, are all that you will find. A single edifice, among this chaotic mass still remains to attest its former magnificence. The strong tower, that incomparable pile, rears proudly to the heavens a lofty front, assailed in vain for centuries by the tempest, whitened with age, but still majestic; three of its sides were rent by an earthquake 200 years ago, but its walls, twenty-two feet thick, and its solid foundations, will yet survive more than one generation.

Like all other feudal manors, the chateau de Courcy has its legends. One terrible catastrophe, known to every one, and which has inspired more than one poet and romancer, is connected with this spot, by the name of its hero. We allude to the ill-fated loves of the Châtelain de Courcy and the Dame de la Farel. Who has not felt horror-struck on reading this frightful drama? Who has not been deeply affected, in dwelling upon the maddening grief of the unfortunate mistress of the brave Châtelain, when her barbarous husband informs her, that the dish she had found so delicious, was the heart of her lover. This adventure has, for ages past, continued to be related at Courcy; but distorted by fables, that do more honour to the imagination than to the erudition of the inhabitants. Some will shew, with the best faith in the world, the dungeon in which the lady was confined; others, with equal assurance, point out the very stone upon which the cook prepared the horrible repast. The worthy Picardians quite overlook the circumstance that the chateau de Farel, the scene of the tragedy, is twelve leagues from de Courcy, near St. Quentin. *"Et voila bien comme on ecrit l'histoire!"*

But all the legends of de Courcy are not so sombre. We shall give one, the details of which are full of *"bizzarrerie."* It is related, that in the year 1120, Enguerrand, the second Sire de Courcy, was one day informed that a lion was ravaging the environs of his castle. How a lion found its way into Picardy, is a point that we shall not stop to examine; but this lion devoured cattle, and sometimes men, and spread terror through the country. In such a conjuncture, could Enguerrand hesitate what course to pursue? Without any other companion than a peasant, who undertook to show him the lion's den, armed only with his sword and shield, he set out. About two leagues distant from de Courcy, in a wild and desolate spot, in the middle of a thick forest, the peasant showed Enguerrand the lion, at the moment that he was almost upon him. "Oh, oh," said le Sire de Courcy, *"Tu me l'as de près montré!"* and, attacking courageously the animal, soon slew him, and shortly after, on the very spot, says the Chronicle, in conjunction with Saint Norbert, founded the abbey of

Premontré; an appellation he gave to it in memory of the words, "*Tu me l'as de près montré.*"

At a later period, a figure of a lion was placed upon a stone pedestal, supported by three other lions, before the entrance of the strong tower. A singular ceremony was established, and kept up till the revolution of 1789; and which some old people, still living, recollect to have witnessed. Three times a year—at Christmas, Easter, and the Pentecost, the prior of Nogent, a rich convent of the Benedictine order, founded by the Sires de Courcy, would arrive at the castle, in the garb of a labourer, with a whip in his hand, and a sack of corn behind him, mounted upon a cart-horse, to the ears and tail of which were attaching numerous small cakes. In this singular guise, the abbé rode three times round the lion, clacking his whip; he then dismounted, did homage to the lion, and distributed the cakes to the spectators. All this was performed in the presence of the Sire de Courcy and the officers of his household. If there was only wanting a nail in the equipment of the horse; or if he was guilty of the slightest *incongruity* during the ceremony, he was immediately confiscated for the benefit of the officers. The spectators used to relate, that nothing could be more ridiculous, than the anxious care with which the servant of the abbé watched all the movements of his charger, and the eagerness with which he sought to make it keep down its tail, in order to avoid the rigorous clause, whenever it manifested an unbecoming disposition; a singular ceremony, that has broadly the stamp of the national gaiety of France.

After having changed masters, at least, twenty times, since the extinction of the house that founded it, the chateau de Courcy became, at the first revolution, national property—"*une proprieté communale.*" Some years ago, the Duke of Orleans, whose immense forests are situated in this neighbourhood, expressed a desire to possess the old chateau. Long negotiations were entered into between the prince and the commune, but the parties could not agree upon the price. The revolution of July decided the bargain. The commune, which had refused the offer of the Duke of Orleans, yielded to that of the King of the French, who promised to convert the old chateau into a hunting lodge for the princes, his sons. Thus, the new *Civil List* became, for the trifling sum of 6000 francs, possessed of an immense chateau, the "*materiel*" of which, is, at least, worth 200,000, independent of its historical value, which is above all price.

There is in the history of these old walls, recollections, upon which their actual possessor, Louis-Philippe, may deeply meditate. During the minority of Saint Louis, when Queen Blanche, of Castille, the mother of the young king, governed the kingdom as regent, a conspiracy, in which some of the most powerful nobles were engaged, was laid for the purpose of dethroning the king. The league gained strength; and at an assembly of the conspirators, it was proposed to offer the crown to a man, who, by his consanguinity to the king, his great riches, and his private worth, appeared worthy of wearing it. This man, dazzled for a moment by the splendour of so brilliant an offer, allowed himself to be seduced by the proud desire of becoming the head of the most powerful monarchy in the world.

He yielded to their solicitations, ordered a magnificently jewelled crown to be made for himself, and tried it on in his chateau, surrounded by his officers. But, suddenly blushing at his presumptuous pride, and horror-struck at his treason, he cast away the guilty signs of his usurped power, solicited, and obtained the king's pardon, and died one of the firmest pillars of the throne. This individual was named Enguerrand, the third Sire de Courcy; and it was he who built the chateau that now belongs to the King of the French.

In 1818, the Duchess of Berri visited the chateau de Courcy; the poor still recollect "*La bonne Duchesse.*" She was accompanied by the Duc d'Orleans. In 1833, the Blanche de Castille of the present age, is a prisoner in the citadel of Blaye, and the Seigneur de Courcy has enriched his brows with the regal diadem of "*la jeune France.*"

MAGISTERIAL MISTAKE.

THE Roebuck at Wraxham was quite full "for the present;" but by and bye, perhaps I might have a room. The gentleman in No. 3. had been in bed since six o'clock: but then, to be sure, he was dead drunk; perhaps, however, his family would fetch him before the house closed, and then I might depend on being second on the list; unless, indeed, either of the magistrates got top-heavy—a calamity by no means improbable—and if so, his worship's claims would be paramount, or at least, superior to mine. If, indeed, I had got drunk in the house, it was his duty, so the landlord said, to see me well bedded, or at least, comfortably *boarded*, and he cast a significant glance at the kitchen settle. So did I.

It was occupied by a number of bluff, brawny fellows, some staunching the blood which oozed from recent cuts on the integuments that clothed their cheek-bones; others were adjusting the tight bound Belcher handkerchiefs that seemed to press too painfully on wounds "in the hair,"—which covered but did not console; and a few displayed very old, and as the landlord termed them, *mouldy*—bruises about the region of the eye. It was the anniversary of Wraxham fair; and the disfigured guests had been amusing themselves at single-stick.

On the bench which ran along the opposite well, were several thick-set fellows—square in the shoulders—high-lipped—green or grey-eyed—evidently Devonshire men. Most of them were bare beneath the knee-band, and occupied in placing patches of brown paper reeking with vinegar on their shins: these patches, as I observed, on being placed on the bruises, "reeked and reemed," as though they had been put on a piece of red-hot iron, and in a few moments become adust and crisp. There had been a wrestling match in the village, and these were the heroes. Every body drank, smoked, joked, and argued, as if nothing had happened; as though pain were out of the question; yet every body was clearly intent upon appeasing the rage of the infliction he had suffered. A typical goose was figuring away on the spit.

Wofully tired, for I had come thirty miles on horseback, I crept into a corner of the pigmy bar, and "pitching in" to a huge loaf and beef to correspond, began to feel myself comfortable, when the landlord rushed in to announce that their worships were coming,—coming, as a matter of necessity, on account of the architectural peculiarities of the premises, through the bar, to make their august exit.

Usually the petty sessions were held at Plymington; but, on account of the fair, the magistrates sat, as a sort of *pie-poudre* tribunal, once a year at Wraxham.

Their worships descended: I held up the beef while they passed; the bread took its chance, and was, as I had expected, precipitated to the floor, and kicked majestically into the kitchen. The gentleman in the van, was evidently clerical; the main body followed; it consisted of one brutal-looking, vulgar, obese fox-hunter in doe skins and top boots; the array was without a rear,—the chairman—he of the quorum, being oppressed with business and bad port, in the arm-chair up stairs.

On the brink of the bar door, the clerical personage in the van fronted about, and brought up his belly to bear against the advancing squadron, which consisted, as I have said of the fat fox-hunter. An undignified stagger on both sides was the consequence, which, however, the landlord on the one hand, and his tap-wench on the other speedily rectified, and the clerical gentleman thus spoke, while his fox-hunting associate nodded assent,—being drunk and sleepy—to every word he uttered.

"Landlord of the Roebuck,—I forget your name?"

"Jenkins, your worship, all the world over."

"How dare you interrupt? Jenkins, as I was about to observe, a man of your years encouraging profligacy and vice—"

"I! me!"

"Don't give tongue, scoundrel!" exclaimed the fox-hunter.

"Silence,—every body," roared the reverend gentleman. "I say, Mr. Jenkins, it astonishes me to find you employing such an ostler! we punished him three months ago, for riding on his shafts, at Plymington."

"I knew nothing of this, your worship."

"Fellow, hold your tongue: where was the use, I confidently ask, of our getting the vagabond discharged as well as punished, if you give him employment? For, as the Latin poet most pertinently says:—

'*Sylvestrem tenui, musam meditaris, avena!*'

Eh! Mr. Faggot?"

"Oh! it's quite clear, Sir," growled the fox-hunter.

"Your worship," said the landlord, "I assure you that the fellow will quit me to-morrow morning. He and I had a quarrel, about a month ago. I *gid* him warning, and he's got a new place out o' th' county. There's been a man here from Wiltshire to-day for his character, and I couldn't tell no lie; so to-morrow he starts."

"And who *was* the man?" inquired the parson.

"Didn't ax his name, 'pon my *say-so*, your worship."

"Then you're a fool, fellow; shew a light," quoth the parson.

"A *dead* fool, fellow," exclaimed the squire, "show a light, and get out our horses."

I followed the worthies to the inn yard: it was a perfect Babel. Dozens of owners were inquiring for their steeds; many were protesting against being palmed off with wrong saddles; and though most of the parties were drunk, nobody seemed to be happy and contented. The uproar was tremendous.

Foreseeing that but little felicity was to be found, under existing circumstances, at the Roebuck, I hurried back to the bar, paid my bill, and obtained an order on the ostler for my horse. On presenting him with the important document and sixpence, he begged that, as he was very busy, I would take the trouble to help myself. I did so, and was soon mounted.

Scarcely had I progressed one quarter of a mile, when I found that the two magistrates were just before me. It was so dark, that I could barely see them, but not to overhear their conversation was impossible.

"Depend upon it, my dear sir, and I speak *ex cathedrâ*," said the clerical functionary, "although, according to your limited understanding, you are now travelling in a direct line from Faggot-Hall, you are actually progressing, by the shortest possible cut, considering the state of roads, towards it. By riding six miles with me, going through Gallows-Acre Lane, and taking your course across the common, close along the line of gibbets, you will save at least the full third of a mile!"

"D—n the gibbets, Doctor," ejaculated Faggott, "I don't half like them: I always whip off the hounds when they plunge into the Gibbet Gorse; and the foxes know it, for I believe there's more vermin in that cover than in any other in the county side. It was my misfortune to be on the grand jury when Jerry Holmes was tried; we returned a true bill; and as you know, we've since been satisfied that the poor wretch was innocent. How the devil do you think I can pass his hollow bones—rattling in a north wind—at midnight?"

"These things, my dear sir, *must* happen—we can't always be right: better ten innocent vagabonds be punished, than one guilty rogue escape. As to Jerry Holmes' gibbet—no doubt can exist but that all parties concerned committed a legal murder; still—"

"Confound this horse, Dr. Fogg; I never knew him behave so badly before."

"Well, I must admit Mr. Faggott," said Dr. Fogg, "that my steed seems to be drunk too; he jerks, he *tittups*, he's all upon the jolt; I can't get him to canter a yard."

"And mine won't trot a foot."

"Good God! Mr. Faggott!"

"What's the matter, Dr. Fogg?"

"I've got some other gentleman's horse!"

"Nonsense!"

"I *have* indeed! what in the name of heaven is to be done?"

"Can't presume to advise," said Faggott, "perhaps they'll construe it into a felony—exchange is *not* no robbery."

"I know—I know; pray pull up, and let us consult."

"Eh, why zounds! Dr. Fogg!"

"What's the matter, Mr. Faggott?"

"Matter, sir,—why the matter is, that *I'm* on a wrong horse too!"

"Thank God!"

"Why, you brute—"

"Don't vituperate: but let us reflect: what shall we do?"

"Can't conceive."

"I propose that we ride back at full speed, and rectify this error; which, by a Whig judge and jury, perhaps—"

"True: I'm in a tremor: turn round and hark forward."

The respectable pair passed me at full speed, the parson a-head: I followed them at the best pace I could, determined on seeing the upshot of the adventure, and arrived at the Roebuck, just as they had summoned the ostler from his stall. The following colloquy ensued.

"My good fellow," quoth the parson, "by some venial accident, I have taken the wrong horse: so has my friend.

"Yeas," said the ostler, drily, "zo I zeed when you mounted? *You ha' got the zquire's horse, and the zquire ha' got yours!*"

NOTES OF AN ARTIST.—No. II.

RUBENS.

Rubens is the pictorial hero of Flanders; every church, cathedral, public or private gallery, contains some brilliant emanations of his genius. At Antwerp, his princely house is shewn, and there, in the church of St. Jacques are deposited his bones. Upon entering any building, the walls of which are ornamented with his works, the eye is at once attracted to them;—the pictures, by other hands, appearing dull and lifeless. It is their sparkling effect, rich harmony of colour, and delicious truth of surface, particularly in flesh tints, that makes them *tell* in this way. He must have had a passion for colour—"his delights were *dying* dolphin-like"—they sport above the graver element, wherein the minds of more thinking painters germinate—they were not to be controlled by the subduing spell of the pathetic or the awful—his subject was lifted into the ideal world by the charms of a thousand hues; and, with the fancy of a poet, he expounded, from his palette, the harmonious concord of sweet tints. His pictures owe all their sentiment to colour and chiaroscuro. Should the understanding rebel against the dominion of these, disgust would often succeed to admiration. While contemplating the physical horrors of martyrdom, being stripped of the poetical medium through which they were first seen, we identify the painter's character with the brutalities he has depicted.

Such was the impression left upon my mind, by a picture in the Gallery at Brussels. It is called The Martyrdom of St. Lieven: an

old hoary-headed prelate, is forced to the ground, on an open highway, by a band of ruffians, who have already torn out his tongue. One man holds the extracted organ of speech by a pair of pincers, and is in the act of throwing it to a dog. Another wretch, who has just performed the diabolical deed, grapples the saint with the grasp of a fiend—the bloody knife is between his lips—the expression of his face is more brutal than can be conceived—it is inhuman, and yet it strikes one as perfectly natural;— the lips are protruded from the pressure of the knife—the eyes throw out, upon the old victim, a a look of devilish hatred. The robe of the martyr is exceedingly rich; it is gold, with a pictured border, in which touches of blue and lake mingle with the yellow. A white horse unites the group with the grey sky. This picture is painted thick—with a furious execution. The distribution of colour and the effect are miraculously firm; but the subject is revolting.

Rubens seems to have painted the well-known "Taking down from the Cross" with a very different feeling. It is an exception to his general gay spread of light, to which style he so wantonly yielded himself. The sentiment of the subject has here won his imagination—a solemnity and depth of effect impress the mind at once upon viewing this beautiful work of art. The dead weight of the body, the head falling heavily on the shoulder, and the broad mass of light, formed by the body and sheet, are finely conceived. Every thing else is kept low in tone. A quiet calm breathes among the figures who are taking down the body—they are lowering their dead Redeemer carefully; his enemies have left him; they who loved him, "and the Disciple whom Jesus loved," are alone with his corse. The expression of the Madonna is very touching; she is pale and faint; her hands are extended by an involuntary impulse, and gently offer assistance. The sky behind is cloudy, and dark as night—a few streaks of light struggle with the gloom—the pale body of Christ and white sheet fix the eye.

Nothing that Rubens has done, seems to have given him a moment's trouble—his pictures, like the statues of Michael Angelo convey the idea of having been perfected at a single blow: they swarm with beings "that in the colours of the rainbow live, and play i' the plighted clouds"—instinct with motion, radiant as a sunrise, juicy as a peach; nature wantons as in her prime; wild—above all art. The correct drawing of the Roman painters, or the highly wrought texture of the Venetian school, would be incompatible with the easy looseness of style and unruly will wherewith they are finished. Rubens sometimes expresses the colour, form, and natural effect of an object—a tear rolling on a cheek, or a sparkling drop of grape-juice, for instance, by two or three touches. His Bacchanalian subjects are the most perfect of his works, because they require no refined character. What a picture is the Silenus!—how drunk is the white-bearded gorbellied preceptor of Bacchus!—how brimful of rustic mischief and fun the group of fawns who are shouldering him along! A wild and beautiful girl squeezes a bunch of grapes over the rubicund "huge hill of flesh"—the glittering drops slip along his hair and breast, like dew on a wild boar.

Mrs. Siddons.—Some few years ago I met H— returning from his first visit to Mrs. Siddons. He appeared quite abstracted—acknowledging that the presence of the great actress had awed him.—"She is a grand creature," said he. "I felt as if I had been ushered before a superior being. Her house seemed the very temple of the Tragic muse. I found her sitting in a large room with a female attendant behind her. A breadth of space around allowed her figure its full importance; ample folds of drapery, and a large chair, gave the composition its complete effect. I was so full of the Tragic Muse when I entered, that my mind was impressed by what I saw as by a picture. The charm was by no means dissolved when she spoke, her voice being in perfect unison with her dignified mien: she talked as if accustomed to command, and yet there was no semblance of affectation in all this; one took it for granted it was her nature to be grand and dignified in the most ideal sense. In the course of conversation, she gave me an account of her first appearance on the London Stage—she was sleepless, she said, for many nights previously—in a state of *desperate tranquillity*."

A short time after this I again met my friend, who told me he had recently attended one of Siddons' morning readings of Shakspeare. The room was excessively crowded, and hot to suffocation. In order to obtain a little air, he squeezed himself a passage to the door, and with considerable difficulty gained the top of the stairs, his mind being deeply impressed by an appalling scene from Macbeth which had just been recited. As he stood cooling himself above a crowd of lacqueys in the hall, he heard the vulgar discordant voice of his own man thus addressing a servant of the house and jarring with the distant solemn tones of the great actress:—"Why, Tom, your missis is a tuning her old pipes as lustily as ever!"

The contrast struck H— as forcibly as Shakspeare's Porter entering after the murder of Duncan. In nature we are constantly meeting with these violent confluences of the awful and the absurd, the pathetic and the laughable. The following circumstance is recalled to my memory by the observation just made. The friends of a dying person, myself among the number, had called in the spiritual aid of a dissenting minister. By the fire, wrapped in many folds of clothing, in an easy chair, lay the pale patient; in the centre of the chamber was a small round pillar and claw table, on which were some refreshments. The clerical gentleman, a short punchy man with large cheeks, small eyes, and fat hands, approached the table, produced from his pocket a small Bible, kneeled down, and began to pray. After rather a long ejaculatory address, as I turned round to re-possess my seat, my eye fell upon the minister, who seemed to be a sort of person that, like Gibbon, required some assistance to rise when in a state of genuflexion. For the purpose of facilitating the recovery of his feet, he laid his fists on the edge of the little round table, which, not being constructed to bear so unequal a weight, tilted over, allowing the whole set of decanters, plates, glasses, biscuits, sandwiches, &c. to fall in a shower upon the fat person of our clerical friend who was actually rolling on the floor. Notwithstanding the solemnity of my previous thoughts, the ludicrous contrast so far mastered me that my whole frame shook and my eyes swam with suppressed laughter.

THE LOVE-CHILD.

The most distant recollection of my life is exceedingly vivid:—I was travelling for several days and nights in a huge vehicle, which I suspect to have been a road waggon. My mother was with me, and often wept most bitterly, without, so far as I could perceive, the least occasion, for we had plenty of straw and plenty of play-fellows. To me the circumstances in which we were placed seemed glorious: she, however, thought differently. At last we quitted the waggon, and proceeded on foot across several fields, in which haymakers were at work; I began to grow tired; she took me in her arms, and I fell asleep. On awaking, I was in a small room, and my mother appeared to be quarrelling with two or three other persons, who called me "brat," and threatened to throw me out of doors. To appease them, much to my amazement, my mother said, with great earnestness, that I had taken off her ring while she was thinking of something else and lost it among the straw in the waggon. This seemed so to increase the wrath of the others that I screamed with all my might, that I had done nothing of the sort. My mother now hastily wrapped me up in her cloak, and rushed out. I struggled to get my head at liberty, but she pressed me closer, and hurried on. Presently I heard voices of persons apparently in pursuit. Terrified to the utmost, fearful of their overtaking us, I gasped out "Run, mother, run!" In a few moments I felt a sensation of falling—a heavy splash followed, and the roar of rushing waters was in my ears. I clung convulsively to my mother, and after a brief and painful dream and a long sound sleep, I suddenly awoke, and began to cry for water, my mouth, throat and stomach being, as it seemed, lined with red hot iron. Somebody now got out of the bed in which I was lying; a bustle ensued, and presently the people with whom my mother had been quarrelling, one by one appeared, and ministered to my wants with the greatest tenderness and solicitude. After my thirst was a little quenched, I looked about for my mother—*but she was not there.*

By the foregoing facts the horizon of my memory is bounded. I recollect nothing with continuous distinctness of that part of my life which ensued, until I became eight or nine years old. Thenceforth events seem to have formed a perfect chain—and I can trace them link by link. A glance at the first will shew that I had not been moving in a very enviable sphere of existence.

There was a field bounded on three sides by a copse, in which pheasants were most rigidly preserved, and nuts, crab-apples and bitter sloes abounded: it, the copse, I can't conceive why, was called Cuckold's Harem. The Squire owned it; but the field which abutted on its boundary was the freehold of a morose farmer, who would not part with his inheritance—and immense offers had been made to him—for "love or money." He had about sixty acres of the best land in the parish, lying in the very heart of the Squire's immense estate, across which he had no less than seven distinct rights of way, and one of these ran right in front of the magnificent manor house. The Squire's name was Patch, the farmer's Belroy. Patch's grand-

father had made an enormous fortune by robbing his employers, while acting as a slave agent on the Gold Coast: Belroy was probably a descendant of one of the Normans who had helped to beat Harold at the battle of Hastings. The only deed which he possessed as evidence of his title to the land he held, was a bit of parchment scarcely so big as the palm of his huge hand, bearing the same date as Magna Charta, and purporting to have been sealed by "John the King" in the presence of Maud, Cicely, and Egbert Baron of Burr. In very bad Latin it recited and confirmed a grant by William the Norman to Thibaut Belroy and his heirs of all the hundred of Palsover, including Squire Patch's property: how the original donation had been so clipped, that nothing but its nucleus remained in the tenure of the first donee's descendants, did not appear. But on this nucleus no human being set so high a value as its owner. Nothing could tempt him to part with it.

All this I ascertained subsequently to my first well-remembered encounter with him in the field that abutted on Cuckold's Harem. We met on a little bridge, formed by a felled oak sawn in two, and flanked by rude posts and rails, that crossed a slow silent brook, which crept like a snake from the Squire's cover, along the side of the field, and formed a pool in the heart of Belroy's little freehold. At the first glimpse he laughed at me most heartily. I was attired in a tattered coat of the last century; it had been worn by his grandfather, the kneebands of whose respectable velvet breeches dangled at my ancles—while the broad lappels of his upper garment, bedecked with tarnished embroidery, was draggled in the mire at my rear.

"Here's an imp!" quoth he, adding, as he turned to a beautiful child of about my own age, who accompanied him, "don't come on the bridge, Agnes, for it's slippery. Why, how's this, my gentleman? What's the use of my setting up scarecrows to keep off the damned pheasants from my corn, if you—you little oosbert, make a business of robbing them? You must be punished for this." I began to blubber, and the little girl sobbed. "You must be punished for this," added he, after a short pause. "Stay here till I return—keep the pheasants off, and perhaps I may forgive you."

He then turned back, and walked away with his pretty little daughter, who several times looked over her shoulder, to see what I was about. I loitered on the bridge until they disappeared, and then, rather pleased than otherwise with my allotted punishment, I strutted about the field with official importance, and longed for some delinquent pheasant to alight within a stone's throw. Not a bird, however, ventured to appear for above two hours; when, weary with walking, I went up to the scarecrow, and leaned against the stick which supported it. In a few minutes a bird flew from the copse into the centre of the field, and, after flapping his wings, crowed as lustily as though he had been perched upon the topmost branch of an oak: two or three hen pheasants soon joined him, and perceiving that they fearlessly approached me, I refrained from throwing the capital pebble with which I had provided myself, until I could make tolerably sure of my aim. The golden opportunity soon arrived: I

let fly, and hit the cock bird on the side of the head. He fell, and began to tumble about the furrows, flapping prodigiously, but not so as to alarm his companions; they were not aware of what I had done: while two of them gazed with curiosity at the phenomenon, the third bristled up and began to peck and spur at him most furiously. The moment I saw the success of my silent artillery, I went forward as speedily as my cumbrous habiliments would permit, to make sure of my spoil; but scarcely had I advanced a couple of yards when my career was arrested by a loud shout. The hen pheasants ran off into the preserve at the sound, and I, turning to that corner of the field from which it had proceeded, perceived Farmer Belroy advancing towards me with hasty strides. Suspecting, from his violent gestures, that I had committed some error, I started off in an opposite direction, but soon tumbled headlong. The next moment I felt myself in the clutch of my colossal enemy, and commenced a series of desperate manœuvres, the aim and intent of which was to writhe myself out of his grandfather's clothes. In this I should most probably have succeeded, had he not caught me up in a lump and hugged me to his breast, so that, my arms being pinioned, I was comparatively powerless. I say comparatively, for my legs being still at liberty, I drummed away upon his stomach with all my might, and fastening my teeth in his cheek, did all in my power to make them meet.

The farmer, however, almost instantly choked me off, and then holding me at arm's length, by the scruff of the neck, as the huntsman does a fox which he has rescued from his pack, he thus apostrophized me:—"Why thee'rt a stoat, lad, a downright imp of Belzebub! listen to sense! I'd no thought of harming thee! Doant thee wriggle, or I'll tie thee foot to foot, and carry thee home, swung by the ancles athirt my stick, like a paunched rabbit. Listen to sense—wilt? Promise and I'll let thee down—promise, and there's an apple for thee—look, a red-streak!"

Half scared to death, I accepted the proffered token of peace, and he placed me on my legs. Observing me stare rather anxiously about, he asked gruffly what I was "glowering at?" I muttered something about the pheasant. "Drat the pheasant," he exclaimed; "luckily he's got his wits again, and crawled off; if you'd a year's more strength you'd ha' killed un, and then the Squire, if he'd heard of it—d'ye mind me? d'ye mind me, I say?—Tellee you mustn't kill 'em: only keep 'em off, that's all. I were on the bridge all the time, and as it seems pretty clear a mopstick's nothing when they've scraped acquaintance wi' un, I'll hire you for the place—d'ye hear—at two-pence a-week! What d'ye say?"

I pulled down my forelock in token of acquiescence, and after he had given me orders to be in the field by day-break, the next morning, and charged me, with great solemnity, not to kill "any of the d——d varmin," he went off, leaving me to ruminate on my felicity. Two-pence a-week was an income far—far beyond the utmost limits of my ambition—it soared up to the importance of a revenue! Two-pence a-week was a boundless amount! I puzzled my small brains to think how the deuce I should contrive to expend it.

The next morning I was at my post before the night-birds had

gone to roost. I sat down by the side of the ditch which fenced off the copse from the field, and having nothing better to do, I began to amuse myself by imitating the bark of a fox. Presently I saw the dim figure of man glide noiselessly through a gap, and approach me; at the distance of about twenty yards he stopped, knelt down, and I heard the click of his trigger. To throw a somerset backwards, which lodged me safely in the mire of the ditch, was the work of a moment, and I had the good luck to escape with only two or three shots in the lower part of my right leg.

Although but little hurt, I screamed out "Murder" at the very top of my shrill pipe, and in a few seconds, three or four men appeared. One of them turned the glass of a dark-lanthern upon me; while a second, throwing himself flat on the ground, so that his head and shoulders overhung the edge of the ditch, reached down and obtained such a clutch of my capacious apparel as enabled him to lift me up. While doing this he exclaimed, "Why the twoad comes out as light as a loose cork!"

"I'll be jiggered," said another, as I was thrown upon the bank, "if Ezra han't ashot the farmer's scare-crow!"

Peals of laughter ensued, and I found that I had fallen into the hands of squire Patch's detestable possé of game-keepers, who were evidently prowling for Blue Peter the poacher.

Ezra now came nearer, and in a quivering tone observed, "Scare-crow or no scare-crow, nobody can deny there were a fox barking; and as the squire don't hunt, 'twere my duty to kill un, if so be as I could. But then what d'ye make o' the cry of 'murder,'—'twere awful like,—doantee think so?"

A pause ensued, which was broken by a shriek from myself, occasioned by one of the party having poked me in the ribs with the muzzle of his gun. In spite of all the impediments I could offer, my diminutive carcase was now speedily "shelled." After having ascertained the trivial nature of my wounds, one of the keepers tied up my duds with a hazel and slung it across his fowling-piece, while Ezra tenderly wrapped me in his great coat and bore me off. In about half an hour we reached his cottage, at the door of which he took possession of my scare-crow costume, and after having stated that he should serve me up with the breakfast things at the squire's, he wished the other keepers a hurried "good bye" and carried me into his kitchen.

His wife immediately hailed him from the room above. "Ezra!" said she, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing at all."

"I know there is—I can tell it by the burr o' thy voice. Is Peter shot at last—and by thy hand?—Oh! God! my poor brother!"

"No, no:—doantee, doantee howl so, missus—it's only a boy."

"Hast killed un dead, Ezra?"

The good woman now ran into the room. By the light of the wood fire, which the rush of air on opening the door had caused to burst into a pale blue flame, she saw that blood was dropping from the coat in which he carried his burthen, and, overwhelmed with agony, she threw herself upon his neck.

"Unhook your arms, Kitty," cried Ezra: "unhook, I say, or I shall let the boy fall squash upon the stones!—my knees do shake—unhook I say, Kit—d—n thee."

Down we fell, Ezra, Kit, and I, my dirty duds and his spruce fowling piece, in one sprawling group upon the hard flag floor. Ezra was either stunned or had fainted, and his wife speedily becoming conscious of the calamity, roused her faculties, and, forgetting every thing else, affectionately bestirred herself to recover him. I had already dropped from his grasp, and stood stark-naked upon the hearth. Willing to make myself useful, I plucked a green twig from the fire, and placed it in such a position that the pungent smoke floated freely into his nostrils. This restored him to sensation, and in a few minutes, as the old women say, "he came round."

His wife Kitty, a very pale care-worn looking woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, after having brought down from the room above and tied her warm flannel petticoat about my neck,—my arms being allowed to protrude through the pocket holes,—with astonishing celerity produced "a pot of tea." While this was being discussed, Ezra, who was now "himself again," carefully picked the shots from my leg, and after his wife had washed my face and hands, and most rigidly applied the small-tooth comb to my head, to which she paid the compliment of saying that no young squire's could be cleaner, we went to bed together: they had no children, and I was delightfully cuddled between them.

When Ezra awoke me, my head was couched on his wife's bosom; her arms were wound about me; and she murmured, hugging me up to her heart as she spoke, "Not yet, Ezra! Truly, not yet!"

Ezra, however, was not to be coaxed: we got up, and I was arrayed in the filthy bemired costume of the scarecrow. This, as Ezra said, was necessary, in order that the Squire might see the affair in its proper light; but he made no objection to my face being soaped, washed, and polished until it shone like a ripe pippin. After a hearty but hurried breakfast, I limped off by the side of Ezra towards Squire Patch's mansion.

He carried me part of the way, while he was secure from observation, but from the moment that we entered the house, Ezra seemed to have lost all regard for me: the jeers of the servants had their full influence, and I was treated by him as a little outlandish wild beast that he had caught in the woods. After having loitered for some time in the hall, we were ushered, by a spruce footman, who, with a mock heroic air, offered me snuff, into a magnificent library, where Squire Patch and his visitors were breakfasting. The peal of laughter with which I was greeted frightened me; I had never been in such polished society before; and, turning to Ezra, I hid my face beneath the skirt of his shooting-jacket. I was, however, speedily torn from my retreat, and fully developed for the amusement of the party. Indignant at such treatment, I had already meditated a bite at the silk breeches of a plump gentleman who sat at the lower end of the table, when, without announcement, Farmer Belroy strode into the room, and calmly took me under his protection, being, as he said, an appurtenance to his property; I was his scarecrow, and who the devil had dared to fire at me on *his* land?

Patch was quailed, Ezra flinched, the guests looked grave, and Belroy, taking me by the hand, led me out—declaring, as we retired, that he would not only be answerable for my appearance, but would also defend, to his last acre, any charge that might be brought against me. Without the slightest molestation I was allowed to be withdrawn; and Belroy led me off silently to the field: there he left me, saying, "Lad, bide here; do as I told thee, and fear nothing; for I'll be thy friend against keeper or squire, hog, dog, or devil, to my last tooth."

My first impulse was to go and look at the place where I had plumped into the ditch; a pheasant, most probably the one I had hit, was lying breast upwards in the black fud. I then proceeded to halloo joyfully round the field: and scarcely two hours had passed, when a basin full of bacon, brocoli and potatoes, surmounted by a huge lump of brown bread, was brought to me by little Agnes. She had already dined upon roast fowl and ham, but took a fancy to my bacon. I told her all that had occurred to me in the morning, and by the time we had emptied the basin, Agnes and I were as familiar as though we had known each other a hundred years. After a brilliant game of bo-peep, in the rough uncultivated ground at the upper part of the field, I gallantly escorted her over the bridge, and she tripped off through the adjoining meadow. My tea was brought by a clumsy milk-maid, who gave me a clush on the jaw with her cold, soft, fat palm, and dubby sausage fingers, for innocently asking if her name was Molly.

The next day Agnes did not come; no, nor the next after that, and I began to be weary of my confinement. The dowdy duds of Farmer Belroy's grandfather became disgusting; I loathed them, and determined to resign. Accordingly, at nightfall, making another exchange with the mopstick, I went home, perfectly delighted, in my own scanty, coarse, buttonless and tattered suit. The prospect of twopence had ceased to be fascinating.

Determined to resume my former glorious free, though by no means profitable avocations, on the following morning I reached the foot of Transom Torr, a long and steep hill about a mile off, in time for the stage-coach, which I and six or eight other equally ragged urchins usually attended during its slow progress up the steep, attempting by our feats of agility to amuse the passengers, from whom we were occasionally rewarded with some small donation. I could not only turn heels over head as well as the most active of my competitors, but had a knack of trotting on my hands with my legs aloft, which neither of them possessed. On this occasion my achievements attracted the favourable notice of a middle-aged passenger, who, when we had reached the *pinch* of the hill, alighted, and addressed me. "What's your name, my little man?" said he. I told him it was Tadpole. "What friends have you?" In reply, I enumerated my grandmother, Agnes Belroy, and Blue Peter the poacher. "Aye! aye!" said he, "I thought you were going to the devil; here, here's sixpence for you; come across to Caddiscombe Fair next Monday, inquire for Lavolta's troop, and I'll see if we can't save you. If you should forget the name, you will see me with a long whip in my hand; and look, I've a blue wart under my left ear. On Monday, mind, at Caddiscombe."

I was bewildered—the sixpence lay glittering in my open hand, and while I stood gazing at my mysterious benefactor, who had now gone on, Seth Holloway, one of my companions, made a successful grab at the coin, and started off at full speed with his twin brother Bob, and one of his cousins, whose name I forget. My first impulse was to run after Lavolta. Hearing my frantic exclamations, he turned round before I had proceeded half a dozen yards, and perceiving at a glance the posture of affairs, he shouted loud enough for the delinquents to hear him, "Very well, young gentlemen." Then dropping his voice, he said to me, "After them, Tadpole; let me see you catch them; knock it out of the rascals, and a whole half crown shall be ready for you on Monday next at Caddiscombe. Halloo! my lad! no snivelling!"

Away I went, at my best pace, and after a chase of nearly three quarters of a mile, I began to gain so rapidly on Seth, who was a fat, square, burly little blackguard, that seeing I should soon be up with him, he adopted the mean device of sending his brother on with the sixpence, while he and his cousin faced about, and prepared by force of fists to cover Bob's retreat. This, of course, could not be done without a fight, in which, however, I was so terribly thrashed, that when they withdrew, I had neither the heart nor strength even to dog them. After lying where they had left me, coiled up like a sleeping cur, at the foot of the mile-stone, for nearly an hour, bitterly bemoaning my lost opulence, I was picked up and perched, against my will, on the summit of the stone by Blue Peter. On my making two or three impotent hits at his face for disturbing me, to my deep indignation Blue Peter laughed. He then stepped back a couple of paces, and in a more serious tone than it was his custom to assume, even on the most important occasions, he thus addressed me, "Of all the cantankerous, resolute, wilful young badgers I ever came athirt, thee'rt out-and-out the worst. Instead of a kind hand and a civil word, thy best friend can get nothing from thee less than a snap and a growl. But there—it's thy fury of a grandmother that's spoiled thee—so I suppose we must put up wi' thee—but I'd as soon live with a hedgehog—mind me."

Blue Peter's serious tone touched me, and I began to whimper. "Well! come! dont be a fool," said the kind-hearted fellow, "but let's hear what it's all about, and see if we can't mend it."

As well as my sobs would permit, I told him of Lavolta's generosity, and Seth Holloway's turpitude. I even admitted that I had been licked, but added, that the first time I caught Seth or his cousin alone I'd prove pretty soon who was the best *man*. Blue Peter condoled with me, and after having stated that he had heard all about my hiring with Farmer Belroy, and it's consequences, he most earnestly urged me to go at once to Cuckold's Harem field, and resume my vocation. In reply, I dwelt with emphasis on the consequent restriction of my freedom to a solitary area of four acres, totally destitute as I should be of all interest or amusement—being forbidden even to do any more than merely frighten the pheasants. Peter frankly admitted that so tyrannical an inhibition was altogether insufferable—human nature could not stand it; and when I mentioned to him the

stern behest I had received on the subject, he observed that it was quite prudent for Farmer Belroy openly to discourage the destruction of the privileged birds which devoured one half of his crops, but that the more of them I could wing on the sly, the better he would be pleased. "Now," added Peter, "do you be off to your berth, lad—Belroy won't ha' missed you, for I saw him start for Caddiscombe market before the sun rose—bide patiently in the field all day—if the pheasants should come down, don't pelt 'em—keep quiet,and about dusk I'll look in, and shew you some sport. As to the sixpence, don't fret about that: look'ye, lad—here's a shilling; go to business, and at dusk it shall be thine—thee can'st lick Seth and his cousin at thy leisure."

I began to feel that, notwithstanding my recent calamity, I was rapidly rising into importance. Blue Peter had talked of giving me a shilling, and Lavolta had estimated me at no less than half a crown! that is, if I could replevy my sixpence from Seth and his assistants. I had been unsuccessful to be sure, but that a bare possibility should be held out to me of compassing the possession of such a sum, made me feel big, and tempted by Peter's promise, I hurried off to my field. There I found little Agnes weeping most bitterly. She had brought my breakfast, but could'nt find me. In the innocence of her heart, she had imputed my secession from office, to her non-attendance with my meals. She begged to explain, with winning simplicity, that her father, who rigidly prohibited her from holding any communication with his servants, had, on discovering the fact of her bringing me—his scare-crow—a dinner, locked her up for three days. She had, however, taken the opportunity of his first absence from home, to wheedle the servants—in short, she had succeeded in bringing me my breakfast.

I had lots to tell her, and the forenoon passed very pleasantly, for we blubbered in unison. About noon, the dairy-maid, whom I had ventured to call Molly, but whose real name it appeared was Dolly, arrived with my daily bacon and its accompaniments. She hurried little Agnes off, protesting that there would be barely time enough to get home and lock her up, before her father's return. Agnes, by accident, left her blue waist-ribbon: and having no better strong box in which to dispose of the valuable, I stuffed it into the deserted nest of a bush-magpie.

Soon after sunset, the tarred and broad-brimmed straw hat of my friend Blue Peter gleamed above the fence. In externals he was a perfect antithesis to a poacher. On the questionable authority of having performed a couple of voyages—one *to*, and the other *from* New South Wales, *with an interval of seven years between them*, Blue Peter invariably wore the costume of a sailor. His trowsers were so loose, that he could with perfect impunity bestow a hare in each leg. On approaching the spot where I stood, he produced from beneath his jacket a small canvas bag: this, as I speedily found, contained a little half-bred cock, with a dull dun breast, belly, and back, a white tail and flight, copper-coloured hackles, and a brilliant rosette to match on each wing. His eye, beak, and legs were all intensely black. Blue Peter kept him constantly in complete fighting trim, but not with

a view to the pit, for the bird was a craven. He might perhaps have been proof against natural spurs, but one touch of the steel settled him. If he did not kill his cock at the second or third stroke, he was sure to be beaten. Still he had frequently been entered in a main, on the ground of his wonderful agility and precision: if his antagonist, however game, happened to be clumsy, it was two to one that Blue Peter's bird gave him "cold pudding." Mousey—that was the little rascal's name—had killed oftener, and been beaten oftener, than any other ten birds in the county; still he looked as fresh, clean, and scathless, as though he had passed his whole life at "a walk;" in fact, he had never received any punishment—always turning tail, as he did, at the first scratch he received. Of late he had become utterly useless in the pit; for experience had taught him wisdom, and he would not even face an enemy whose heels were armed. Still he was a merry, bustling, foppish, conceited little fellow, and suited Blue Peter's purposes much better than a bird of more sterling qualities, and less assassinating agility. He struck out like lightning, and the touch was usually as fatal.

The poacher, after having poised him, laterally, for a few moments on his palm, took him in both hands, and threw him gently on his clipped wings. The little Bobadil came to the ground brimful of pride, and assuming the most gallant attitude imaginable, instantly uttered—not that prolonged drawl, by which mere dunghills are distinguished—but three sharp, shrill, brief, and business-like notes of defiance to all within hearing. His challenge was directly answered by a cock pheasant in the copse, "Tuck, tucca-tuc; tuck, tuck, tuck!" responded Mousey, as though he were amazed at the presumption of the unseen champion, whom another crow brought boldly into the arena.

Blue Peter and I had already retired behind a tree. The pheasant, on alighting, commenced a crow, which he was not permitted to complete; for Mousey springing at him, while the gallant victim was in the act of enunciation, entered his head at one eye, and brought out the cold keen point of his steel spur at the other. Blue Peter immediately ran forward, twisted the sprawling, struggling pheasant's neck, and threw the carcase to his little assassin. Mousey, as soon as its convulsive struggles had ceased, leaped upon it, and crowed with rejoicing emphasis. At its second repetition, the appeal was answered, and presently another pheasant, as Blue Peter observed, "volunteered to do the agreeable." He was speedily murdered; but not before—to quote another observation of my friend, "he had fetched Mousey such a wipe on the conk, as made him look over his left wing, and begin to consider." The pheasant, however, fell from the force of his own blow, and while attempting to get back his leg from among his long wing feathers, through which it had passed, the little gladiator finished him.

We should have had more sport, had not something occurred in the copse, which induced Peter to pick up the pheasants, thrust them desperately with his foot into the heart of a blackberry bush, catch the cock, plunge him into the canvas bag, hurl the latter beneath the underwood which fringed the ditch, and prepare to make off. "There's

a keeper in the offing," said he, "and take whatever course I may he can get me under his fore-foot: mind your eye, and don't stammer if questioned." As he was retreating, I ventured to mention my shilling; and he intimated by one gesture, not only that he had forgotten it, but that he felt perfectly conscious of its importance, and drawing the desideratum from his pocket, tossed it at my mouth; I caught it between my teeth, and in an instant, lodged it safely under my tongue.

The keeper did not think proper to intercept Blue Peter; but made directly towards me—it was Ezra. He looked with evident anxiety at my leg, and with the utmost sincerity expressed his satisfaction at perceiving that the punctures made by the shot were rapidly healing. His wife, he said, was spinning two pair of stockings for me—luxuries which latterly, during hard frosts, I had frequently invoked, but could not achieve. I was bare-footed; and it occurred to me, that the use of stockings would necessarily entail the purchase of shoes. This I mentioned to Ezra, and he promised to provide me with a pair; that is, if I would avoid bad company, and be ambitious. I didn't know what he meant. "Why here," said he, "I've just caught you hand-in-glove with that rascal Blue Peter, my brother-in-law:—a little chap of such promise to play scarecrow to a bit of a farmer too! It an't decent, mind me, in a lad that's cute. Why, t'other night I could have sworn 'twere a fox, or else, of course, I shouldn't ha' shot; and they do say, there yeant a beast in the field, from a bee to a bullock, that you can't mimic—birds included. I should like to hear you crow!" Ezra's manner was so open that it imposed upon me, and I obliged him. The challenge was immediately answered by little Mousey, from his bag beneath the bank. I had fallen into the snare.

Ezra soon brought Mousey to light. "I were sure o' this," said he, wringing the poor little cock's neck; "where has he put the pheasants?" Unconsciously I looked at the blackberry bush, and in a moment Ezra nosed the game. "Now," said he, "here's enough to transport thee, lad: but we be far from harsh: on the contrary, we'll try to save thee. Look up in the world,—cut your low acquaintance, and may be, I may be able to make you a dog-boy;—there's the livery you know—bright blue and silver lace."

At the mention of the livery my virtue dwindled to the admeasurement of a pin's point; I forgot Farmer Belroy, Blue Peter, nay, even little Agnes, and longed for my instalment. To be a dog-boy, an attendant on Squire Patch's pointers, was to attain a pre-eminence beyond which there was nothing to desire. I closed with Ezra at once; and he directed me to be in waiting near the stable yard by noon the following day.

Next morning I scorned breakfast, and sallied forth to Transom Torr for the purpose of crowing over my companions on the prospect of my approaching employment. This I thought would serve to wile away the lazy hours, until the period of my appointment with Ezra; but I was above joining in the tumble, and accompanied the coach as a dignified spectator up the hill. My shilling I had already converted into halfpence; and, on reaching the summit of the steep, where the stage horses were put into a briskish pace, I gathered a

ragged regiment of urchins about me, and gave them a glorious scramble. What did *I* want with halfpence?—*I*, who was about to be a dog-boy, and wear Squire Patch's livery of blue and silver! Had Seth Holloway been present, I should scarcely have condescended to pitch into him. The pride of my little heart was aggravated to a crisis by the appearance of Squire Patch's equipage. It came flashing and glittering through the beech trees of one of the park drives, which emerged on the brow of the hill. At each side of the road there was a grand lodge—the Patch property spreading far away, as well to the right as to the left.

The carriage, drawn by four horses, the wheelers in reins, and the leaders driven by a postillion, dashed through the open gate on that side from which it approached, and crossing the road, by a masterly manœuvre, brought its broadside to bear full and close upon the opposite entrance. Two footmen leaped down to open the door, and Squire Patch with three or four of his visitors, alighted, their object being to wind up an artificial mound which commanded a much more extensive prospect than the crest of the Torr could afford. They had scarcely disappeared, when, with a view of shewing off to advantage before my companions, I had the audacity to approach the postillion. He was a lad attributed to the squire's valet, scarcely exceeding my own height, but two or three years older. He was known by the name of "Master James;" and by that honorable appellative did I address him. The little upstart would not deign to hear me—and the boys behind beginning to titter, I ventured to pull him by the spur, for I could reach no higher on account of his being mounted on a Yorkshire bay, at least sixteen, or perhsps sixteen hands and an inch high. Indignant at this, which he construed into an affront, the pampered puppy dexterously dropped his foot out of the stirrup, clung to the mane, and bringing his heel nearly to a level with my forehead, struck out with such vindictive energy, that, receiving his rowel full in my scalp, I fell prostrate—but not insensible—far from it—

The blow had simply the effect of rendering me so far stupid, that, in my indignation at the insult thus publicly inflicted, I forgot all idea of my promised preferment. Snatching up a stone which lay within my reach, I had no sooner regained a foot and a knee, than I *let go* at him. But my position, hurry, rage, and a slight swimming in the head, rendered the well-intentioned missive so far ineffective, that instead of touching him bang on the cheek-bone, it digressed so much as merely to shatter the nerves of his bridle hand. On this member however the infliction proved particularly keen. He screamed, dropped the reins, leaped off his horse, and before Icould recover my senses and feet, to get into a defensive position, pitched into me, with an impetuosity, that, considering his superior strength, had I been perfectly prepared, I should have found it impossible to withstand. Besides he was armed with a short docker whip, nicely adapted to his powers, with which he paid away upon me most unmercifully. The lash seemed, intuitively, to discover every hole in my rags, and I writhed on the road in such perfect agony, as not merely to be utterly incapable of making any attempt at defence or escape, but to be wholly

unconscious of mortification—that emotion of the mind being overwhelmed by my bodily suffering. A short docker, by the practised hand of an enraged postillion, even on the withers of a horse, is no trifle, but on spots of nakedness, revealed by the meagre apparel of a ragged child, it produces sheer torture—as I, at least, can bear witness.

The little wretch's rage and exertions soon exhausted him, and with a final inefficient slash at my face, which I had turned up to him most pitiably to entreat that he would be merciful, he tottered back to his saddle. Without what is termed a mounting-horse, he could not reach the stirrup with his toe: he therefore made an attempt to clamber up, but was foiled and fell. At that moment the full force of my disgrace rushed upon me like a torrent. All that I had endured seemed to fly to my heart—the remembrance of the last slash at my imploring face was magical—I started up, rushed upon him, twisted the whip from his tired grasp, and began to belabour him with the heavy brass-bound butt-end of it about the head with such ferocious force, that before the coachman, who had previously enjoyed the sport, could descend from the box to his relief, I had left him senseless and pale as the chalky road-dust on which he lay.

On perceiving the approach of Mr. Ongar—that was the coachman's name—I darted beneath the bellies of his leaders, and before he could get round to the off-side of them, I had reached, and entrenched myself behind a mound of stones, gathered together for the repair of the roads. From this, as he came on to the charge, whip in hand, and bursting with fury—for he disputed the valet's claim of ownership as to Master James—I peppered away at his large legs with prodigious effect. The skill possessed by a blackguard village boy in throwing stones, is scarcely credible without ocular proof. I excelled in this low-live accomplishment: and the shins of Mr. Ongar speedily dyed his pale pink silk-stockings of a dull wet carmine. He approached my defence, swearing, howling, shrieking, and dancing—he did not run, but lifted up his legs like a slow-paced horse afflicted with the stringhalt—displaying very high action, but little or no speed. When almost within reach of his whip, I brought him down, by a jagged two-ounce fragment of pure granite, which took effect about an inch and a half above his ancle. At that moment, Squire Patch and his party reappeared. In the triumph of puerile conquest, I hurled an effective half-pounder at the plate glass window of the carriage, and before the consequent crash subsided, beat a retreat.

Threading the coverts of the park, into which I found, at once, a practicable entrance, I hurried on with the speed of a hunted fox. My pursuers soon gained upon me however so fast, and I became so weak, that I thought fit to abandon my first intention of making for a distant badger's earth, into which I knew by experiment I could creep, and jumped helter skelter from the brow of a ridge into the little glen of briers and brambles beneath. I had very reasonable fears of my pursuers, for they were the lads among whom I had so recently scrambled my worldly possessions, hallooed on, as I clearly heard, by Squire Patch and his friends—from these I expected nothing less than some mysterious awful "terror of the law."

I switched through the raspers in my descent, with no other misfortune than a few scratches, and the loss of certain portions of my rags—alighting knee-deep in the black unctuous bottom of the broad brook, which glode, noiseless and invisible beneath the briars. Fearing that I might have left a bit of my parti-coloured apparel on the thorns, so visible as to reveal my retreat, I paddled with as little splashing as possible down the brook; but soon felt so completely overcome by fatigue, that I could not resist laying my head on a beautiful bit of moss, which, overhanging a small rocky ledge, fell in natural drapery down the bank. I had neither the strength or inclination to draw my legs out of the mud—my repose might therefore be termed amphibious.

I seemed to have but just closed my eyes—the voices of my rascally pursuers had scarcely died away—when I was aroused by the deep well-known notes of a brace of big frightful foreign hounds which the Squire usually kept chained, among other zoological curiosities in his court-yard:—they were evidently on the track which I had taken from the brow of Transom Torr.

(*To be continued.*)

THE VILLAGE ANTIQUARIAN.

W—— is certainly a charming village,
Pleasant, retired, and still as need to be,
The folks are nearly all engaged in tillage—
An honest race, although of low degree,
Not like your London poor who live by pillage,
Pale, wretched-looking things not fit to see,
But labourers working hard from morn till e'en,
And on the Sabbath, sober, neat, and clean.

The village church owes much to situation,
'Tis a rude pile—or 'twas so when I knew it—
The churchyard was as green as a plantation,
With avenues of noble lime-trees through it:
In short, the village won the admiration
Of travelling gentlefolks whe came to view it.
And then dame Nature grew such fields of corn there!
I should perhaps just add though—I was born there.

Two genteel families in the place resided,
And let me add, as men of village note,
The cobbler, who at funerals presided
As sexton—and could argue and mis-quote—
The parson, who his flock full gently guided,
So gently, that he seemed to guide them not—
And last, not least, but worthy of the van,
The shop-keeper, an upright downright man.

The parson lov'd his glass of purple poison,
His tithe, his horse, his fowling-piece, and dog,
As much as any man I e'er set eyes on—
In short, he reckoned, like a polished hog,

His table the most beautiful horizon,
And the best beverage in the island—grog.
The cobbler's boys were boys of some ambition—
Terrible chaps at bird's-nesting and fishing.

The shop-keeper knew many a marvellous story,
Which he could tell you with a deal of spirit.
He was a tall thin man—his locks were hoary—
A shrewd bold man, brim full of sterling merit.
He thought but very light of human glory,
And as to pride of wealth, he could not bear it.
A son or two he had—perhaps a daughter—
The eldest son was of superior water.

This son was what they call an antiquarian,
A schemer—youth of genius—father's treasure—
He had a workshop, where he used to carry on
Making all sorts of jimcracks at his leisure;
He knew how gold was made as well as any one,
And how to make the stars fall down at pleasure:
In short, he was a learned deep philosopher,
And had read Hudibras three quarters over.

But to my story now with your permission:—
In this same village an old coin was found,
But by what lucky wight dumb is tradition,
And whether in a box, or under ground.
It was, of course, disfigured by attrition,
But had at some time certainly been round.
Letters in different parts of it were placed,
And the whole word *Jacobus* might be traced.

The question with the villagers was whether
It was an English coin—they had heard about
Such things as Roman coins—and so together,
They raised upon the subject many a doubt.
The cobbler, who could beat out soles of leather,
Was here, alas, poor soul! himself beat out.
The coin was one of value—'twas a gold one,
And, to enhance its value, 'twas an old one.

At length, to put an end to all dissension,
The matter was referred to our philosopher,
Who screwing up his organs of invention,
Began to spout a deal of learned fuss over;
Stared down upon it with profound attention,
Giving it now and then a gentle toss over,
And having paused awhile his mind to make up,
At length pronounced it one of good KING JACOB!

THE FRANK DOCTOR IN GREECE.

In the spring of 1826, I took my passage for Napoli di Romania, in the good ship Tiber, Romi, master, and on the fourth of April with a favourable breeze sailed from the harbour of Valetta. The wind being right aft, we soon lost sight of Malta with her oranges—I mention these as the only things on the Island worthy of commendation, except the Maraschino, which I believe comes from Naples—her dead knights, living friars, and mongrel population. Early on the eighth we passed Cape Matapan, and in the Gulph of Colokythia fell in with a squadron of the Greek fleet going to the relief of Missolonghi. They were all small vessels, carrying from six to sixteen guns each, most of them schooner-rigged, and the rest polacca brigs. They were the most beautifully modelled vessels I had ever seen, and a gay and gallant appearance they made with their blue and white stripes at the peak. Our bit of bunting was streaming, and as the Commodore neared us he luffed up in order to pass under our stern and hail. He was a fine old man with a thick moustache as white as driven snow, and as he stood boldly out on the bulwarks of his little vessel, his trumpet in his hand, he looked as if "native there and to the manner born." He sent his salutation across the waters in a clear strong voice, and after inquiring who we were, told us he was going to the relief of his brave countrymen in Missolonghi. We gave him a British huzza, to which he and his crew replied by loud "vivas" till we were out of hearing.

Towards evening it fell calm, and we lay the whole of that night and the following day, between Cerigo, the southernmost of the seven Islands and the main, without moving a foot. We were near in with Cape Malea, a black sterile inhospitable looking mass of rock, whose base is hewn out into innumerable creeks and inlets just large enough to afford hiding places to the misticos and small piratical vessels that infest the Ionian waters. We kept a bright look-out the whole of the night, but never imagined we were in any danger. The secret of our unbounded confidence lay in the possession of a three pounder swivel gun, one round shot, two charges of grape, and half a dozen French fusils de chasse, among twice as many men. The Captain said there were a hundred musquets on board, but as they had been judiciously made to serve as durmage to a cargo of Newcastle coal, they were not very easy to come at. We escaped, however, miraculously; for though we saw on the following day the misticos crawling in and out of their holes at the foot of Malea, like snakes, yet they did not venture to attack us: this might have been owing to their having been informed that there was nothing on board worthy their attention.

In the night we doubled Cape Malea and made some distance up the Gulph, but at noon it again fell dead calm, when, having nothing better to do, I, with two other passengers and the Captain, manned the jolly-boat and rowed ashore. Dry jagged precipitous rocks form for the most part the shores of ancient Sparta, now called Maina, and we were obliged to coast along for a mile or two ere we could

find, like Noah's dove, a resting-place for our feet. At length we discovered an opening between the rocks just large enough to admit the boat without unshipping the oars: as we entered, it widened into a small basin; the water, though deep, was so clear that the smallest pebble might be distinctly seen at the bottom. The land rose from it on every side in an amphitheatre covered with rhododendron, oleander, arbutus, and myrtle. It seemed as if Nature had purposely hoarded her treasures in order to lavish them on this spot. All our attempts to "thread the thicket" were, however, fruitless: probably no animal larger or favoured with a less penetrable hide than a wild boar has ever succeeded. It was perhaps fortunate for us that we did not, for on leaving the little bay we were saluted with a loud shout and a volley of stones. The shout reached us, but the stones fell short. They came from a party of Mainotes whom we observed half way down a crag, which they were endeavouring to descend, no doubt with a view to intercept our retreat. Their rage at our escape seemed to be without bounds; they brandished their naked arms, stamped on the hard rock, and howled like infuriate savages.

The Captain, who had no eye for the picturesque, and foreseeing, as the wind had risen, a hard tug to reach the vessel, was a little out of temper, and sadly wanted, as he said, to pepper their hides with a charge of No. 1. This we would not allow, but amused ourselves by firing blank cartridge at them. In a few seconds they all disappeared. The other Moreote Greeks are fond of calling the Mainotes "Godfathers," for what reason was never satisfactorily explained to me. The ceremony of the sponsorship is pretty nearly as follows:—If a Mainote meet a stranger better clad and worse armed than himself, he immediately conceives so violent an affection for him, that he can by no means leave him without some token whereby to cherish his memory. What so good as to change clothes? On the instant it is done. If the catechumen resist, he is thrashed soundly, tied to a tree—and this is a Mainote baptism.

The whole population of Maina, look upon robbery ashore or afloat as a lawful calling. On high places along the coast are several small towers, which serve as chapels or observatories according to circumstances. They are inhabited by Kalogeroi (priests). These holy eremites are ever on the look out for ships, and when one appears they give the signal, and Cavo Malea sends forth her banditti by hundreds. The pious man then strikes upon a plate of iron with a large stone, for during the domination of the Turks they were not allowed the use of bells, to summon the women and children to pray for the success of the enterprize. All that can be said for the Mainote pirates is, that they seldom shed blood when robbing, as the pirates of the Islands almost invariably do. They are given to be facetious in the midst of their mischief. A friend of mine had the mishap to be captured by one of these misticos of Monemvasia. A clarionet, upon which instrument he played remarkably well, was the only thing he felt particularly anxious to preserve, and this he was allowed to do upon condition that he would play to them all night. He consented, and the thieves were in ecstacies—in fits! They danced, shouted, and drank, and at last, when they left the

vessel, carried him ashore, where they kept him for several days, using him very well except that they made him play from morning to night and again from night till morning. At last they restored him all his property and sent him in one of their own boats up to Napoli.

After a hard row of two hours, we reached the ship and anchored the same evening before Napoli. On the following morning I bade adieu to the good ship Tiber, and went ashore to offer my services to the Greek Government. The sittings of this august body were then held in a ruin, which might have served well enough for a rendezvous to Dirk Hatteraick and the gipsies. The only sign of authority about the place, was a sentinel, who opposed my entrance by placing his musquet transversely across the doorway. I told him I had an errand to his masters, and he let me pass. On entering, I found the ground floor occupied by a number of horses and several Arab grooms, whose knowledge and skill in horse-craft had redeemed their lives from the ataghan of the ruthless rapacious Greeks. A ruinous flight of steps, not of Parian or Pentilican marble, but of crumbling red brick, led through a hole in the ceiling into the upper apartments. Here I was again stopped by a sentry, but, on explaining my business, was passed, without announcement or ceremony of any kind, into the presence of the Hellene chiefs. John Koletti was then president; he had been the favoured physician of Ali Pacha of Janina in the height of his power. The other members present were, Manouli Tombazi, Adam Ducas, and Count Metaxa, an Ionian nobleman. The furniture of the room consisted of one small table, one stool, and one chest—the treasury, which I afterwards discovered to contain fourteen piastres in bad money. The windows were without sashes, nor was there so much as a piece of carpet on the dais on which the members sat. I thought the rigidity of their economy might have been relaxed a little without any great violation of patriotic principle.

I advanced to the President, and knowing that the Greeks are fond of a little oratory, I made a long speech, in which I set forth the length of the voyage I had undertaken, my enthusiastic ardour in the cause of Greek independence, my detestation of tyrants in general, and of Turkish tyrants in particular, and finally proposed to accompany some one of their expeditions in the capacity of surgeon. Koletti in return said, that all the English he had ever seen did honour to their nation, and that he and his confrères were always happy to see gentlemen of talent on their classic land, more especially those of my profession. He then requested me to sit, and sent for a pipe and a cup of coffee, which I smoked and drank and then took my leave.

The streets of Napoli are like those of all eastern towns, narrow, ill-built, and dirty, "*à l'outrance.*" Every time a strong southerly wind blows up the gulph, the water rises over the level plain of Argos for miles, and no means being taken to facilitate its escape, it becomes stagnant, and generates a malaria, fatal in its effects, especially to strangers—that is, under the treatment of the native doctors—as the plague itself. In the centre of Napoli is a large square, one side of which is formed by the palace of the Vene-

tian Governors; the winged lion of St. Mark is still visible over the doorway. It is now little better than a ruin, and serves as a cavern for the Tactikoi. A second side is formed by the serai of the late Pacha; the broken lattices and shivered glass, shew that the jealous Moslem is no longer there. The cathedral, a low ill-built edifice, and some ruined houses, constitute the third and fourth sides, and in the midst is a huge plane-tree. In this square the regulars are paraded every evening, and every one who has any thing to learn, any thing to relate, or nothing to do, is to be found here at sundown. One brief evening here suffices to kill more Moslems than ever owned fealty to the keeper of holy Mecca. The motley group which is nightly collected, comprises inhabitants of all countries—talkers of all tongues. Here stalks the bold Albanian kirtled to his knee, the hardy mountaineers of Suli, and "the sons of Chimaia who never forgive"—the neat clad Islander and shewy Peloponnesian, and Franks from all the countries that produce them. If the proper study of mankind be man, there is no school like the Piazza of Napoli; there is no place where you can have the same diversity of character and purpose brought under one view; the very number of factions, the curse of the country, assists you in discovering the motives by which each is actuated.

It being Easter, I had an opportunity of witnessing the mode in which they think proper to carry on their festivities. Easter day was ushered in by a procession of priests and images, which they called the resurrection. They sung and danced, and cracked off their fire-arms as if their powder magazines were inexhaustible, and not a Turk could be had for a target in the whole country. The procession ended, every Greek saluted his fellow with "Christos aneste," (Christ is risen,) they then kissed each other three times, on the mouth and on each cheek; a ceremony which, for this and the two following days must by no means be omitted. Their feasting, about which they talk a great deal,—which they certainly have a right to do, as they fast most rigorously for forty previous days,—is contemptible enough; hard eggs dyed pink, and white soup containing fried lamb's liver, do not come up to my *beau ideal* of culinary delicacies; neither does bread sopped in the water in which fish has been boiled, present any quality peculiarly attractive to my palate; yet these are the viands with which the Greeks love to set out their tables at Easter.

In the midst of joy and feasting, arrived the melancholy news of the loss of Missalonghi; the squadron sent to its relief having failed, and all provisions, even to the very rats and mice, being consumed, the garrison had determined to abandon the place. They made a signal to some Greek troops posted in the rear of the Turks to attack, and thus operate a diversion in their favour, but this was either not understood or not attended to. About nine in the evening of Saturday the 19th of April, the brave defenders of Missalonghi came out in three columns, the first consisting of their best soldiers, the second and third of men women and children, promiscuously mingled together. The first column, about fifteen hundred strong, escaped with little loss, but the Turks being better prepared for the others, these, in-

stead of making for the hills, were seized with a panic and fled back to the town, so much less dreadful is death in perspective, though it be certain and the road wretched, than an easy and immediate end. The Turks entered the town with the fugitives. Some of the women finding all hope gone, and preferring death to slavery and dishonour, retired into one of the magazines, and being closely followed by some Turks, blew themselves, their children, and their pursuers into the air together. Not a soul escaped either death or slavery. The women and children, to the number of two thousand, were made prisoners, but the men, according to the Mussulman policy, were put to the sword. Of thirteen Franks who were in the town, one only, a Piedmontese officer, escaped. It is impossible to convey an idea of the panic with which the inhabitants of Napoli were seized when the news of this disaster arrived; and rumours that Ibrahim and his Arabs were on their way to invest the city, added to the general confusion. Many families made preparations to quit; others began to lay up a stock of provisions; all the shops, coffee-houses, &c., were closed, and nothing was to be heard but doleful lamentations. But the Greeks are a people of most elastic spirit, easily depressed but still more easily elevated; press them down ever so vigorously, the rebound is sure to carry them beyond their former elevation. Rumours gradually arose that many of the Turkish cavalry had been slain; by-and-bye Ibrahim himself was asserted to have been killed, and as a crowning grace and glory, the heads of three famine-wasted Arabs, who had been caught outside Trippolitza cutting wild herbs for their sustenance, were brought in and nailed to the plane-tree in the midst of the square, where these barbarous people blushed not to commit every kind of indignity upon them. In short, there was as much rejoicing over this miserable trophy, as if they had gained a great victory, instead of having done an act of kindness to three miserable Fellahs, who had been torn from their native soil to carry arms and starve in the service of a prince they hated.

In the mean time the National Assembly, which was then sitting at Epidaurus, had elected two commissions of government, one for the executive department—having for its head Andrea Zaimis; the other for finance and foreign correspondence with the Corinthian chieftain, Notaras, as president. It was confidently, and perhaps designedly, asserted that the existing government would oppose their entrance into Napoli; but the people, ever disposed to change, seemed inclined to favour the new comers. Koletti ordered the town gates to be shut on the morning of the appointed day, and placed a guard there of his personal adherents; however, on seeing the new officers approach, escorted by Colocotroni and his Moreotes, and finding himself unsupported by the people, he opened the gates and admitted them. After having partaken of the sacrament, and kissed the Archbishop, they were considered fully installed; and in the evening Colocotroni who acted a sort of Warwick upon the occasion—the new government being almost of his own choosing—reviewed the regulars under Colonel Rhodios, consisting of about four hundred and sixty raw boys scarcely able to carry their musquets.

The first act of the new government was a most meritorious one,

it being to put to death two villains, who, although their atrocities were known, had been suffered to walk the streets with impunity. The first was the keepor of the Hâmâms, or warm baths at Napoli; he was said to have murdered no fever than seventeen persons for the sake of whatever property they might have had about them, afterwards consuming their bodies in his heating stoves. The trial was an odd one: there was a little conversation, but no witnesses were called on either side; he was unanimously declared guilty and sentenced to be hung. A rope was fastened round his neck, while a man ascended into a tree with the loose end of it, which he flung across a substantial bough; the poor wretch was then hauled up and suffered to dangle till life was extinct. The hands of the other, a spy, being unbound, he seized the rope above his head and positively refused to be hung. He was consequently lowered and his head hacked off by repeated blows of an ataghan.

A few days after Spiridion Tricoupi, the modern Demosthenes, made an oration in the Piazza on the low state of the public purse; and being, I believe, an honest man, and possessed of considerable eloquence, he excited so much enthusiasm that contributions flocked in from all quarters. The ladies sent their ear-rings and jewels with many patriotic speeches, and those who had it to give gave money. But I was most delighted with the poor but hardy veterans of Roumelie: they unbuckled from their waists their costly sabres and richly mounted fire-arms, the valued prizes of the hard-fought field, and flung them into the heap, declaring, while tears rolled over their scarred cheeks, that they had nothing else to give save their lives, which, too, were at the service of their country. A sentiment pure as that which animated Curtius when he took his leap, expanded the hearts of these old warriors, annihilating their natural avarice and inborn idolization of richly mounted weapons. For the first time of my life I envied a mountain Klephti his self-esteem.

Gradually the Missolonghiotes began to drop in by bands of twenty or thirty, and never did I see any thing more truly wretched than the appearance they made. Their shrunken countenances wore that peculiarly livid hue which results from scanty and unwholesome food, and their attire was so filthy as to defy description. It is a practice with the Greek soldiery never to change their linen during a siege or a campaign, and the man who hopes to distinguish himself by a clean shirt is invariably set down for a poltroon. I have myself worn the same linen for four and even five months; but the fustinellas of the Missolonghiotes had not been changed for more than ten! However, if they do not wash they have a method of purifying their garments from the myriads of vermin with which all classes in Greece are infested. On Saturday night a fire is made in the open air, of small branches of pine wood and juniper tops, or any combustible that affords a good blaze. The party strips, and his garments are held over the flame till the little colonies, being dislodged by the heat, in newspaper phraseology, fall a prey to the devouring element.

Having little else to do, I, as the Greeks say, "sat down" in Napoli to practice mine art; and as all competition with the

natives in the matter of fees was out of the question, I came to the determination of giving "advice gratis." I was the more induced to this as I had once been offered by the father of a lad, upon whom I had performed a capital operation,—how much, generous reader?—a base Turkish coin worth a piastre and a half, which is just sixpence! This was rather derogatory to the dignity of one who had paid his guineas for the privilege of tacking M.R.C.S. to his name.

The resolution I had taken, and the practice of one or two other eccentricities, soon brought me into high repute; and all those who, in Greek phrase, either were, or fancied themselves "unable," laid their complaints before the "Eklambrotatos kyrios o Yanis o iatros," —the most brilliant Mr. Yani, the English doctor,—for that was my title. For some time all went on well, till at last their brilliancies, the Greek doctors, being driven to desperation by the loss of trade, began to manifest their hostility to me by overt acts of violence; and my friends advising me that a residence in Napoli was no longer compatible with my health, I suddenly decamped. I then joined a band of irregular troops, under the celebrated Karaiskaki, and, for some time, lived a life of perfect independence,—stealing my own mutton, and cutting soles for my charoukia from the raw hide of the first old cow or bullock we chanced to master, without asking the consent of its owner. One fine morning, as we were trudging along, near Avrachora, on Mount Parnassus, we came suddenly upon a Turkish convoy. The men, chiefly Asiatic conscripts, were all asleep in the snow. Worn out by fatigue, their faculties paralized by the cold, they made scarce any resistance to the ataghans of the Palicari; and, in ten minutes, of six or seven hundred men, eleven only remained alive; and these were saved by the intervention of a Frank, at considerable peril to himself. The heads of the slain were piled up into a pyramid. The booty taken consisted of seven hundred horses and mules, laden with various articles destined for Reschid Pacha, who had then invested Athens. Though not over squeamish, this cold-blooded slaughter thoroughly disgusted me, and I bade adieu at once to Karaiskaki and his Palicari.

With some difficulty finding my way down to Oropo, in the gulf of Negropont, I was fortunate enough to secure a passage in a caique for Egina; and from Egina I returned to Napoli, after an absence of several months. It being evening, the Piazza was, as usual, crowded to excess. I went into a kapphéné that, as the French say, *gave* upon the place, and calling for a cup of coffee and a sherbet, produced my Cashmere tobacco pouch, filled my pipe, and refreshed myself, after the fatigue of my journey, with the best Syrian smoke. By my side was an old gentleman, a vender of cast-off wearing apparel, known by the name of Barba (or uncle) Nako. He was occupied in smoking a narguila, a kind of hooka, and telling over the beads of a black amber rosary. Next him sat an Albanian soldier. I knew both these men; but as I had during my absence, metamorphosed myself into a complete Palicari, I was not recognised by them. "Where," said Barba Nako, "where is that Frank, that little cuckold, the English doctor? May his faith be defiled! may the birds of heaven have no respect to his head! O curse these hard boards!"

"What have you?" said Captain Kitso, "why seek you a doctor?" "Alas!" responded Barba Nako, "I am *unable:* I am but a burnt man; for I have an imposthume in my leg." "What doctor sought ye? He who fled in a bowl—o Yanis o trelos, Yani the mad, who would take neither money nor goods in payment for his medicine?" "The same," said Nako, "a great GAIDOUSI, but a wonderful doctor. O adelphé mou, my brother, my eyes, my soul! tell me where I shall find him, and I will bless thy father, mother, and sisters, to the day of my death." "By the holy mass," said the soldier, "that will I. The sea thieves took him off. Hydra and heaven! he had no money: they cut off his head, and buried him in the deep sea;—but he was but a Frank dog." "Oh Virgin! Virgin! Holy Virgin!" ejaculated Barba Nako, "why hast thou suffered these sea cuckolds to kill a Frank doctor? May their ship sink, may their sisters be sent into bondage! Where shall I find a man to cure the imposthume which is in my leg?"

"Philé mou, good friend," said I, offering my tobacco pouch, "will you *drink* a *pipe* of my smoke, and I will tell you a word." "I am your servant," said he; "what word will you tell me?" "I will tell you," said I, mysteriously, "that I can raise up this dead Frank doctor you were talking of. Nay, say but you would have him, and he shall be here at your very elbow, as close to you as I am." "Saint Dionysius forbid!" said he, as soon as he could speak. "No, no; no dead doctors. I was etsi ketsi, so so, half afraid of him when he was alive; but dead—and here—Ma to stavro! Ma teen beesti! (By the cross! by my faith!) But holy and blessed Virgin! you little cuckolds, you Franks, you tell such lies." "Silence," said I, curling up my moustaches. "Pardon me," said Barba Nako, "I had forgot that you Franks get angry if one does but say you lie. But, by the purity of the Virgin, your smoke is most excellent Sirian, as I judge, and truly of a good flavour. Have you much of it? What did it cost? Where did you get it? Where do you come from?" "All this," said I, "and more, thou shalt know another time; but touching thine imposthume, if thou hast a mind to be cured, be over against the great plane-tree in the square to-morrow at sunset, and there thou shalt see his brilliancy, Yanis the Frank doctor; for none but he shall make thee a sound man: and so," added I, touching the tip of my chin, my forehead, and then placing my hand upon my heart, "I wish you a good evening." "Fear me not, I am your slave. I worship you. May your years be many. Go in peace, and a good sunrise to you."

Further, it is only necessary to say, that Barba Nako kept his appointment, and that he is to be found to this day, in the city where king Otho holds his court, sitting in the coffee-houses, and telling how he was cured of his imposthume by a dead Frank doctor.

THE RESCUE.

"With crested helm and steel-cased limb,
Arrayed in glorious battle trim,
I led my gallant clump of spears,
For Victory's bays or bloody biers:
Why did my fainting spirit stay,
When I was trodden in the clay—
Torn senseless from my loyal men,
And cooped and chained in donjon-den?

"High on the turret stood forlorn
My love, on that ill-omen'd morn;
Now waving, in her high-born pride,
Her kerchief, like a soldier's bride,
Now hiding there her weeping woes,
As from her heart the woman rose:
Long may she there her vigils keep,
And gaze and grieve—and watch and weep!

"Where now are all my kinsmen proud?
Where the unfailing faith they vowed?
Had I a hound in foeman's thrall,—
While hung a banner in my hall,—
While ready to my eager hand,
Came lance, or battle-axe, or brand—
No rampart's strength, nor roaring rout,
Should keep him in, or keep me out."

The warrior hush'd his haughty wail,
For sudden on the blustering gale
Rolled the deep Nakir hoarse and high,—
The soul-exciting clarion's cry,—
The clamour of a warlike power
Beleaguering the embattled tower,—
The circling camp—the measured tramp—
The foaming barb's impatient champ.

O, could he see that thrilling show!
His own broad banner's blood-red glow,
Whose folds the wild wind flaps and flings,
Like an avenging angel's wings;
Which forth, as to a banquet, drew
A thousand spirits tried and true,
To drain their hearts in mortal fight,
Or wrest him back to life and light!

A human mass of burning ire,
Spurred by revenge, with soul of fire:—
Fiercely their daring summons rose,
Met by defiance from their foes.
Then burst amain their war-cry loud,
Like thunder bellowing from its cloud;
'Mid curse and clash, in maddening jar,
The cannon-crash—the roar of war.

The barriers quail—the bastions fail,
Crushed by that storm of flaming hail;
And through the breach the siegers pour,
They batter in the castle door:—
Now shouting triumph in the air,
Chokes the death-wail of wild despair,—
The massive bars in splinters flee,
The keep is forced—the captive free!—W. G. A.

NAUSCOPIE FURTHER ILLUSTRATED.

WITH A MEMOIR OF BOTTINEAU, BY M. JOUY.

[In looking over the large collection of papers in his possession, the gentleman who contributed those on Nauscopie in our last Number has found a continuation of Bottineau's statement. The paper, however, concludes so abruptly, that we cannot but consider it as incomplete. Fragment as it is, we feel assured that our Readers will thank us for laying it before them; we therefore do so at once, hoping, at the same time, that our contributor will be fortunate enough to discover what is apparently deficient. By the agency of a friend, he has obtained some account of Bottineau's life, by M. E. Jouy of the French Academy, who was personally acquainted with him, and bears witness to the correctness of the statements made by Marat to Mr. Daly. By this Memoir, which we subjoin, it appears, however, that Marat was wrong in announcing Bottineau's death—the disappointed discoverer of this extraordinary science having been alive in 1810.]

BOTTINEAU'S FRAGMENT.

THE discovery of a nebulous sattellite, the *travelling companion* of the ship, and preceding it several days, was undoubtedly of vast importance, even had it not extended further; but at the same time, I conceived that it would be of much greater advantage if I succeeded in acquiring *data* respecting the distance of vessels, their number, &c.—that this would be the means of creating a new science, of immense benefit to every nation, and that would confer everlasting honour on the country which gave me birth.

I consequently began to occupy myself in calculating distances, and by paying great attention to the modifications of the phenomena (according to the proximity of the vessels) I was enabled to graduate distances with exactness, and compose a scale of progressions. In consequence of the success I obtained in these calculations, the governor and officers of the Isle of France witnessed with surprise with what precision I predicted the arrival of vessels.

The very moment I discovered that a vessel at sea was always accompanied by a *mass of vapours* that preceded it, it was no difficult matter for me to conceive that several vessels being together, the mass must necessarily be increased and modified in a different manner. This circumstance infallibly occurs; each vessel produces the same phenomenon; the phenomena collect, without mixing with each other. From these individual pictures (tableaux particuliers) a general picture is composed, exhibiting the features (traits) appertaining to each vessel. There is scarcely a seaman who has not frequently observed this particular state of the horizon; but it has always been attributed to the whimsical freaks of nature, the necessary effect of capricious winds, and the lightness of the clouds (à le regarder comme un jeu bizarre, effet nécessaire des vents et la légéreté des nuages) without ever suspecting that there could be the

slightest connection between these appearances (révolutions) in the atmosphere and floating substances at a distance.

The knowledge I have acquired respecting the number of vessels has not yet extended so far as to form a calculation with mathematical precision. Thus far I have been able to extend the science:—

I can distinguish with *infallibility* when there is *only one vessel*, and I never can by any means announce the approach of several vessels when there is only one at sea. I am too well acquainted with the meteor to apprehend making any mistake on that head.

When there are several vessels at a short distance from each other, I can form a conjecture, from the bulk and *shape* of the meteor, of what number they consist. I cannot absolutely state the number, because their characteristic features (traits), although separate, nevertheless, in consequence of their being multiplied, cause a confusion which has hitherto baffled my calculations. But if I am mistaken as to the precise number, I cannot be mistaken as to the *mass*; and whenever I announce *several* vessels, it is absolutely certain that there are *several*.

The announcements I made to the governor of the Isle of France, in the month of August, 1782, exhibit a striking proof of this distinction:—

On the 21st I announced *some* vessels; on the 22d at noon, I declared *several* vessels; on the 23d I announced *many*, that is to say, a fleet.

Whence arose this variation? Because at first, only nine or ten vessels had come within the sphere of my observation (étoient entrés dans ma circonférence); but on the 22d and 23d, other vessels had appeared in the same situation (dans les mêmes eaux); then this assemblage that shewed itself successively announced to me the presence of a fleet; and such was in reality the fact.

That absolute precision, however, which I do not pretend to have yet attained, is far from being impossible; it even appears the natural consequence of the principle which I have pointed out. As there is no vessel that does not carry its satellite along with it, and as each vessel supplies its *contingent* to the general mass, all that is required is to examine with extreme attention the *features* appertaining to each vessel, in order to calculate the number with precision.

The same reason which manifests to the *land* the approach of a vessel, exhibits also to vessels the approach of other vessels, at distances more or less remote, according to the state of the weather. Before my voyage from the Isle of France to Brest, I had formed no certain opinions respecting this conformity, in consequence of not knowing whether the proximity of a vessel produced upon another vessel the same effect as the proximity of the land, but experience has convinced me that the effects are similar. During my voyage I obtained incontestable proofs of the fact, which were registered in the log-book.

Whenever the indication was manifested, it never led me into error. Twenty-seven appearances of the meteor announced to me the approach of twenty-seven vessels; and during the voyage we

fell in with twenty-seven, and each time the *meteor* indicated precisely the period of approach, the distance and comparative number. The captain and crew of the vessel can bear testimony as to this fact.

These predictions, which excited the admiration of my fellow-travellers, and raised their curiosity to the highest pitch, were perfectly natural and simple. Had a million of vessels presented themselves in succession, the meteor *must* have been renewed a million of times. There is nothing more surprising in this fact, than that lightning should precede thunder, that smoke should announce fire, or that clouds of dust should rise before an army in its march. Whenever a cause exists, an effect must naturally ensue. It is a consequence of these incontestable truths, that another very important fact belongs to my discovery, namely, the discovery of land when at a great distance from it.

If it be true, that a person on the sea-coast may be informed of the approach of a vessel at a considerable distance, in consequence of a change in the atmosphere, it is not less certain, that persons on board a vessel are informed in a similar manner of the approach to land, by witnessing a similar appearance. The same meteor (flambeau) which exhibits to the land the approach of a vessel, shews also to the vessel the approach to land.

I conjectured that this reciprocal effect must exist before I undertook my last voyage; and experience, by confirming the hypothesis, caused me no surprise. But I could not withhold expressing to my companions the feelings of admiration I experienced, on reflecting upon this magnificent operation of nature, and on the wonderful revolution it must occasion in the art of navigation.

It is a well known fact that the most experienced seamen having but imperfect data upon which they can calculate, the precise distance from a given shore is not unfrequently estimated by conjecture. Hence it happens that the captain is frequently at a loss, in what direction to steer, and the consequences of his ignorance cannot, of course, be calculated. If the phenomena of which I am speaking be attended to, if persons intended for the sea service would make a study of the art of Nauscopie, every danger of the kind would be obviated. Even when the most violent winds prevail, during the darkest night, these precious signs which nature has placed in the heavens for the protection of the traveller remain visible.

In the midst of the frightful solitude of the deep, a protecting hand holds out the *safety lights* to the wanderer, and gives him the power of affording or receiving assistance. The friendly shore from which the bold denizen has strayed is pointed out to him by the meteor which seems to invite him back to his native land.

M. JOUY'S MEMOIR OF BOTTINEAU.

Etienne Bottineau was born at Chatouceaux, in Lower Anjou, situated on the banks of the Loire. At a very early age he went to Nantes, and being delighted with the appearance of the port and shipping, he came to the resolution of entering into the sea service. At fifteen he went on board a trading vessel in an inferior capacity, and afterwards entered the navy at Brest; subsequently he was in the

service of the East India Company. In 1764 he held a situation in the Isle of France in the engineer department. It was about this period that he found out a certain method of discovering land, on the approach of vessels at a distance of 250 leagues, in combining the effects produced by the latter upon the atmosphere, or on the sea. Mr. Bottineau states that the discovery, of which he gave an account in 1770, caused him to undergo every kind of persecution, and through the malice of his enemies he was treated as a slave and sent to Madagascar during the war of 1778. On his return to the Isle of France he continued his experiments, and with such success, that, upon several occasions, the government, in consequence of his announcing the arrival of convoys, frequently sent out vessels to meet them. In 1785 he proceeded to Paris, in order to communicate his discovery to the Minister of Marine, and solicit a remuneration. The certificates of the governor, and of the officers in the island, fully prove the advantage to be derived from this important discovery, and assert in strong terms, that every confidence may be placed in his statements; that, indeed, his predictions have invariably been correct. Notwithstanding the honourable testimonials and recommendatory letters which Mr. Bottineau presented to the minister, he met with a very cool reception from Marshal de Castries, and this indifference shown to a man possessed of so wonderful a secret can only be ascribed to the fact of Mr. Bottineau having written a *memoir*, in which he vituperated the conduct of the authorities of the Isle of France. The inhabitants of this island, whom I have had frequent opportunities of consulting respecting Mr. Bottineau, state, that he is still living (1810); that he continues to complain of the injustice of mankind, and bitterly regrets the loss sustained to the world by the neglect he has experienced. He has already communicated enough, he says, to enable some more fortunate individual to derive that benefit from his discovery which he ought to have received. The inhabitants of the Isle of France, with whom I conversed upon the subject, do not entertain the slightest doubt about the discovery. This poor man is truly to be pitied. During my residence at Colombo, in Ceylon, Mr. Bottineau predicted the arrival of a vessel, and the vessel appeared in sight at the time he had mentioned. I was a witness to this fact.

THE LIVE AND DEAD OFFICE.

The portals of the military *Morgue*, were not yet opened—they waited for the usual signal from the clock of the Horse Guards. Two important looking functionaries stood at the window, one gravely engaged in picking his teeth, the other in paring his nails. Both were choice specimens of the government office *martinet*.

A small but interesting group had gathered about the door: the principal figures were three females. The first of these, an old woman, though bending beneath the weight of years, still eclipsed in stature those who stood about her; many a storm had left its mark on her

broad bold brow, the surface was torn and tossed up into wild irregular ridges—it looked like a rugged bit of rock. She was blind.

Close by her side stood a short, fair, blue eyed woman, about thirty years of age, full of excitement and activity, but nervous, emaciated, and bearing on her cheek the hectic banner of death.

Her pale, slender hands, gave palpable evidence, that she had long ceased to take a part in any of those manual labours in which women of her humble situation are usually occupied. Judging from her wedding-ring she had been plump, for it was so much too large, that she had taken the precaution of tying it to her slim finger by a bit of silk.

The third was a tall, well-formed girl, ten or twelve years of age: no two individuals could resemble each other less than the old blind woman, and the other female—they were evidently not of the same family; but this girl by her lineaments had affinities with both. In her countenance, the most striking peculiarities of feature, displayed by her companions, were agreeably united.The conviction flashed on me at a glance, that she was the daughter of the poor nervous, consumptive creature, and that the old woman was her grandmother—genealogically speaking, on the male side: nor, as I soon found, did I err.

The grandmother was placid and resigned but garrulous. Her present humility contrasted strongly with the records of former turbulence graven on her brow; age, poverty, and blindness had toned down her temper perhaps. Without the least touch of querulousness, she told an asthmatic old man, with whom she was conversing—that up to the age of fifty, she had neither been poor nor blind; at a little before that period of her life, she had been left a widow, with one son. Reuben, against her will, had married little Peggy Lorimer; violent dissension ensued, and her son had recklessly enlisted. A few months after his embarkation for a pestilential colony, Peggy became a mother; the little farm, the paternal inheritance of which Reuben was the prop, soon went to ruin; and when blind, and almost a pauper,the old woman, to use her own phrase, had gone and laid her head in Peggy's lap. Peggy, she scarcely knew how, had contrived to support her, for many years past. The poor thing, never having received but one short hurried letter from Reuben since his rash action of enlisting, was pining to know what had become of him. All inquiries had proved fruitless, and the three generations, mother, wife and daughter—comprising all who claimed kith or kin with the soldier, had travelled on foot from Dorsetshire, to ascertain personally, at the Live and Dead Office, what had become of him.

Raw puffs of wind tossed about the old woman's white locks, a drizzling rain moistened her cheeks, and every individual composing the unsheltered group at the office door—except Reuben's feverish wife, were shivering with cold. From within, the flashes of a glowing fire blazed through the window. One clerk was still picking his teeth, and the other paring his nails; the Horse Guards had not yet struck, and the doors were consequently still closed.

At length the clock began to tell us it was ten. Reuben's wife looked as though she thought the bell dreadfully tardy: when nine blows of the hammer were heard she turned pale, and exclaimed in

a tone of perfect agony, "Good God! it's only nine!" The bell however, with provoking leisure, boomed forth the finale of its announcement, and a fat flunky opened the doors.

Being, at the period of my anecdote, quite young and inexperienced, I felt anxious to witness the kind consideration with which an inquiry as to the fate of "a gallant British soldier," from his mother, wife, and child, would be received, on the part of those who were employed to represent "a grateful king and country." The family groupe tottered forward to the two functionaries at the window: on stating their business, they were referred to "the fifth gentleman on the left." I followed them, and heard the application repeated in tones tremulous with terror by the hectic wife.

"Of what regiment?" inquired the fifth gentleman.

"The forty-eighth."

The fifth gentleman was mending a pen, and after having completed the operation, he slowly and carelessly took down a heavy book from the shelf above him. He opened it, and as he ran his fore-finger down one of the pages, the wife, grasping the hand of her daughter on one side, and that of her mother-in-law on the other, gazed at him without breathing. The old woman looked passive and resigned—the child stared at her mother.

A second page was turned, and the fifth gentlemen took snuff: then fixing his digit on a line, he uttered in, a breath, without pause or point, the usual calm ferocious answer, "DEAD A SHILLING NO CRYING HERE."

"God's will be done!" said the old woman, "Let us go home and die too, children."

The miserable wife tottered out without a sob.

My business detained me at the Live and Dead Office about three minutes; in that brief period, I heard, from different parts of the room, the same heartless and habitual reply thrice repeated. So much for glory! The younger son of a bishop or a peer, if he die in battle, is eulogized in the despatches, and hypothetically entombed in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey—his friends can go and see his monument, and the record of his achievements is exposed to the gaze of a grateful nation: but the rural recruit—*the military operative,* if "killed off," is turned into a hole, his name is deemed unworthy of notice in the gazette, and his anxious relatives, on applying for information as to his fate, are thus kindly and considerately answered:—"DEAD A SHILLING NO CRYING HERE."

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The House progresses slowly in the great work of reform. Little has been done and very little more may be expected this session. A timid and cautious policy characterizes the measures of the present ministry. The boldness which marked the commencement of their career gave the nation promise of better things, but subsequent measures have not justified such anticipations, and a loss of popularity has been the consequence. In the arrogance of their intellect, they affect to despise the expression of popular feeling; they estimate their own strength like puny whipsters, and when flourishing the string of their peg-top, fancy it a cat-o-nine-tail power. The expressed opinion of an intelligent public is not to be despised. There is more intelligence among the great body of the people than can possibly be found in the heads of departments, and if the intelligence of the people were more consulted than it is, we should not have occasion to correct the monstrous anomalies which frequently disgrace the measures introduced by men having no practical knowledge, and who are too proud to learn from the only proper sources. But popular opinion will make itself heard; it is advancing slowly and surely; and those who watch the progress of events cannot be in doubt as to the result. We cannot but regret to see men, who started so nobly, now laggards in the race. They appear fearful of the strong creation of their own hands, and wish to play Dalilah to their Sampson. They have set a huge stone rolling, and fancy by their puny efforts to stay its progress. As soon might they stay the out-breaking of Vesuvius as quell the expectations of men who have for years looked to reform as the great measure of relief. The authors of that great measure can scarcely have possessed that great and comprehensive view of their subject which it was natural to suppose would distinguish such bold and uncompromising legislators, or they must have known that reform was only the means by which great and important retrenchment might be effected—in fact, a gigantic besom to cleanse from filth a worse than Augean stable, created by our late reckless and desperate rulers. As well may Mr. Stanley attempt, like Canute, to control the waves of the ocean, as to stem the tide of public opinion. The Reform Bill is but a step towards political regeneration. If ministers cannot see what is required of them, and what must one day be performed, they are short-sighted mistaken men.

The Budget has most cruelly disappointed the nation. Great hopes had been entertained that the Chancellor, in accordance with the spirit of the times, would have introduced some spirited measures of finance, which might have stimulated the waning energies of a distressed people, instead of which we find a very small amount of taxation reduced, and that so ingeniously spread over so large a surface, that the great mass of the public will in no instance derive the slightest benefit. As it is, the reduction bears more the character of

a subterfuge than a relief—a measure by which the necessity of doing *something* is acknowledged, but the meagre nature of the gift would argue the parsimony of the granters. At the head of this pompous list stands the article of Tiles, a material so long superseded by Slates, that the voluntary relinquishment of a duty dwindled almost to nothing, may be considered as any thing but a boon. The half duties relinquished on Advertisements and Soap are too small to be of any advantage. The thrifty housekeeper may perhaps save a halfpenny per week in her washing; but we question whether the advertizer will benefit in the least by advertizing in papers of good circulation, when they have at present a greater number of advertizers than they can find room open for. Besides, by retaining a part, all the offensive, inquisitorial, and expensive machinery of taxation is kept up. The exciseman still pays his domiciliary visits at the soap manufactory, and the clerks at Somerset House still play their Jack-in-office anticks, and draw their salaries, let the proceeds of taxation be ever so much reduced. We are sorry to say it, but Lord Althorpe's financial measure seems to us like a poor evasion of the just and reasonable demands of the people.

Gallantry and Gold Medals.—The Royal Humane Society, in distributing rewards to those who have performed the greatest deeds of gallantry and encountered the most formidable risks in saving their fellow creatures from drowning, have placed foremost on the list the Hon. Miss Eden, Maid of Honour to the Queen, and awarded her the gold medal. We have no reason to doubt the gallantry and courage of Miss Eden, who has thus dived and "plucked up honour," in the shape of a well-ducked urchin, from a brook; but we cordially detest the base satire, the scurrilous imputation cast upon the whole body of the aristocracy by this award. Had Miss Eden stood by and witnessed the dying agonies of the child with aristocratic indifference, the coroner would have returned "accidental death," as a matter of course: for who could expect a lady of any pretensions to rank to soil her sandal to save a poor man's child, when Miss Martineau has so repeatedly assured us that such children have no right to exist? But the maid of honour happened to be possessed of the common feelings of human nature: at the imminent peril of wet feet she assisted in saving the child, and although some such thing is done every day as pulling children out of ponds and ditches by people in the humbler walks of life, who would little dream of reward for such an act—yet no sooner is a like feat performed by an honorable lady, than all the sensitive world are melting with sympathy! Such an exhibition of common feeling in one of the higher orders, must call forth a general burst of admiration from a truly humane and lady-loving society. All common fellows who in a gale of wind have dashed among the billows to save a shipmate, with slender chance of ever returning, must be set aside that the triumph may be awarded to this fair dabbler in Datchet brook! Apiece of plate is voted her by a grateful neighbourhood, the bells are rung, congratulatory verses are written by Tory poets, the Royal Humane Society awards its gold medal, and humble and grateful regards are showered

upon the honorable philanthropist, by a paltry, servile crew of lick-spittle ruffians who are for ever tracking the heels of the aristocracy—magnifying common acts of feeling into instances of exalted heroism, and defending their gross and selfish conduct as venial and excusable errors. We repeat that this medal business is a malignant satire upon the aristocracy, and if Miss Eden is a person of any sense, she must be as much disgusted with the paltry and unjust award as with the time-serving crew who are the authors of it. By the way, if this Royal Society is so much at a loss for subjects to employ its funds, why not erect an hospital for decayed Newfoundland dogs, that have done mankind some service; there are plenty to be found who have saved more lives than all the Maids of Honour and Post Captains in the state. We would recommend an annuity of cat's-meat for life to all truly deserving objects: besides, it would act as a salutary stimulus to all really noble puppies.

Cat's-meat Retrenchment.—Woolwich has been thrown into a state of indescribable confusion by the receipt of a Treasury order, which, if acted upon, will sap the foundation of our social institutions, and will stamp the age by a stroke of the most cruel and barbarous policy that ever emanated from a Whig or any other government. It is pretty generally known that a number of public servants have existed for years past, having charge of the warehouses and store-houses in and about the dockyards and arsenals at Woolwich. Their salaries have been small, and they can boast, what few other public servants can, that they have deserved their pittance. Yet will it be believed that these meritorious individuals have been rudely turned adrift without any retired allowance, because their appointment has never been sanctioned by Parliament. The fact is, that, in addition to the heads of departments, a certain number of feline watchmen have for many years been provided by government with a salary of three-pence per week for cat's-meat, for which they were expected to extirpate all quadrupedal depredators. Now the Whig government, in their zeal for retrenchment, have pounced upon this article of cat's-meat; they have declared it an item of wicked extravagance, worthy of a Tory ministry, and at once abolished it, thereby effecting an actual saving to the county of 49*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* per annum! The harmony existing between housewife and cat is thus rudely broken. The female portion of the garrison are *au desespoir;* every serjeant's wife is bewailing her favourite black and white tom, or her tabby. Experienced cat-skinners are already upon the march to Woolwich, and another slaughter of the innocents is expected shortly to ensue. Prime cat's-meat is on the decline; nothing but coarse cheap goods are marketable. Rats are arriving in great numbers; several members of the House of Commons are daily expected.

Mr. Guthrie on the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.—Mr. Guthrie, in his clinical lecture at the Westminster Hospital, says, "I do not know whether it is advisable to recommend, with Sir Lucius

O'Trigger, in the *Rivals*, that gentlemen should stand fair to the front, in duelling, and *be shot clean through one side of the body*, instead of making as small as possible an edge, by standing sideways, and running the risk of being certainly killed by the ball penetrating both sides; but this I do know, that there is neither *charity* nor *humanity* in the manner of choosing the pistols at present adopted. The balls are so small, that the hole they make is always a source of *inconvenience in the cure:* and the quantity of powder is also so small, that it will not send the ball clean through a *moderately thick gentleman;* it therefore sticks in some place where it should not, to the extreme disadvantage of the patient, and the great *annoyance of the surgeon.* These things really should be altered, with the present diffusion of knowledge."

This is really very kind in Mr. Guthrie. While other gentlemen are devoting their time and abilities in the furtherance of science in its various modifications, he is determined not to be in the rear in the great march of improvement; and has therefore brought the whole force of his immense intellect to bear upon the most scientific and approved fashion of shooting a *moderately thick gentleman clean through the body!* Here we have an example worthy of all admiration—a surgeon—an army surgeon too—one who has been accustomed so long to the carving of bodies, that he could be hardly supposed to possess as much heart as a resurrection-man—yet here we find him enlisted in the great cause of humanity. With his prejudices as a soldier and a gentleman, he cannot advise the abolition of duelling; (for what is a soldier without his duels? The vulgar must be kept in awe;)—but we find our philanthropist ready to abolish all the horrors of this barbarous pastime, and to render it a really genteel amusement. By following Mr. Guthrie's ingenious instructions, you shall send your ball *clean through* the body of your friend, provided, of course, that he be only *moderately thick:* if he be *extra thick,* we would recommend the artist immediately to repair to Westminster Hospital for further directions. But alas! amidst all this blaze of apparently genuine feeling, we fancy we can detect a spice of the selfishness of human nature. The philanthropist recommends the tyro to stand in a particular position, as it reduces the chances of his being shot dead, from 10 to 1 to $9\frac{3}{8}$ to 1—a very important gain. He then inveighs against the small size of the ball, and the diminutive charge of powder, as productive of *great inconvenience in the cure!* There is neither *charity* nor *humanity,* observes the amiable anatomist, in using small balls; because the small holes they make cause *great annoyance to the surgeon!* Here, then, the truth appears: for know, gentle reader, that the triumph of a surgeon is not so much to save the life of a patient, as to extract the ball.

We would recommend that the members of the United Service Club should present this humane friend with a pair of bell-mouthed blunderbusses, so that in case he should turn out with a friend, he may in the most humane manner blow his head off, and save the surgeon any *annoyance* whatever.

IMPUDENCE PERSONIFIED.—We find the following advertisement in the "*Times*" of the 24th of last month:

"Wanted, by a respectable house of business, two PERSEVERING SCOTCHMEN, to vend goods in and about the metropolis."

We have often been puzzled to know what description of men could be found to tramp about from house to house, with pack on back, and yard measure in hand, and knock at every door in every street they pass through, regardless of the fierce looks of footmen, and the shrill remonstrances of house-maids. We were not aware that these peripatetic traders were all *persevering Scotchmen;* but such is the fact. We could suggest another epithet for these northern ambulators; but *persevering* is the prettier word—therefore it can stand. What pride ought that nation to feel, which can boast such an army of philosophers—we had almost said martyrs, from what they have to endure. The angry tirade of the disturbed housewife—the bitter curse of the two pair of stairs tradesman—the jeers of the passer-by, as the door is slammed in his face—the triumphant yell of urchins, as a handful of potatoe-peelings greets his smug, well-trimmed visage. All this would be enough to daunt the most impudent Englishman, or even Irishman, that ever robbed a church;—but it is a mere nothing to a *persevering Scotchman.* In vain do folks launch their gibes and jeers, their kicks and cuffs—a rude rebuff from one door only stimulates him to try the next. It is impossible to say whither this splendid quality of endurance might lead its possessor, did he not sometimes cozen a purblind wight with a roll of glazed calico for Irish linen, or occasionally find a stray silver spoon in his pack-bag. We shrewdly suspect that these stray spoons have formed a nucleus to the fortunes of many a civic dignitary. To such heights do *persevering Scotchmen* arrive!

MR. JUSTICE BAYLEY ON GAME.—This eminent legal character has given a new proof of his humane and patriotic disposition, in his recent charge to the grand jury of the county of Flint, from which we gladly give the following extract:—

"Gentlemen of property and influence would consider whether they were making the best use of the blessings and favours which Providence had entrusted to their care, by accumulating game in such quantities upon their land as to afford an almost irresistible temptation to the lower orders for the commission of crime. Whether the existence of game in large quantities was not injurious to the morals and habits of the people in the neighbourhood of their estates. I really think the amazing profusion of game, which is known to exist, a great inducement to successful poaching among ignorant and thoughtless youths, who too often terminate a career, thus commenced, by the commission of a much graver offence."

Now this is going very far, considering that the speaker is a judge: but we will venture to go a step farther, and confidently declare, that by the encouragement and protection of game for disgraceful *battues*—atrocities that would turn the stomach of a pig-butcher, our aristocrats clearly bring to the gallows two-thirds of the unfortunate wretches who are hung in assize towns. "*Usque ad*" and "*pro tanto,*" the privileged miscreants are remotely guilty of so many murders. Crime in the country would diminish full fifty per cent., if hares, partridges and pheasants were utterly exterminated. If

useful as articles of food, let them be domesticated like pigs and poultry. It will be quite as chivalrous to shoot them in a farm-yard as in a preserve. Animal murder, which appears to be the chief object, will be achieved as well in one case as in the other. Besides, the brutal propensities of our oligarchy can always be gratified, while congenial calves are to be slaughtered at Clare Market.

PARLIAMENTARY ETIQUTTE.—We extract the following from a weekly paper:—

"A quarrel of rather a personal nature took place between Capt. Berkeley and Mr. Hume, which was thought worthy of the interference of the house. The member for Middlesex had indulged in some coarse and dishonouring remarks on the character of the naval and military members of the house; and Captain Berkeley said that Mr. Hume must have made them from a conviction that he would himself act dishonourably in similar circumstances. Mr. Hume flung the accusation back with contempt. He afterwards explained that he meant *nothing*, and so the matter dropped."

These military and naval members are decided bores in the House of Commons—what with their notions of honour and punctilio, and such like antiquities, they become a complete check to any thing like free discussion. No honourable member can venture to call another a blackguard, or even a scoundrel, without some Pistol looking fiercely and insisting on an explanation, which usually ends as Mr. Hume's did, and equally satisfactory to both parties. An honourable member launches an accusation against another, which is flung back with contempt, and thus continues the pleasant parliamentary pastime of push-pin, to the great delight of such juveniles as Master Berkeley, particularly as *nothing is meant*, and the matter is always *dropped*. A man may bully cheaply in the House of Commons; it is astonishing the reputation he may gain at a small risk. This is the reason why so many naval and military heroes are so anxious to tack M. P. to their names. There is no field like St. Stephen's, where a man may gain laurels without risk of life or limb. Honourable gentlemen, whose swords are guiltless of any other stain than rust, and whose services have been limitted to the experimental squadron or the regimental parade, are thus enabled to exhibit their martial ardour on such subjects as Mr. Hume or Mr. Cobbett, who will sometimes indulge in sly sarcasms on the legislative abilities of this class of senators—of course the whole 46 members of the United Services start up at such provocation, and insist on satisfaction. The culprit trembles.—It is but just, however, to say, that the gentlemen of the services are easily pacified—they do not appear inclined to press matters; the culprit has only to hint that he *meant nothing*, and tranquillity is restored—the heroes ground their arms!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Sharpe's Peerage of the British Empire, exhibiting its present State, and deducing the existing Descents from the Ancient Nobility of England, Scotland, and Ireland, will be published with the Magazines for June.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven, a piece by Maria del Occidente, dedicated to Robert Southey, Esq., L.L.D,, who has expressed the highest opinion of the genius displayed in the poem.

Evidences of Christianity, by Charles P. M'Ilvaine, D.D., Bishop of Ohio: forming Vol. IX. of the Select Library; and recommended to the Publishers of that Series by Olinthus Gregory, L.L.D.

Views of the Lakes, Waterfalls, &c. of Westmorland and Cumberland, &c. Part V. containing eight Engravings, from Original Drawings, by T. Allom. Price only 2s.

Volume IV. of the National Portrait Gallery, containing Thirty-seven Portraits and their respective Memoirs.

The National Portrait Gallery: the First Part of a New Volume; containing Portraits and Memoirs of Adam Clarke, L.L.D.; the Marquis of Lansdowne; and Samuel Lysons, V.P.R.S. F.S.A.; Imperial 8vo. Plain Proofs, 2s. 6d. India Proofs, 4s.

Dr. Adam Clarke's Folio Family Bible. Part I., containing Six Sheets, Price 1s., of a New and Cheap Edition of the Holy Bible; with Notes and Observations by Adam Clarke, L.L.D.; to be continued fortnightly, or oftener.

On the 1st of June, Part I. of an entirely New Edition of the National Portrait Gallery: price, in Imperial 8vo., Plain Proofs, 2s. 6d. only.

Just published, No. 1. of the Magazine, Botany and Gardening, British and Foreign. Edited by J. Rennie, Professor of Zoology, King's College, London. Price 1s., with eight beautiful Coloured Plates of Plants and Fruit.

In May will be published, A Memoir of Felix Neff. By Thomas Scales Ellenby, in One Volume.

A Work from the pen of Mr. Urquhart, entitled "Turkey and its Resources," is just ready for publication.

Lucien Greville, a Novel, written by an Officer in the East India Company's Service, will appear immediately.

Lieut. Coke is preparing a Work on the United States and British Provinces of North America, with numerous illustrations of the Scenery, &c.

New Editions of Mr. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women," and Mr. Slade's interesting "Travels in Turkey," are on the eve of publication.

School and Family Manual: a Series of Conversations between a Father and his Children, explaining the most important Subjects of Early Instruction in a familiar style, adapted for Preparatory Schools, Ladies' Schools, and Domestic Teaching. Vol. I. Geometry; Vol. II. Arithmetic (in Two Parts) Part 1. To be continued occasionally.

Principles of Astronomy. By William Brett, M.A., Fellow of Corpus-Christi College, Cambridge. Part II. containing Physical Astronomy.

EXHIBITION OF THE ASSOCIATED PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, NEW BOND-STREET.

The greatly increased number of Water Colour Painters has produced a new Society, whose second annual Exhibition has now opened. The members are chiefly young artists; but their works, generally speaking, are of a superior character. A drawing of *St. Michael's Mount*, by C. BENTLEY, is remarkable for its dimensions as well as its excellence, being the largest of its class we ever saw in water colours: this, however, is the least of its merits, the colouring and execution displaying powers of the highest order. *Isle of Wight*, by the same, is more lively in colour, and brighter in effect. *Wounded Heron*, J. BURBANK, is drawn with great feeling and correctness, and finished with extraordinary care; the respect shewn for nature in this work entitles the artist to the highest praise: these remarks will also apply to 39, *Shells*, and 34, *Cat watching a Butterfly*, by the same hand. HEAPHY, who is a veteran in this branch of art, exhibits here several highly finished drawings, amongst which the most conspicuous are two female *Portraits* and *Recognition*. One of the finest specimens of colour is by Miss F. CORBAUX, who is advancing in her art very rapidly: the subject is *a Lady plaging with a Squirrel*. The richness of surface in this drawing far surpasses the works of many older practitioners.

70. *Chapel at Houghton.*—240. *Joseph Andrews resenting the insult offered to Fanny by Beau Didapper.*—251. *Amy Robsart, Janet, and the Pedlar in the Garden of Cumnor Place.*—256. *Wolsey and Queen Catherine.* J. NASH. These several drawings evince a great degree of taste, both in the grouping of figures and in picturesque architecture; we can also discern a liveliness of fancy throughout: more attention to drawing and detail would, however, raise them in our estimation as works of art. *The Last Man*, J. MARTIN, is highly wrought and poetically conceived, though the subject does not hit our fancy. Several tastefully executed landscapes, by G. S. SHEPHERD, are deserving of notice, especially 109, *Study of an Old House.*—32. *Stone Mason's Yard*, and 169, *The Farm at Kentish Town.* There are also some clever drawings by LAPORTE, DOWNING, LINES and MOORE. *The Disconsolate*, C. HANCOCK, representing a dog howling after his lost master—*Shakespeare's Cliff.* J. TENNANT—*City of Hereford.* T. POWELL—*Please to remember the Grotto.* W. H. KEARNEY—various works by C. R. STANLEY—*Canal Scene, Morning*—178. *Windsor Castle*, G. H. PHILLIPS, are all creditable to the present advanced state of water colour painting.

EXETER HALL.—EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

THIS Exhibition contains many curious specimens of the Flemish, Dutch and Italian Schools. *A Philosopher in his Study*—A. DE GELDER, is worthy the attention of the artist, as an example of sunny light and rich surface: it is of the school of REMBRANDT. *Amor*, attributed to DOMENICHINO, is beautifully designed, though rather too much like a painted statue. The wings are *loaded* with pigment, and their hue is of lead, but the eye reposes w th satisfaction on the head: its expression is particularly sweet.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

ADDRESS ON SLAVERY, SABBATH PROTECTION, AND CHURCH REFORM. BY JAMES DOUGLAS ESQ., OF CAVERS. EDINBURGH: ADAM BLACK.

THIS is a pamphlet in three parts, containing the substance of speeches upon the subjects enumerated in the title. Upon the subject of Colonial Slavery, Mr. Douglas supposes that the cessation of slavery, and the just remuneration of the labour of the Negro, will cheapen the production of sugar, diminish the number and expenses of the military establishments, abolish the monopoly of the home market, and thus mutually produce extensive political advantages, to the West Indies and the country at home. In his views upon the subject of Sabbath Protection, we do not concur with him. Indeed, we are sorry to perceive a singular decline in the force of his reasoning, and liberality of sentiment upon this question, as compared to his views upon the subject of Colonial Slavery. Upon the subject of Church Reform, in the third chapter, Mr. Douglas has several striking and valuable remarks. He advocates the right of the state to appropriate the property of the church, and suggests some important alterations in the system of the Church of Scotland.

THE CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING, A. M. LONDON. LONGMAN, REES, AND CO.

NOTHING can be more opportune than the appearance of this volume at the present moment, when the attention of all parties is directed towards the Church Establishment, with such scrutinizing keenness and intensity. Not only has the spirit of analysis and inquiry been employed upon Ecclesiastical Institutions, as they exist at present; but it has conducted to the sources of those institutions, and set men upon examining the principles from which they have derived their birth, and their subsequent progress and history. It is, therefore, with no slight degree of satisfaction, that we notice this first volume of the History of the Church, proceeding from the pen of a man of accredited industry and capacity, and one who has proved himself so well qualified for the task he has undertaken. He has traced the rise and progress of the infant church, with a philosophic candour and a luminous perspicuity, equally removed from the sophistry of the controversialist and the blind zeal of the bigot. To wade through the vast labyrinth of the early writers of Christianity, to seek out and separate facts from the figures of declamation and the colourings of enthusiasm and fanaticism, and to arrange these facts in a manner suitable to the minds of the present generation, was a work of no inconsiderable difficulty.

The narrative of the persecutions of the infant church, he has divested of much of the supernatural and miraculous, so copiously appended to it by other writers. However, we cannot altogether conceal the fact, that the constant recurrence of the phrases, "If any credit is to be given to early authors," "If tradition may be safely relied on," with a number of saving clauses of the same kind, sometimes throws an air of coldness and indifference over the narrative. In his attempt to weed Church History of its supernatural excrescences, and to subject all occurrences to the test of reason, he has gone nigh hazarding the authenticity of the whole, and rendered his account jejune and bare.

The following account of the situation of the Church after the conversion of Constantine seems to us so applicable to the establishment of our times, that we shall extract it as a specimen.

"The zeal and earnestness which it well became the early Christians to feel in the propagation of their faith, were now about to be mixed with the leaven of magisterial pride. The authority which had been rightly awarded to superior sanctity, was on the eve of being transferred to those who were best qualified to make their way in courts, and who would consequently have to support their authority by new and extraordinary means. Another Canaan, in fact, besides the promised land of God, had been opened by the favour of the Emperor, and scarcely had it spread its inviting scenes before the preachers of the faith, when crowds of them rushed to claim an inheritance in its borders. The Church of Christ shook to its foundation at that time, but the shock was unfelt or unheeded. A revolution had taken place in the Christian Commonwealth as great as ever overturned a dynasty. New principles of action were thenceforth to govern its leaders; the bad had sufficient motives to appear holy; and the good were tempted to take up weapons, which they ought never to have wielded. To defend an opinion was to support an interest, the integrity of a system was to be preserved because it was the foundation of profitable establishments: and the keen subtle reasoner, the skilful courtier, the bold rhetorican, and the confident zealot, possessed equal chances with the holiest of acquiring power and distinction in the Christian Church. The humbler professors of the new faith could at first be little affected by the ambitious views of their teachers; but all those who held the same rank, or had a right to the same distinctions, were exposed to a severe trial by the proceedings of their worldly-minded brethren. Many of them remembered too readily the warning that they were to be wise as serpents, and in doing so, lost the harmlessness and simplicity of the dove."—p. 143.

PORTRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. PART 5. LONDON. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

SOME of these heads are so happily executed that we could easily fancy the fair heroines to have actually sat for their portraits: such is the *Brenda*, from LESLIE, which wins upon the eye by its appropriate character, sweet expression, and tasteful costume; it is also a good example of the mixed line and stippled engraving. *Margaret Ramsay*, after BOXALL, is successful in the expression, but the drawing is indifferent, and the figure disproportioned to the head. MISS SHARP'S *Phœbe Mayflower*, illustrates the text by a simplicity of character, in which is blended a touch of good sense. *Minna* is rather a coarse representation of the heroine of the Pirate: a little more delicacy in the form and features would not be inconsistent with the same trength of character.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO PRINSEP'S JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FROM CALCUTTA TO VAN DIEMAN'S LAND. LONDON. SMITH, ELDER & CO.

THESE lithographic sketches are designed with taste, and executed with the freedom of a practised hand. The number before us contains six views, four of which characterize the scenery of Van Dieman's land, and are remarkably *English* in appearance. The *Black Snake Inn* would find a parallel in many a picturesque bit of *home* landscape; and the view of *Hobar Town from Beaulieu Lodge*, might easily be mistaken for a glimpse of the Severn. *New Norfolk* is like a section of paradise, seemingly designed expressly for the snug retreat of a young couple during the period of the honey-moon. We commend these views not only as clever drawings, but as pleasing examples of picturesque landscape in that part of the world, the natural beauties of which they profess to exhibit.

PAULINE; A FRAGMENT OF A CONFESSION. LONDON. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY.

THIS little poem seems to have been suggested by the perusal of the wild and singularly fascinating work of the Peau de Chagrin of Balzac which we noticed in the last number of this publication. Those who are acquainted with the original, will alone be capable of estimating how far the poet falls short of the novelist in the wild sallies of exaggerated sentiment; to those who have not read that work, we fear the poet will seldom be intelligible. Such is the vehemence of his aspirations, that it is often difficult to understand him; and while we are endeavouring to discover the meaning of his enigmatical words, we cease to sympathize with his feelings, or to interest ourselves in the woes which he recounts. However, we admit the doctrine, that poets should be judged by their peers and so we leave the author to his chance of finding "fit audience, though few," among enthusiasts like himself, who may possibly understand and relish the beauty and harmony of passages like the following:—

My selfishness is satiated not.
It wears me like a flame. My hunger for
All pleasure, howsoe'er minute, is pain.
I envy, how I envy him whose mind
Turns with its energies to some one end!
To elevate a sect or a pursuit
However mean; so my still baffled hopes
Seek out abstractions;
* * * * * * * *
I grow mad
Well nigh to know, not one abode but holds
Some pleasure—for my soul could grasp them all,
But must remain with this vile form. I look
With hope to age at last, which quenching much,
May let me concentrate the sparks it spares.
This restlessness of passion meets in me
A craving after knowledge. The sole proof
Of a commanding will is in that power
Repressed—p. 42-3.

FAUST: A DRAMATIC POEM BY GOETHE. TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE. LONDON. MOXON.

The fame of this extraordinary production, "whereof all Europe rings from side to side," has led to several attempts in this country, to supply the English reader with some idea of the original. Hitherto, however, no one has been found capable of doing justice to the German; and with the exception of the exquisite translation of "The Mayday Night," by Shelley, and a few happy accidents in Lord Francis Gower's mutilated version, the task remains in all its original difficulty for some future and more fortunate translator.

In the meantime, the gentleman with whose laborious undertaking we have now to deal, has, we are bound to say, executed the task he proposed to himself most ably and satisfactorily. He bargained to supply us with a prose translation of Faust, and no man living could, perhaps, have done it better. We thank him; but we would rather have it "t'other way."

The truth is, our translator has been misled by "a remark made by Mr Charles Lamb," and by certain observations of Goëthe himself. Mr. Lamb it appears, has derived more pleasure from the meagre Latin versions of the Greek tragedians, than from any other versions he was acquainted with. It may be so—but what does this prove, after all? It only confirms us more strongly in what we knew before; that Mr, Lamb is a very original thinker.

Goëthe says, "I honour both rhythm and rhyme, by which poetry first becomes poetry: but the properly deep and radically operative—the truy developing and quickening, is that which remains of the poet, when he is translated into prose. The inward substance then remains in its purity and fullness; which, when it is absent, a dazzling exterior often deludes us with the semblance of, and, when it is present, conceals." Now, it is pretty clear to us, that this is not so much a vindication of prose translations of poetry, as an attack on poetry itself; and if it be not so, it is merely begging the question. For, although true enough it is, that "a dazzling exterior often deludes us with the semblance of a substance which is *not*;" and again, that it often "conceals (as in Shelley's poetry, for instance) a substance which *is*;" yet, that is just as strong a reason why the native poet should have composed in prose, as it is sound argument to prove that the foreign translator should not render his original in verse. The *difficulty* of rendering poetry into poetry is another question.

We maintain that the idea of giving us a literal prose translation of a foreign poem, with any other design than that of aiding us in our study of the language, or with the view of presenting us with a perfect picture of the original, is manifestly absurd. In the first place, an approximation to the form is not attempted; in the second, the words that constitute poetry are not, for the most part, employed literally. It is not even an imitation. To be literal is not to be just;—to be prosaic is not *the thing*. Poetry is not read in the letter, but in the spirit. For instance, what would a literal prose translation of the Apollo Belvedere be like?—It would not be a cast, for in that case the form is preserved. It must be, at best, a certain quantity of English marble of exactly the same weight as that of the statue "which enchants the world." In like manner, conceive a literal prose translation of a bottle of Champagne. Not a gooseberry is put into requisition. We are not to have the sparkling brilliancy, the colour, nay, not even the form in which that liquid paradise is conjured before us. We are to enjoy what Goëthe calls "the properly deep and radically operative." Accept, then, a quart of beer;—Whitbread's entire, or Barclay's double stout. How a man like the translator (no common man we are willing and proud to acknowledge) could have supposed that he was doing a service to literature by his translation, we are at a loss to conceive. His work is invaluable to the German student, we freely grant, but it is nothing more. This mistake on the part of our translator is the more remarkable, that he appears perfectly sensible of the vast merit of Mr. Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein," and is conscious that no small portion of its merit is attributable to the exquisite felicity of its versification and the harmony of its numbers. He must know better, perhaps, than we can inform him, that all great poets, to be properly understood and appreciated, demand the exercise of a corresponding power in these particulars, from the translator. It is true, that a great majority, even of the readers of poetry, are utterly insensible to these graces; and that for the gratification of their ears, the Night Thoughts are equally effective with the Paradise Lost; but this fact by no means lessens the obligation of the translator to fulfil the essential part of his duty towards those who really *feel*, as well as apprehend, poetry. We beseech him to imagine for a moment a literal prose translation into German, of Comus, Lycidas, or the Midsummer Night's Dream.

The present translator, in his preface, has called Lord Gower pretty strictly to account for the many errors, both of commission and omission, to be found in his translation, and it appears evident enough, that the noble lord was not, at the time he undertook his arduous task, sufficiently well acquainted with the German. It is also equally clear that the former is a perfect master of that language; and that a consciousness of superiority in this respect sometimes lends a tone to his strictures which we should have been well pleased not to have discovered. Upon the whole, however, it is

but fair to admit, that there is no predominating insolence of triumph in his remarks. On one point, however, if not disposed to justify Lord Gower, we are inclined to palliate his offence; we mean, for the omission of "The Prologue in Heaven." His lordship was, perhaps, rather too fastidious; but it is a fastidious age—we are a very fastidious people—more nice than wise; and Lord Gower thought that the introduction of the Almighty upon the stage in familiar chat with Memphistophiles, was rather too much of a bad thing. We think so too. We think that Goëthe should never have written The Prologue in Heaven.

The Quarterly Review conceives that the omission injures the integrity of the design. It may do so; but we contend that Goëthe might have conceived a perfect design without it. The reviewer further adds, that the effect of its introduction *must* have been abundantly considered by so learned an artist as Goëthe; but that is no reason why we *must* believe it to be proper. The arguments brought forward by the reviewer to prove that so strange a medley of elements as are huddled together in Faust (of which The Prologue is one) is calculated to heighten the effect of the work, we consider to be in the worst style of modern fudge.

A word or two before we conclude, concerning this boasted chef-d'œuvre of German genius. We are perfectly aware of, and sincerely rejoice in, the daily increasing attention that is paid to German literature, and we gratefully admit, that there is much—very much—that will bear out and justify the most enthusiastic admiration of the great men whom modern Germany has produced. But we know also that a tribe of young philosophers have marched up to Highgate for the purpose of communing with that "old man eloquent" resident there; and have trotted down again as precious a gang of self-satisfied mystics as ever provoked laughter or excited disgust. When a sect is formed, narrow-minded bigotry is in instant process of manufacture. A German sect is formed—the manufacture is extensive. To the shrine of this one man, Goëthe, many of the brightest ornaments of our literature have, by these persons, been constrained to bend the knee; and it has been even deemed expedient to depreciate many of his contemporary countrymen in order to appease the envy or to gratify the insatiate vanity of "The Master." Mr. Thomas Carlyle could tell us, if he pleased, wherefore Goëthe should have presumed to speak with contempt of such a man as Grillparzer; he may, at the same time, inform us why *he* has chosen to do so.

The play of "Faust," although, doubtless, a very extraordinary performance, is not remarkable, in our opinion, by reason of such merits as are popularly ascribed to it. We do not consider it a great work of art; on the contrary, we think, that in that very point it is especially defective. A series of detached scenes—some of great force and beauty, we admit—are put together, the intermediate circumstances that connect which, are very carefully, skilfully, and prudently avoided. For instance; after the desertion of Margaret by Faust, we hear nothing more of her, till we find her in prison, when we learn that she has murdered her child. Would the great Greek tragedians, the meagre Latin translations of whom, Mr. Lamb so much delights in,—would they have shrunk from the task of exhibiting Margaret under the influence of such feelings as may naturally be supposed to have impelled her to the commission of that act? We think not. Again, we think a great artist would have chosen to show us Faust from first to last, which Goëthe has not done. Marlowe did this, and so powerfully, that we do not wonder that Goëthe was fearful of provoking comparisons.

Goëthe also, is, in our opinion, much more indebted to Marlowe, than his translator is willing to acknowledge. The Evil Spirit that attends Margaret during the service in the Cathedral would never have been thought of by Goëthe, had he not remembered the bad angels in Marlowe's play.

AN OUTLINE OF A PLAN FOR A NEW CIRCULATING MEDIUM. LONDON. RIDGWAY.

THIS is a pamphlet in the shape of three letters, addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by an ingenious foreigner, who proposes a very novel and extensive change in the monetary system of the world. Premising that diamonds possess in a much higher degree than gold and silver the qualities of rarity, beauty, and indestructibility, he proposes that the various classes of these precious stones should be mounted in frames, and stamped according to their value, as assayed by a board of jewellers. Thus, it is maintained, that an immense increase of money may be obtained from the stock of diamonds, which now form a dormant portion of the capital of the nation; and for the higher transactions of commerce, the introduction of a medium containing large value in a small compass, would probably supersede the use of bullion and gold coin, the transmission of which is attended with a great expense. Our principal objection to the scheme we take from the account of a well informed writer in a recent number of this magazine, who informs us that an opinion prevails amongst the geologists of Brazil, that diamonds exist in the mountains of that country in such profusion, and will be discovered in such quantities, as to render them valueless at a future day. It is apparent, therefore, that should natural causes tend to the depreciation of the value of diamonds, this insecurity would be a strong bar to their extensive introduction.

Assuredly there is no sound reason why so slavish an adherence to gold and silver coin should be practised by mankind. The measure of value may equally consist of any other portable and durable substance whatsoever, and in the rapid decline of the produce of the gold mines of South America in recent years, and the consequent deficiency of money and general stagnation of trade, we think it probable that the introduction of a new material may have most beneficial consequences upon the commerce of the world. At the Russian mint considerable quantities of coin have recently been formed from *platina*, the new metal, which has hitherto preserved an exact medium between the value of gold and silver; and from the great quantities of the substance which are supposed to exist in the Ural Mountains, the government of Russia is said to anticipate most beneficial consequences to the commerce of the empire. Diamond money, in like manner we should suppose, would be most advantageously introduced by the governments of Brazil or Portugal, countries which abound in diamonds, and of which the bulk of the national wealth is usually supposed to exist.

The pamphlet contains much curious information upon the varieties and comparative value of precious stones; and to all who are observers of the modern revolutions in the science of political economy, we recommend a consideration of this very original, and at a future day perhaps most valuable project.

EXCURSION TO ANTWERP DURING THE SIEGE. BY CAPTAIN THE HONOURABLE C. S. W. LONDON. MURRAY.

IN this little work the gallant and honourable Captain sets out by narrating how "circumstances of private concern alone" delayed his departure till the 10th of December. At two o'clock of the 11th, he "finds himself" in the harbour of Calais, and strange to say, on approaching the town of Enghien, the wind blowing fresh from Antwerp, his ears are first saluted by the sound of cannon; and then occurs to him the "exciting thought that he is soon to be on the spot from whence the thunders come." We are next told, that "the effect of cannon at a distance is truly magnificent." We have ourselves smelt powder, and can practically affirm that cannon only produce magnifi-

cent effects when near. On one occasion, his postillion, to the astonishment no doubt of the gallant captain, was "equally excited with himself, when he desired him to stop the carriage and to listen." We recollect having seen a young gentleman who belonged to the 51st, pinch the arm of an Arab to ascertain if he could feel.

The author proceeds through Brussels to Antwerp, and is "kindly admitted" one of a party of "BRITISH AMATEURS," who were located in the Hotel du Grand Laboureur, where they "dined together every day, had a sitting-room appropriated to their own use, separate bed rooms under the same roof, and were not *much* exposed to the usual hardships and privations occasioned by a state of siege."

A narrative of the events of the siege that preceded the arrival of the author is here introduced, and there is considerable improvement both in the matter and manner, owing to its coming from another source, it having been supplied by an officer of engineers who had been present from the commencement. The gallant captain takes up the subject where his amusing and intelligent friend leaves it. During a visit to the trenches, he tells us he gained the privilege of considering himself *baptised*, some dust having been blown into his face by the explosion of a shell which had the audacity to fall within twenty or thirty yards of him. Baron Chassé ought to have been tried by court martial, and broke for daring to permit a bomb to go and explode within twenty or thirty yards of a British Amateur. He meets with a suttler. "As it was necessary to go through the form of tasting a glass of gin from a *vivandière*, I immediately demanded the usual portion, and drank it off, wishing her health and safety; she smiled, and was grateful when I presented her with a couple of franks for that, which from a *common soldier* would probably have brought her about as many sous." Thrice happy vivandière, to sell your gin, and gratitude, and smiles, at such a rate!

Again:—"The soldiers pressed us much to take off our caps, as we were looking through the holes, fearing that if the enemy saw us, they would immediately commence a fire in that direction. We gave them some money, and they seemed highly delighted, calling us, '*des braves gens.*'" The honourable Captain has omitted to tell us how much he paid for his share of this tickling appellative.

"*December 24th.*—This promised to be a most extraordinary day, and I remained in bed no later than eight o'clock. On entering the room, our party were all at breakfast, and eagerly waiting for intelligence of what was to happen. Nobody could give us any decided information, but conjectures of all sorts were spread abroad." How very grievous!—to get up in the middle of the night, and then hear nothing but "conjectures of all sorts."

The volume is again redeemed by some very sensible and dispassionate remarks on the merits of the defence. It is embellished by three small lithographic sketches, of the most interesting points, accompanied by a plan of the citadel and operations of the siege. On the whole, we cannot do better than recommend the work to the perusal of all who are curious on the subject, leaving them to separate, which they will easily do, the grain from the chaff.

SKETCHES IN GREECE AND TURKEY. LONDON. RIDGWAY.

WE really feel indebted to the author of these sketches—not more for the entertainment his work has afforded us, than for his having carefully excluded from it, such technical details of temples and amphitheatres, as form the bulk of the books of modern travellers who have visited Greece, and render them unfit for any place, save a shelf in an architectural library. He has gone about not to measure the shaft of a column, but to get an insight into the character of a singular, and hitherto much misrepresented people;

and, although we cannot venture to assert that his conclusions are invariably just, yet we have no doubt they are such as the data with which he was furnished must necessarily lead to. For instance, we cannot agree with him when he speaks with high praise of the courage of Prince Mavrocordato, whom we happen to have seen under circumstances that were well adapted for the display of that quality. Neither are we disposed to enrol the name of Demetrius Ipsilanti with those of Themistocles, Miltiades, and Thrasybulus, although willing to accord him all the credit which is due to a brave but very weak-minded man. When our author tells us, that John Capo d'istrias was an illustrious, but mistaken man, ardently devoted to his country, we are almost disposed to set to, and prove him to have been a designing unscrupulous villain, and a tool in the hands of the Russian autocrat; but as we are satisfied, that the author writes from conviction, we are inclined to believe that a longer and more intimate acquaintance with the men and their acts, would have led him to opinions, wide as the poles from those he now expresses. His relation of the execution of poor George Mavromichaelis, with whom we were well acquainted, and whom accumulated injuries had driven to the deed for which he suffered, is touching in the extreme. We conclude by cordially recommending the work to all those who do not object to pay nine shillings and sixpence for two hours' reading.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY. No. XL. LONDON. VALPY.

THE fortieth volume of Valpy's Classical Library, contains a biographical sketch of Ovid, with a good portrait, and nine books of his Metamorphoses, translated by Dryden, Addison, and others. In the forthcoming number, the works of Publius Ovidius Naso will be completed.

POOR LAWS FOR IRELAND. BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY MARTIN. LONDON, PARBURY, ALLEN, AND CO.

THE cheapest and most permanent remedy for the unhappy condition of society in the Sister Kingdom, would be a compulsory provision for the poor. Not humanity and justice alone, but policy and economy now require a system of taxation, which, abstracting from the wealth of absentee proprietors, shall render the cottage of the peasant secure from the murderous visitation of his fellow-peasant. It is no longer to be borne, that while the landowners revel in princely revenues, the starving population of their estates are thrown for support, in periods of distress, upon the manufacturers and farmers of England. These views are very ably supported by the author of the pamphlet before us. The facts, opinions, and calculations which he adduces, are well worthy of the serious attention of all those who are now occupied with this important subject.

A SERIES OF VIEWS IN INDIA. PART II. BY CAPT. J. LUARD. LONDON. J. DICKINSON.

THIS work does great credit to the taste and skill of Capt. Luard. It is seldom that drawings on stone are produced with so much sweetness of half-tint as these display. *The Indian Armour* is particularly beautiful. In the absence of more forcible effect, we fully appreciate the pains bestowed upon all the subjects. In the view of the fort, *Selim Gurh*, an appearance of great extent and height of building is produced; though, as a composition, the deficiency of varied lines renders it naked and uninteresting. The gateway at *Lucknow* might have been much more effective to the eye, and pleasing to the fancy, were the details less obtrusively marked, and a more picturesque disposition of the chiaro-scuro substituted for the present meagre relief.

LITURGIA BRITANNICA TUTAMEN: AN ESSAY TOWARD A REVISION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, HUMBLY PRESENTED TO THE UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND. LONDON. HATCHARD AND SON.

WE doubt whether this is altogether an efficient substitute for the Book of Common Prayer, though it is, in some respects, an improvement upon it. The introduction of appropriate anthems on particular days; the choice of certain psalms, instead of leaving them to be determined by the day of the month; and the alterations in the Gospels and Epistles, and the lessons of the Sabbath, we think all highly judicious. The addition to the preliminary sentences at Morning and Evening Prayers, seems to us unnecessary, and we equally disapprove of the compression of the litany, and the incorporation of the communion into the early part of the service. There is a sublimity about the litany, which is ruined by abbreviation, and the ten commandments would lose much of their impressiveness if no longer separately responded to, nor delivered from the altar-table. The book, however, deserves the attention of authority, for the order of prayer is capable of much improvement. What an era in Christianity, and politics too, if Protestant, Dissenter, Methodist, and Presbyterian could meet, and under the direction of "The defender of the Faith," concoct such a form of worship as all might unite in!

THE BRITISH JEW TO HIS FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.

AT this period, the genius of universal emancipation would appear to have descended to the earth; the Hindoo and the Negro are casting off their chains, and the Children of Israel are about to enter into the ark of the covenant. The rapid improvement in public sentiment, and the flight of prejudice from these islands, has, indeed, in recent years formed a most gratifying spectacle to the friends of liberty, justice, and Christian benevolence. The pamphlet before us contains the usual arguments in favour of Jewish emancipation, which, it is to be hoped, will speedily be accomplished.

PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKSPEARE. VOL. VI. EDITED BY A. J. VALPY, M.A. LONDON. VALPY.

THIS work, of which a sixth volume is under our notice, seems to go on swimmingly; it gratifies us to hear that Mr. Valpy's speculation will be eminently successful. The present volume, which is heralded by the Peans of the London and Country Press, contains Macbeth, King John, and Richard the Second, with the usual profusion of outline engravings.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE. VOL. IV. THE STOLEN CHILD. BY JOHN GALT. LONDON. SMITH AND ELDER.

THE enterprising publishers and talented Editor of this "Library" seem to be resolved on deserving, as well as achieving success. Four volumes only have been published, and three of these are impressed with the honoured names of Banim, Ritchie, and Galt—men universally ranked among the *élite* of modern novelists. The volume before us is in many respects highly creditable to its author. Dr. Wycombe, Pearl, and Mrs. Servit—Audley, Lord Byborough, and the two ladies, are characters conceived and made out in his best style. There are some masterly touches in Jasper and his putative father: but Villiers we vote a bore; Troven excites no personal interest; and Mrs. Halden is an impertinence. Some objections may be raised against the conduct of the story, towards the close; but a large portion—particularly all the early part—is managed with consummate skill. Many of the scenes are timid, and leave the reader just where he was; but more of them are vigorous, highly-wrought, and bear the plot onward

" buoyantly, triumphantly." In one point the author cruelly disappoints us: in a moment of reckless profusion—conscious of his mental affluence,—he gratuitously throws in a character (Mr. Ezra Pearl), which, after having been *treated* for a short period by his powerful hand, gleams forth a perfect gem: but just as we begin to be conscious of its value, with the waywardness of genius, he withdraws it from our further contemplation. Let him in charity write another novel for Smith and Elder, and let its title and subject be "Ezra Pearl, the Attorney!" The "passages" of his life, given in the present volume, convince us that his "Rise and Fall," by John Galt, would be one of the most fascinating works of modern times.

THE PURITAN'S GRAVE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE USURER'S DAUGHTER." 3 VOLS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY. LONDON. 1833.

IN the present dearth of good sterling novels, we hail with pleasure the appearance of "The Puritan's Grave." Here is no pandering to the vicious tastes of fashion, no six-page descriptions of a coxcomb's accomplishments, or a coquette's attractions; man is dealt with as the offspring of his Creator, not as the creature of a drawing-room. The mind of youth will not be vitiated by the perusal of this book; on the contrary, it will be refined, exalted, and enlightened. The story is simple, and may be briefly told. A Puritan, deprived of his pastorship, in consequence of his non-conformity, on the restoration of Charles II., suffers various hardships and temptations, which are at length happily terminated. He has two daughters, Mary and Anne Faithful; the latter of whom falls in love with Henry St. John, a cavalier, whom she ultimately marries, after being assured that he is neither a libertine nor an assassin, which circumstances had induced her father for a while to suppose him. Before the union takes place, however, she has, in the supposition that her lover has become the husband of another, and out of an imperious sense of duty and gratitude, consented to accept the hand of her father's benefactor, a merchant of a certain age; but who, discovering the object of her former affection, not only gives her to St. John, but makes the latter his heir. There is a blustering drunken cavalier, Sir Thomas Merrivale, and his daughter Adelaide, together with a sort of half-fool half-knave nondescript called Peter Longstaff, who make up the rest of the *personæ:* all are very characteristically described. Those who peruse the whole, will find themselves amply rewarded. The style, allowing for a few intentional peculiarities, is as simple and graceful as the end of the author is noble and sublime; he attributes all good to its Omnipotent giver, but whilst he admonishes, he neither sneers at, nor despises man, for his pursuit of evil.

A LETTER TO THE KING, ON A SOUND AND CONSTITUTIONAL CHURCH REFORM. BY SAMUEL PERRY, MASTER OF SHENFIELD ACADEMY. LONDON. HATCHARD AND SON.

THIS is one of the thousand-and-one inane and pompous pamphlets on the question of the Church, which, at the present time, are issuing from the press, for the benefit of the trunkmaker. We give, in the following extract, the substance of the farthing reform, proposed by the schoolmaster of Shenfield. "By abolishing pluralities and non-residence altogether—to make it imperative, by law, on all beneficed clergymen, to take their divinity degree, and to give a divinity statute to Oxford and Dublin, similar to that at Cambridge University, appear to me all the enactments really necessary to secure a sound academical and church reformation."

This schoolmaster has not been abroad very recently, we fear; and little understands the tendency of public sentiment upon the mighty subject which he has presumed to handle. He may be typified by a goose grasping Jove's thunderbolt.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. VOL. XLVII. CADELL, EDINBURGH: AND WHITTAKER AND CO., LONDON.

In this volume, we have the conclusion of Count Robert of Paris, and the commencement of Castle Dangerous. It is illustrated with a frontispiece, by C. Stanfield and Sangster, and a vignette by Frazer and Fox. This cheap and splendid work is now on the eve of completion; it will, doubtless, be ranged in our libraries only one shelf below the productions of Shakspeare Milton and Bacon.

HISTORICAL TALES OF ILLUSTRIOUS BRITISH CHILDREN. BY AGNES STRICKLAND. LONDON. N. HAILES.

This is such "a good little volume," that, having given the presentation copy to our son, we have been induced to purchase another for our daughter. After this confession, all praise would be supererogatory. No compliment can be paid to a work, equal to the sterling compliment of cash. Miss Strickland, in addition to the interest and pure morality of her sketches, "conveys, in a pleasing form, useful and entertaining information, illustrative of the manners, customs and costume of the era connected with the events of every story;" and judiciously adds an historical summary to each, which elucidates the narrative, and corrects any transgressions as to matters of fact which may have been committed with a view to increase the interest or preserve the tone of the tale. The work contains seven stories, elucidating a large portion of English history; to all of which, considering the purpose for which they have been written, we give our unqualified approbation.

The frontispiece, by Parris, is one of the most audacious offences against taste, composition, drawing, and the female figure, we have ever beheld. The designer has found a very congenial engraver, E. Chavane:—*Arcades ambo!*

WORKS OF LORD BYRON. VOL. XVI. LONDON. MURRAY.

This volume, which in beauty of getting up is upon a par with its predecessors, contains the fourth and fifth cantos of Don Juan, written at Ravenna, in 1821; and the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, written at Pisa, in 1822 and 1823, with many highly interesting *variorum* readings from the original M.S. and a singular confutation of several of Lord Bacon's Historical Apothegms, by the "Moody Childe." The subject of the frontispiece is Cologne, drawn by Turner, and engraved by E. Findler; and that of the Vignette, is a view of St. Sophia, Constantinople, by the same artists.

FAMILY LIBRARY. NO. XXXVII. LIVES OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES. VOL. III. LONDON. MURRAY.

The thirty-seventh number of the Family Library contains, besides an interesting memoir and portrait of the celebrated James the First of Scotland: satisfactory sketches of the lives of Henrysoun, Dunbar, Gavin Douglas and Sir David Lindsay, with copious, but by no means impertinent quotations from their works, and a very pleasant chapter of antiquarian illustrations.

This is one of the "Libraries," now publishing, to which we purpose allotting a place, most easy of reference, on the shelves of our *sanctum*.

THREE MONTHS IN JAMAICA, IN 1832: COMPRISING A RESIDENCE OF SEVEN WEEKS ON A SUGAR PLANTATION. BY HENRY WHITELEY. LONDON. HATCHARD AND SON.

We have read this pamphlet with deep but painful interest. It is remarkably well written; and the author has prudently left the facts detailed to work their own effect without the aid of comment. It appears that he arrived in Jamaica in September, 1832; having been sent out by a respectable West India house, in which one of his relatives was a partner, with a recommendation for employment to the resident attorney of the firm, either as clerk in a store, or as book-keeper upon a plantation. He had previously been a member of the central committee at Leeds on the Factory System, and he landed in Jamaica with the full impression that "the condition of the Negro slave was much preferable to that of the factory child."

On the day of his arrival, he dined with several colonists, among whom was Mr. Hamilton Brown, representative of the parish of St. Ann, in the Colonial Assembly. "Some reference," says Mr. Whiteley, "having been made to the new order in council, I was rather startled when that gentleman swore by his Maker that that order should never be adopted in Jamaica, nor would the planters, he said, permit the interference of the Home government with their slaves in any shape." This, be it observed, occurred in September last.

The next day he proceeded to the estate of the firm which had sent him out. He was received with great hospitality by the overseer, who, after he had enlarged a little on the comfortable condition of the slaves, ordered a conch shell to be blown, the sound of which brought up four drivers with six working negroes. Five of the latter were successively stripped, laid down, and flogged with the cart-whip. When they had received thirty-nine lashes each, bleeding and lacerated, they were ordered off to their usual occupation. The offence of one, was having suffered a mule to go astray, and that of the others, "some deficiency in the task prescribed to them." Two of the sufferers were girls of eighteen or nineteen. At the conclusion of this scene, the overseer, who had been a looker-on, "with as much seeming indifference as though he had been paying them their wages," asked his visitor to walk in and take some rum and water!

During the seven weeks he resided on the estate, besides constant punishments in the field, which, on the whole are more dreadful than regular "breaking down" for the whip, Mr. Whiteley witnessed no less than twenty floggings: of some of these the following are memoranda. A slave employed in the boiling house, received thirty-nine lashes, "to *spite* a book-keeper under whose charge this slave was at the time, and with whom the overseer had a difference, and as he could not flog the book-keeper he flogged the slave." Two young females, pimento pickers, were "uncovered in the most brutal and indecent manner," and flogged to the full extent allowed by law (thirty-nine lashes each) because "the baskets of the two poor girls were pronounced deficient." Of the first, Mr. W. says, "every stroke upon her flesh gave a loud crack, and the wretched creature at the same time called out in agony, 'Lord! Lord! Lord!' 'That,' said the overseer, turning to me, with a chuckling laugh, 'that is the best cracking, by G—d!'"

Two other girls had *the full complement of lashes*, by order of the overseer, on being "accused of having been idle that morning." *They were from ten to thirteen years old.* A married woman, the mother of several children, having been charged with stealing a fowl, (a few feathers, said to have been found in her hut were exhibited as evidence of her guilt,) was subjected to the punishment of the whip, (which, says Mr. W., "is about ten feet long, with a short stout handle, and is an instrument of terrible power; it is whirled by the operator round his head, and then brought down with a rapid motion of the arm upon the recumbent victim, causing the blood to spring at every stroke.")—"The punishment inflicted on this poor creature was

inhumanly severe. She was a woman somewhat plump in her person, and the whip being wielded with great vigour, every stroke cut deep into the flesh. She writhed and twisted her body violently under the infliction—moaning loudly, but uttering no exclamation in words, except * * * * appearing to suffer, from matronly modesty, even more acutely on account of her indecent exposure than the cruel laceration of her body. But the overseer only noticed her appeal by a brutal reply (too gross to be repeated), and the flogging continued. Disgusted as I was, I witnessed the whole to a close. I numbered the lashes, stroke by stroke, and counted *fifty*,—thus exceeding by eleven the number allowed by the Colonial law to be inflicted at the arbitrary will of the master or manager. This was the only occasion on which I saw the legal number of thirty-nine lashes exceeded, but I never knew the overseer or head book-keeper give less than thirty-nine. This poor victim was shockingly lacerated. When permitted to rise, she again shrieked violently. The overseer swore roughly, and threatened, if she was not quiet, to put her down again. He then ordered her to be taken to the hot-house or hospital, and put in the stocks. She was to be confined in the stocks for several nights, while she worked in the yard during the day at light work. She was too severely mangled to be able to go to the field for some days."

The author inquired of Mr. Burrows, the head book-keeper, if he could point out a working negro, among the 277 on the estate, male or female, who had not been flogged with the cart-whip. After a little reflection he replied in the negative.

With a gentleman named Drake, superintendent of a workhouse gang of convict slaves, he had the honour of dining at the overseer's house. "After dinner," says Mr. W., "while he and I were standing at the door, he proceeded to abuse the friends of negro emancipation in England in very violent terms, and added, 'that if ever I uttered a word unfriendly to them (the slave holders), he would have great pleasure in cutting my head off.' Then, extending his arm, and pointing to his miserable gang, who were at work, full in view, at no great distance, he uttered a tremendous oath, and said—'Oh! if I had but Buxton and Lushington chained by the necks in yonder gang, I would *cure* them—that would I, by G—! We would be all right,' he added, 'if these devils would but let us alone.'"

The open and avowed licentiousness of the plantation whites disgusted him almost as much as the cruelty of the system. At New Ground the overseer, book-keepers, and head carpenter, all lived in the habitual practice of gross and unblushing profligacy. One of the book-keepers voluntarily told him that he had twelve 'negro wives' within six months. He saw another of the whites on this estate give his 'housekeeper' (concubine), a cruel beating with a supplejack while she was in a state of pregnancy, and for a very trifling fault. For refusing to degrade himself by complying with "the custom of the country," as it was lightly termed, in this point, he was looked upon, as he soon perceived, with mingled contempt and suspicion by the plantation whites generally; and no sooner was the fact of his having occasionally officiated as a Wesleyan local preacher in England discovered, than a deputation, consisting of a Mr. Dicken and a Mr. Brown, from the Colonial *Church* Union of St. Ann's, waited upon him, with the gratifying information that they had a barrel of tar ready to tar and feather him, "as he well desrved, and that they would do so, by G—d."

Shortly after—the author having been seen conversing with Mr. Watkis, a Wesleyan—orders arrived from the attorney of the estate to enforce his immediate departure. He accordingly sailed from Jamaica on the 8th of December fully convinced, from what he had seen during a residence of seven weeks on a sugar plantation, that the case of the colonial slave is even worse, infinitely worse, than that of the factory child.

To this temperate and well-timed pamphlet, from which, on account of its

affording the most recent view of slavery and society in the West Indies, our extracts have been unusually copious, are appended some certificates of the author's character, for the purpose of giving weight to his statements. One of these certificates, in which he is declared to be "a highly respectable young man, of unimpeachable integrity," is signed by several inhabitants of his native place, Heckmondwicke; all of whom are described in the testimonials appended, from the Incumbent and Curate of the adjacent church, as being highly worthy of credit.

OBSERVATIONS ON IMPEDIMENTS IN SPEECH. BY RICHARD CULL. LONDON. RENSHAW AND RUSH.

This publication, pompously addressed to T. J. Pettigrew, Esq. F. R. S. F. S. A. F. L. S., &c. &c., is for the most part an impudent and barefaced compilation from the "Observations on Impediments in Speech," recently published by Mr. Poett, and "The Art of improving the Voice and Ear." From among the pilfered passages which we detect in every page, the following are hasty selections.

"At the root of the tongue lies a small bone, which, from its resemblance to the Greek υ (u-psilon), is called the hyoid or u-like bone: to this bone is attached a long cartilaginous tube, which extends to the lungs, forming a channel for the conveyance of the air to and from the lungs, constituting breathing."—Cull, p. 5.

"At the root of the tongue lies a small crescent-shaped bone, or rather somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe, which, from its resemblance to the Greek letter υ, is called the hy-oid or u-like bone. From this bone the tube of the windpipe takes its rise, and proceeds downwards to the lungs.—Art of Improving, &c. p. 9.

"Various have been the remedies suggested for its cure. Some have proposed speaking in a singing tone; others with the teeth closed."—Cull, p. 25.

"Some of the proposals I have alluded to, were to speak with the teeth closed; others in a whisper; others in a half-singing tone."—Poett, p. 38.

"The interior of the larynx is lined by a very sensible vascular and mucous membrane, which is a continuation of the membrane of the mouth."—Cull, p. 6.

"The larynx is lined internally with a very sensible vascular and mucous membrane, which is a continution of the membrane of the mouth."—Art of Improving, &c. p. 12.

"A predisposing cause of stammering may exist in a general nervous debility, to which may be added, perhaps its most fertile source, the unchecked manifestation of the imitative faculty."—Cull, p. 18.

"A predisposing cause of the disease exists in numerous individuals; namely, a debility of their nervous energy:—but imitation, in eighty cases out of a hundred, is positively the exciting cause."—Poett, p. 29.

We had marked several other parallel passages, but, doubtless, those above given will be sufficient to enable the reader to form a proper estimation of the merits of Mr. Cull!

ANTI-SLAVERY REPORTER FOR FEBRUARY, 1833.

The February number of this periodical contains a most interesting digest of the evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Lords, in the recent Session of Parliament. This committee would appear to have consisted of a very decided majority of Peers interested in colonial property; and the final report is, accordingly, vague, undecided, and unmeaning. The first witness examined, was the Duke of Manchester, who professed himself favourable to a continuation of the present system; though, after having held, for a period of eighteen years, the valuable office of Governor of Jamaica, he now admits to the committee his ignorance of the most marked

events of his own administration, and without any reason for the faith which is in him, assures their lordships that the treatment of the slaves is excellent, their clothing and food abundant, and their dwellings a perfect paradise. Another witness in favour of slavery, is the Rev. J. Curtin, a Protestant clergyman of the island of Antigua, now the owner of nineteen slaves:—this worthy minister of the gospel sees nothing whatever but perfection in the present system; the negroes being a contented race of people, and the planters the finest gentlemen in existence—profuse of turtle and champaigne! Upon the opposite side of the question appears the Hon. Admiral Fleming, who having witnessed and examined the operation of the system in Jamaica, Cuba, Mexico, and other parts of the world, condemns the continuance of slavery, as contrary to the true interests of the planters themselves, and destructive to all hopes of prosperity in our colonial dominions. The Hon. Admiral treats with ridicule the absurd idea, that emancipation would place life and property in peril: from his own observations in Mexico, he is convinced that free labour would extend and improve the cultivation of the soil. The Reverend J. Knibb, an intelligent missionary of the Methodist persuasion, gave evidence of the most harrowing description, of the treatment of the slaves, and of the general brutalization of the manners and morals of both blacks and whites under this most dreadful system. A Mr. Edmund Sharp thinks, that "switches *which draw blood but do not leave marks*," might be substituted for the whip. The Reverend John Barry is of opinion, that the slave population decreases from causes connected with slavery: one of these, he believes to be excessive punishment, which is sometimes so severe as to occasion death. He detailed several cases of oppression, arising out of the power possessed by masters and overseers to oblige female slaves to submit to their desires. Once, when travelling, he was arrested by the shrieks of a woman, who was undergoing punishment with the cat. She was raised from the ground, on which she had been extended, on his coming up, and sent to her work, but she was unable to stand upright, so severely had she been punished. An old lady in Spanish Town, on being requested to allow one of her slaves to meet in religious society, replied, "I certainly cannot allow her to pray; she is young, and I must keep her to breed." William Taylor, Esq. states, that he has known eighteen lashes (inflicted on a young girl) cause a degree of suffering that was dreadful, and called for notice; but the law having allowed thirty-nine, the parties who sought redress were completely baffled. The overseer set them all at defiance, by simply pointing to the statute; the spirit of which, by-the-bye, is evaded by a subsequent switching, as it will appear from the following statement of the Reverend Peter Duncan.

"A Negro was laid down to be flogged almost under my window, when I resided at Morant Bay—at least at no great distance. His master went to the workhouse; he came back with the supervisor, and four workhouse Negroes came along with the master and supervisor; two of them had whips. The Negro man was laid down; two of the Negroes held him down, one at the feet, and the other by the hands; and the Negroes who had the whips went one to each side of the man thus laid down and stripped. I counted either thirty-nine or forty lashes; that was with a cart whip—I mean what is called a cart whip." This was in 1821. "The Negro man received thirty-nine or forty lashes with the whip. I observed that they still kept him down, while the two men, the Negroes who had been flogging him, went some little distance, and came back with tamarind switches—they are hard and flexible almost as wire—and then they began upon him again, to flog him with those tamarind switches. I did not count the strokes they gave with the switches; but to the best of my knowledge they were as many as had been given before. I observed, when the former lashes were inflicted, the slave never uttered any thing more than a deep groan; but, when he came to be flogged with the tamarind switches, he shrieked most dismally.

His flesh was first lacerated with the whip, and then those small switches gave him great pain. I would observe this is a very common course in Jamaica; after they have received thirty-nine or forty lashes with the whip, then to use the tamarind switches: the common expression is, *'beating out the bruised blood.'* "

On being asked if he had ever known an instance of *a hole being dug to enable the driver to place a Negro woman that was pregnant in the hole to flog her?*—Mr. Taylor replied, "Yes; I was told that by the head driver of Papine: in one instance he had himself inflicted the punishment. The woman was pregnant, and he told his story very clearly. There was an excavation made, and she was placed in it, and he flogged her with a whip, and afterwards, Mr. Taylor thought, with the ebony switch. After giving them the thirty-nine, they switch them."

The Reverend Peter Duncan says, "In the year 1823 I knew of a slave driver having to flog his mother. In the year 1827 or 1828 I knew of a married Negress having been flogged in the presence of her fellow slaves, and I believe her husband too. I asked her what had kept her from the chapel. She said, she had been severely flogged; she looked very ill; she was scarcely able to walk. I said, 'What have you done?' She said she had done nothing, but her overseer had wished her to come and sleep with him. She said, 'No, Massa; I am a married woman, and I was married in the Church of England on the Parade at Kingston, and I cannot do any thing of the kind.' Other Negroes told me that they were present at a part of this conversation, and saw Ann flogged, avowedly for that reason, and among the rest her husband; she was very severely flogged; I was told she got about fifty lashes, and was then put into the stocks. *After she had remained in the stocks two or three days,* the overseer asked her whether she would come and sleep with him yet. She said, 'No; she was ready to do her master's duty, but could not do any thing of that sort.' He brought three or four others, and pointed her out by way of scorn, and said, 'This is a holy woman—this is a married woman; she cannot come and sleep with me because she is a Methodist, and has been married in the Church of England.' There were a considerable number of Negroes with her at the time I saw her, who were witnesses to the whole or part of these facts. Though I do not at present recollect any other such flagrant instance of cruelty as that, it was no uncommon thing to me to hear that the young female slaves had been flogged because they would not comply with those wishes of their overseers."

These are a few of the blessings of that system under which the black population of the West Indies is said to live cheerfully and contented!—We attach no importance whatever to the statements of dukes and lords on the subject: they appear to us quite as impertinent as the declarations of some of the same gang respecting distress in the provinces. A fellow may well assert that he has seen no squalid poverty in a district, which he has passed through, lolling back in his luxurious travelling chariot, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Such worthies will never believe that want exists until their wheels are impeded by human beings dying of hunger *en masse* on the highway.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The weather seems, at length, to exhibit some symptoms favourable to change into a more mild and vernal temperature. Every circumstance relative to the health of men and animals, and the safety and well-doing of the earth's products, renders this most desirable. A continuance of the late atmospheric course into a more advanced season, would assuredly be attended with most disastrous effects on all hands. Though our recollections on the subject extend as far back as those of most men, we find ourselves unable to adduce any period, in which insalubrious East and North winds prevailed to

T at length and extent to which we have been subjected to them of late years. t he consequence has been *influenza*, or epidemic catarrh. In the mean time, a speculation has been current, that the disease has been derived by the mode of infection from distant Eastern parts of the Continent, or the Lord knows whither, as though we had not the seeds thoroughly and universally sown in our own air and soil; and that a like state of the atmosphere, never does, nor ever can fail to produce, periodically, similar effects. The metropolis seems to have suffered particularly; and such has been the hospital and private demand for mutton broth, that scrags have advanced forty per cent., and the supply being inadequate to the demand, some of the venders began to wish for a breed of sheep *all scrag!*—as we remember that eminent improver, Bakewell, once gave us hopes, at a dinner, of his ultimately being able to construct and manufacture a breed, containing nothing but fat and bones. We, however, always preferred the savoury, rich, and juicy "Old Lincoln" mutton of Bakewell's competitor, to his greasy and flavourless New Leicester.

The extreme mildness of the weather in January, subsequent rains, and absence of frost, seemed to indicate but too clearly the cold and ungenial spring which has succeeded, under which we are doing our utmost to get the various seeds into the ground with all possible expedition, in order to make the best of a late and bad season; comforting ourselves with the reflection, that all productions, fruits especially, being backward, they will receive comparatively no injury to that which must have befallen them in a state of seasonable forwardness and luxuriance; and should a genial and enduring season succeed, their advance will be equally remarkable with their former backwardness. It is not possible, however, to flatter ourselves on the state of the tilth for those heavy and backward soils into which the seed was obliged to be hurried, however imperfect their state of tilth. On many soils of this description, the routine of pulse, beans, and peas, has been entirely omitted, and oats substituted; as well on account of the time required for drilling pulse, which could not be spared at such a crisis, as the miserable hand which must inevitably have been made of the drill on lands in so rough a state. Beyond this even, we have actually witnessed, of late, both beans and peas sown broad-cast, upon lands and in a part of the country where we little expected the revival of that old-fashioned and disadvantageous practice. Some drilling of white corn also will be abandoned this year, for the above reason, unfortunately, were it only for the name of the thing, since, to declare the truth, though in opposition to imperial and imperious custom, our fashionable drilling intervals are so niggardly narrow, that it is impossible, through such, to be able to preserve the land clear from weeds, that pest and foul disgrace of British husbandry. Our late or spring-winter has been so far impartial, that even on the dryest and earliest tilled lands, we observe no very precocious or luxuriant growths of any kind; these last must nevertheless take the lead at blooming time and harvest.

It is natural for us to flatter ourselves in this variable climate of ours, that changes for the better must have their turn; yet the constant partiality of the wind for the N. Eastern quarter of the compass, is perpetually putting an end to our hopes. A showery April is not precisely the kind of weather of which the greater part of our lands stood in need, after the deluges which winter and early spring had produced. The wheats universally are in want of dry weather; although upon the soundest and best soils they are said to look healthy, if not forward or luxuriant. On heavy, cold, and ill-toiled soils, and on bleak uplands, they appear thin, discoloured and yellow, affording very uncertain promise of either abundance or fine quality. Six or seven weeks hence, we shall have somewhat of a clearer and more certain prospect. Of the Lent corn, as a young growth, there is literally nothing to be said, since the small portion which was got in early, has been without the advantage of a genial season to bring it forward. The winter tares and clovers are said to look full as well as was expected in the case of a cold and backward spring;

but we do not yet boast of those thick fleeces of grass which our cattle enjoyed abroad on the commencement of the year; and dependent on the season to come, the great stocks of fodder may yet be shortly in request. The turnip soils cleared early, worked remarkably well; but where those roots were left to sprout and run, the case in those parts where no sheep could be got to eat them, the roots were a great nuisance upon the land.

Wheat has long been the great article of production in this country, engrossing the attention of our farmers to the exclusion of a number of articles, formerly cultivated, but now scarcely heard of. It begins to be pretty generally said, that oats and beans are no longer worth growing; and remarked, that however scarce fine barley fit for malting may be, it is scarcely moveable at market, and becoming progressively cheaper. As a clincher for this, the story is, that since the repeal of the beer tax, less malt and more adulterations have been the order of the day with the brewers. No doubt these important public functionaries rightly judge, that their patrons the public cannot have too much of a good thing; and more especially of their great favourite, the very hobby-horse of their relish, adulterated, drugged, sweetened, acidulated, and spiced beer. Such has been the fastidious taste of the discerning people of England, during upwards of a century past, as may be seen through undeniable proof, in the pages of a celebrated treatise on poultry and brewing. We have nothing yet for repetition on the subject of the young crop of hops, nor does that market possess the interest of former times. No gentleman of the present day can be so unfashionable as to ruin himself by a speculation in hops.

In Scotland, the spring season is said to be from eight days to a fortnight later than usual, with the difficulties already described, in effecting the seed process. Their markets, both for corn and cattle, have been brisk, and certainly as high as could be expected, the extent of our last crops and our immense imports considered. Their wages for able hands are 9*s*. per week, and they have not hitherto been burdened with numerous unemployed labourers, so long the misfortune of our South country. In Wales a considerable number of cows have *slunk*, or lost their calves, no doubt from exposure to weather unfriendly to their situation. The weather also has been unfavourable in the dairy, as to the quantity of milk. The prices of live stock throughout the country, both fat and store, have been upon the advance, with occasional *backwardations* (to use an old Stock Exchange phrase) at the dead markets. Thus we have heard from some parts of the country—"Mutton cheaper at the butcher's," with an accompanying account from the fairs and markets of the same neighbourhood—"Sheep more and more scarce, and prices advancing." The rot, in one quarter or other, has been thinning and deteriorating the quality of our flocks during five years. There is little alteration in Wool. The import has long governed that market. Pigs are somewhat cheaper, our Irish friends keeping us well supplied. Good Horses, when discovered, are still said to command high prices; but modern discoveries have so contracted the use of animal labour, that we must perhaps look for an annual reduction of the value of this highly-priced animal. It is painful, again to have to conclude with the fact, that incendiarism is proved to be yet lurking in the minds of many of our rural labourers.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s*. 2*d*. to 3*s*. 8*d*.—Mutton, 3*s*. 2*d*. to 4*s*. 8*d*.—Veal, 3*s*. 0*d*. to 5*s*. 4*d*.—Pork, 3*s*. 2*d*. to 4*s*. 10*d*.—Lamb, 5*s*. 6*d*.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 42*s*. to 62*s*.—Barley, 21*s*. to 33*s*.—Oats, 12*s*. to 24*s*.—London Loaf, 4lb., 9*d*.—Hay, 50*s*. to 75*s*.—Clover ditto, 60*s*. to 95*s*.—Straw, 22*s*. to 33*s*.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 15*s*. 0*d*. to 26*s*. per ton.—Delivered to the consumer at an addition of 9*s*. to 12*s*. per ton.

Middlesex, April 22.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. JUNE, 1833. No. 90.

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☞ In the next volume, commencing with the July number, we shall put out our whole strength. *Inter alia*, we have made such arrangements, with regard to current literature on the Continent, as will enable us to anticipate our friend "The Foreign Quarterly:" we shall be rich in papers that will make "The United Service" tremble to the tip of its cockade; and we also propose rendering "The Monthly Review"—respectable as it is—*vox et preterea nihil.* We shall give Foreign and Domestic Summaries; we shall attend to the Drama—poor thing! We shall let the world at large know what the Scientific people are all about: Art, in all its branches, shall have our especial attention. Inspirited by success, we have gradually gathered a stalwart, sinewy cohort about us; and we hope to make the Magazine a perfect Mirror of the Month preceding its publication, as regards Foreign and Domestic Policy, Literature, and Important Events, Art, Science, the Drama, &c. &c. At the same time, it will, most certainly, support its present admitted pretensions, to being by far the most lively of the periodicals. With a view of preventing "the wits" from being "cribb'd," we purpose increasing the quantity of letter-press, by a diminution in the size of the type, and an addition to the bulk of the numbers.

Those among our host of correspondents to whom we have not yet replied, may expect private communications speedily. We have answered *seventy* since our last. One man in nine different notes, *and in totidem verbis,* persists that his verses would *do for the Magazine.* That is the very reason why we have declined accepting them.

The gentlemen of our Review Department are still in arrear; but, determined as we are, that no book which reaches us shall remain unnoticed, we have taken measures that next month "will bring them up with a wet sheet."

From some of our country editorial friends we have to solicit thirty days more grace: we promise them that our monthly compliment shall be accompanied with its arrears.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XV.] JUNE, 1833. [No. 90.

RECENT ATROCITIES OF THE RUSSIANS IN POLAND.

COMMUNICATIONS with Poland are now so difficult, that the public prints can give but vague and imperfect details on the deplorable fate of that heroic land. Russia, it is true, does not conceal her intentions with regard to Poland any longer from the rest of Europe. In abolishing the constitution guaranteed by the treaty of Vienna, she proclaims loudly her project of reducing the country to the rank of a province; but what she yet wishes to enshroud in a veil of mystery, is the atrocity of the measures she puts in force to attain this object. We shall present to our readers a few facts and official documents, the authenticity of which we can guarantee. Their simple reproduction here, without either reflection or commentary, will perhaps silence those men who, like Lord Durham and his clique, extol to the skies the good faith and generosity of the Emperor Nicholas.

The exportation of children is one of the means made use of to consummate the destruction of the Polish people. The imperial ukases for this measure spread terror and desolation through the kingdom. The terrified mothers ceased to send their children to the schools—so much so, that the municipal body of Warsaw was at last obliged to issue a proclamation, in which it declared, that the Emperor took under his protection only poor and orphan children; but the determination of this quality was made to depend on the arbitrary will and caprice of the military commandants.

It must however be allowed, that there are some men among the Russians who are sensible of the atrocity of their master's orders, but who, nevertheless, seek to propagate a belief that every thing done relatively to Poland is with the consent of the three united powers of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. It is also worthy of remark, that the ukase only makes mention of orphans; but then, according to its definition, an orphan is, 1st, a child without a father, although he may possess a fortune; 2dly, a child whose parents are living, but who are in indigent circumstances. In order to find out these orphans, the following measures were taken by the Russian government:—They invited, at Warsaw, through the intermedium of the commissaries of police, and in the provinces through that of the "*commissaires d'arrondissemens,*" all those who required assistance for their

children, to send in a declaration to that effect, which was accordingly done by a great many. Having thus obtained a long list of *poor* children, they were immediately seized; and in order to give a colouring of justice to the measure, it was stated to be in conformity to the wishes of their parents that the emperor took them under his protection. As to the soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the veteran legions of Poland, their children were seized by force, and those who resisted were immediately delivered over to the military tribunals to be tried for insubordination. However, the major part of these men, settled for some time at Warsaw, had, by their labour and savings, derived the means of educating their own children. One of them, who possessed a house and garden in the Fauxbourg, and whose son had been seized, having in vain petitioned by writing for his release, found at last means of gaining access to the presence of Prince Paskiewicz. Throwing himself with his wife at the feet of the field marshal, he represented to him forcibly that he possessed the means of bringing up his son. "What! have you a house?" said the viceroy; "Good; but the emperor possesses millions of houses, he will therefore give your son a much better education than you can."

The little boys who used to hawk fruit and flowers about the streets of Warsaw, were publicly seized—for these all came under the category of vagabonds—and placed in the barracks of Alexander. Their heads were shaved, and they were sent off into the interior of Russia. To the frontiers of the kingdom they were transported on waggons; but once arrived there, the remainder of the journey was made on foot. An eye-witness has assured us, that out of 450 children of the first division transported, scarcely 115 reached Bobruysk alive: the rest had either perished, or were left behind to do so in the Russian hospitals. The next step was to seize all the male children of the parochial schools of the capital! But this was comparatively nothing to what took place in Lithuania, in Samozitia, Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine. There, children of both sexes were seized at the caprice of subaltern military commandants, and dragged off to the interior of Russia.

To every column of these unfortunate creatures there were attached some little Russian carriages (kibitki) for transporting the provisions, and such children as were unable to walk. If a child was taken ill on the march, he was abandonned in the *Steppe*, with a portion of bread and water placed by his side, sufficient to last for three or four days. Several persons recently arrived from Siberia, have fallen in with the corpses of some of these unfortunate young creatures, stretched beside the bread of which they had been unable to avail themselves. They likewise saw Polish prisoners, though heavily ironed, carrying in their arms some of these abandoned victims, whom they had picked up in their line of march. Again, these orders were executed in so arbitrary a manner, that the Cossacks and Baskirs who escorted the columns of prisoners, frequently sold the children to the Jews, or made presents of them to the Russian peasantry. But we will not descant more on the tender mercies of the autocrat towards the innocent children of Poland. We shall pro-

ceed to the second means of annihilation of the population of Poland—"the conscription." It is true that we have seen an imperial ukase which forbade the enlistment, in the Russian army, of the soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the old Polish army; but by a singular interpretation of the amnesty granted to those men who returned from Austria and Prussia, it has been limited only to those who possess some landed property—an event of such rare occurrence among this class of men in Poland, that in 40,000 there would not be found perhaps ten who were by this means exempt from military service. After having thus annulled the effects of the amnesty, the soldiers were given to understand that it was a great favour accorded to them—that of receiving military pay in some remote part of Asia, instead of punishing them for their revolt. The inevitable effect of all these dispositions will be to deprive Poland of more than one-half of her adult population. It would be impossible to describe the terror caused by this ruthless order. On every side nothing was heard but lamentations, and the low breathings of implacable vengeance. One woman, indignant at so many atrocities, cried out, "May the tyrannical czar be drowned in the tears of Polish mothers!" Young men of the noblest families are now serving as privates in Russian regiments at 4,000 or 5,000 versts from Warsaw. Some time ago, the military commandant in that city, proposed to the Polish officers of the late engineer and artillery corps to enter the Russian service; but they, one and all, though they expressed their readiness to serve as civil engineers, refused to wear the Russian uniform. The emperor, informed of this, commanded every one of them to send in, in writing, the motives upon which their decision was based.

But what is another source of great abuse in Poland is, the procedure of the Russian court martials. *Before passing sentence,* they *are obliged to ask* the field-marshal, the nature of the penalty to be awarded. An auditor afterwards makes a report upon the affair, and, without ever seeing the accused, *they condemn him according to the order they receive.* After the capture of Warsaw a term was assigned within which all the inhabitants were ordered to deliver up their arms to the public authorities. A serjeant of the national guard had in his house the firelocks of the detachments he formerly commanded; he accordingly ordered his servant to carry them to the arsenal. On the eve of the expiration of the proscribed term, the servant, from some trifling cause, did not go till the next day; the serjeant was in consequence immediately arrested. The officer who had to take cognizance of this affair did not understand Polish, and the serjeant was equally unacquainted with Russian. They addressed a few words to him which he did not understand, and then made him get into a kibitka. It was only on arriving at the fortress of Zamosk that he learnt he was condemned to six months' hard labour. Whenever field-marshal Prince Paskiewicz appears in public, it is with all the arrogance and ostentation of a Persian satrap. As he was one day riding out, surrounded by a numerous staff, he met in one of the streets a labourer, who was quietly pursuing his occupation, heedless of the military cortège. Enraged at this "*insouciance,*" and looking

on it as a mark of disrespect to his illustrious person, the prince ordered the poor fellow to be seized, and to receive, in his presence, fifty lashes of the knout.

The destruction of literary and scientific establishments is a third means employed by the Russian government to extinguish Polish nationality. The national library of Warsaw, containing 200,000 volumes, and especially rich in MS. of the ancient Sclavonian literature, has been conveyed to St. Petersburg.

The numismatic cabinet, and that of engravings, have shared the same fate. The first was unique in Europe for the collection of ancient Polish and Sclavonian coins: the last was presented for the use the nation by the king Stanislaus Augustus and Count Stanislaus Potocki. Besides these spoliations, they have studiously carried off every thing that could revive the recollection of the ancient glory of the kingdom of Poland. In fact, the destruction of Polish nationality is pursued even in the most trifling details. Only the Russian colours are now seen, with which the military posts and parapets of all the bridges are painted; the public authorities are strictly ordered to tie together the leaves of all the official documeuts with these colours; the decoration of the white Eagle has been changed; the Russian Eagle has been substituted for that of Poland, and the colour of the ribbon from light to dark blue.

The bulletin of laws and the decrees of the administrative council, contain at present the Russian text opposite to the Polish; the Polish national cockade has been changed,* and their decoration "*virtuti militari*," now glitters upon the breast of every Russian. In the meantime the fortifications of the citadel of Warsaw are rapidly advancing, while the outward aspect of that city has undergone a complete transformation. Nothing to be seen but Russian reviews—nothing to be heard but the shrill cry of the bearded Russian coachmen, as they drive at a furious rate their haughty masters with their starved beasts. On every side an Asiatic ostentation reigns. In the principal streets all the first floors are occupied by Russian families; but the capital supports her misfortune with heroic dignity. The inhabitants seldom appear abroad. In no public fête is the face of a Pole seen. The people, with all the energy of their character, appear resolved to rise superior to their fate. Sanguine in their hopes of deliverance, they look for the arrival of the French and Hungarians as if they were only a few leagues from their gates; and ever ready to fight for their independence, they stand erect and feel their moral superiority over their barbarous oppressors.

In Lithuania, some thousands of inhabitants, goaded to desperation, have taken refuge in the forests of Beallossies, where they have been carrying on with some success a partisan warfare. There are among them many distinguished individuals, followed by their families and the entire population of some villages, who had only this alternative left them, of saving themselves and their children from death and exile.

* When this decoration was sent to General Rudiger, he said, "C'est une carte blanche pour avoir un soufflet a l'etranger."

The indomitable spirit of the gallant Poles keeps the Russian authorities constantly on the alert. During the day, of late, the streets are constantly patrolled by strong Russian detachments, and more than once the garrison has bivouacked all night in the streets and public squares. So fearful are they lest their troops should imbibe any local attachments, that all intercourse between the Russian officers and the Polish inhabitants is strictly forbidden. The cantonments of their regiments are constantly changed, and it is the intention of the Russian government to relieve their army of occupation every six months—rather an expensive measure, we apprehend, for the exhausted treasury of Nicholas Paulovitch.

From the stern and lofty resignation of the gallant Poles there are some sanguine spirits, who fondly imagine that the regeneration of their ill-fated land may yet be achieved, and that the first "*coup de canon*" fired in Europe would be the trumpet of Polish resurrection. But even were the prospects of a general war less remote than they really are, such a glorious consummation is now a political dream. The energies of Poland may be unsubdued, but her resources are exhausted; her elements of resistance are scattered, while she writhes within the iron grasp of her gigantic and ruthless foe beyond the power of redemption. No! the fate of that gallant people is irrevocably sealed; the favourable moment for action has been twice allowed, within the space of twenty years to escape, and Poland will remain to the latest posterity a monument of the false policy of two different but not remote periods. The first was, the political error of Napoleon, the non-re-organization of that ancient kingdom at the period of the invasion of Russia in 1812. We allow that the failure of that great enterprise may be attributed to military causes, to the violation of the principle of a *base*, and to the extension upon too gigantic a scale of the line of operations—still it was a fatal political error that materially influenced the final direction of the tide of affairs. But equally fatal, if not more so, to the future independence of western Europe, will prove the temporizing inertia, the drivelling policy of the governments of France and England, who have deserved the curses of future generations.

Well do we recollect that when a universal cry of sympathy resounded through regenerated France in favour of heroic Poland, that Sebastiani strove in a Machiavellian discourse to convince the Chamber of Deputies of the *strategic* impossibility of an armed intervention on the part of France in favour of Poland, by holding up to them the gigantic military means of the powers of the north. Never was legislative assembly so cajoled and deceived. Not only was the operation practicable, but we boldly assert that the issue of the campaign would have been widely different: it was not necessary to march across Germany. Had France or England have only despatched a squadron to the Baltic, it would have acted upon the very line of communication of the Russian army—it might also have thrown into Polangen both arms and ammunition, of which the Poles stood in such need, that the third rank of their regular regiments, and the entire of their partisan corps, were armed only with scythes. Again, while the manly effects of this intervention upon the population of Poland

would have been electric, its paralysing influence on the operations of the Russians, whose general was compelled to change his manœuvres five different times, would have been decisive.

We are aware that it will be urged that such a line of policy would have thrown the weight of Austria and of Prussia into the opposite scale. But could their open hostility have proved more fatal to the cause of Polish independence than their treacherous neutrality? So far from it, the attention of these two states would have been attracted to a more distant sphere of action — to the Tyrol and Italy — to Westphalia and the Rhine, conquered dependencies, that only waited till the tri-coloured flag was unfurled, to rise, and with one majestic effort hurl the oppressors from their soil. But, alas, for the honour of our times, a master-mind to conjure up this storm to save Europe, was no where to be found. Poland has expired; and from what is passing in the East, the balance of power is now a political chimera, and all this may be laid at the door of the *doctrinaires* of France and their confederates, the Whigs of England.

AMATEUR NATURALISTS.

MANY of our readers are probably aware that the Earl of Bridgwater bequeathed the sum of eight thousand pounds to be applied in the production of a work on the Power, Wisdom, and Glory of God, as manifested by the Creation—conferring on Davies Gilbert, then President of the Royal Society, the power of selecting the fortunate author. The cautious president, however, divided the special trust reposed in him with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. Of this great triumvirate, the first patent official act was, instead of confiding the labour to one philosopher, to parcel it out among eight—namely, Mr. Whewell, Mr. Kirby, Dr. Roget, Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Kidd, and Dr. Somebody-else, whose specific designation we forget. It has been objected to this arrangement, by an able writer in one of our most sterling and upright periodicals, "that the testator's intentions would have been more fully carried into effect by making it worth the while of a man of acknowledged power to devote a few years to the completion of the whole task. In that case," the writer continues, "he might have bestowed his whole and undivided abilities upon the subject, and thus struck out some novelty, and at any rate brought to bear the entire weight of modern science on the labour." From this we must beg to differ. Who, in a few years, or even in a life, could do so? No one. A man may be an admirable Crichton—he may fence and sing *à merveille*—speak seven languages—and dispute in the schools against all comers; but we rarely meet with one who has attained pre-eminence even in any two or three, out of the many branches of science. Each of these requires long research, and patient industry—they are not to be carried at a *coup-de-main* even by the most brilliant talent, however strengthened it may be by an intimate acquaintance with some sister

science. Every one of them is a jealous mistress—to be won only by constant attention. What does Dr. Buckland know of entomology? Could he give such unanswerable proofs of the existence of a Deity, from the physiology of insects as Samouelle or Kirby? from that of the molluscous animals as Sowerby? from that of birds as Swainson or Yarrell? from human anatomy as Bell? from natural chemistry as Faraday? from botany as Brown? But, in geology, Buckland is a giant—and it is fit that he should "stick to his wax."—A young gentleman was one day making some awkward attempts on the Thames to skate. The spectators tittered; and a foolish friend, hoping to put them to the blush, remarked, "It is true that he does not shine as a skater; but nobody can beat him as a swimmer." "Then," said some one, "let him break the ice and swim." Had one person presumed to have written the projected grand Bridgwater Treatise, while floundering among FISH, or grovelling with the REPTILES, it would prove of no availf or his friends to assert that he was a great astronomer, or learned in the causes of capillary attraction.

We admit that the Bridgewater Treatises, according to the present arrangement, may display many instances of the same conclusions being drawn from different arguments. But what of that? The instances, at least, will be correct—or at least so far correct as not to be beneath the highest level of human knowledge, which they could not possibly be, had they all been presented to us by one hand.

The first of the Bridgwater Treatises, entitled "Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology, by the Rev. William Whewell, M. A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge," appeared some weeks ago; and cotemporarily with it, came out a work, by the Rev. Henry Fergus, of Dumferline,—"The Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfections and Government of God." From his title, it will be seen, that the author has evidently aimed at the production of the book contemplated by the Earl of Bridgwater—of performing that in one volume, for which eight have been deemed necessary by the late President of the Royal Academy, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London—adding too, the Testimony of Revelation to that of Nature. His intentions were doubtless excellent, and his abilities are apparently of a high order. But he has attempted a task, which no man living could execute: it is not extraordinary, therefore, that in some sections of his work, he should fail;—he has done so,—particularly where he ventures to skim the surface of Natural History. He does not pretend to go deep into the subject; but even on the froth he is strangely out of his element.

There are many persons who consider themselves qualified to write about Natural History, because they have read Pliny, Buffon, and some of the trashy zoological publications of the day. They constitute a class—they are the Amateur Naturalists. Last month we battered the head of one of them—the Field Book phenomenon—in such a manner, that he will never be able to hold it up again. But Mr. Fergus is a different character; *he* deserves to be treated as a gentleman; and we shall only go so far with him, as to point out the dan-

ger of venturing out of one's depth—the risk one incurs of becoming ridiculous, by being an Amateur Naturalist.

At page 70, our author, speaking of birds, makes the following remark:—"The breast-bone is formed like the prow of a ship, *so that the bird can pass easily through the water.*" This is an error; the ridge, vulgarly called the keel, does not facilitate its progress through the water, but through the air; its office being to afford accommodation to the pectoral muscles which work the wings. Speaking generally, it is, as a matter of necessity, much deeper in the flying, than in swimming birds: among the latter it is also not only clothed with flesh, but covered with plumage impervious to the water; and so disposed as to render the breast nearly flat:— *vide, passim,* that of an unplucked duck at the first poulterer's you pass.

At p. 72, Mr. Fergus considers the bat as being a bird. Now the merest tyro in ornithology knows that no bird suckles its young, and brings them forth alive: this the bat does, and is therefore arranged in the class Mammalia, separated only, in the systems of the best authors, by the quadrumanous animals, from man himself. At p. 84, he tells us, without noticing any exception, that fish are provided with a scaly coat of mail, which, he seems to think, serves not only for their defence, but to facilitate their motion through the water. It would have been as well, perhaps, for him to have known that the eel, the ray, and even the shark, possess nothing of the kind.

At p. 86, we find the following passage:—"The innocuous Llama, which uses neither feet nor *teeth* against its enemies, is not destitute of the means of defence. It is provided, we are told, with an acrimonious saliva, which it can eject to the distance of several yards." Had the Reverend Henry Fergus been a practical, instead of an amateur naturalist, he would have known that "the innocuous Llama" has *canine* teeth of considerable power; in fact, at the Zoological Gardens, an individual of the species very recently bit a keeper's thumb off. The acrimonious saliva of the which our author speaks is mere fiddle-de-dee. The Llama, when irritated, ejects its lump of *cud* which is irritating only from the spiculæ of half-masticated grass which it contains.

At page 89, the reverend author talks of the sting of a bee as being "a little piece of *armour!*" At page 124, he braves common criticism so far as to call the domestic hen a *stupid* and *timorous* bird! At page 292, he says, that the few serpents which are venomous, form a protection to all the tribe. This is so far from being correct, that in all countries, almost every species, however innocuous, is indiscriminately destroyed, if possible, when met with, on account of the popular attributes of the tribe to which it belongs. Thus, in England, the harmless snake is quite as frequently battered to death, as the venomous viper: so that the few which are noxious may, in fact, be deemed a serious evil rather than a protection to the rest of the tribe.

At page 121, he calls the cayman A FISH! He might just as well have denominated my Lords Althorp and Anglesea alligators. The crocodiles are *lizards.* Nobody, before our reverend author, so far as our reading extends, ever ventured to call the *reptiles* fishes.

In another place he makes a fish of the whale: which, however, so far from being obnoxious to such degradation, is a *warm-blooded mammiferous* creature, actually moving in the same class as the Reverend Henry Fergus himself.

BLANNAID,

A LEGEND OF FIONGLAISE.

"Lascia ch'il ——— venga!"—ALFIERI.
Bruto Secundo.

I.

Whose form reclines along the grass,
That skirts the banks of Fionglaise?
Whose eyes are those, that listless stray
Upon its waters' dimpled way,
As purely clear and blue as they?—
And now upturned in ecstasy,
Dwell on the evening's cloudless sky—
And now cast down, that forehead fair,
Bends o'er the heaven that trembles there,
Upon the wave whose bosom's flow
Reflects the sunset's golden glow:—
Who gazes on the Daingean's wall,
Which brightens in the sunbeam's smile?—
'Tis she—the mistress of it all,
Fair Blannaid of the Western Isle.

II.

How calmly flows that gentle tide,
With not a ripple on its breast;
The heather winding by its side,
Is vainly kissing it to rest—
But faithless in its wanton play,
It mocks that kiss and speeds away:—
The weeping willow strives to lave
Its blossom in the wily wave;
The timid aspen tries to hide
Its foliage in the tiny tide;—
But fleet as hope's delusive dream,
The passage of that mountain stream;
And false as man's fidelity,
Its passion for that trusting tree!

III.

There's silence in that fortress' hall—
The banner droops along the wall
Unguarded and alone;—for they
Who watched it well are far away.
The faulchion slumbers in the sheath;
The lance no longer points to death;
The wolf-hound slumbers at the gate,
Nor hears the hunter's cry;
The dun deer there at evening late
Is fearless bounding by:—

No voice disturbs the silent air
On lonely hill or brake—
The merry horn is waking there
No echo on the lake.
And she looks at the forest, that lady fair,
As if she feared that some foe was there;
And her brow it glows, and her cheek it is flushed,
As the sudden blood from her bosom rushed,
Dyeing it with that hue which gives
To the rose's and lily's mingled leaves
That blended beauty, whose loveliness
Might be shaded by more of each, or less:
And her heart beats high, as if with that beat
Which would rise for a lover alone at her feet.

IV.

As falls the twilight's silent hour,
Why steals that lady to the bower,
And with a step so slow—so still,
As proves a consciousness of ill?—
For if one wayward breath of air
But wanton with the aspen there,
She starts, as though the noiseless stir
Had menaced danger dark to her;—
The very wave that poured along
Its lulled and melancholy song,
Was loud as tho' a thousand streams
Had roused her from her midnight dreams.

V.

Whate'er she felt, is felt no more:
Her fears, her hopes, her doubts are o'er—
One moment sees her pausing there
Within that twilight grove,
As tho' she gathered strength to bear
Th' abandonment of love.
The *next*—oh! how her neck and face
Are burning in that wild embrace!
The beating of her heart is thrill'd,
As if that shock of rapture still'd
In all its heat that fiery blood
Which rushed in its volcanic flood!

VI.

And who is he within whose arms
Reposed those almost lifeless charms,—
And whose the lips that, hot and quick,
Are straying o'er that glowing cheek?
'Tis he who won her by the sword—
'Tis he—but not her wedded lord;—
And he is come to claim that heart
Whose throbbings could not live apart
From him, tho' time and distance strove
To wean her from unhallowed love.
Alas! that still and stealthy pace,
That blush of guilt upon her face,
That timid glance—that start which shan
So sudden sends along her frame:—
The terror lest some prying eye
The weakness of her heart may spy—

All, all those fears from conscience prove
That clasp is not of lawful love!
She murmurs in that lowly tone
Which breathe the sinking lungs alone
When every fibre hath been broken,
And Death its certain doom hath spoken;
He whispers to her ear—"My love,
Cuthullin lives and comes for thee—
There's silence round, and from above
The starlight trembles o'er the sea;
Beneath yon dark and distant cliff
Impatient swings my winged skiff,
And wooes the wind to waft us o'er
Where pain or sorrow never more
Shall shed again its bitter wrath
Upon our wild and wayward path:—
And see, within those mountain heights
Are waiting full five hundred knights,
Impatient for the hour when I
Will lead them to revenge, and thou,
My faithful trembler, from on high
The path to their revenge shall show:
For they, my followers, all have sworn
The wrongs and insults I have borne,
In such a way shall be repaid
As eye ne'er saw, or tongue ne'er said!"

VII.

"Thy skiff is floating on the bay,—
This night shall see us far away,
But—shed not blood—his followers all
Have long departed from his hall,
And I have cared no hand or eye
Shall mar, or see us when we fly.
He is alone—his death can ne'er
Avail thee in thy purpose here;—
And 'twere unknightly that his doom
Should from an hundred daggers come."
"Speak not to me of knightly faith—
Nor yet of silent scorn—
Think'st thou I would not fly to death
Than bear what I have borne,
Did I not hope some happy hour
Would bring Conree within my power—
Did I not cherish, mid my grief,
The only thought which brought relief,
The hope that I might live to see
Without one friend, my enemy?—
Oh! no—thy woman's heart may melt
Because it cannot e'er have felt
Th' undying, slow, consuming thirst—
The silent rage that longs to burst—
The gnawing pain that will not slumber
One hour of all that time can number,
Until revenge hath cleared the debt
Which, day or night, she can't forget.

VIII.

" I love thee, Blannaid, with a love
Which none can tell, and few can prove—
But, by that God* for whom we raise
On mountain tops the holy blaze,
If from his burning throne above
He came to offer me thy love,
That I might spare one moment's pain
To him who ne'er shall smite again—
By HIM but he would come in vain!
Nay—had he all his treasure given,
I'd spurn the rapture of his Heaven
Rather than one poor hour forego
A torture for my fallen foe.

IX.

" I've seen Binn Bouchi's eagle fly
As if his home were in the sky—
And marked I still his daring flight,
Until he melted from my sight;
When, if ten thousand voices there
Had shouted to the son of air,
Thine own soft, gentle, timid sigh
Had reached him sooner than that cry;—
I've seen Clan Lawrence flashing fall
Roll roaring from its mountain wall
Eight hundred feet from rock to rock,
Which totters with that watery shock:—
Go! stop that wheeling eagle's course—
Arrest that torrent's frantic force—
But think not, Blannaid, trust not e'er
To still one pulse of vengeance here!

X.

" Thou can'st not hope time will erase
From out my soul my name's disgrace—
When—shame for knighthood's broken laws,
And shame unto the hand which draws
The sword on him who would not yield,
The captive of a well-fought field,
But that in battle's fitful game
Fortune had fled his honoured name:—
Oh! no—the memory of that day
Shall *never—never* pass away,
When, naked—helpless—lone I lay
Upon the bloody plain;
And every moan my anguish drew—
And every look of rage I threw
Was drawn and thrown in vain!
And *he*—thy husband—whom to name
My lips should be enwrapp'd in flame
To wither and to blast him, came
And bound my bleeding limb.*
Approach, my Blannard, draw more near,
And let me whisper to thine ear,
Lest even a shrub or stone might hear

* Baal—whom the ancient Irish worshipped.
† Custom of conquerors in single combat amongst the Irish.

The tale of my disgrace :—
His hand then clipp'd the raven hair
Which, knight-like, waved in ringlets there,
And shadow'd o'er my face!
Twelve moons Binn Bouchi's wilderness
Concealed my grief and mad despair.
Thou knowest it was for thee I bled—
When coming like a thief he stole
Thee—thee, the idol of my soul ;—
I would not rest my weary head
In shieling low or Daingean gay
Until I first had traversed o'er
From Lergan's wild and shrubless shore,
Even to the hills of Soloched. .
Thou knowest the issue of that day—
I fell—and morning's early ray
Saw thee and Conree far away—
And I—
But yet thou see'st now
The ringlet waving o'er my brow,
As long and free as though a stain
Upon this head had never lain ;
And I will meet mine enemy
Where never eye of friend can see,
Or heed him in the hour that's nigh—
Unaided—helpless—he must die.
Thou see'st yonder sheltering wood,—
Five hundred knights, both brave and good,
Are waiting for the time,
When thou the torch shalt wildly wave,
To light him to his bloody grave
Before the morning's prime.
His Clana Deagha, distant far,
Shall never hear the sound of war.
It is not that their force I fear,
But, lest my hope of vengeance here
Might yet be foiled if they were near."

XI.

" Oh! never," quoth Blannaid, " my love,
Shall fearful separation prove
The strength of passion which we know,
But which as yet hath sprung from woe.
Thou knowest the force which from thy side
First tore thy self-betrothed bride ;
Thou can'st not know the hate and scorn
For him my soul hath ever borne :—
Go! and at noon of night thou'lt see
If love and vengeance live in me :—
Go! and if first my foolish heart
Hath felt a moment's pity, *then*
Thou'lt find such weakness can depart,
And never to return again :—
Go! and when first thy watchful eye
Shall view my red torch streaming high,
Thou'lt know the fatal hour is come,
Which darkly gives him to the tomb!"

XII.

She vanished lightly, and her foot
Fell gentler than the night-dew mute;
And had you seen her white robe there,
Like floating mist upon the air,
You'd say it were the Benshee's eye
Was glancing as she glided by.

XIII.

It is that hour when to the eye
The tears, but not of sorrow, start,
And swells the full and loving heart,
And we would weep we know not why;—
When at this witching time we feel
No thoughts but those of rapture steal;
And the calm Heaven we gaze upon
In silent love would wile us on
To break the bonds which bind us here,
And mingle in its happy sphere!

XIV.

Sliev Misha's mountain raised on high
His barren forehead to the sky;
And in the dusk were mingled all
The wood—the hill—the castle-wall;
And not one object might you see
To mar that blended harmony.
But lo! what sudden shooting light
Uplifts its splendour wild and bright?
First slowly, and now madly streaming—
The dark gray battlement is gleaming.
What means that low and murm'ring hum,
As if the answering spirits come
Upon the midnight's rising gale,
To lift it to the throne of Baal?—
That sound is now no longer low,
But from the mountain's craggy brow
The voices of five hundred fling,
As rapid as the lightning's wing,
A fearful cry;—the startled deer
On Brena's side that shouting hear;
Binn Bouchi's eagle hears the shriek,
And fiercely whets his bended beak;
The wild swan closed her sheltering wing,
And stilled her nestlings' fluttering!

XV.

The wolf-hound, when the whistle shrill
Shrieks clear along the heathery hill,
Starts not more quickly from the steep,
Than Conree from his troubled sleep—
One moment listened—till his ear
Caught the true sound of danger near.
The lamp that lit his slumbering hour—
Its sickly gleam is there no more.
He sprung from off his couch, and sought—
As if in mad despair—
His own good sword; but there was not
Or sword, or buckler there!

For she, alas! his faithless bride,
Had stolen them from her husband's side.
The chamber-door he quickly gained,
To burst its massive strength he strained;
But no! his efforts cease at length—
That bolt defies a mortal's strength.
Then consciousness, with maddening pain,
Flashed wildly on his wildered brain;
That she whom he had won and loved,
The fair Blannaid, had faithless proved—
And, with a paramour to fly,
Had left him there alone to die!
He shouted—and a mingled cry
Of rushing hundreds made reply:—
He shouted, and then tried once more
In vain to burst his prison-door:
He listened—and the din outside
Rose louder, and was spread more wide.
He shouted o'er that loud alarm,
Even 'till his voice was riven,
The vigour to his single arm
Of twenty men is given;—
The barrier that had bound him fast,
Gives way before his strength at last.

XVI.

He darted through with speed of wind,
As though the avenger were behind.—
Is it the summer's early day
Shoots through that hall its vivid ray?
Is it the quivering lightning gleams
Across his path its blood-red streams?
Oh! no, the sheeted, blazing glare,
Which winds around his footstep there,
Is not the day, or lightning dire—
His father's fortress is on fire!
And he enclosed, unarmed, alone,
Must view destruction's work go on;
And like a dying hound must see
The insults of his enemy,
Without the power one life to take,
Though fruitless—yet for vengeance sake!
Where are his Clana Deagha now?—
Who, if he wound one single horn,
Had bounded like the mingled flow
Of torrents on a stormy morn:
And hearing but that single note,
Had made his lordly banner float,
Where thousands met a bloody grave,
And stream o'er victory's topmost wave!

XVII.

O'erthrown in heart and mind he stood,
And idiot-like gazed on the flood
Of smoke and flame that rolled and roared
Along, and sparks that upward soared:

With folded arms he hears them come,
The revellers o'er his fiery tomb.—
Strong and iron is that gate;
But yet its hard and massive weight
Cannot resist the onset long
Of many an arm both brave and strong.
'Tis burst! then onward rolls in pride,
Unstayed, unstemmed, that living tide,
With scattered ranks,
Like river o'er its bursten banks!
One moment Conree stood; a cry
Rose as he met the victor's eye—
He stood, as one who hath no hope
Or thought with hundred arms to cope;—
One moment only—with a spring
He bounds amid them there,
As if 'twere but one living thing
Could serve to his despair;—
He springs into the midst, before
A hostile falchion smote,
And griping as to loose no more,
His hand is on *one* throat!
A hundred daggers gleam on high—
Cuthullin bends his blood-shot eye
Upon his bleeding prostrate foe,
And looks upon the welling tide
Which redly from him flows, as though
Revenge were yere yet ungratified.

XVI.

The morning dawns—its tender ray
Is glimmering o'er a rugged grave
Where he, clan Deagha's chieftain, lay—
No eye to mourn the vainly brave—
No hand amid his followers all
To guard, or to avenge his fall—
No hand, save one—which, all too late
To turn aside his bloody fate,
Could only wipe the tears which start
When death's last anguish breaks the heart—
No voice but one to soothe the pain
When life is on the wing to fly,
And try, but try, alas! in vain,
To answer back the dying eye,
And whisper, "Die in peace, my chief,
I will not think of idle grief,
But vengeance on thy treacherous foe,
And her, thy spouse, who laid thee low.
I will but send thy funeral dirge
To float upon the sorrowing surge,
And heap thy cairn so white and high
As will attract the stranger's eye,
And live above Sliev Misha's bay,
The theme of many a future day.
Thou'lt see if vengeance can belong
Unto a peaceful son of song—
This foolish tear—away! away!—

This latest grief is all in vain;
Feirchertne of the martial lay
Shall never wake the song again
For red branch knight or lady gay!"

XVII.

The bird, in prison long imprest,
Seeks not her desolated nest,
Nor speeds her wing o'er ocean's foam,
To rest it on her rocky home,
With half the joy that Blannaid knew
When from those hated walls she flew;
And all her woes are now forgot,
And Conree is remembered not—
Or if at all, one saddening pain
Within her joyous breast remain—
When memory of th' unburied corse
Of him she left, might bring remorse—
For treachery and foul deceit,
Which dashed him at his victor's feet,
Without a blade to sell his life
'Gainst hosts in the unequal strife—
For this, perchance, if one regret
Around her heart might slumber yet,
'Tis lingering there, as low and lone
As is the solitary moan
Which, from the wind-lute's finest string,
One sorrowing breath hath power to wring;—
Whilst loud the joyous numbers float,
Unheeded is *one wailing* note!

XVIII.

'Tis evening, and the autumn sun
His shorter course hath almost run;
But quivering yet, his mellow light
Sleeps upon Rinchin Beara's height.
He sinks! but not in cloudless blue;
For, swelling o'er the darkening sky,
The clouds, like mountains piled on high,
Their gloomy length a shadow threw:—
The sea, before as smooth as glass,
Is roughening as they onward pass;
And though the hour be still and warm,
Yet night will see the coming storm.
In Ulster's royal court to-night
Moves many a lady's footstep light,
And glances many an eye,
Which, though that autumn's sun may sink
In wrath on Rinchin Beara's brink,
His light may well supply.
The evening's banquetting is o'er—
The guest his goblet crown'd no more—
The minstrel hushed awhile his strain
To gaze upon the darkening main.

XXIX.

Amid that gay and glittering throng
Which roamed the mountain's brow along,

And viewed the sun, in clustering crowds,
Embosomed in his house of clouds,
And darting thence his angry glance
Upon the ocean's dark expanse,
Is one dark form apart, alone—
Beside a monumental stone,—
As one who, weary of the tomb,
Had left awhile his dreary home,
And come, his night of slumber o'er,
To view the blessed light once more!
His gaze, ill-omened as the storm,
Is fixed upon one lovely form.—
—Of Connor's royal court the pride,
Was brave Cuthullin's beauteous bride.
The Red Knight thought not of his toil
In Tourney, if there beamed a smile
From Blannaid of the Western Isle:—
The novice, 'ere the faulchion bright
Had dubbed him consecrated knight,
Performed his wondrous feats, nor felt
The ardour in his bosom melt,
If, as he lowly passed her by,
She bent on him her azure eye.

XX.

That stranger's step moved onward where
The crag three hundred feet in air
Hung drooping with its shrubless brow,
Full sheer into the gulf below:—
The ocean sent its boiling tide
To roar and burst against its side;
Upon that dizzy height he stood,
And gazed adown the tortured flood;
And on the crowd he fixed his look,
And from beneath his mantle took
A harp, and when its chords were strung,
A fun'ral descant thus he sung:—

"There was a time I might have wept
O'er beauty's quick decay,—
The tear which once had idly crept,
Must now be dashed away;—
But yet it costs some pain to dry
That foolish weakness of the eye!

"There was a time I might have prayed,
And bent to earth my brow,
And felt that then I might have stayed
The doom I hasten *now*.—
But no!—my head no thought must wear,
Save that of deepest vengeance there.

"My harp!—thou solace of thy lord,
I fling thee in the main—
No other finger o'er thy chord
Shall ever stray again,—
Feircheirtre's eye hath shed the tear
For thee, the last that lingers here!"

XXI.

The noise was hushed when first the dirge
Rose softly o'er the hoarser surge—
Attracted by the music's sound,
In haste they came and gathered round.
They stood even when he sung no more,
As if they could not deem it o'er;
And much they marvelled mortal had
A voice at once so sweet and sad.
His eye to them he did not raise,
But seemed as if he scorned the praise
Of all but *one*:—fair Blannaid spoke,
As from her snow-white hand she took
A ring—why doth that minstrel start?
As death's last pang were at his heart!—
"Stranger, those melancholy lays,
Like some I've heard in other days,
Have waked a moment's passing pain,
I hoped would never wake again,—
And brought into my lid a tear,
I thought no longer lingered here.—
Of southern province is that air,
I heard it once, a captive there,—
And though in Ulster's land I dwell,
I love Momonia's * music well."—
"Lady,—no gift—but on my knee
One lowly boon I beg from thee;—
Thy beauty drew me here—thine eye
First waked my uncouth minstrelsy;—
Let but my lip in fondness press,
Thy soft—small—white hand's loveliness,
And I will deem that rapture more
Than bard, or knight, possessed before."
She smiled, and gave her hand; he pressed
It close unto his throbbing breast;—
He firmly grasped that hand, and placed
His arm around her slender waist;—
His cheek is pale—his eye is wild!
And Blannaid would have back recoil'd;
He clasps her form—he nears the steep;
His foot is on its brow—
Then dashes with her at one wild leap,
Three hundred feet below!
So sudden was that daring deed,
No hand could save—no eye could heed!

XXII.

—The demon of the storm is out;
Afar is heard his gathering shout:
The rain drops from the black sky pour
Into the swelling wave—
As if it shed that pitying shower
Upon Feirchertne's grave,
That minstrel heart should never sleep,
Unwept on earth or in the deep!

* Munster.

THE BOTTLE MUST BE BROKEN.

In a recent number of *The Waterford Mirror*, a new species of pensioner has been announced; it accords precisely with its *congeners*, in being slimy, creeping, and all but a reptile. It takes a sinecure office when young, and fattens, in time, to such a degree, that it is impossible to dislodge it without destroying its filthy den. The *specific* variation from the human Do-Nothings, with which it claims to be classed, is, that *when cooked* it furnishes an agreeable and luscious dish. With the attractions of £800 a-year drawn from the public purse, and her own intrinsic loveliness, Mrs. Arbuthnot, perhaps, well *dressed*—but now for the *Waterford Mirror*:—

"A few days ago, a boy at Arthburston, county Wexford, on the river of Waterford, perceived *something of a very unusual appearance, floundering upon the mud at low water.*"

Don't faint, gentle public! This was not the lovely Mrs. Arbuthnot. You pay her £800 a-year, and she was reclining, full of grace and gratitude on a splendid sofa—sweet thing!

"Upon a nearer approach, the boy found it to be *a quart bottle*, which showed many symptoms of animation."

Now, although we admit that there are numerous human quart bottles on the pension-list, which display many symptoms of animation—at least about the period of pay day—yet they differ widely from the Honourable Mrs. Arbuthnot. To give the beauty her due, she *always* exhibits symptoms of animation, and has something of an unusual *appearance*. Few women, perhaps, can match Mrs. Arbuthnot; and certainly no one can rival her among her brother and sister quart-bottles. The male part of the *fungi*, or *acari*, are easily distinguishable, by their particularly well-cut coats, with CORKS IN THE NECKS OF THEM. Mrs. Arbuthnot wears a head. But to go back to the boy:—

"He seized the bottle, which was found to contain A LARGE EEL, so much thicker than the bottle neck, that it is supposed the eel must have made its lodgment there *when much younger and smaller*, and for the purpose of liberating the fish, it was necessary to break the bottle. The bottle seemed to be a good nursery, for the eel, when cooked, furnished an agreeable and luscious dish."

So then it turns out, after all, that our bottle was the sinecure, not the sinecurist—the office, not the office-holder—it had an inhabitant, it was *filled*; an eel had wriggled into it, and would not come out until it couldn't. Oho! Then we have committed a *faux-pas*. The Honourable Mrs. Arbuthnot has been compromised, and we owe her an apology. It seems that while striving to prove that she was not a quart-bottle, floundering in the mud, we ought to have been convincing the world that she was not a large eel in the bottle—"so much thicker than the bottle neck," that it might be premised she was much *younger and smaller* when she made "her lodgement." We confess that this masked battery beats us—we admit that Mrs. Arbuthnot *was* much younger and smaller when she effected her lodgment, and that she *is* now grown so *thick*, that it is impossible to expel her—THE BOTTLE MUST BE BROKEN!

A NEW BOARDER.

FROM THE DIARY OF A JOKE HUNTER.

Dropped in at Wesley's, and had a chat with Maugham—good fellow Maugham!—Inquired what news there was in the city: told me East India stock had dropped an eighth, and three meetings were projected to consider as to the house and window tax. Consigned East India stock and the house and window tax to old Harry; and impressed upon him, that my ambition being to gather fat, I was only a *quidnunc* on the subject of fun. M. appreciated my motives in a moment, and said there was a new boarder in the house, worthy of the honour of my acquaintance. Bowed and begged to be introduced, "Follow me," said M. Did so, and in a few moments was placed in proper position to scrape the desiderated acquaintance. His head did not strike me as being eminently intellectual—he was in a profuse perspiration, yet wholly destitute of colour; he had a putty sort of complexion—oily, but whitey-brown; his features had seemingly been disorganized, and huddled together again any how: his head and face, considered *en masse*, reminded me of a prodigious plum pudding broken in boiling. He had just cut his thumb by using a blunt knife, and was staunching the ruby stream in a ream of red blotting paper. Duly commiserated him, and inquired how long he had been a boarder in the house. "Three days," replied he, "and I don't think I've been idle: for I've *ploughed* 'The Field of Thessaly,' *clipped* 'Ancient Coins and Medals,' and made *hollow backs* for 'The British Poets, from Chaucer to Johnson.' The last thing I did, afore I come here, was to bind nine set of 'The Runic Scalds,' for Mr. *Burns* of Hatton Garden, full morocco—with prodigious tooling."

"Then you're not a mere boarder?"

"God forbid! only work, you see, is slack. Why; Sir, I was the man as did Sir John Soane's famous folio copy of 'Modern Giants' for *Longman* and Co. In course I made it twice as tall as the paper—royal elephant: because for why—Pope, I think it is, says, the sound should be an echo to the sense; and why shouldn't the binding be 'an outward visible sign of the inward spiritual grace?' That, to be plain-spoken, is the maximum by which, wheresomever I can, without acting contrary to order, I always abides. For instance, if I could have my way, I'd bind 'The Taylor's master-piece' in *buck*—'Suckling' in *calf*—and 'Murphy,' provided it was possible, in potatoe skins. Then again, when loose pieces are to be put together, why not—instead of acting on the higgledy piggledy principle—be a little appropriate? 'The art of Living on 100*l.* a-year,' should be stitched up with 'Where shall I Dine?' Fitzball's appalling Dramas, with 'Hood's Comic Annual,' 'Revenues of the Church,' with 'Rapacity of Wolves,' Orders in Chancery,' with odd numbers of 'The Penny Magazine,' Lord Althorp's Speeches on Taxation, with 'The Crisis,' et cetera, and so forth, you know."

"But good as your plan is, it would not afford intelligence of the wine within from the bush without."

"Granted—therefore, after all, boards is the thing! Binding in boards—*appropriate* boards, mind me, would do away with the ex-

pense of title-pages. A gentleman going into a library, might know from the outside all about the contents—that is, if my plan was followed."

"And pray what is your plan?"

"Why, to mention a few cases—using bonâ fide wood, you'll recollect, instead of hemp paper:—I'd always board "The sorrows of Werter" in *pine*; "Hoyle's Games" in *deal*; "Chancery Practice" in *sloe*; "Navigation" in *elm*; "The Sea" in *beech*; "The Hue and Cry" in *aloe*; and "Transactions of the Phrenological Society" in the broken *sculls* of the Funny Club:—Can you remember any other books?"

"Oh! certainly; a few posers I think:—'Pierce Egan's Lives of the Pugilists'—"

"I'd bind them in *box*."

"'Tales of Chivalry'—"

"In *lance*-wood."

"'The Busy-Body'—"

"In *medlar*."

"'The Siamese twins'—"

"In *pear*."

"'The Tutor's Assistant'—"

"*Birch*, or *beet*-root, with *caned* sides."

"'Memoirs of Jonathan Wild'—"

"In *peach*."

"'Anecdotes of Dogs'—"

"In *bark*."

"'The Exile'—"

"In *fir*."

"Why, you seem to be quite *au fait* to the thing."

"Yes: I have been many years thinking about it; and take my word for't, there's no book, that a man of talent can't put into proper boards—only give him plenty of rope."

"I don't understand."

"Why, let him have his full range—geographical and particular. To put a case or so: For 'The Art of Preserving the Hair,' I might perhaps recommdnd *Combe*-wood; but as to 'Miss Landon's works,' I should certainly say, *Burnham*."

"Very fair."

"Then, the different parts of trees might be made to serve one's turn, in respect of boards."

"As how, pray?"

"Why, for 'Racine,' I should look out some *rootty* part; and for 'The Rent-Day,' I should provide some *stumpy*."

"Capital!"

"Even used materials might be worked up. Now, there's the builders:—For 'Perils of the Sea,' what so appropriate as *rafters*?—for 'Lives of British Bishops,' as *sleepers*?—for 'Heroes of the Ring,' as *floorers*; for Monsieur Jarrin, or Signor Ude, as *jambs*? Then to take the coopers—what so capital for modern music as *old staves*?"

"And for 'The Monthly Magazine'—"

"Nothing could be more appropriate than *pop'lar*."

TWO LEFT LEGS.

St. Pius was a holy man,
Who held in detestation
The wicked course that others ran,
So lived upon starvation.

He thought the world so bad a place,
That decent folks should fly it;
And, dreaming of a life of grace,
Determined straight to try it.

A cavern was his only house,
Of limited expansion,
And not a solitary mouse
Dared venture near his mansion.

He said his beads from morn till night,
Nor gave a thought to dinner;
And, while his faith absorb'd him quite,
He every day grew thinner.

Vain all the hints by nature given,
His saintship would not mind her:—
At length his soul flew back to Heaven,
And left his bones behind her.

Some centuries were gone and past,
And all forgot his story,
Until a sisterhood at last
Revived his fame and glory.

To Rome was sent a handsome fee,
And pious letter fitted,
Requesting that the bones might be
Without delay transmitted.

The Holy See, with sacred zeal,
Its relic hoards turn'd over,
The skeleton from head to heel
Of Pius to discover.

And having sought with caution deep,
To tears of grace affected,
They recognized the blessed heap
So anxiously expected.

And now the town that would be made
Illustrious beyond measure,
Was all alive with gay parade
To welcome such a treasure.

The bishop in his robes of state,
Each monk and priest attending,
Stood reverently within the gate
To view the train descending:

The holy train, that far had gone
To meet the sacred relic,
And now with joyous hymns came on,
Most like a band angelic.

The nuns a splendid robe prepare,
With chain, and flower, and feather;
And now they claim the surgeon's care
To join the bones together.

The head, the arms, the trunk he found,
And placed in due rotation;
But when the legs he reach'd—around
He stared in consternation!

For *two left legs* alone he saw——
"Two left legs!—'tis amazing!"
"Two left legs!" cried the nuns, with awe
And anxious wonder gazing.

In vain he turn'd them round about,
Took one, and then took t'other;
For one turn'd in, and one turn'd out,
Still following its brother!

The wonder reach'd the list'ning crowd,
And all the cry repeated;
While some press'd on with laughter loud,
And some in fear retreated.

The bishop scarce a smile represt;
The pilgrims stood astounded;
The mob, with many a gibe and jest,
The holy bones surrounded.

The abbess of the vestal train,
The blest Annunciation,
With horror saw the threaten'd stain
On Rome's fair reputation.

"Cease, cease, ungrateful race!" cried she,
"This tumult and derision;
And know the truth has been to me
Delivered in a vision:

"The saint who now, enthroned in Heaven,
Enjoys eternal glory,
Had two left legs by Nature given,
And lo! they are before ye!

"Then let us hope he will no more
His blessed prayers deny us;
While we, with zeal elate, adore
The Left Legs of St. Pius."

SKETCHES IN THE TRENCHES.

After an interval of peace of nearly eighteen years, the French army, that had been for some time previously concentrating on the northern frontier, and panting for an appeal to arms, received, on the 15th of November, orders to make a forward movement on Belgium. The joy with which the news was received at head-quarters was enthusiastic. However, up to the very last moment, even when they had arrived under the walls of the citadel of Antwerp, a very general apprehension pervaded the ranks, that the demon of protocols would yet rob them of the glorious opportunity of distinguishing themselves. "*Tonnerre de Dieu!*" exclaimed an old moustache of the 65th regiment, "if we are not now allowed '*de bruler une amorce,*' I will tear the cockade from my shako, and replace it by a sop." But all their fears were soon dissipated. Under cover of a dense fog, ground was broken, on the night of the 29th of November, before the devoted citadel of Antwerp: by noon of the following day, the "*ultima ratio regum*" had succeeded to the tiresome delays of the conference, and the timorous hesitation of diplomacy.

All the preliminary details being completed, on the night of the 29th, detachments of infantry, whose strength was determined by the engineer department, received orders to commence the operations of breaking ground. Superior and subaltern officers of these two arms, placed under the orders of a "Major de Tranchée," who himself was subordinate to a general officer whose period of duty lasted twenty-four hours, were distributed along the entire length of the parallel to command the different working and covering parties. The latter, previously to arriving at the depôt of entrenching tools, divested themselves of their sabres and cartouch boxes, took off their shakos and put on their foraging caps, slung their firelocks, and were furnished with five rounds of cartridges. Thus prepared, they arrived at the trench depôt, formed in two ranks, and received from the engineer department, those of the first rank a shovel and pickaxe, and the second a shovel only, with a fascine or a gabion. They were then marched in the greatest silence behind the tracé of the parallel, where, throwing down their arms, they immediately commenced the operation of opening the trenches, protected by their comrades who had preserved their arms, and directed by the sappers of the engineer corps. So unsound and spungy was the nature of the ground, that in less than three hours the workmen had completed the trench; and with the earth taken from it, an escarpment was formed on the side of the citadel that effectually covered them. If General Chassé had this night kept a good look out, his artillery might have made dreadful havoc in the ranks of the besiegers; for whatever may be the courage of the French soldiers, the devotion and intelligence of the officers, and, above all, the skill of the engineers and artillery, it is doubtful if a well directed sortie, favoured as it would have been by the darkness of the night and a pelting rain, would not have caused both

confusion and panic among the working parties. But the night passed off without even a demonstration—the French prosecuted their labours with an admirable ardour, marked by their national gaiety of character. *Bon mots* and military sallies succeeded each other, in a low tone of voice, almost as regularly as the blows of their pickaxes. During the night Marshal Gerard, accompanied by the Dukes d'Orleans and de Nemours, appeared in the trenches: their presence added singularly to the general satisfaction, and produced a prodigious effect. But, for the sake of truth, we must say that they were not, as it was said in the columns of *The Times*, received with loud acclamations, from this very obvious reason, that no acclamations are allowed to be uttered under such circumstances.

The regiments specially charged with the attack were encamped very near the citadel—the others occupied the villages in the rear, from which they pushed forward their detachments, almost under the guns of the place. Every regiment in turn took its station in the trenches, and shared in the labours of the siege, which were numerous and fatiguing. In the environs, the smallest cottage was crammed with soldiers: a door still standing—a window, with only half its panes of glass broken—a roof, which the projectiles of the enemy had not pierced in several places, were objects of luxury. In the centre of a beautiful grass plat, in an elegant saloon, stripped of all its portable ornaments, at the foot of a mutilated statue, you might behold a *bivouac* fire, surrounded by immense marmites filled with potatoes, cauliflowers and celery, *borrowed* from the proprietors of the abandoned gardens. The greatest activity, that noisy, indefatigable military activity of which no adequate idea can be formed, prevailed on every side. The different routes leading to the citadel were crowded with detachments of every arm. At one moment a staff officer, or an orderly, would gallop past you; at another you heard the deep lumbering roll of heavy guns, or the more measured tread of infantry, varied but too often by the groans of the wounded whom they were transporting to the "*ambulance*," established in those country houses that were situated beyond the range of fire. In the trenches, in the batteries, at the most dangerous posts, the most serious affair was treated as a joke. Everything was laughed at—even the manner in which some poor unfortunate devil was hit; but on the other hand, every succour was immediately lavished upon him by his comrades. So true it is, that in the camp a lofty indifference to personal danger is closely allied to the noblest feelings of humanity.

In Antwerp, there was a lack of merry faces; for at the commencement of the siege, the apprehension of a bombardment was very general, and a few shells that fell by accident and exploded in the streets, producing some casualties, were not calculated to re-assure the inhabitants. The aspect of this beautiful old city was gloomy in the extreme; the silence of its streets contrasting forcibly with their quondam bustling activity. The spacious quays that used to be covered with the rich productions of every clime, were bristling with batteries; the shops and every public establishment, with the exception of the hotels, which swarmed with foreign officers and amateurs, come to study the operations of the siege, were shut; but towards its

close, confidence was in some measure re-established; the shops were re-opened, and the cafés were crowded with Belgian officers and citizens, "*jouant la demie tasse et le petit verre,*" at their favourite game of dominoes, while the spires of the churches were crowded with spectators eagerly watching the more magnificent game of war. The proprietor of the theatre derived a rich harvest from the public concerts, for, removing the roof of the edifice, he erected seats that were constantly filled by persons of both sexes, attracted by the novel exhibition of the *tableau vivant* of a siege. But now for a promenade *aux tranches.*

Debouching from the village of Saint Laurent, which is situated about eight hundred yards from the famous lunette of that name, we leave Berchem, the head-quarters of the army, to the left. At its entrance we pass a pretty church, dedicated to the holy martyr after whom the lunette is named, and in order to divert the *ennui* of the route, we shall relate an anecdote of the venerable minister of this little temple, which had been converted into an ambulance. The Curé de Saint Laurent had never for a moment the thought of abandoning his post. On the contrary, he shared it gloriously with the French medical officers, and more than once exposed himself to martyrdom. When it was resolved to convert the church into an ambulance, the worthy curate thought it his duty by all means to save some sinful souls; but alas! his piety, so worthy of praise, failed before the scepticism of the first wounded who were installed in the sacristy. He redoubled his exhortations, but all in vain. He then sought the advice of the surgeons, but these gentlemen, knowing the ground, shook their heads. Suddenly, the curé was enlightened by a ray of inspiration; he purchased a large stock of cigars and tobacco, by a skilful distribution of which among the dying sinners, he succeeded in making himself heard with some degree of attention. But here we are at the tail of the trenches.

Two placards immediately strike the eye; upon the first of which you read, "Parallel towards Kiel;" and on the other, "Parallel towards Montebello." We shall take the former, which will lead us through innumerable zig-zags to the countergarde of the Lunette de St. Laurent, the place d'armes of which we shall find in the hands of the French, whose engineers are occupied with the descent and passage of the ditch.

But we must proceed methodically. First, then, the parapet on the side of the garrison is lined with covering parties, a certain number of whom keep a constant look out, in order to give timely warning of any demonstration on the part of the besieged. Upon some points a sharp fusilade is kept up, for the purpose of concealing the progress of a work, or a battery that they are pushing forward, or to mask some movement of troops, executing at the time. In some parts the ground is good, but in others so soft and spungy, that in spite of all the precautions of the engineers, you are half way up to the knees in water. Here you behold one of those singular beings attached to the French armies, "*a cantinière,*" with her glazed hat and grey cloak—her tri-coloured petticoat, and "*garance*" trowsers. Under her masculine exterior, she often conceals a noble

and generous heart. She hums the Marseilloise as she goes, and every now and then salutes with an air of mock gravity the balls that are passing over her. Suddenly she stops,—it is to administer a dram from the tri-coloured keg slung across her shoulder, to a wounded sapper whom they are carrying to the rear. Poor fellow, his right arm is dreadfully shattered, but his spirit is unsubdued. "*Vive la France!*" he exclaims, as he drinks off the dram. "*J'ai perdu le bras mais je gagnerais la croix.*" At every turn working parties are encountered with their firelocks slung—some repairing the *epaulemens* injured by the projectiles from the garrison—others transporting to "*la tête desappe,*" gabions, sand-bags, and fascines: from the nature of the ground and the weight of their burthen, they advance slowly and with difficulty. All at once they halt, as if by magic; the cry of "*Gare la bombe!*" is heard, and immediately all hands throw themselves on the ground. The danger past, they arise laughing and resume their march. Parties belonging to the "*Compagnies d'administration,*" are stationed in all parts of the trenches with litters, to convey such as are wounded to the "*ambulance.*" But what is that unarmed soldier about?—The two baskets he carries are filled with round shot of every calibre, and even with howitzer and mortar shells. To what purpose are their singular contents destined? An order of the day promised to every soldier a reward who should bring in to the great park of artillery projectiles of any kind. It is this reward which this brave fellow is labouring for in the very teeth of danger, and which he destines to the relief of a wounded brother in the hospital—the fact is historical.

As we proceed we meet groups of foreign officers and amateurs in their national uniforms, some even "*en mufti,*" viewing the operations of the siege with a critical eye. Among them you easily distinguish the civilian, in spite of the fancy uniform in which he has rigged himself out: his countenance betrays to the keen observer that he is out of his element. But then it will be something to say, "I made the siege of Antwerp," and to sport on the strength of it a moustache, and to assume an "*air sabreur*" among his country cousins. A captain of engineers in his foraging cap, and with a cigar in his mouth, is walking along as coolly as if he were in the citadel of Metz that he has so recently left; he is closely followed by two sappers carrying the measuring chain and his graphometer. The citadel vomits around him a shower of projectiles, while he with most imperturbable *sang froid* takes notes, without wasting a thought on his head, which oftentimes overtops the parapet. On the right there is a battery executing its fire with as much precision and as much coolness as if the artillerymen were practising in a polygon. After every shot, the officer commanding the battery springs upon the parapet to observe the effect of the fire.—At length we have reached the head of the sap, or rather the descent to the ditch; the enemy, who perceives the intention of the besiegers, keeps up a most vigorous and destructive fire—death in a hundred forms is showered down upon the working parties. A young lieutenant, with a watch in his hand, has his eyes fixed on the index; the work commenced at such a time he knows must be finished by such an hour, and he encourages

the workmen in their task by his voice and gestures. In the midst of all this the young princes appear. Admiration is read in every look; the soldiers mechanically seize their arms to carry and present them, but the prince makes a sign, and they recollect that according to the "*réglement*," no salute is given in the trenches. Here and there you also perceive officers of different grades, who are charged with the execution of the countersign. In a "*rentrant*," a general officer surrounded by his staff, is ready to repair to any point where his presence may be requisite. It is the "General de Tranchée." Frequent reports are made to him, which he transmits to the head-quarters. Hark! a voltigeur is singing—let us listen:

"La vie est une voyage—
Tachons de l'embellir!
Jetons sur son passage
Les roses du plaisir!"

The defence, it was supposed by all, would have been "*à la Carnot*," and that the governor would have stood an assault: under this conviction, large bets were made that the Dutch flag would still wave on the walls of the citadel on the 1st of January. On the capitulation there were in consequence many long faces, especially among the Orange party, who in vain strove to affect a joy they did not feel.

On the morning of the 24th the flank companies of the 65th, under the command of Colonel Arnault, and of the Mareschal de Camp, Rulhiere, after having traversed a part of the city, arrived upon the glacis, and halted for some time while the sappers repaired the bridge that led to the citadel. This work completed, Marshal Gerard and his staff, with the two young princes, entered the fortress: all the posts were immediately relieved by the French troops, and about three o'clock in the afternoon the Dutch garrison, with colours flying and drums beating, marched out to the glacis, and piling their arms, returned to their casemates. With the exception of the hospital and principal powder magazine, both of which were materially injured, not a building was left standing. The church, the magazines, the well, the blindages—all were a heap of ruins, and the ground was ploughed up in every direction by the shells. General Chassé's quarters had till the end of the siege been situated between the Toledo and Paziotto bastions; but forced by the destructive fire of the French projectiles to quit them, he retreated to a casemate beneath the bastion that bears the name of the Duke of Alba. You reach it by a subterraneous passage traced in zigzag, lighted up at intervals by candles. After crossing the bakehouse and the kitchen, you entered a small ante-room, on the right of which was the General's chamber, simply whitewashed and floored with thick planks. On one side stood a small camp-bed, with plain white curtains; from the ceiling hung a lamp, and at the foot of the bed there was a stove; upon the walls there were two large maps, one of Holland, and the other of Belgium, and immediately beneath the former was hung the miniature of one of his children. A handsome mahogany table and six camp chairs constituted all its furniture. In this apartment it was the interview took place between General Chassé and Marshal Gerard and the two French Princes.

All the details of the siege of Antwerp will be classical to the soldier. Such an opportunity for practical study under circumstances so favourable may never occur again. The defence, considering the strength and composition of the garrison and the reputation of the governor, disappointed many. It was marked by great bravery and patient endurance, but it was not scientific; such at least is the point of view under which it is considered in the military circles on the continent. But it must be borne in mind that the governor was during its whole duration labouring under the most severe bodily infirmity; that he was exposed to the devastating fury of a new projectile, which his defences were inadequate to resist, and that he knew from the first that there was not the most remote chance of relief, a circumstance which alone is sufficient to demoralize the bravest garrison.

Shortly after the surrender, an old French gentleman arrived at head-quarters, to solicit permission to transport to Paris the body of his son, a lieutenant of engineers, who had been killed in the trenches, in order that his disconsolate mother might once again look upon the countenance of her child ere he was committed to the tomb. The request being granted, the body, placed in an open shell, was put into the old gentleman's calashe, and with his arm round the neck of his lifeless boy, we saw the bereaved father take the road to the French frontiers.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS ON CHESS.

THE article entitled "Chess Clubs and Chess Players, British and Foreign," which appeared in a recent number of this magazine, appears to have excited considerable interest. We have received a large mass of proposed additions and corrections; of these we deem it expedient to publish the following selection, which not only corrects a few errors into which our contributor appears to have fallen, but affords much additional information on a subject of considerable interest to the most intellectual portion of mankind.—ED.

LETTER I.

Sir,—The writer of a paper on Chess in your March number, although clever, is not quite a master of his subject, of which I confess scarcely any individual possesses personal experience enough to give a satisfactory bird's eye view. To do so, would require a *corps* composed of men, each of whom had obtained great local eminence, without being bitten with the ambition of attempting to depict any thing beyond the circumference of his personal *coup-d'œil*. The kingdom of Chess, in order to map it out with precision, should be divided into sections and arrondissements, and each of these must be allotted to one accomplished in the science, before we can expect to obtain an accurate survey. In fact, such a desideratum it would be scarcely possible to achieve, and in default of a better, we ought doubtless to be grateful for the rude though occasionally erroneous outline which your contributor has traced. Permit me, if you please, at some points to enlarge it.

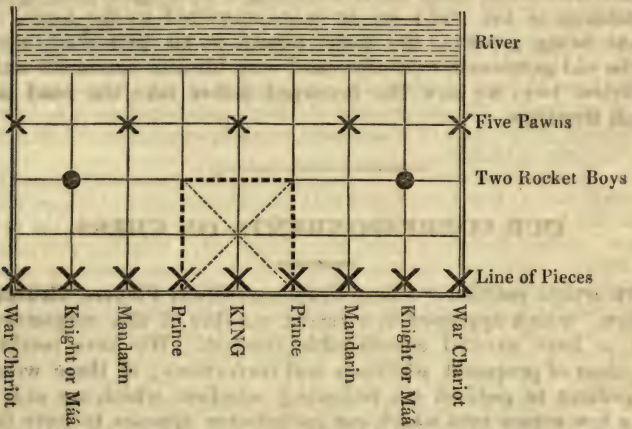
The modes of playing Chess are various. Marinelli, an Italian, invented

what he called the Triple Chess, by adding sixteen squares to three sides of the original board. Three persons were thus enabled to play at the same time—one against the other. The nicety of this game consists in the two weakest forming a coalition against the strongest, and in going over to and supporting the latter when one of the former obtains a preponderating superiority on the board. It is, in fact, a game admirably illustrative of the political strategy by which the balance of power is maintained.

In Russia the game is played by four persons; the board resembles a cross, and the knight's move is given to the queen, which renders the game much more complex.

The Emperor Tamerlane used to play upon a round board, so that the position of the pieces was not only different, but their relative power was sensibly altered—that of the knights and bishops becoming almost null, while that of the rooks was nearly centuple, from their sweeping right round the board.

Some years ago, in South America, I was shewn by an American gentleman, who had resided several years in Canton, though he was unacquainted with even the moves of the pieces, a Chinese Chess-board, of *half* of which I made the annexed drawing.



Some time afterwards I shewed the sketch to a Portuguese friar, of the order of St. Antonio, who had resided upwards of twenty years at Macao, and, as a missionary, had even penetrated into the interior of the Celestial Empire. The account he gave me of the game was as follows:—

"Having resided upwards of twenty years in China, I repeatedly saw the people of that empire playing at Chess; but although I diligently applied myself to learn this game, it was so complicated that I could never accomplish it: all therefore that I can do is to give a very vague and superficial idea of the Chinese game of Chess. In the first place, the board is divided by *a river*, and as the number of pieces in the rear rank is nine, they are placed upon the lines and not upon the squares, as in our Portuguese game; in fact, the march of all the pieces is *lineary*. The king occupies the centre, and moves like ours, but with this difference, that his sphere of action is limited to the fortress in which he is entrenched (see dotted line in the cut); he has a prince on each side of him, whose movements are similar, and limited to the same space. The two mandarins move like our bishops; they do not, however, cross the river, but form a '*corps de reserve*.' The pieces styled Máá, have our knights move, while the action of the war-chariots is

similar to that of our rooks. The number of pawns is only five—like ours they take diagonally, and cannot retrograde; but on reaching the last line of the adversaries' table, *there they remain.* It is, however, the move of *the rocket boys* which is the most complex—being *parabolic,* like the flight of a rocket. By this I mean to say that they cannot capture an enemy's piece that has not another piece between, as at the game of draughts. All the difficulty of the game consists in the move of these two pieces; but, notwithstanding its complicated nature, the very children play at Chess, the Chinese excelling in all kinds of games whether of chance or skill. The origin of this game in all probability was in China. They trace its invention back two centuries before the Christian era, three hundred and seventy-nine years after the age of Confucius. Hong Cocha, King of Keangnan, sent an expedition into the territory of the *Shensi,* under the command of a mandarin named Hansing: it is on record that this mandarin invented the game to divert his soldiers in their winter-quarters, and to animate the ardour of his army—the game being a faithful image of the art of war."

The reverend Padre's account will we fear be found obscure and unsatisfactory. Still it may throw some faint glimmerings of light on the origin of this celebrated game. It is also important to remark, that from the action of the rocket boys we may infer that the Chinese were perhaps acquainted with the use of gunpowder, at a period long anterior to the Europeans. Rocket boys are to this day found in the Indian armies. The agency of the princes in lieu of the queen forcibly illustrates the Chinese custom of excluding females from all power; while the configuration of the Chess-board, divided by a river, typifies the topography of China, intersected as it is by canals, the passage and defence of which must naturally constitute the chief feature in their mode of warfare.

In its passage westward, it is probable that this game underwent changes and modifications that harmonized with the existing order of things, the state of warfare, &c. among the nations into which it passed, until, in the chivalric spirit of western Europe, a queen was introduced. Whether this game was first brought hither by the Crusaders or by the Moors, is still an undecided question. But that it was very common in the Spanish peninsula, we have proofs from the profound observation which Cervantes puts into the mouth of Sancho Panza. "Brava comparacion, dixo Sancho, aunque no tan nueva, que yo no la aya oydo muchas y diversas vezes, como aquella del *Juego del Axedrez* que mientras dura el Juego cada pieça tiene su particular oficio, y en acabandosé el Juego, todas se mezclan, juntan y barajan y dan con ellas en una bolsa, que es como dar con la vida en la sepultura." The fondness of the Spaniards for this game may be further exemplified by the curious circumstance, that some estates are held in that country by a tenure, the duration of which expires with the termination of a game of Chess, at which a move is to be made only once in a century.

One of the earliest writers on Chess, was Dameso, a Portuguese, whose countrymen now but seldom play this beautiful game; it was contra-distinguished from our modern treatises by its simplicity. Like the regulation books in every military service in Europe, the written treatises on the game abound with manœuvres that never occur in the course, perhaps, of 1,000 games. The greatest problem is, the game itself; the fundamental principles of which are, *strategetically* speaking, the same as those of war. In both cases, it is important to establish a secure *base of operations,* to act upon *a single* line, and to direct by a rapid concentration the *mass* of your forces upon the *tactical key* of your adversary's position. So far there is the most perfect strategic identity of principle; but *tactically* speaking, Chess bears no analogy to the art of war. In actual operations in the field, *locality* plays a distinguished part; a field of battle generally presenting every variety of ground, while a chess board is marked by the greatest uniformity of configuration.

To obviate this defect, tacticians have long felt the *desideratum* of some game that should present a more faithful image of war, and afford an opportunity for combining the actions of the three arms, and of making the application of their evolutions to every variety of locality. With this view, a game (*Jeu de la Guerre*) was invented in 1800, by a Swiss, to which the celebrated Massena devoted at one time much of his attention. But a still more complete game (Kreiggs Spiele) was invented some seven or eight years ago, by a Prussian artillery officer, which caused a great sensation at the time in the military circles on the continent. The game may be seen in the arsenal at Berlin. It illustrates the operations of the three arms as they occur in the field, and in the presence of the enemy, and is furnished with plans of ground, exhibiting every local feature that can effect tactical movements, and also with marks according to the scale of the plan, showing the actual space which the bodies of troops they *represent*, would occupy on the ground, whether formed *en masse* or in line. The "materiel" of the game consists in small rectangular figures, various in size, according to the strength of the force they represent; from sections of men, to even single files; and single pieces of cannon to masses of six battalions, with their batteries. There are scales, showing the ranges of musketry, and also of artillery either with grape or round shot. Plans of the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras, of Austerlitz and of Leipsig, and also of the Katsbach, have been lithographed expressly for this game, exhibiting every gradation of slope, at intervals of five to four hundred and fifty. The game is played by two persons, and presided by an umpire.

The Emperor of Russia was so struck with this game, on visiting Berlin, that he invited the inventor to St. Petersburgh, to teach it in his army, and he himself devoted much time to it, under the tuition of Prince Paskewitch, the conqueror of Warsaw.—I am, &c. &c.

G. H.

LETTER II.

Sir,—In naming the chief players of the London Chess Club, your correspondent assigns the third place to Mr. Keen. Now he ought to have known that Mr. Keen has scarcely been in the room six times in as many years, and that Mr. Frazer is indisputably the third best player in the club, and far stronger than Mr. Keen ever was even in the zenith of his play. In his account of the Edinburgh players, your contributor places Messrs. Crawford and Murray after Mr. Donaldson, the fact being that Mr. Bennett is the second player in the club, and Mr. Mackarsey the third. As mention is made of Dr. Berry's medal, your readers may be interested in knowing that it was won by Mr. Donaldson, who still bears it unchallenged—long may he wear it!

The following passage in the paper calls for some comments:—"In England there are many Chess societies, particularly in Liverpool, where the devotion to the game is highly meritorious; so general is this feeling among the *citizens*, that Chess problems have long occupied a corner in a lively well-written periodical." The truth is that there has been no Chess Club in Liverpool for the last five or six years, although before that time there was one, of which Mr. Knowles and Dr. Brandreth were the prime movers. So little is Chess encouraged by the money-getting Liverpuddlians, that a Mr. Copeman, who attempted to establish a Chess-room there last winter, could not get half a dozen subscribers. The "well written periodical" (Egerton Smith's Kaleidoscope) has been long dropped for lack of support.

The writer ought to have known that the Westminster Chess-club, in Bedford-street, although recently established, numbers nearly forty mem-

bers, all *preux chevaliers*, with Captain Medwin at their head, and comprising some very excellent players in their ranks. Should the Nottingham club be passed over without notice, graced as it is by such a player as Mr. Newham? Should not the Chess-club at Leeds and its best players, Cochran and Muff, be mentioned?

The only German work with which your correspondent professes to be acquainted, is by Stein; who, by-the-bye, though a German, wrote in French, and published his book at the Hague; but I have at least fifty volumes, and many of them "considerably thick," in German, on Chess, both practical and theoretical. He gives the name of Bingham, Cunningham, and Walker, as Chess authors: now Mr. Walker is certainly well known to the Chess world as a young author of great merit; his works on the subject need not, indeed, shrink from competition with the proudest; and practical men have justly appreciated their value:—but Cunningham never wrote a word on Chess in his life, and Bingham is merely the "*nom de guerre*" under which Mr. —— published a bad translation of a clever Italian author. A MEMBER OF THE WESTMINSTER CHESS-CLUB.

LETTER III.

SIR,—I have just read in the *Monthly Magazine* for the month of March, an interesting article, headed "Chess-Clubs, and Chess-Players, British and Foreign," in which, after some appropriate remarks on the intellectual nature of the game of Chess, and a detailed account of the present cultivation of this game in Great Britain, as well as on the continent, I find the following passages:—

"But what a falling off occurs, when we come, in parliamentary phrase, 'to consider the state of Ireland.' There is no club in Dublin, nor elsewhere, that I am aware of, and the number of respectable players is certainly below par: the Irish, in fact, are engaged in a more absorbing game; they use real bishops, instead of ivory ones; like Don John, of Austria, they play Chess with men."

Now, Sir, without offering any remarks on the political allusion contained in this passage, as I am convinced you would not wilfully give insertion to any unfounded reflection on any portion of your fellow-subjects, I trust you will not refuse giving insertion in the next number of your respectable periodical to these few lines, written solely for the purpose of correcting the mis-statement of facts contained in the foregoing passage, and setting your readers and the public right with respect to the present state of Chess-playing in the city of Dublin; for I do not profess to be sufficiently acquainted with the rest of Ireland, as far as Chess is concerned, to speak with certainty on the subject. So far from there being any foundation for asserting that "there is no club in Dublin," it so happens, there are no less than *four* different Chess-clubs at present established in this city:—first, is the Philidorian Society, a long-established club, consisting of upwards of twenty members, several of whom are players of great repute:—next, is the Chess-club attached to the Dublin Institution in Sackville-Street, which contains a still greater number of members:—a third club, for private Chess-playing, is formed in Trinity College, which, I understand, consists of from thirty to forty members, thus holding out an example worthy of imitation to the Universities of England and Scotland:—while, a fourth Chess-club, of which I had the honour to be the originator, has been recently established in the *Dublin Library Society*, and which, although not many months in existence, already reckons no less than *sixty-nine members*, some of whom would not shrink from a contest with any players of the Edinburgh, or, of course, the London Chess-clubs.

It is stated in the article which has called forth these remarks, that the Edinburgh club, which contains seventy-five members, has been ten years in existence; and here, in the Dublin Library Society, is a Chess-club, which, although not more than half as many *months* as the Edinburgh club has been *years* established, can already boast of very nearly an equal number of members; so that, I trust, I shall not have to notice in future, in your entertaining periodical, any unfounded statements as to the intellectual inferiority of the people of Ireland; for I quite agree with the writer in the *Monthly Magazine*, that the cultivation of the truly noble game of Chess is no bad criterion by which to judge of the intellectual character and taste of a people; for it is a game which so far from being an incentive to the odious vice of gambling, improves the mind like the study of mathematics, while at the same time it innocently amuses: besides, it is a game which in every age, since the first invention of Chess, and among every cultivated people, has been highly cherished and regarded:—a game too, which warriors as well as statesmen have been devotedly attached to; and which, even in our own days, that first of warriors and of statesmen, that consummate master of the art of strategy, the Emperor Napoleon the Great, is well known to have been an admirer of. I have the honour to remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,

Stephen Coppinger,
Barrister at law, and Member of the Chess-club of the Dublin Library Society.

No. 8, Wellington Quay, Dublin.

THE GENIUS AND THE JACKASS.

"No—the bloom and odour of existence are gone. I feel, that hereafter I must linger out an aimless, wretched life. A day, nay an hour ago, and the earth was 'opening Paradise.' There was music in the airs of heaven—beauty in all objects. The spring sun gave a harmony to my pulses. I communed with all things; even the very hawthorn hedges dotted with green buds—the small birds twittering in my path—the lowing herds—the bleating flocks—nothing in nature, however mean and common, but, elevated by my buoyant feelings, became a thing of worth and beauty. It is all gone—all, all passed away!"

Such were the passionate exclamations of Silvio Tinkerville,—a youthful poet of exceeding promise. He was, in stature, of Parnassian height; that is, about five feet ten. To his precise age we cannot speak; but, certain it is, at the time of this burst of feeling, he had shaved two years. His face bespoke a depth of thought, that spoke again of mystery. It was neither pale nor red, but freckled brown; his nose, like his style, was elevated; his hair, painfully turned back, gave a fair chance of amplitude to his forehead,—he had, in short, a poetic face; foolscap rumpled in every compression of his brow—demy was at the corners of his mouth. Poor Tom made the "hedgepig for his pillow;" but Silvio looked as though he slept on goose-quills. So much for the casket—come we now to the jewel within.

"It is all gone—all, all passed away!" And with this, Silvio dashed down a book—struck his forehead with his clenched fist, and

with a terrible ferocity, gnawed his lip, as though he would, with Ugolino, have supped off his own flesh. His friend Peter took up the book, the source of all this agony to Silvio. It was one of those detestable publications, one of those fiend-like, diabolical productions, which, like the simoom, or the quartan ague, are periodical; to name the title in all the intensity of its evil, it was "a review." Silvio's "Rose-buds"—(such was the affecting name of his volume of poems, printed in small pica, 8vo.) was therein "reviewed."

"Strange! that the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

Take we a knave, convicted of perjury, or any other offence that may the more readily present itself to the reader; let us follow him to his pillory, and let us observe his head and hands inserted in the ignominious apertures. He is fixed; and now, the machine set off, he impartially presents his front and back to the surrounding mob. The murmur deepens into a roar; the one egg heralds a shower; the solitary cat leads the van of a hundred; turnips, mud, stones, "hurtle through the darken'd air;"—the multitude yell, the victim groans,—the assailants shout the louder, and take a surer aim; the storm falls thicker; the mob roar, laugh, scream, and pelt,—until, the hour concluded, the hangman opens the wooden collar, and huddled in a heap, begrimed with filth and bruised with brickbats, down falls the offender. Well, it may be said, according to the old phraseology, "this man has been pilloried." No such thing; he has been—we give the modern copious meaning—he has been "reviewed." Poor Silvio Tinkerville had been "reviewed."

Peter Griffiths was, happily, not of that fine susceptible clay which composed Silvio; he was not of that porcelain mysteriously sent into this world to be chipped and cracked by the grosser delf: to his eyes, the "review" was only so many little black marks on a piece of white paper. He did not see the fiends, the devils, the incubi and succubi, grinning, scowling, leering from every letter; he saw no defunct cat hurled along the page—his sense was offended by no ancient egg—no, he only saw a fair page, "printed in a handsome type, expressly cast for the occasion." Thus Peter could not offer that tender sympathy, that fraternal delicacy of sentiment, which the case of Silvio so imminently demanded. But what he could offer, he did; namely, a supper of cold quarter of lamb, salad and green cheese. Silvio, with an inexpressible look of mournful sense and anguish, started from his chair, desperately grasped his hat, and rushed from the house.

It was night—dark night. Silvio was alone—alone in an unfrequented, dreary lane, near Battersea. At any other time he would have felt cold, but there was that undefinable something in his heart which defied the night air. He strode on as though he had "some busy fiend" in his breast, and the Ogre's seven-leagued boots on his legs. It was, as we have premised, dark; and yet Silvio thought he saw, "Rose-buds, by Silvio Tinkerville," in burning characters dancing, like so many *ignes fatui*, before him—nay, his very ears seemed scorched. He felt that all the world was against him—and

for the moment, he vowed warfare against all the world. He—he slackened his pace; he did not breathe so heavily; he turned his head—he cleared his mouth of the burning saliva—he coughed! It was an alarming moment; it seemed to grow darker—the hedge of blackthorn and alders seemed to shoot up higher, and impart strange, half-articulated sounds to their motion, as the night airs, like snakes, crept about the branches. There again—Silvio stood still and gasped! He was now assured it was no fantasy; he heard the distinct rattling of iron—yet he saw no one—heard no foot fall;—but still the iron rattled and rattled.—What a thousand images of terror came upon him! His very poetic feeling became his assailant, traitorously turning upon him instruments of torture: for what he knew, he was near the haunt of demons—some mysterious fiend might be working about him a diabolic spell. He tried to speak, but his throat felt lined with husk—again the sound approached him—again, again—he rushed forward, like one possessed, and, with a loud shriek, fell!

Peter Griffiths, though soemwhat twitted at the unceremonious departure of Silvio, was not quite at ease about the enthusiast—yet he determined to go to bed: Mrs. Griffiths had already entered into her first sleep. He thought he would see the bolts and bars in their proper places, and then—then his resolves vanished, for he lighted the taper in his lantern, and sallied out in quest of Silvio. He took his way towards the bridge, and, ever and anon, hallooed "Silvio," but no voice answered, save that of a neighbour's terrier. Peter trudged on with quicker pace—something dark knocks at his foot—he stoops—and by his lantern, discovers Silvio pale as ashes, with the blood pouring from a wound in his poetic forehead.

Peter returned for assistance—Silvio was removed to bed. The surgeon was sent for—the wound drest—and every question put to the sufferer as to the cause of the injuries. But poor Silvio only uttered incoherent speeches about invisible giants, nocturnal demons, mixing up the writer of the review with the assailant of the over night; he vowed he had been smitten to the earth by a mighty and terrible giant—nothing clearer could be got from him.

Peter and some of his neighbours sallied out, when it was full light, to search the lane. After due inspection, they discovered the assailant of Silvio—the giant that had flung him off his feet to be a long iron chain stretched across the road; the one end fastened to a stake, and the other to the leg of a jackass cropping thistles in the opposite ditch!

Peter, as we have said, was a man of homespun intellect, and yet from this very discovery, he would extract a salve for the literary wounds of Silvio; for when the bardling would complain of some unseen giant who had struck him in print, Peter would say, with a sagacity worthy of a wiser hearer—"A giant! Phoo, phoo, if we could but see who it really was, the giant might turn out, a poor ass cropping thistles in a ditch!"

DIRGE.

BY KENRICK VAN WINCKLE.

Adieu! dear heavenly maid—
A long adieu!
Thou wert a rose arrayed
In love's own hue.
But all earth's flowers fade
That ever grew.
Thou sleep'st beneath the yew
A quiet sleep;
Thy grave is wet with dew,
That angels weep;
For tears they ofttimes strew
Where watch they keep.
Not that afflictions deep
Their breasts o'erflow:
The tears that angels weep
Spring not from woe—
Too high a flight they sweep
Life's ills to know.
Sweet maid that liest low,
Enjoy thy rest:
Thou hast escaped the throe
Of hearts distressed.
Thou did'st not live to know
The grief-worn breast;
The ills that life infest
Assailed not thee.
Thou art among the blest
A spirit free,—
A blithesome, happy guest,
Where such should be.
And we, thy sisters, we
Thy grave surround,
And sing on bended knee,
And deck thy mound;
And pant to fly, like thee,
To angel-ground.
Spirit! with brightness crowned,
Farewell! farewell!
Where heaven's sweet timbrels sound,
'Tis thine to dwell.
Our eyes with tears are drowned—
Farewell! farewell!

TURKISH ACCOUNT OF THE JANISSARIES.

The East has lately become a scene of events, which are of most intense interest to all reflecting minds; their consequences being of extraordinary importance to every great European power. We have witnessed the gradual decay of an empire, which was once pre-eminent among the nations, but we know little or nothing of those fatal diseases which have long preyed upon her vitals, and at length reduced her to a state of utter prostration. All eyes are now fixed upon Turkey—Old Istamboul forms the pivot of European political strategy. Possessing, as we do, but very meagre information as to her internal history, we hail with perfect gladness the appearance of a translation into French, by M. Coussin de Perceval, of the Turkish Historiographer's account of the Janissary corps, of which, we feel certain that our readers will thank us for the following abridged version.

The Jeni-Cheri (Janissaries) or new troops, were created in the year 1330, by the emperor Orkhan. They were at first composed of the children of the conquered Christians, and reared up in the doctrine of Islam. They received their name and the distinguishing form of their caps, from the Dervise Hadji Begtash, who blessed them, and placing a piece of his garment upon the head of each of the officers, promised them victory in the name of heaven. They were all enrolled as Dervises, and thus acquired a religious as well as a military character. All their forms of discipline, were contrived to remind them of the liberality with which their wants were supplied. The colonel, or head of a regiment, was called the Tshorbadghi, or "soup-maker." The officers next in rank, were "chief cooks," and "water-drawers:" the soldiers carried in their caps a wooden spoon instead of a tuft, or feather; and the kettle, or cauldron, was the sacred standard or rallying point of every regiment. Their whimsical institutions remained unchanged among them down to the period of their suppression. In the reign of Mahomet II., a custom was introduced of admitting the children of soldiers themselves; and from that time the Janissaries became a military caste, transmitting from father to son the profession, if not the exercise, of arms. Their numbers were increased by successive sovereigns, till under Mohammed IV. they amounted to forty thousand.

At the accession of the present Sultan, in 1808, this military body, once the right arm of Islamism, had lost all those characteristics which rendered it formidable abroad, but still retained the power of oppression at home. Its influence extended over the empire. A long period of luxuriant idleness had extinguished its military spirit and enthusiasm. It monopolized all the lucrative trades, and made their exercise the means of the most barefaced extortion. It set the tribunals of justice at nought, and dictated not only to the magistrates but to the Sultan himself. No order or profession was safe from its insolence and exactions. From the prevailing custom of selling their certificates of service (commissions) to the first bidder, its exclusively

military character was at an end. Vagabonds and assassins obtained enrolment, and consumed in idleness the revenues of the state. Thus the corps became a vast disorganized mass, ever ready to be acted upon by the intrigues of the seditious and disaffected. But this was not all. Allured by the frequent commotions excited by the Janissaries in the capital, the inhabitants of the adjacent country flocked into Constantinople; and while they left the country without cultivators, they increased the disorders, consequent on the scarcity of provisions.

These evils had long engaged the attention of the government, and the views of the predecessors of the Sultan had been turned towards the organization of a body of troops disciplined after the European manner. Mahmoud I., and Mustafa his successor, made some attempts at improvement. Selim III. proceeded more vigorously, but his new levies were attacked and dispersed by the Janissaries, so that it was reserved for the present monarch to give full effect to the project Aware of the obstacles to be overcome, from the prejudices of the people and the compact power of the Janissaries, he was obliged to act with the utmost caution and address. Every step was to be sanctioned by the authority of the Koran, and reconciled to the superstition of true believers. In a grand council, summoned for the occasion, the Sultan proposed his plan of forming a body of newly disciplined troops, draughted from the odjek of the Janissaries. The plan was received with approbation by all but the latter body. Gold and intrigue, however, succeeded in softening this opposition. Another council was held, at which the officers of the Janissaries were present. The imperial ordinance was read, and the Grand Vizier, turning to the Janissary officers, asked them if they were ready to give it their ratification. They all answered in the affirmative, and with the most zealous alacrity, proceeded to affix their seals to the document. A solemn procession followed, and the ordinance was passed into a law with all the pomp and circumstance of eastern legislation. In a few days, 5,000 new troops, called echeudhjis, were mustered, and Davoud Agah, a colonel of the Egyptian army, was appointed to discipline them.

But the display of zeal on the part of the Janissaries in giving their concurrence, only served as a cloak to their perfidious designs. On the very day on which they had expressed their approbation of the proposed measure, they formed a conspiracy to defeat its execution. They were divided in opinion as to the course to be pursued for this purpose. Some were for allowing the members of the newly enrolled corps to increase, in the confident anticipation that their arms would be ever at the service of their brethren; while others, apprehensive that they might be bribed out of their *esprit de corps*, urged the necessity of striking a blow, at once immediate and decisive. The troops themselves soon began to manifest symptoms of impatience. In vain did the Vizier expatiate on the expediency of the new changes; in vain did he quote that sentence of the Koran which says, "employ against the Christian every means in your power." The men murmured. "You enjoin us," said they, "the exercise of the *infidels*: it suits us not: it is ours to cleave the folded

felt with the sabre, and to fire at the mark!" These were signals which announced that a storm was at hand. The ministers were alarmed and embarrassed, and all men of reflection awaited the event with the utmost anxiety.

At length, on the night of the 15th of June, 1826, the Janissaries raised the standard of revolt on the open place *ei meidane*. They soon collected a sufficient force to commence operations. The first care was to seize on the *camp kettles* of their fellow soldiers; for such is the religious veneration in which these utensils are held, that to gain them is to gain the co-operation of their owners. By this feat they succeeded in drawing over and implicating great numbers. They next proceeded to storm and plunder the houses of the officers of state. The Grand Vizier lost no time in summoning together the Agahs with their forces. They assembled in the Serai, where they were joined by bands of students and citizens, eager to signalize their zeal for their sovereign. The Sultan soon made his appearance, and after an appropriate harangue, unrolled the standard of the prophet, and despatched the Grand Vizier at the head of the troops to attack the position of the rebels. The latter were so panic-struck by the terrible oriflamme, that instead of attempting to prevent the assembling of the citizens who flocked from Galata, Scutari, and Pera, they fell back upon their point d'appui at ei meidane. The Grand Vizier established his head-quarters at the mosk of the Sultan Akmed; a council of war was held, the issue of which was, that the two Viziers, Ibrahim and Mohammed, instantly marched upon the enemy with a few pieces of artillery. The Janissaries had fortified themselves in their position by barricading the great gates of the place ei meidane. To Ibrahim's summons to surrender, they sent back a shout of defiance. This was the signal for the onset. A well-directed fire soon levelled the barricades, and Ibrahim charged with such impetuosity, that the rebels were instantly broken and put to flight. Their vast barracks were burnt to the ground, many perished in the flames, and those who were taken prisoners were slaughtered without mercy.

The following day the Grand Vizier sat for the trial of offenders. Among those the most distinguished for intrepidity of character and turbulence of disposition was Ibrahim Agah, the superintendent of fire-engines. He had taken part in every previous revolt, and had amassed great wealth by his exactions for the repair and supply of pumps. "Agah," said the Grand Vizier to him, ironically, "it is your duty to superintend the extinguishing of fires—why were you not present when the barracks were in flames?" "That conflagration," replied the Agah in the same vein, "was too great to be extinguished; besides, it would appear it was the duty of a good subject rather to increase than to appease its violence." He was delivered over to the mufti; and when the executioners passed a cord of serpent's skin round his neck, he cried, "Pull away, my brave fellows," and died undauntedly. His body was flung into the street, and treated with every indignity. Two hundred officers shared the same fate.

Mustafa, the fruiterer, one of the boldest and most determined captains, for some time eluded the search of the police. At length

an officer having traced his wife to the house of one of her friends, he there discovered Mustafa concealed in a chest which served as a seat for the assembled women. He fastened the lid, and had it conveyed to the Sultan. It was set down in the imperial chamber, and on Mustafa being dragged forth—"Wretch!" said the Sultan, "has not my clemency already saved you from the punishment due to many a revolt?" Mustafa attempted to stammer out some excuse. "Blessed be the name of the Almighty," said the Sultan, "for thus confining within the narrow bounds of that chest a man whose pride the vast circle of Constantinople was insufficient to contain!"

Following up this decisive blow with vigour, the Sultan took measures to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of revolt. By an imperial edict he abolished the Janissaries; still, however, permitting them to receive their pay, which, coupled with the immense expenses incident to the formation and equipment of the new troops, fell heavily on the already almost exhausted revenues of the state. These were still further impaired by the largesses and presents with which it was found necessary to reward the zeal and fidelity of those Janissary officers who had espoused the cause of the Sultan in opposition to their companions. Seventy-five thousand piastres were distributed among the body of students who had taken an active part in the suppression of the insurrection. Hussein and Hassan Pachas were individually rewarded with large sums, and the inferior officers in proportion to their rank and zeal. Orders were transmitted to the different cities throughout the empire for carrying the royal firman into execution. The pressure of a superabundant population in the metropolis, and affording ever-ready materials for sedition, was alleviated by copious transportations to the neighbouring towns and villages, and by these measures tranquillity was finally restored.

The suppression of the Janissary corps involved that of the religious order of the Begtachis, with which it was identified. By virtue of a firman "for purifying the faith which had been corrupted by their mal-practices," the congregations of the Begtachis were abolished, and their chief functionaries seized, tried, and executed, for the crime of heresy. Great numbers of the order shared the same fate; and those to whom life was vouchsafed, were sent into banishment. Thus did Mohammed annihilate that formidable body which had been the terror of his predecessors, and which for several successive centuries had wielded all the real power of the state.

NOTES OF AN ARTIST.—No. III.

FUSELI.

My recollections of the academy, continually present to my mind's eye, the figure of Fuseli. In my time he was keeper, and always sat in the evening under the colossal Toso, in the school of the antique. I was accustomed to consider him as a sort of hoary-headed little sprite, whose office it was to guard by his presence that fragment of a giant. It was not easy to divest my fancy of the idea that there was something supernatural about him. Many were the sketches the students made of him as he reclined in a large chair under the powerful light of the lamps, either employed in reading some Greek poet, or gathering subjects from a mystic romance in German. His high sloping forehead, crowned with a profusion of white hair; his long nose, short chin, remarkable mouth, and prominent eyes, gave to his expression a wild imaginative air, whilst there appeared a lurking sarcasm and love of mischief strangely blended with higher thoughts. A foreign accent assisted this impression; when he spoke, his words rolled over his tongue like Anglicised Italian; to those unaccustomed to his pronunciation, he was unintelligible. A gentleman whom I knew, after having taken some pains to obtain an admission to one of his lectures, from which he anticipated great delight, found to his bitter disappointment, that with the utmost stretch of attention he could scarcely catch a sound familiar to his ear.

It was a curious sight to observe Fuseli, in his latter days, moving about the Academy, attended by Sam, the porter, whose tall gaunt figure contrasted strongly with the small person of the Professor. Fuseli sometimes wore a broad-brimmed black straw hat, and he walked as if his diminutive legs were struggling to support, not a body, but his head; which, still erect, seemed the most formidable object opposed to the attacks of time—the citadel not yet in a state to be stormed.

Fuseli has been described as the wit of the academy: he might be also justly entitled the *wizard of art*—he possessed the power of opening to our view the hidden world of appalling abstractions. The beings he produced "look not like the inhabitants of the earth," "nor seem aught that man may question." They own no costume, neither are they naked; their gestures are the contortions of dumb fiends, or bodies in purgatory; an ominous forefinger, the index to crime or suffering, violently points their horrid purposes. His capacity was too great to allow him to fail in depicting poetry in her loftiest flight; even something of the sublime occasionally gleamed from his pencil; but his impatience spurned at the control which a refined taste would impose upon his extravagant manner. All his learning—and he was no mean scholar—all his knowledge of the finest art, were unable to keep his love of the marvellous, his relish of the terrible, within bounds. Some of his pictures give one the

idea of their having een painted purposely to frighten the fancy from its propriety, as a nurse imposes upon the imagination of children. It was, without doubt, the predominant bias of his mind, to plunge beneath, or soar above the level of life into the supernatural world; his conception was of the utmost expansion out of the sphere of nature—it was poetical in horrors—it felt no sympathy with the unaffected sweetness of woman, or with the grace and energy of man uninfluenced by aught beyond the life they live in the flesh. The simple sorrow feeding on the damask cheek, had no charm for an imagination that revelled in the most appalling scenes of Dante and of Milton. If a voluptuously formed woman was designed on his canvass, it was to introduce a goblin knight hovering about, to pursue—to torment her. The beauty of her person was only valued as it might increase the contrast of surrounding terrors; he used it as a light which served but to aggravate the depicted woe. Year after year, the exhibition contained some new dream of poetical night-mare. In spite of neglect and the sneers of those who were too prejudiced to forgive his faults, and too dull to comprehend his genius, he continued painting his wilful energetic fancies, enjoying the mystification thrown around some of his subjects, which were drawn from a source rather recondite to the English public. "By G— this will puzzle them," said he, as the following title to a picture was penned for the catalogue; "Sivrit, secretly married to Criemhild, surprised by Trony in his first interview with her, after his victory over the Saxons.—*Das Nibelungen Lied.*" People wondered who the deuce Trony could be, and not understanding the subject, laughed at the picture. His productions might almost invariably be recognized by their titles; they stood out in the catalogue, as they did on the academy walls. It was an act of supererogation, to affix H. Fuseli, R. A. to them. In the council room, where the works presented by the academicians on their election are deposited, and of which a list is reprinted in each yearly catalogue, we find in juxtaposition with "Venus and Cupid," "Gipsey Girl," "Age and Infancy," "Flowers," "Boy and Kitten," "A Coast Scene," "Cottagers," "Children," "Charity," "The Village Buffoon," "Boy and Rabbit," "Design for a New House of Lords," "Boys digging for a Rat," "THOR *battering* THE SERPENT OF MITGARD, *in the boat of* HYMER THE GIANT!"—This, it is almost needless to say, is Fuseli's.

The abundant fancy displayed in his fairy scene from the Midsummer Night's Dream elicited general admiration. The ground, the herbs, the flowers, swarm with fantastic beings as light and lively as grasshoppers in a field. Their long outstretched limbs are admirably adapted for airy leaps—they sport like insects in the sun, animated by no other passion than a love of motion—unconsciously propelled into a thousand fantastic attitudes. Milton furnished his mind with a gallery of subjects. One of the most poetical compositions I ever saw is the Uriel and Satan. The devil "throws his steep flight into many an airy wheel;" the angel meditatively watches him. Some of the Adam and Eve groups are executed with more of the hue of nature about them than any other of Fuseli's works. The Departure from

Paradise is full of "melancholy grace"—Eve pressing the head of "our primitive great sire" to her bosom, is exquisitely sweet and delicately treated: this subject forms a singular exception to the general character of his inventions. Lycidas, though mannered in the drawing of the figure, displays a high degree of feeling—the composition is grand. The Lazar House is awful.

Nothing could be more absurd than the story which came out at the time his Night Mare was exhibited, that Fuseli was accustomed to excite his imagination by supping on raw tripe and sausages. If the fact were not well known to be otherwise, and, that by his friends he was distinguished as a delicate feeder, one might infer that the tendency of his natural taste would supersede the necessity for any such gross means to force horrors upon his mind. To his imagination chimeras dire were a delight—"The Night Hag bestriding the Blast" was more charming to his fancy than the fairest of earth's daughters. The ghost of Denmark's buried majesty is not to be ascribed to the rich effect of undigested pork—it arose out of the pure essence of an unclouded mind. Had such a painter as Guido desired a terrible subject for his pencil, to shut out for a time the vision of angelic faces ever present to his fancy, it would have been more natural to resort to such a method; but Fuseli's brain teemed with all that his canvass has exhibited without the assistance of the tripeman or the pig-butcher.

In Allan Cunningham's Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence is a curious passage relating to Fuseli. "When he first saw my Satan," remarks Laurence, "he was nettled, and said, 'you borrowed the idea from me.' 'In truth I did take the idea from you,' I said; 'but it was from your person, not from your paintings. When we were all together at Stockport Court, in Pembrokeshire, you may remember how you stood on yon high rock which overlooks the bay of Bristol, and gazed down upon the sea which rolled so magnificently below. You were in rapture; and while you were crying—'Grand! grand! Jesus Christ, how grand! how terrific!' you put yourself in a wild posture. I thought on the devil looking into the abyss, and took a slight sketch of you at the time: here it is—my Satan's posture now, was yours then.'"

THE LOVE-CHILD.

[*Continued.*]

In the smith's shop, where many of the villagers were accustomed to congregate on winter evenings, to gossip, gambol, and play at ALL FOURS on the anvils, I had heard horrid tales about bloodhounds in foreign parts; and my grandmother's parlour was adorned with a coloured print, in which a leash of the breed were depicted in the act of tearing down a poor naked black. One of them, as I remember to this day, had leaped upon the man's shoulder, and thrusting his head forward, had grabbed him by the throat. Blotches of blood were distributed about the dog's jaws—the victim's tongue lolled forth—it was an awful affair, and I never could look at it without suffering that strange cutaneous emotion which produces "goose's flesh." I was far from an obedient boy; and my wrathful grandmother had often threatened to take me by the scruff of the neck, hurl me over the palisadoes of Squire Patch's court-yard, and let the blood-hounds "worry me a trifle, *or two*,"—these were her very words.

The ugly monsters (they had been christened SIN and DEATH) were, as I have stated, now on my track—*their business was with me.*

My first impulse was to go down the bed of the brook, break cover in Cuckold's Harem field, and make off towards Farmer Belroy's house, or my grandmother's hovel. Belroy, I felt satisfied, would protect me; and my formidable grandmother was in my estimation, single-handed, a match for any thing that drew the breath of life. A hare once took shelter, literally on her hearth—even beneath the grate; and in defiance of a whole army of red-coats belonging to a distant hunt, and a full pack of strong hounds, she preserved the wretched animal's life. The dogs and their attendant gentlemen broke through her miserable window and the mud wall beneath it; but my fierce grandmother, who was a washerwoman, stood in the breach, and by dexterously plying the simple artillery of boiling water from an enormous crock, compelled the beleaguers to beat a retreat, after having suffered considerable loss. Most of the leading hounds, and many of the gentlemen and their horses, were dreadfully scalded: the dogs howled with agony, and ran to and fro, snapping at every thing in their way, as though they were mad. One of them, I remember, flew at an old elder tree in front of the hut, and seemed to derive immense consolation from gnawing its rough trunk. The gentlemen roared hideously, and the horses snorted, neighed, whinnied, kicked, pranced, pawed, and tore up the hard gravel road with their desperate teeth, in so frightful a manner, that I besought my grandmother, in screams, to desist. Not she indeed! While any of those who had battered her mud castle remained within range of her liquid projectile, she continued to deal it forth by the ladle-full; exclaiming, ever and anon, "You'd worry a hare, would you? She has turned into a witch, you see! When water fails I've

irons at the fire, and, God help me! I shall try to flatten your faces!" The gallant hunt retired discomfited and disgraced; but the poor hare, notwithstanding all that we could do for it, died the next day, as my grandmother said, "of a bursten heart," from her efforts in the chase. During the night she squealed like a child in agony—her dying look was dreadfully human. I shall never forget it.

Could I but get beneath or behind my grandmother's stiff, thick, patched petticoat, I should have dared to pebble the noses of Sin and Death with a consciousness of perfect impunity; could I have reached Farmer Belroy's kitchen, I felt sure that I should have nothing to fear from any thing appertaining to Squire Patch; but in the open fields I should incur the risk of being *viewed*, and run down. I therefore determined on steering for another haven, namely, the cottage of Ezra, the gamekeeper who had shot me in the leg. It was much nearer than Farmer Belroy's or my grandmother's, and it could be come at, entirely, with the exception of one meadow and a garden, through thick cover. It lay, however, in quite a different direction, and to reach it I was compelled to retrace my flounderings *up* the bed of the brook. As I passed silently and unseen the spot where I had made my plunge, the bloodhounds, Sin and her half-bred daughter Death, whose sire was a bulldog, were baying above me, and I heard Squire Patch shrieking for the Caddiscombe otter hounds. Quietly making my way up the stream, I at length reached the root of a tall and noble maiden oak, which rose from one of its banks, and after having overtopped the underwood, among which it was born, soared bravely up into broad daylight far above the ridge of the little ravine. This friendly tree I climbed with ease, and travelling to the extremity of one of its upper branches, alighted safely on the level of the wood.

Fear, as the novelists of Leadenhall-street observe, lent me wings, and I flew through the copse. In five minutes I had reached the back door of Ezra's cottage. I opened it, shut it quietly behind me, shot the lower bolt, the only one I could reach, and, being barefooted, came into the kitchen without being heard. Kitty was clasped in the arms, and weeping on the shoulder, of her brother, Blue Peter, the poacher. The interview was clandestine; I revealed myself by coughing, and they looked like guilty things. Kitty, notwithstanding my filth, clutched me up to her bosom, and kissed me. Blue Peter laughed. I frankly told them my story; and within a few moments from its conclusion, I was stripped, plunged into a large tub of soap-suds—it was Kitty's washing day—and after having been properly towelled, put to bed. I was still in a state of horrible alarm; but Blue Peter vanquished my bitter apprehensions of the bloodhounds, by assuring me that no canine nose in the world could follow me up a maiden oak. Kitty brought me a podger of hot milk enriched with lots of sugar, and a dash of smuggled brandy, and in half an hour after I had entered the cottage, I was sleeping, at mid-day, in a fine feather-bed—fast as a top.

My repose was, however, doomed to be brief as that hurried but less comfortable slumber which befel me on the bank of the brook. I had a violent and vivid dream, in which, as I subsequently found,

imagination had been powerfully assisted or excited by reality. Squire Patch was Satan, cast out of the herd of swine: he vomited bloodhounds in couples—an eternal succession of twins—fac-similes of Sin and Death—and these the swine devoured. Meanwhile my grandmother danced on an upturned washing-tub, and her reverend donkey brayed. Each of the pigs—and there were millions—seemed identical with *our* Sir Simon—but it is necessary to explain.

My grandmother, as I have said, was a washerwoman—about half a grade above a pauper; but proud, reckless, and independent as any supreme lord of lives and property in the universe. Although earning but a scanty subsistence by the labour of her hands in her old age, after having spent the early and middle part of life in comparative opulence—she feared nothing—she cared for nobody. She had prospectively paid for her bit of burial-ground in the parish church. Her coffin had, for years, been under the bed; its cover possessed hinges and a lock and key; the solemn utensil contained her valuables—a little tea—a little sugar—the keg of cider—the small stone jar of illegitimate white brandy—her thin-worn wedding-ring which, unlike herself, not being fitted to endure hard work, had snapped—a lock of Billy Timms' hair, the youth of her maiden love—great grandfather's battered Bible, on the yellow fly-leaf of which was scrawled a register of the birth of every babe born in the family for three generations, *except myself*—several old silver thimbles, pierced through by severe use, in her better days—a gaudy garnet brooch—three singular silk gowns—my grand-uncle's breeches with five *bonâ fide* gold buttons, formed of seven shilling pieces, at each of the knees—several certificates of marriage, stuffed for better security into the toes of so many high-heeled shoes—a padusoy and a stuffed parrot—the sight of which was the only thing in the world that could make her shed tears. God knows why—I never asked, and I never found out. She always produced it with the Bible on Sunday mornings, when it was her invariable practise to take out her spectacles—they had but half a glass left—and read me a chapter. On these occasions she frequently talked of teaching me my letters; but the next day a career of steam and soap-suds was commenced, which lasted throughout the week, and my education was forgotten, until the Sabbath appearance of her battered Bible and its never-failing accompaniment the green poll-parrot with blue cheeks.

To carry home her linen she always had a Ned—that is, always within my memory; and I could hardly believe Blue Peter, the poacher, when he first told me that our fine, tall, stately, stout, long-eared friend, who looked as though he had ever been just as he was, had actually pined for some time about the dead body of his dam on the common, and would have died without an owner, if granny hadn't kindly taken to the ragged, miserable foal, and reared him. Poor as we were, the Ned was always fat and sleek—his neigh could be heard for miles—he pranced with pride, and to him were ascribed the finest mules on the Caddiscombe railroad. He was now grey as a badger with age, but his youthful energy had not departed. Though grisly, he gallopped most gallantly beneath the weight of granny and her customers' linen. He worked only two days in the week—

Monday and Saturday—during the other five he fed in perfect freedom on the common. Once upon a time, Squire Patch's people had caught and put him in harness, by way of a lark; but his emancipation was speedily achieved by a trifling exertion of his prodigious powers—the coachman said "that he could kick a town down."

This capital creature was a very useful piece of property: but touching my grandmother's other animal nothing laudatory can be said. Nobody could recollect where she had picked him up. The bacon was all bought—there had not been a porker in the parish within the memory of man. Sir Simon had neither cotemporaries, progeny, or subjects—he was himself alone—*the* Pig.

There were plenty of cocks and hens—cows, bulls, bullocks, rams, ewes, lambs, and chilver hogs—but no pig barring Sir Simon. The Ned had not a name—the pig had. Every body knew him as Sir Simon. He was the kindest, the most patient animal in the world. If the boys had nothing better to do, they sought him out, on the common, and three or four of them at once bestrode him. When fairly mounted he would ejaculate a note or two, expressive of mock-heroic indignation, raise his head, cock his tail, and set off at full speed. In a few moments his riders were invariably thrown. Buckle himself could not sit a pig at full speed. The scapular and caudal vertebræ are so much lower than the lumbar—at least they were in Sir Simon, the only pig I ever rode—that with the animal's violent action the rider is inevitably shuffled over his head, or shelved over his tail, unless he can take and maintain hold of the latter organ and one of the ears. But this Sir Simon would on no account permit. He was good-humoured to a fault; he would dig on the common for the roots he loved with a squib tied to his tail, but the moment you touched his ears you put him in a passion—he debased you to the level of a dog, and knocked you ten feet off, topsy turvy, without the least remorse. His tusks were like the canine teeth of a tiger, but he never used them, even when irritated, except against dogs. He would lift a boy by an upward action of his snout over a fern bush, and leave him unhurt upon the sward beyond; but if a strange dog tackled him, it was his sublime pleasure to adopt a demi-lateral, demi-perpendicular action of the head, by which his assailant was mortally ripped, and tossed, sprawling in the agonies of death, over the swine's head. To the boys Sir Simon was a rough, good-humoured playmate on an emergency; to a dog he was dire.

The pig had but one predilection: he never testified the least particle of love towards me, my grandmother, or any other human being; but for the Ned he entertained a decided partiality. He was always with him, except when once now and then he would stroll into Cuckold's Harem wood for a feast of beech-mast and acorns. Where the Ned was grazing, there the pig was ploughing. He trotted by the side of his long-eared friend, when their mutual mistress took home her clean linen; he *couched* on the common, at his back. He recognized nothing but the Ned; but the Ned never seemed to take the least notice of him.

The realities that mingled with my dream were my grandmother's screams, the howls of Sin, Squire Patch's shouts, and Sir Simon's deep guttural triumphant grunt. I awoke in a violent fright, and as

soon as I became conscious of where I was, stole on tiptoe to the window for information. In the high road from the peak of Transom Torr, which the front of Ezra's cottage commanded for nearly a quarter of a mile, there was to me a most appalling piece of work. At one timid, anxious, furtive peep through the jessamine which partially shaded the window, I saw that I had occasioned a frightful commotion. The living picture before me told its story in an instant. From what I saw, the conviction flashed upon me that some good-natured friend had gone down to my grandmother, and told her about Squire Patch having uncoupled the bloodhounds on my track. The old woman, as a matter of course, had mounted her palfrey, and come off at full speed to the rescue. On reaching the scene of action, Death, the younger of the bloodhounds, having a dash of the bull-dog breed in her derived from her sire, had pinned the Ned. Sir Simon, perceiving the nose of his friend between the jaws of a dog, had torn the latter from neck to navel. Sin, a witness of the catastrophe, having no bull-dog blood in her veins, had taken to her heels—Sir Simon, who went to great lengths when he was put up, had followed, supported by my desperate grandmother and her enraged Ned.

All this, as I subsequently ascertained, had taken place; but, as I have said, the facts flashed upon me at a glance. First came the liver-coloured blood-hound, Sin,—a single object—the very centre of the living picture,—fat, gasping, and scarcely able to maintain a gallop: drops of burning sweat rolled over her red fevered tongue (the only part in which dogs perspire); her eyes were bloodshot, and the protruded pupils were dragged backward, and fixed in horrid alarm on her pursuers; her tail was between her legs, her back was smooth, not a hair on it was elevated. Next came Sir Simon:—his tusks were gory; he frequently licked his hirsute lips; the bristles on his back were all bolt upright; his tail, which naturally had a trifling curl, looked as though he had tied it into a knot; by setting in action some of the muscles about his jaws, his long rugged tusks were fully developed—he grunted with glee.

My granny and her Ned followed. The old lady was in a desperate plight. Her cap had blown off, and her long grizly hair, divided into numerous ropy rat's tails, shot out in straight lines from the back of her head. Her brown sinewy arms were in violent motion, for she was urging the Ned, by thumping his neck with her white fists, soddened in soap suds, to increase his speed. But this exertion on her part was needless. The Ned seemed to be personally interested in the exploit; his lips were margined with crimson foam; the spirit of vengeance beamed forth from his dark eyes; his ears lay flat on his neck; his flexible and wounded upper lip was in constant motion; he frequently revealed his long teeth, and evidently had an intense desire to have a *scrunch* at the bones of the bloodhound.

Squire Patch and his visitors—the troop of boys who had followed me from Transom Torr—two or three gamekeepers—that infernal postilion who flogged me so—the blacksmith, hot from his forge—the tailor, in slippers—Mr. Snikes, the shoemaker, trying to tuck up his intractable new leathern apron—old hobbling Holloway—Shriek, the

parish clerk—in fact, two thirds of the village formed a busy background to the picture. Patch was blaspheming as though he had been Beelzebub: he could not overtake my granny, and foresaw that his darling bloodhound must inevitably fall a prey to the tusk of the pig. Among the multitude I perceived Ezra; he had a fowling piece in his hand, which he contrived to charge as he ran. Leaping on a dunghill, clothed with weeds in brilliant blossom, by the road side, he knelt down and levelled at Sir Simon. I stood on the tips of my great toes, and clenched my hands until I saw the result of his fire. It took effect.

The small shot, however, merely tickled the pig's thick hide; he received them as a possé of practical jokes, and uttering two or three very gruff, but, to those who knew him, intensely jocose grunts, galloped on with increased speed, although, as I perceived, when he passed, a few of the long bristles that clothed his nether haunch were strung with liquid rubies. There was a patch of flat green turf, at the other side of the road, on which, when the pig had passed, I discovered Blue Peter sprawling in a perfect paroxysm of laughter.

But the scene, however comic it might have been to him, was truly dolorous to me. The last glimpse I obtained of Sir Simon, his enormous ears were flapping up and down like an eagle's wings, triumphantly, as it seemed, bearing him onward to his prey. Granny, mounted on her infuriate Ned, was hard by his haunch; no aid was at hand, and I foresaw that, if Sin had nine lives, they would in a few moments be nine times annihilated. Sir Simon would rip up his flanks—the Ned would scrunch his ribs, and granny would complete the massacre by tearing him limb from limb. The fatal consequences of so audacious an exploit would not be felt so much by the Ned, Sir Simon, or granny, as by me—the first cause of the calamity. Ezra, I was sure, had detected me behind the jessamine as he passed, and I determined to decamp.

After having made my wet and grimy toilet, I descended the stairs, and—Kitty having gone out to see the fun—made my escape by the back-door, sneaked along the garden, and through the ditch of the meadow, into cover. I descended the maiden oak—traversed the brook until the point where it reached Cuckold's Harem Field—emerged there and threw myself flat in a diagonal furrow. Many hours elapsed, and when the west began to grow rosy, I ventured to peep above the corn-blades. My eye fell upon the face of a human being—it was that of dear little Agnes.

Her father being from home again, she had brought me successively, my breakfast, dinner, and supper. Supposing that I was playing the truant, and would probably make my appearance before night, she had kindly concealed my absence from the servants. How I loved her! The bacon, though cold, was capital. I did not eat—I devoured! Her aspect gradually brightened up, and at length my voracity so much amused her, that she cackled like a pullet. While she was in this pleasant mood, having satisfied my appetite, and drained a shooting horn of stout old cider, which she had brought with the bacon, I recounted my recent exploits and perils, and from

my mode of treating them, they seemed to strike her as being replete with fun. Once now and then, however, she turned pale, and stared at me awfully; and when I showed her the ridges raised on my urchin hide, by the short-docker of that atrocious postilion,—base-born as myself—she recoiled with horror, and I had much ado to prevent her from running away. As soon as I could prevail upon her to resume the seat she had previously occupied, I excited her interest by discoursing on my future prospects. I had made the village by far too hot to hold me, and I considered it very advisable to be off. It was Saturday evening, and I proposed, during the night, to crawl away to Caddiscombe, where, if Lavolta kept his word, I should meet with him at the fair, on Monday morning. Agnes suggested, that the intervening Sabbath would starve me. To knock this objection on the head, I proposed to pocket my untouched matinal mess of fried potatoes, and vesper ditto of brown bread and cheese: besides, I should meet with lots of hawthorn buds, and it was hard, if, after all my experience—as I meant to work my way as much as possible in covert—I couldn't find at least one squirrel's winter hoard of nuts unexhausted, in the Caddiscombe woods.

We were sitting opposite each other in the diagonal furrow, into which I had first thrown myself. Agnes, with a melancholy glance, surveyed the space between my naked head and my naked ankles—she gazed on tatters. Granny never thought of buying me raiment—I clothed myself. The nether garments I wore, were my own. I purchased them for a penny three months before, from Dick Withers, who had found them somewhere; my jacket was a loan. I had no pretension to shirt, waistcoat, hat, shoes, or stockings. Had I accepted the two latter articles from Ezra and his wife, perhaps I should not have had the courage to have worn them—in *me*, and among *my* companions, it would have looked proud.

Agnes, without speaking a word, took from her bosom a little *huswife*, given to her for the purpose of dressing her dolls. Selecting a little fairy needle, and threading it with a bit of blue silk, she knelt down and commenced sewing up a large rent which revealed the whole of my right knee. We soon began to talk again, and before she had proceeded far in cobbling up the numberless breaches in my garments, I had half persuaded her to be the companion of my meditated expatriation—for such the flight to Caddiscombe to both of us appeared. Her father had often threatened to pack her off to a boarding-school; but do what she would to make him angry, he still delayed the fulfilment of his menace, which it was her intense desire to bring about, for she felt sick of home, and longed to learn dancing. Poor little dear! She had no mother—no sisters or brothers—no companions. Her intercourse with humanity was rigidly restricted: with nothing to do, she felt herself enslaved. When a good girl, she was allowed to play with her dolls in the parlour or the garden; when deemed naughty, she was shut up with them in the brown closet, behind the back bed-room.

We were just on the point of coming to a conclusion, when somebody tittered—we looked up, and there was Blue Peter; over his shoulder gleamed the ruddy countenance of Dolly. They had over-

heard us, and in a few moments our project, so far as regarded Agnes, was utterly annihilated. Neither of them would, for an instant, entertain it. Agnes was lugged home, shrieking, by Dolly; and Blue Peter promised to hide me under a hen-coop in his own cottage, during the Sabbath, and put me far and free on the road to Caddiscombe long before the sun rose on Monday morning; for he thought that I could not do better than try my luck with Lavolta. My grandmother, he said, was ruined, out and out; for not only did Sir Simon sacrifice Sin, but the ferocious old woman had most severely thrashed Squire Patch.

On hearing this, I would on no account trust myself, for a whole day, to the protection of Blue Peter's hen-coop, but determined to get away at once—threatening the poacher that I would bite him if he attempted to prevent me. Peter took this very good-humouredly, and offering me his back, said he would carry me a clear mile on my road. Pocketing my provisions, and taking the ribbon of Agnes from the deserted bush-magpie's nest, where I had deposited it—I had not thought of it while the young darling was present—I mounted my friend's back, and away we went.

We had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile, when he pulled up under a broad oak. The sky above us was still, in patches, blue and bright; but the spray and budding foliage of the trees made our path occasionally gloomy. Beneath the oak we were in perfect shade. Casting his recondite eye upwards, he said that there were three pheasants at perch on a lofty slender branch, which would not bear him. "They're *craning* out their necks," quoth he; "steal up and twist 'em. Mind me—they be wide awake, but bothered between the lights." I moved, as an amendment, that I should take up three pebbles, and hit them one by one off the roost. We were, however, walking on a bed of thick elastic moss, and Blue Peter, partially falling in with my views, in the absence of pebbles, furnished me with a few penny pieces. I got up the oak with ease, and when upon a level with the birds—they had not yet tucked their heads under their wings—I placed three of my monetary missiles, one upon the other, between my forefinger and thumb, and carefully, but with all my strength, let go. There were three of them, but I only hit one: down he fell—it was a splendid cock—like lead; the others dashed up into the light and disappeared.

Blue Peter was pleased, and gave me sixpence. Soon after we parted; and being excessively tired, I crept into the hollow of a tree that had fallen, and enjoyed a sound repose. When I awoke it was past mid-day; but this fact it took me an hour's labour to ascertain. I had crept in easily enough, but I found it a matter of appalling difficulty to retrograde. At one time, I felt all but certain that my bed would prove my coffin. The worst of my position was, that although faint with hunger and exertion, I could not get at the fried potatoes, the bread, and the cheese in my pockets—both my hands being unfortunately above my head. At last, by an accidental tortuous exertion, I emancipated myself; and after breakfasting by the side of a pond, from which, as I sate silently, two or three thrushes came for mud to plaster the interior of their nests, I went on my way.

Before nightfall I reached Caddiscombe, and ventured into the market-place, where the fair was about to be held. It was a cattle as well as what is called a pleasure fair. All was bustle, and every body seemed big with preparation for the next morning. I wandered to and fro, half stupified by the uproar, for several hours, without seeing Lavolta. About two o'clock in the morning the hurly-burly had considerably decreased—the sheep and swine were penned—the horned cattle tethered, and it behoved me to look out for a bed. Crawling into the group of cattle, I at length found a recumbent cow tied to a post, whose large belly and bursting udder offered peculiar attractions. I scratched the poor creature's head —rubbed her painful dugs, which the calf, muzzled and tied to one of her horns, had not sucked for at least two meals, and having sufficently ingratiated myself, ventured to lie down and take one of the teats in my mouth. When I had sucked my fill, all around me being tolerably quiet, I untethered the calf, slipped off his muzzle, and let him have a bellyful; then, curling myself up on the cow's warm paunch, I composed myself to sleep. Towards morning my slumbers were dreadfully interrupted by vehement hammering, and when I thought proper to open my eyes, right opposite me, where the night before a number of bare poles had slightly intercepted the moonbeams, I perceived a superb erection, in front of which, about ten o'clock, I experienced the felicity of seeing Lavolta.

He was clad from top to toe in velvet, and silk, and spangles—the most splendid personage I had ever beheld. Squire Patch was a cow-boy to him. But I should never have detected him but for the large blue wen, which he called a mole, under his left ear. The moment I recognized this, I dashed up the steps. My costume and boldness produced a burst of merriment from the spectators, and Lavolta tickled me down with a tandem whip, which he wielded with extraordinary grace and emphasis. It was clear that he did not recollect me. To make myself known to him, I threw myself on my hands, and with legs aloft, proceeded to mount the steps. As soon as I came within his reach he gave me two or three encouraging taps with the crop of his whip, and when I reached the stage on which he stood, he took me by the shoulder, and led me kindly to the entrance of a dark narrow passage, down which he desired me to grope, and consider myself a part of his establishment.

May I go on?

VENTEROLOGY.

THE attention of such as have had the direction of a people has freqently been applied, for political purposes, to the consideration of those influences which principally bear on the character, either for the sake of subduing those passions which might prejudice a faith, or prove injurious to the welfare of a state; the first object was aimed at by Mahomet, when he denied to his followers the use of wine; and by the Roman Catholics when they ordained the fasts which, by rendering the body less subject to the animal passions, made the mind more alive to religious precepts: the Jews also were not ignorant of these influences, and made their laws accordingly.

Not only in a moral, but also in a civil point of view, has that which "enters a man's mouth" been destined to have its influence; for it cannot have escaped the observation of any reader of history, however hastily he may have glanced over its pages, that the description of a people having any peculiar or striking character, is always accompanied with some account of their mode of living, to which that character may in a great degree be ascribed. The love of warfare, for which the Persians were distinguished, may to a large extent be referred to the wine of which they were so fond and used so freely. Darius himself appears to have been in this respect by no means abstemious, for he boasts in his epitaph that he could drink much wine and carry it well. In the contest for the crown of Persia between Cyrus and Artaxerxes, the former, in his letter to the Lacedemonians, in which he asks their assistance, lays claim to it, among other reasons, on the ground of his being a great drinker, and better able to bear a large quantity of wine than his brother. Philip of Macedon was fond of the pleasures of the table, and indulged not a little in the use of wine; this latter propensity was once mentioned to Demosthenes as a subject for much praise, but the orator replied that "to drink freely was rather the quality of a spunge than that of a king." The love of wine and war descended from Philip to his son Alexander the Great; his success in the one and his excess in the other are matters of history: the murder of Clitus was effected during the heat of wine; and, to crown all, Alexander himself died under its influence after draining the cup of Hercules. Such, and many more like instances might be mentioned, in which the indulgence of any particular appetite has a great sway over the character of individuals and nations; but the saying of Philocrates, when he differed from Demosthenes, must not be passed over: "Do not wonder, Athenians, that I differ from Demosthenes, for he drinks water and I drink wine."

We have an amusing dialogue from Twelfth Night, or What you Will, between Sir Andrew Ague-cheek and Sir Toby Belch, in which the former being chided by the latter for his slowness and queer fashion of making love to Maria, excuses himself thus:—*Sir Andrew.* Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary

man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.—*Sir Toby.* No question.—*Sir Andrew.* An' I thought so I'd forswear it.

Sir Toby Belch says of his friend, "He plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages, word for word, without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature;" and yet, in spite of all these acquirements and gifts of nature, he lacked that common parlance which is used in making love. And how did this happen? We have his own words for it: he was a "great eater of beef."

Mossop, the actor, is said to have been particularly attached to various food, according to the line of character he was to represent:—broth for one; roast pork for tyrants; steaks for "Measure for Measure;" boiled mutton for lovers; pudding for "Tancred," &c. As there is a great dearth of dramatic talent at the present time, it would, perhaps, be well for those who have the care of the rising generation of tragedians and comedians, to see that proper directions, among their other rules, be given with reference to diet. They, who are much subject to dreaming, will not fail to have remarked that the character of their dreams is very much influenced by the food which they have taken during the day, but more especially by that which forms their evening's repast; the purposes to which such dreams may be applied by those who understand the means by which they are created, have occasionally been brought before the eyes of the public in the works of the poet, the novelist, and the painter. The conclusion would be far from unreasonable, that as an article of diet has an influence on the mind when the judgment is not exercised, as is presumed to be the case in dreaming, so, *à fortiori*, when the mind is more under the influence of a particular diet, used for a longer space of time, the character of the individual will be the more strongly developed.

"Let those," says Galen, "who deny that the difference of aliments can render some temperate, others dissolute, some chaste, others incontinent, some courageous, others cowardly, some meek, others quarrelsome,—come to me: let them follow my counsels, as to eating and drinking, and I promise them that they will get great help therefrom towards moral philosophy." Chrysippus advises that infants should be brought up by *clever* nurses only; and a remarkable instance of the conviction that the nutriment of children constituted a part of their education, is recorded of Blanche de Castille, the mother of Saint Louis, a lady of great acquirements. One day when the queen was labouring under a violent attack of fever, a lady of quality, who, to please her majesty, or to imitate her, also nourished her son, hearing the little Louis cry with thirst, quickly devised the means of appeasing him. The queen, on her recovery from the attack, would have performed the like office, but the little Saint was already satisfied. The cause of this was soon discovered; and the queen, instead of thanking the lady for her kind offices, regarded her with an angry look, and putting her finger in the mouth of the infant, caused him to return all he had taken. This excited much astonishment; but the queen said she could not endure that another woman should have the right of disputing with her the offices of a mother; so firm, says the nar-

rator of the story, was the conviction, at that time, that the nutriment of children formed a part of their education.

If we can put any faith in Swift, with respect to the satire which he has so lavishly betowed on all professions in his Gulliver's Travels, it must have been the prevalent doctrine of the medical men of his time that the mind was in a great degree subject to the influence which the food had upon the body. The hero of the story, in his visit to the academy at Lagado, mentions that one of the professors shewed him a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons; their time of eating; upon which side they lay in bed; and many other points which it is not necessary to mention. The height to which the doctrine might have been carried, may perhaps stand as an apology for the severity of the satire; but no one can doubt that ill-concocted viands not only produce commotions in the human bowels, but, it may be, "convulsions and heats in the bowels of Europe;" for it is an axiom, sanctioned by the highest authority, that well-digested opinions are the product of well-digested viands, and *vice versâ*. In truth, it has been satisfactorily proved, that in every stage of human life—health and disease—pleasure and pain—and even life and death, are dependent on the functions of the stomach. Let those therefore who would enjoy an easy and agreeable state of mind be careful in the choice of their viands and their cook; and may it be their lot to exclaim—

"Que je puisse toujours, après avoir diné,
Bénir le cuisinier que le ciel m'a donné!"

What Sir Andrew Ague-cheek suspected to be the cause of his dulness, is in fact the prevailing error among Englishmen of the present day: we are "great eaters of beef." This "*toujours perdrix*" system, this animal diet, cannot fail to make us the silent and sedate creatures we are. The Frenchman, on the contrary, makes his repast off a variety of aliments, which, by cookery, are rendered inviting to the palate, and easy of digestion to the stomach: as a consequence, his conversation is light and agreeable, never tiresome from its sameness, but various and pleasing. It is even asserted that our personal beauty depends upon eating and drinking; and that the ugliness of the Calmucks is solely owing to their feasting on raw flesh; an alarming piece of news to all eaters of half-dressed beef, and a convincing proof of the importance of cookery.

GLANCE AT THE GREAT POWERS.

THERE is one word that by common consent is now generally applied to every thing political, and which powerfully attests the indecision and uncertainty—those marked attributes—of our times: this word is Question. In fact every thing, whether at home or abroad, comes under this category. Internally, we have the East and West India questions, the Currency question, the Corn-law question, &c. &c. Externally, the Belgian, the Spanish and the Portuguese, the Greek and the Turco-Egyptian questions, the solution of which baffles the calculation of the most skilful observers of the varying aspect of the political horizon.

Amid this chaos of interests, this conflict of principles, a faint glimmering of light breaks upon our darkened vision. The Ministerial journals now tell us that the Belgian question is on the eve of its final adjustment; but this language has been held by the government scribes "*usque ad nauseam.*" Let us therefore examine through what phases it is yet doomed to pass. First, then, as a preliminary arrangement, we shall have a cessation of coercive measures on the part of England and France; the affair being thus placed upon the identical bases it was before the embargo. After a little diplomatic coquetry, the northern powers will again join the Conference, and a new series of protocols will be commenced. Three years of negotiation, and two years of hostilities, will thus have brought things back to nearly their point of departure.

This Belgian question is another proof of a very evident truth, that ever since the "untoward event" of Navarino, every thing that has been done in Europe has been "*de par et pour la Russie.*" Occupied by projects of internal reform and social re-organization, the attention of both England and France has been of late exclusively devoted to their internal concerns, a circumstance of which Russian diplomacy has skilfully profited to develop its projects of political aggrandizement. Thus, in France, we find the Chamber of Deputies occupied with the examination of the "*projêt de loi*" relative to the municipal laws. This is an immense question, striking, as it does, at the root of the system of centeralization and laxity of administration of the French government. It is a daring conception of the republican party; for should the measure proposed by Odillon Barot and his party pass, it will exhibit the most extended application of the federal system the world has yet beheld. That the central system has been carried too far we admit; but such a sweeping re-organization as the one contemplated—nothing, in fact, less than giving a separate administration to each of the fifteen thousand communes into which France is municipally divided—would soon prove a death-blow to the monarchy. In whatever shape the measure may ultimately pass, it clearly indicates that the republican party are not so inconsiderable as they have been represented. Louis Philippe wears an uneasy crown. The *external* direction of the mouvement, compressed

at the frontier by his timid policy, threatens every moment, by its recoil, to hurl him from his throne. Like Louis the XVth, he may, on looking around him, exclaim, "*Je plains mon successeur:*" and who is bold enough to point out his successor?

Europe may be likened to a slumbering volcano. On the absolute soil of Spain we behold the curious spectacle of the exercise of the elective franchise, such as it is. But when convoked, the Cortes will be but the shadow of those that, with the energy of the better periods of Spanish history, used thus to address their king:—*Nos que valemos tanto que vos—Nos, que podemos mas que vos*—(We who are as good as you—we who have more power than you): for the members of this legislative assembly will be solely composed of the noblesse, the dignitaries of the church, and the deputies of the towns that still retain the "*voto en Cortes:*" these last are elected by the Ayuntamientos (corporations), the members of which have either become hereditary, or are nominated by the king. In this body, therefore, there will not be even the simulacrum of popular representation; it will be a mere *lit de justice* to register the act of recognition of the infant queen; after which it will be thrown aside as a piece of useles lumber: while Ferdinand, having attained his object, will relapse into the arms of the Camarilla.

In the south-western section of the Peninsula, the aspect of affairs is not more cheering. Don Pedro still remains shut up in Oporto, at the head of an army in which every state of Europe is represented but that of his daughter, viz. Portugal itself. Instead of acting boldly in the field like the pretender Charles Edward, he has wasted his time in pitiful intrigues that have rendered him the contempt both of friend and foe; and should he ultimately prove successful, such is the rancorous animosity that subsists between the two parties, that it will require at least a quarter of a century to heal the wounds of civil war; and double that time, to re-organize the finances of the kingdom, and to cultivate upon her soil the seeds of freedom, for among the present race of Lusetanians, the materials of free institutions are slender indeed.

Having travelled from the Scheldt to the Tagus, let us now take wing to the banks of the mighty Danube; there we find the arch-Metternich, the framer of Holy Alliances, the soul of anti-liberal crusades—Metternich, at whose name freedom grows pale, and who is held in universal execration from one end of the continent to the other. In spite, however, of those ancient and tenaciously preserved traditions of the policy of Austria—accustomed to wear out her enemies rather conquer them—we certainly did not consider her so blinded to her own interest, as to be prepared for her besotted neutrality in the affairs of the East. We ask Prince Metternich's pardon, but we thought him sufficiently well informed on what the merest tyro in diplomacy looks upon as his a, b, c; namely, that it is the vital interest of Austria, to preserve Turkey as a stay against the encroachments of Russia. Will the policy of principles prevail again at Vienna over that of interests? Will Austria, allured by the charm of some miserable portions of territory, that may be thrown to her in the *carée* of the Turkish empire—will she close her

eyes to the danger of being *turned* in the South and East by Russia, and to have in her rear that natural enemy whom she should always look boldly in the face?

There can be no doubt that the late affair at Frankfort will prove a fortunate event for the Autocrat. Only let Austria and Prussia have once their attention concentrated upon Germany, and as far as those two powers are concerned, he will have it all his own way on the Bosphorus. We strongly suspect too, that the Russian police had some hand in this matter; nay, to go farther—was the motive principle of an *emeute* that came so "*apropos*" to give a prospect for the East to Russia, and one for Frankfort to the garrison of Mayence, who were aware before-hand of the very hour their presence would be necessary? The sweets of the Austro-Prussian occupation are already felt in their full force in that free city. Nothing is heard but the insolent "*wer-da*" of the Hungarian grenadiers, or Prussian *uhlons;* but what to the Germans must prove an intolerable tyranny, is the ordonnance, forbidding any person to pass a sentinel with a lighted pipe. Will they stand this? If so, they will stand any thing. Is there not one among them, who, in the language of Beranger, will exclaim,—

"Peuples—
Formez une Sainte Alliance et donnez vous la main!"

The consummate sagacity of Russian diplomacy has not on this occasion belied itself; but on the other hand, the conduct of Metternich is unaccountable. Terrified by a mere phantom of liberal opinions, artfully conjured up by Russia, we find him moving the armies of Austria upon the Tyrol and the Voralberg, when they should be concentrating upon the Turkish frontier; while Prussia, with equal fatuity, is occupied with the re-organization of her universities—the hot-bed, as she thinks, of revolutionary principles.

On what part of the continent of Europe can the gaze of the political philosopher rest with feelings of satisfaction? On every side, he sees a conflict of interests and principles—strife and debate. But there is one country whose fate is nearly forgotten; looked upon as a worn out tradition, beautiful even in her desolation—that country is Italy.

"L'antica regina del universo."

In the dominions of the King of Sardinia, a conspiracy with the most extensive ramifications has been discovered; but these partial movements rivet more firmly the chains of her oppressors; it is only on a general and united effort, that the star of freedom will rise on her benighted soil. But divided as she is by intrigue, prejudices, and territorial interests, the centralization of Italy under one government is a political Utopia. As it has ever been, her fate to the end of the chapter will, we fear, be, in the language of her own Felecaja,

"Pugnar col braccio di Straniere gente
Per servir sempre o venatrice o venta."

And now for Greece—a kingdom engendered by European

diplomacy, and protected as it were by three powers, or rather by three distinct interests. The Greek people have risen victorious from a bloody struggle that created the sympathy of the civilized world; but this victory has been dearly purchased. A soil strewed with ruins—nearly a whole generation exterminated!—such are the results of a war prolonged beyond measure by the egotism of European diplomacy. In fact, there no longer remains but the skeleton of a nation—independent it is true, but without laws, without government, without administration, without every thing, in fact, but arms, still reeking, and which her citizens have, as is too often the case, drawn in the service of anarchy after having made so noble a use of them against tyranny. First, a kind of goverment at once permanent and provisional was formed, at the head of which was placed a Greek who had become a Russian—an ingenious combination, destined to nationalize the bastinado under which it was intended to curb that haughty and independent population. Such was, in fact, the administration of Capo d'Istria. Force kept down the turbulent spirit of the Palikari; but under this European Pacha, nothing changed, nothing prospered, and soon the president himself fell a victim to his own despotism. Now, a new arrangement is tried. We shall not examine the strangeness of that conception that sends to reign at Athens, over the soldiers of Canaris and Colocotroni, a German child, who possessed no other titles to his crown than some insipid odes written by his father in favour of the cause of Greece. We shall confine ourselves solely to point out the consequences of this choice to the two constitutional governments, parties in the arrangement, which has thus delivered over to the despotic powers of the continent the new throne and its regency—an enormous fault, which the affairs of the East have gloriously brought to light: for it is necessary to understand, that in the present situation of the Ottoman Porte, the Greek question presents itself under a new aspect. Connected, as she now is, with the great interests of the balance of power among the states of Europe, it is no longer a philanthropical, but a political question, aye, and one of the first magnitude; for at the moment when we see Russia assuming over the Turkish empire a protectorate pregnant with danger to the whole of Europe, at a moment when the last bonds of our ancient alliance with Turkey are severed, it behoves this government in particular to have an eye on Greece. She is, we admit, nothing as yet; but with the frontier that has been given to her by the last treaty, she may become something, and she is in fact in the actual negotiations in an important diplomatic position. To withdraw from her affairs—to throw away all ulterior influence upon the political direction of her government, will be to add to a fault already committed one still more glaring.

As a European question, what is now passing at Constantinople must arrest the attention of every observer. For our part, when we heard that an accommodation had been brought about between the Sultan and the Egyptian Pacha, we placed no reliance on the news—the conditions of the treaty being in too direct opposition to the views of Russia to give it even the shadow of probability. The

flames of war in the East are again kindled. Ibrahim is unintimidated by the presence of the Russians at Scutari, and the Sultan has recovered that blind confidence that he displayed when he reviewed his army that found a grave at Konish. The Porte, it is now evident, has only been negotiating to gain time, while Pozzo di Borgo in the west, with his usual ability, has cajoled both Lord Palmerston and the Duc de Broglie. When there was still time to have seized the initiative, we closed our eyes upon the ambition of Russia. Now, mistress of the Dardanelles, she may interdict our entry whenever she pleases. The Turco-Egyptian question appears further from its solution than ever, thanks to our diplomacy: force will henceforth decide it; and who can say what nations may be arrayed upon this vast field of battle, when victory cannot regulate the destinies of Asia without having a mighty influence upon those of Europe?

The campaign about to open will be the theatre of great events. Ibrahim occupies Anatolia with an army of 60,000 men: the whole population, Christian as well as Mussulman, have declared in his favour. His name alone took Smyrna; and the Egyptian fleet, manned by good sailors, and directed by good European officers, will not fear to try their strength with the clumsy ships of the Black Sea. This fleet keeps up his communications with Egypt, where the Vice King has a powerful force in reserve.

The preparations of Russia, on the other hand, sufficiently indicate how clearly she understands all the importance of the struggle; 15,000 men occupy an entrenched camp at Scutari; a new corps d'armée has just been embarked at Odessa; and the corps, traversing the principalities, would reach Constantinople early in May. Thus she prepares for war with the same vigour as if she were making it on her own account. Paskiewitch, celebrated for his successes against the Persians, has traced the plan of campaign; and Count Orloff has been selected to carry it into execution, in his double capacity of Generalissimo and Ambassador-extraordinary. The Muscovites are not only at Constantinople, but masters of all the most important points of the empire, of the Balkan and the Dardanelles. The Sultan exists but by their permission; and the commerce of Europe with the East, is now at the mercy of a Hetman of Cossacks.

When we recollect the bloody wars formerly waged by the maritime powers of Europe for the monopoly of pepper or of the Newfoundland fisheries, is it not astonishing that two powers like England and France should not seek to arrest the onward roll of the tide of Russian ambition that threatens to swallow up every power in Europe? Since 1815 she has extended herself, in the north, beyond the Vistula, and in the east to the mouth of the Danube. The late war with Persia added several provinces to her empire; her armies and her establishments already envelop the Black Sea; the Sultan has delivered to her the keys of the Dardanelles; she has given a king to Greece; and we may at this rate shortly expect to see her flag waving before Malta and Gibraltar, or to hear a wild Tartar hurrah under the walls of Fort George!

BELLES LETTRES EXTRAORDINARY.

"Heaven first sent letters to some wretch's aid."
POPE.

THE correspondence of eminent persons has been always a subject of interest to the world. There are traits of individuality in the "*abandon*" of a letter which pourtray the character of the writer a thousand times more forcibly than the wordy, elaborate detail of the biographer, the intimate friend, or even the original of the sketch when he attempts to describe himself. The observer imparts only the idea which he has conceived, modified by his own peculiar manner of viewing and judging; the man who endeavours to draw his own moral likeness has a more difficult task even than the painter who essays a physical auto-representation; like the latter, he can never divest himself of the idea that he is sitting for his picture—forgetfulness of his occupation is impossible—he gives a portrait at full length, but, as the heralds say, "with a difference." The "*alter ego*" is a very distinct personage from the original; in stature, in colouring, in all the more salient characteristics, the resemblance is complete; but looking on it, we say with fat Sir John, "What care I for the thewes and sinews of a man: give me the spirit, Master Shallow!" So fares it with him who sits up to reflect his own image upon paper; and whereas the artist is bound in justice to his skill to note down any little blemish or defect in feature or in form, so the moral painter must in many instances either give himself pain when he dwells on any little foible or irregularity known only to himself, or trusting to that knowledge, become unfaithful to his purpose, and slur over those points which, united, form a chief part of the individual's characteristics.

But in letter-writing this conclusion is forgotten; we are animated by our theme,—we address ourselves in confidence to a friend, a mistress or a relative, with greater sincerity than we apply to our own cross-examination; we have no little concealment to make,—the world is never to be the wiser for the communication,—the secret subsists only between man and man,—we give and take in mutual correspondence, careless of the consequence, for it is rarely apprehended. But when once a suspicion arises that our letters may probably some day be brought to light, when eminence in any particular department has rendered our names attractive to the public, the very consciousness of our anticipated re-appearance puts us upon our guard, and we labour then to be natural, easy, witty or profound, with much of the success which generally attends the efforts of an amateur actor who exchanges his amusement for a profession. That some men have greater aptitude for the "style epistolaire" than others is of course too obvious to be mentioned; the *metier* is theirs as exclusively as the possession and exercise of any other faculty or talent; but the point for which I contend is, that in the letters of almost all who write, there may generally be found much that is amusing, instructive, or characteristic, which is vainly sought for elsewhere.

From this number I would except a Frenchman of my acquaintance, who, without possessing a single requisite to form the reputation of a letter-writer, imagined himself a second St. Preux; but forgetting that his vanity was shown to be stronger than his love, *numbered every letter* which he wrote to his mistress! intending them perhaps as a graduated reference to his passion—a sort of numerical thermometer of the heart. "*Ah, mon Dieu, comme cela m'ennuie!*" exclaimed Madame de P— one day to her cousin Ernestine, "*il ne finira jamais—ce pauvre Victor! il est maintenant au* 32° *et veut absolument me rappeler le* 12°. He says—'The passion so ardently expressed in No. 19 was but a faint image of that which filled my soul in 28.' 'The despair of 30 can only be equalled by the sufferings I endured in writing No. 10.' When he gets up to ninety," added she, "I shall send his letters to the lottery-office, and let them compile a new scale of fortunate numbers from the complexion of each." Victor's mistress never kept her threat; she had amassed about half the number when a friend made her a present of a beautiful poodle; her lover's billets, written on "*papier rose, doré,*" made admirable papillottes for Fanchon; Victor caressed the dog one morning before its toilette was made—he recognized his own handwriting, renounced his mistress, forswore the art which chafed old Archibald Douglas, and the French revolution happening most opportunely, he became one of the "*braves de Juillet.*"

I have been led to make the remarks on letter-writing which preceded this anecdote from having accidentally discovered among my papers a few specimens of the correspondence of various persons, which were given me at different periods, as remarkable either for defiance of orthography, of sense, or for some other absurdity. The greater part of them are the unbiassed emanations of people in humble life; the poetry and biography of this class have latterly been thought worthy of record, and I see no reason why their correspondence also should remain unedited.* They are also perfectly genuine;—no liberty of amendment has been permitted; the critical pen of the corrector has not been suffered to emasculate the energy of the rude original. We could easily prove their authenticity, but to decipher the autograph would be a task too laborious for general readers; we therefore prefer giving a faithful transcript to reproducing the Persepolitan character in which they are curiously carved. Like the chivalry of old, whose calligraphic attempts resembled sword-blades and spear-heads rather than the round monastic penmanship of the cloister, the formation of the letters in these M.S.S. bears a closer affinity to the instruments of field-labour or housewifery employment,—the coulters of ploughs and darning-needles,—than to the recondite skill so highly lauded by Mr. Vyse in his spelling-book, where "the plastic pen" is made the subject of immortal verse.†

* Vide Quarterly Review—passim.

† I like to quote from high authority, following in this respect the example of a modern poetess, who, in the notes to one of her poems, informs us that she met with a passage relating to an eastern monarch—where think you?—not in d'Herbelot, Pococke, Sale, Hyde, Niebuhr, or any other orientalist—but in *Mavor's English Grammar!* a work of reference so valuable, that it is pity she did not oftener avail herself of its concealed treasures.

The first letter which I shall offer to the reader, is that of a lady, who deserves to be introduced by a motto from Casti:

"Altre udirete poi, che scritte e dette
Non furon pria nè in verso mai, nè in prosa,
E tutto con candor, con libertà,
E con la natural semplicità."—(NOVELLE.)

Here is the forlorn fair one's simple and *unaltered* epistle:—

Bath. July. Satterday July 5th 1816.

"Dear Maddam,

aving ONFORTUNITLY Left your Service as I Latley Perseve throw A desetful Man that you so Hoften ave cotioned me A But Who I Bleve Whod ave runned my Sole and Boddy Both and I mit Be Thankful to God that I am Parted from him and as my Bible tells me I Bleve that all thing Works together For good to them that Lov God Dear Maddam I ave taken the key of the carrag Blinds throw a innosent mistake and I ave Sent it to you and ave take the Libbery to rit those fue Lines to you and I hope it will not be offencive to you or to my master I did wish much to see you Maddam Befor I Let yor service But I did not take the Libberty to ask for you Maddam had I taken your advice I mit ave don Better But Little did I think I had a Snake in my Bosom Maddam I am your and your Fambleys Most Obedient and Most Humble Servant Francis Bulley.

To Mrs ————
B — House near C —
Wilts. ——

What a feeling of melancholy steals over our minds as we peruse the letter of Frances Bulley! We picture to ourselves a young and tender girl, of ardent mind and susceptible imagination,—the victim of disappointed affection, the slave of a sensibility too easily awakened. With regard to the perjured lover, we have nothing but conjecture to guide us in endeavouring to ascertain the station of this Wiltshire Theseus; he was one of those probably, who, as the clown says, "haunt fairs and wakes," dressed in holiday garb, with honeyed words to beguile, and a nosegay in his button-hole. Perchance his condition might have resembled hers—a captivating groom perhaps—or it may be, an insinuating Valley de *Sham*—the last most likely, for there is no truth in any of them. But consolation was not entirely reft from the maiden—there was still Balm in Gilead—she discovered the key of the "carrag blinds." The letter—we speak in earnest—is at once simple and touching.

We now come to an epistle which opens in a formidable manner. I imagined at first that it was intended for Mr. Cross or Mr. Vigors, but on referring to the superscription I found it addressed to a gentleman, whose name, I presume, is mis-spelt, unless it be another alias of the gentleman in black, or grey, or other "trumpery," whom the Germans delight so to honour. It was as follows:—"To Mr. HELL Clother Combeford Ner Cann Wilts."

The opening is fine—we can imagine the crowned Queen Cybele sending her regal messengers to prepare her way!

March the ye 20. 18019. —

Sir, I have send you these *Lions* to Let you no, that I have got you a millman For you If you dos think proper and he his a good Sarvent as aney won

in the Countery he have worked at one ples for fortey years a good Carecter from his master at Mr Eveartt he his a soled sobur onnist man and a good millman this man dos leves at Crocketton His nem is Solaman michell my *Kekmenaistron** Edward Miles your humbel sarvent.

he have no *famely* But a *wiff.*"

Thrice happy Mr. Edward Miles, who could consider a helpmate so lightly! What a grace, "beyond the reach of art," is contained in the forcible language of the above, unfettered by the pedant's rules, untrammeled by the ties of punctuation! See how steadily he proceeds to his goal in one vast Alexandrine stride; there are no flourishes of rhetoric to turn aside the attention—no ambiguous periphrasis to bewilder the mind, save at the climax of the letter, where its position is most appropriate. Let us hope that he attained the object of his desires.

We will now ascend a little higher in the scale. The following letter is the production of an emigrant French priest, and was addressed to the late Earl C————. Having no longer a cure of souls, the churchman seemed anxious to become a "body curer" instead—a compound of Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius.

Asmansworth, Novr. 22th 1814.

"My Lord,

Mr. Jolly, french priest. Tooke the liberty, and the Honour, to Informe your Lordship; if his Lordship Desire to be cure'd By the Poison's of the Gout, he will Give to his Lordship, the Recept of it; and the Roule who is to fallow, and his Lordship *Shall* be cure'd Radically Before Long-time, and if his Lordship Got the Gout in his Marrow Bone† he shall be cure'd if his Lordship will fallow Mr. Jolly Roule &c.

Mr. Jolly will oblige Any time his Lordship, with great Care and attention."

To the Hon Earl C———

I am afraid the "*Jolly Rule*" would hardly answer for a gouty patient—I should be inclined to have more faith in the *etcetera*. Perhaps Mr. Jolly had an opportunity the following year of recommending his prescription to his own monarch, Louis Dixhuit—and who knows?—such mutations were then common—he may probably have figured as a Bishop and a Minister of Public Instruction.‡

Let us return to the plains of Arcady, to the classical downs of Wiltshire, famed as the retreat of poets and men of letters! The author of the following precious document, bears a name already illustrious, with a slight orthographical difference, in the highest range of our national poesy;—and under the same name, several of

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* This learned Theban knew the value of a hard word when he threw in this bit of *Greek*; perhaps it may be thought by some to be symbolical of "recommendation." I however prefer the original Hellenic.

† Verbatim.

‡ The occupations followed by the emigrée Noblesse were, many of them, abandoned with reluctance. I remember a little Marquis, one of the old school, of ancient title, and quite the beau of the fauxbourg St. Germain, who declared that the happiest period of his existence was when he retailed snuff in a small shop in Gracechurch Street! It was a favourite anecdote of his when offering a prise de tabac from his enamelled box, painted by Petitot.

our first statesmen have become celebrated. Let us see how *hight* JACOB SPENCER sustains this lofty reputation.

"To Mr. ——— Mamsbury.
Octr. 17.—Sor I Spencer Have send
My man this marnen with the sum of 8 poun
And ei will com over an Pay the Balons
At Gret morkat nex on Satred nast
I was out that I had no one two send
Els I shud send yall the money and yoll Pleas
Two send that Bear that bear that I order
For by your Man Las weak you Pleas send the
Day at quick as pesabel I remain yours
Jacob Spencer."

Our friend Jacob is evidently a descendant of the poet Edmund: every one of his lines begins with a capital, and is *therefore* clearly intended for verse. It is true there is neither rhyme nor rhythm—but it bears so close an affinity to much of the *blank* verse of the present day, that I should be loath to reject it on that account. We may observe one thing in the intimate correspondence of these worthies:—like the citizen of Angiers, they "talk as familiarly of roaring lions, as maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs;"—already we have had an epistle commencing with "Lions," and here we encounter another concluding with a *reiterated* demand for a Bear!

"That bear,—that bear!—" But notwithstanding the *ursine* character in which the request is conveyed, we have a shrewd suspicion that like the blessed animal of the Baron of Bradwardine, it has a nearer reference to yeomanly potation, than to the nature of the hirsute prowler of the Polar regions. Mr. Jacob Spencer has evidently been guided in his orthography by the illustrious example of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, who recommends water for her maids in preference to "bear," as it will keep them "more cool and tamperit"—but there

"I doubt all likeness ends between the pair,"

as the aforesaid Jacob is so urgent to procure the liquor as quick as "*pesabel.*"

The next letter is one which, for variety of incident, terseness of description, and graphic powers of illustration, is worthy of being kept on record. There is a sweeping, military, despatch-like mode of expression; a happy and clearly-defined combination of ideas, which are rarely met with.

"Dear Uncle Ant I send these few lines hopeing to to find you in good health as it leaves all us a press *Ann* thank god for it your Sister *Ann* Brothers are all very well *Ann* Granmother have not been well but she is very well now *ann* Granfather *ann* Gra nmother gives their kind to you both *Ann* we believe your Brother John is going to be married for they are both going to leave there places at May *Ann* father is making a new clockcase for him again May *Ann* uncle Thomas's wife as bin married before *Ann* Sprag's wife is dead *ann* molly wat kins husband is dead *Ann* you forgot to send me word whether you did receive the apples *Ann* note *Ann* my mother thinks to put me to be a wat

chmaker this summer *ann* it is likely to be a very plentious year of syder *ann* every thing *ann* we shall be very glad to see you Both down in the country this summer *ann* father and mother their kind love to you both *ann* like wise myself *ann* no more at pressant from your well wisher ANN SETTERRA M. R. C. S."

Doubtless this comes from some Michael Robert Caleb Smith! And yet he boldly writes himself down a woman, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, to boot. Scorning the abridgment &c., he amplifies the crotchet into "ANN SETTERRA." How perfectly Shakspearian are the transitions from grave to gay;—the decease of the beloved of Sprags—the doom of the husband of Molly Watkins—and the inquiry if the apples were received safe, must recal to every one's mind the philosophising commentary of Justice Shallow, and the pertinent question which succeeds it—"And is old Double dead! How are a score of ewes now?"

The writer of the last letter which I shall select, was, in 1825, Bishop of St. Jago at Valparaiso, and may perhaps be so still. His Majesty's frigate ——, having touched there on her way home from an expedition, the pious Bishop requested one of the officers of the ship to be the bearer of a letter which he had written to the Earl of Derby, but which, though it reached England, was never forwarded to his lordship. When we consider the subject, and the station and calling of the writer, we shall be somewhat inclined to compare the South American prelate with Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, Chaucer's Abbot, and other worthies of the same stamp, who loved the sound of the horn better than that of the sacristy bell. His ideas of "innocent amusements," are not amiss for a churchman. Of this letter we append the Spanish original.*

* My Lord—Honorable Senor; aunqe. no tengo el honor de conocer a su Senoria personalmte, me tomo la libertad de escrivirle y pr. esta suplicarle a V.S. indulgencia de la franquesa. La fama de la cria de Gallos que tiene su Senoria pa. su *diversion*, alcanso a esta remoto rincon del globo. Siendo yo uno de los mas aficinados a esta *inocente diversion*, me tome la libertad de suplicar a V. S. tengar la condecendencia de remitirme quatro Gallos, y quatro Gallinas, qe. sean de un ano qdo. mas, que me parace qe. con este numero de paxaros seran bastantes pa. propagar la cria in este Pais, y hacientes ver a mis compatriotes la superioridad qe. por en los gallos de S. S. a los de aia, y demas partes del Mundo. Si su Senoria me hace este honor, yo me obligo gustoso a pagar todos los gastos de conduccion y cuidado flete &c. hasta este Puerto. Asi mismo suplico a su Senoria se mande hacer un gallinero ô caxon con sus divisionas pa. qe. cada Gallo tengo separado con su Gallina, que creo sara el mejor modo de ql. lleguen sin estropearse. Pues siendo su Senoria aficionado y mas inteligente come lo supongo, conocere qe. estas aves son tan fieras qe. solo asi podran venir sin que se maten unos a otros. Espero qe. Su Senoria me dispensara esta confianza; y qe. en ritorno, aceptera los respetos de mi consideracion, y obsequencia, pr. soi el primero y mas amante de la gran nacion Inglesa y de Su Senoria muy apacionado, pr. las noticias que tengo de su sublime caracter. Tengo el honor de ofrecer a su Senoria con la sumicion de vida mi inutilitad, y los sentimientos de la mas distinguada consideracion, siendo su obediente y humilde Servidor y Capellan.

Y. B. L. M. de S. S.
Fray Ramon Alvarez,
&c. &c. &c.

Valparaiso, Decembᵉ. 1º. 1825.

My Lord,—Honorable Senor;—although I have not the honor of knowing your lordship personally, I take the liberty of writing to you, and have to beg your lordship's indulgence and consideration. The fame of the breed of cocks which your lordship keeps for your pleasure, has reached even this remote quarter of the globe. Being one of the most passionately attached to this *innocent amusement*, I take the liberty of requesting your lordship to have the kindness to send out to me four cocks and four hens, not more than a year old, as it appears to me that this number will be a sufficient stock to propagate the breed in this country, and show my countrymen how far superior your lordship's cocks are to those of this and all other parts of the world. If your lordship will honour me so far, I undertake with pleasure to pay all the expenses of the freight and passage, &c. to this port. At the same time, I beg your lordship to forward with them a hen-coop or chest properly divided, that each cock may be kept separate with his own hen, which I think will be the best means of sending them without risk. For with your lordship's judgment, and the interest you take in these matters, you are doubtless aware that these birds are so fierce, that were they kept all together, they would inevitably disable each other. I trust your lordship will indulge me with this favour, and in return will accept the assurance of my high consideration and respect, as I am the most devoted admirer of the great English nation, and of your lordship, whose sublime character I have learnt to revere. I have the honour to offer to your lordship with great humility my own poor services, and with sentiments of the most distinguished consideration, I am your obedient and humble Servant and Chaplain.

I kiss your Lordship's hands,
Fray Ramon Alvarez,
Capellan Maior del Convº.
de la Merced del Almendral
del Puerto de Valpº.

Al Honorable Senor,
Conde de Derby,
&c. &c. &c.
Londres.

I am no connoisseur in matters pertaining to cock-fighting, nor am I aware that the Earl of Derby was ever the proprietor of an establishment of cocks. I imagine that the mitred amateur must have mistaken *the place* where the nearly exploded custom is principally kept up, for the peer himself; or perhaps,—as midshipmen on foreign stations have little dread of Catholic dignitaries, and would hoax a bishop as readily as a curate,—the imposition originated in the *Cock-pit* of H. M. ship B————, and the reverend cock-fancier fell into the snare. This intercepted letter however never reached his lordship; but should he now become aware of its tenor—as the secretaryship of the Colonies is at present filled by his grandson—the difficulties of transmitting these pugnacious birds will be considerably diminished, and the Bishop of St. Jago may yet add to the *sublimity* of his *own* character, by fighting a main in full pontificals.

NOTE.

Our contributor's article has reminded us of a little protocol that has long been enshrined in our archives: we must introduce it with a preamble.

A young man, once the articled pupil of an artist, employed by government, after—to adopt a vulgarism, "he had buried his first wife," *and obtained extensive employment, in that branch of* THE FINE ARTS *which he professed, under government himself,* on receiving wedding favours from a daughter of his former

master and her bridegroom, with whom he was intimate, sent the latter the following well-meant congratulatory epistle.—(Ed.)

"My Dear Joseph. Friday Morning.

Nothing could have given me so exquisite a treat as the sight of your wife's CAKE. Something was whispered, but when I met you on Monday I had no idea *that you were the individual* CONCERNED! I congratulate you most *involuntarily*, on your *cannibal* career of judicious matrimony—for in Fanny you possess a gem of the purest water—I speak from *ocular* experience, having long been her paternal father's *sole* PUPIL—I may even say the apple of his eye. So pure do her beams of virtue shine, that not even the scandalous tongue of slander cannot *propagate*—no—not one unvirtuous tale against her—FOR—*envy like a sore eye is only troubled by that which is bright!* I shall conclude by subscribing myself *your true friend*, and *therefore*, most sincerely wishing that you may live together, *until life shall become irksome to you both!* Your's affectionately," &c. &c.

LAY OF THE HIRELING LEADER.

I COME with a fame-forcing sword,
Which many a life hath sped,
Of a triumphant troop the Lord,
Mid death and danger bred—
Careering in my banner's track,
Half reckless if it waves
O'er harried holds, mid spoil and sack,
Or their own bloody graves.

Who prates of native clime and king,
And duty's sacred call?
My kingless land lies withering
Beneath a foreign thrall.
I cannot save her—and to share
Her bonds my soul disdains—
Cowards may live and languish there,
The heritors of chains.

I know my requiem must be
The curses of my kind,—
I know, in foulest infamy
My memory must be shrined.
Gramercy! that the sting of shame
Is powerless in the tomb;—
Gramercy! that no flashing fame
Can light the charnel's gloom!

Then welcome to my banner sheen—
My roan of polished jet—
And, more than all, my falchion keen,
That never failed me yet!
And welcome to the storm—the strife,
The slaughter and the spoil,
Till, at one bound, my fiery life
Escape from mortal coil!

W. G. A.

A DAY OF ENJOYMENT.

Late in the month of September, 183—, I was kindly and pressingly invited by my old and worthy friend A——, to make one of a party that had for many successive years, on the first day of each October, honoured his woods by killing a reasonable quantity of his pheasants. I had never been where they were plentiful, and fancying myself a pretty good shot, I chuckled not a little at the execution my double barrel (which was, of course,—as whose is not?—the best gun in England) was likely to make among my friend's long-tails. I planned the whole day, anticipated every shot, had a panoramic view of my start in the morning, my success in and out of cover, of bagging at least six brace, of lunching upon dry cheese, brown bread, and sour beer, and enjoying these as luxuries at the wood-looker's cottage (my friend did not aspire to a keeper); of sallying forth a second time, and causing the dinner to wait a good half hour for my august presence. When it was time to depart, I saw three brace and a half of the sacrificed birds safely deposited in the gig, all of which I had pre-engaged for particular friends in town. I felt the hearty hand of my jovial host squeezing mine, and heard the noisy "Good night, Jack! good night! we shall see you again at Hockitt's Wood before the season's out." In short, after spending a glorious day, I got safely home. All these things, or something very like them, I read in my mind's eye.

The 29th of September arrived, and with it a note from an old uncle on the borders of Essex, informing me that my cousin Ned was to be one of the party at Hockitt's on the 1st; and as I was going, and my gig might as well carry two as one, he advised that I should immediately drive down to his own farm, which was only eight miles from the scene of my hopes, where I might take a few hours' practice among his own coveys the next day, and lessen the distance I had to travel on the following morning. At any other time, an invitation from my uncle would have been hailed with delight, and the idea of his coveys rising thickly and topping the bright yellow stubble, would have begotten a corresponding flutter in my own breast; but I know not how it was, I could not account for the disappointment; I felt it was a disappointment, at least an interruption, and for a moment I was vexed. I had made up my mind to one grand day, and did not like the intervention of this new day's amusement; besides which, my gun had just undergone a very scientific cleansing by the maker; Cato and Don were fresh, and would evidently suffer from this previous day's use:—however, the same evening found me comfortably seated in the little back parlour at Crombie Farm. After a good night's rest, I journeyed forth with Ned in the morning. It is needless to recount the various scenes of the day; it is sufficient that we returned home satisfied with our sport, and immediately set to work to prepare for the coming morn. I managed to leave my gun in *rather* a slovenly condition, for I was

rather tired, and felt slightly annoyed, as I sat down to dinner, that my gear was not in the apple-pie order it would have been in, had I started direct from town.

After supping too heartily upon dry, hard hung-beef, and drinking more than was prudent of my uncle's sour ale (forgive me, uncle, but thy beer *is* sour!) in conjunction with a very small portion of whiskey punch, I went to bed slightly discomposed. I had a frightful dream. I fancied the morning to have arrived; that I was already on the road to Hockitt's, when my progress was arrested by the appearance of a little, lean, ugly old woman, who in a croaking voice asked for alms. I felt for my purse; it was gone! I had not even a halfpenny to give. She muttered a low curse as I rode on; and the next moment my distempered imagination placed me at the cover side. I was alone there; the pheasants rose and chattered at me with a fiendish laugh. I attempted in vain to shoot them; I fired fifty, nay an hundred times, without effect, and my gun seemed loaded each time by a supernatural agency. I determined on ascertaining the cause, by drawing the charge. I did so, and found, instead of shot, molten gold, with the purest brimstone I ever beheld in the place of powder. I looked to my flask and belt, and saw Hall's own unrivalled grain, with the same No. 4 patent shot I remembered to have got in readiness the night before. With these articles I re-loaded one barrel. As I was doing this, the screaming and chattering of the birds increased almost to stunning; thousands crossed me in all directions; I fired at random. There was a momentary cessation of noise, and then, with one tremendous shriek, the flight betook themselves to the woods, all save one, which, as it fluttered down and fell about an hundred yards from me, I perceived was a beautiful hen bird, as white as driven snow! I approached nearer to pick it up, when, instead of the head of a pheasant, I saw the face in miniature of a most lovely female. The bird was smaller than usual, and the head, which was perfectly human, corresponded in size with the body; thus it was a pheasant in all but the head. A momentary thought of the ignorance of the Zoological Society flashed across me, and the wonder this rare bird would excite if presented to them. I was standing with my right hand on the muzzle of my gun, when suddenly I heard a wild hollow laugh, and—— * * * *

"Ha, ha, ha!" screamed the ugly old woman; "Ha, ha, ha!" echoed the little white pheasant. I awoke, and "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the boisterous voice of my cousin Ned, immediately under my window. I sprang out of bed and threw up the sash. It was daylight; and there stood Ned, still laughing, and pointing to his gun, which was smoking from a recent discharge. "I thought," said he, "a little powder would do it. I knocked at your door till I was tired, and so hit upon this plan." "But, Ned," I asked, "have you been shooting all night?" "Certainly not." "Then I have," said I; and promising to be with him in a few minutes, I slammed down the window. As I did this, I felt a numbness in my right hand; I seized it with the other, gazed upon it—it was cold, white, and lifeless; but suddenly a pricking sensation revealed the cause. I had

evidently been lying with it under my head, or in such a position as to stop the free circulation of the blood. Life gradually returned, and it was the same as before. Not so was I; my spirits had received a shock, and I could not rally them. I was unrefreshed by sleep, and dressed slowly, like a culprit for execution, rather than one in the hey-day of youth, who had a bright morning and a brilliant prospect of a day's sport before him. I trod heavily down the stairs; and, as I learnt afterwards, my aunt remarked my leaden step. But for Ned's interference (who wondered at my apathy), I should have taken my uncle's old flint gun, in lieu of my own percussion double barrel, which had caused me so much anxiety the evening before.

We were hospitably received by our friend A——, and after discussing a hasty breakfast, at which Ned was a better performer than I, we started for the woods, which were two miles distant. On turning the sharp angle of a lane, my attention was roused by the figure of an old woman, certainly nothing like the personage in my dream, but my blood curdled as her eye met mine. Dropping a curtsey with a supplicating look, she presented her lean withered hand, but said nothing. I thrust my own hastily into my pocket, and desired Ned to stop; he said we were behind time enough already, and he wouldn't stop for all the beggars in Christendom; I implored him, he laughed and drove on; I seized the reins and pulling the horse almost on his haunches, leaped out, and ran back to the spot. She was gone! I called, but received no answer. I peeped over each hedge, she was not to be seen; I pondered a moment, was vexed with myself, and laughed at my own superstition. I returned slowly to the gig with a puzzled look, which Ned (no dealer in physioghomy at any time) did not attempt to expound. He growled something about "more old women than one," and shortly after we arrived at Hockitt's.

Our party consisted of eight. It was settled that, to beat the covers thoroughly, six should go inside with the dogs and beaters, while two remained out. I was an outsider for the day, and consequently got very little shooting. Twelve o'clock arrived, and I had not killed a bird. I was leaning on a gate at the corner of a small cover, when I heard bang! bang! bang! inside, and then the well-known cry of 'Mark!' which proved that the bird, a hen, was still on the wing. She flew at a considerable height over my head, and when she had cleared the trees, I fired; she fell—it was the longest shot I ever saw. My dream still clung to me, and I walked up doubtingly towards her: but she was not a white pheasant, nor a pied pheasant, nor different in the least from a dozen other pheasants I had seen killed in the course of the day. I obtained no other shot.

While on our return to friend A——'s, we had not proceeded far when Ned suddenly pulled up, and whispered me, there was a pheasant just through the gap, not three yards from us. Without making him any answer, I cautiously loaded one barrel, and got through the hedge, but as I sprang into the field the bird rose a hundred yards before me. Of course it was useless to fire: I was back again in an instant; but in the short interval two of our friends had overtaken us,

and the lane being narrow, were waiting till we should proceed. The presence of two horses prevented my discharging the gun, while the eagerness of three bipeds to assail friend A——'s eatables, effectually put a stop to my withdrawing the charge; so I popped the hammer down, jumped into the gig, and away we went. At the identical angle of the lane, where I had seen in her the morning, stood the little old woman. "I am determined I will not be baulked this time," said I; and recollecting there was a shilling in the cushion pocket of the gig, I turned quickly to get it, when my right hand coming in contact with the muzzle of the gun, the same instant it exploded, and my hand was blown to atoms. "God of heaven!" cried I, "what have I done?" but it was the only exclamation I made. In a moment I was calm; in a moment I was resigned; and in one little moment I knew the worst. On being conveyed to a surgeon's, immediate amputation was found necessary, and it was a relief to my friendly operator, that I felt as much aware of the necessity as himself. In a short half hour I had lost my dearest limb: but I have said I was resigned—I will not therefore attempt to excite those feelings in others, which I felt it my duty to subdue myself.

From the surgeon's I was taken to my friend A——'s. I remembered the pleasure I had promised myself at his hospitable board, and contrasted it with the sorry figure I made above stairs. Instead of asking the lovely Mary A—— to take wine with me, she was administering a cup of thin gruel to me as a patient; instead of the jovial song, the friendly toast, and noisy jollity that I had pictured, all below was silence, sorrow, and sadness—and I the cause! I felt this more than all the rest. At an early hour the guests departed with heavy hearts, and broken was the rest of poor A—— and his household that night.

It would be tedious to recount my gradual return to health, though gratifying to express my sense of the kind care and solicitude with which I was tended at Hockitt's Hall. In a week I was enabled to leave my room; in a fortnight declared well enough to journey home; and in a month became reconciled to my new self, thankful that the reality, though stern, exceeded not the warning of my dream.

J. W.

THE SWEET BLADE-BONE.

When Charles the Second wished to buy up Andrew Marvell, he sent to the patriot, Lord Danby, the treasurer, with an earnest of the purchase-money. His lordship was the bearer of a thousand guineas, and, having found Marvell at his lodging, a second floor in a court in the Strand, the golden offer was made. Hereupon, we are told, Marvell turned to his servant: "What had I for dinner yesterday?" "A shoulder of mutton, sir." "And what do you allow me to-day?" "Part of it hashed." "And to-morrow, my Lord Danby," said Marvell, "I shall have the sweet blade-bone broiled." His lordship descended the staircase with the thousand guineas, and Andrew Marvell remained unbought.

We are about to preach a sermon on this "sweet blade-bone." The joints of saints—the osseous relics of St. Ursula and her virgins—are as nothing to it: they have been the toys of craft, the instruments of moral tyranny; but in our "blade-bone," there is engraven a lesson of eternal right—it is a sacred thing in the temple of human truth. It is a bone which, in the hand of the moral Sampsons, may slay its tens of thousand of Philistines, lodged, fed, and clothed at the price of their free souls.

How much active iniquity, how much moral degradation hath a contempt of the "sweet blade-bone" brought upon many of the really highest of the earth! Look at Fulgentius: he might have spent an honoured life in the advocacy of truth and goodness; but, then, he could not stomach a sweet blade-bone. He was for his six courses and his choicest wine; what could the blade-bone offer pitted against these? It is true, for a time, he declaimed on its excellence; but then no thousand guineas had been offered to purchase dinners and suppers "in the Apollo." Like a certain monk, who was wont to make his meals off nets, until he became cardinal, when he suddenly found a stomach for the costliest fish—Fulgentius writ eulogies on the blade-bone, until the price of richer viands was tendered him; when the honest shoulder of a sheep became a beggar's dish—the sweet blade-bone a musty mouthful for a pauper. He turned his back on mutton for the rest of his days, and lived and died a well-fed lackey to the wolves that bought him.

Now, we are desirous of being the founders of a literary order—an order that shall embrace in its chapter the really elect and noble of the earth. Emperors, kings, queens, and popes have established their several orders for the especial reward of such who may have pimped, robbed, or murdered—or, indeed, united the three trades—for the glory of them they served; we do not see why, in these days of discriminating justice, the hitherto ignoble army of men, whose battle-field is paper—whose weapons are quills—whose blood is ink—should not have their distinguishing mark of chivalrous service. To this end, we beg to propose that "The Order of the Sweet Blade-bone" be forthwith established for the reward of all present, and for the encouragement of all future, Andrew Marvells, whether located in

garrets in the Strand, in the Fauxbourgs of Paris, in any obscure chink of Madrid or Lisbon, in the dungeons of Austria, or near the bear's den of St. Petersburg. No order, hitherto invented, can vie with the simple greatness, the fine significance of our order of "The Sweet Blade-bone." It is at once a reward and lesson of temperance —there is in it a perpetual homily, a continual exhortation. Now, Edward's Garter hath at times been affixed to the wrong member; instead of being worn on the left leg, between the knee and calf, it might in many instances have served a better turn, had it been lengthened, and fixed about the neck. The Order of St. Patrick has, more than once, belied the imputed acts of the saint, being worn by venomous animals: though the Order of Fools, instituted "in the year 1380, by Adolphus, Duke of Cleves, on the feast of St. Humbert, and consisting of thirty-five knights companions, chosen from among the nobility," may possibly have been awarded with a shrewd eye to the merits of the selected. The Golden Fleece may also have justly fallen to the lot of chivalric flayers—the Spur to gentry willing to post on any errand and on any road. But what are all these orders, and the hundred others of the Swan, the Elephant, the Star, the St. Michael, the Broom Flower, the Death's Head, the Dog and Cock, the Ermine in Naples—all the evanescent modes of distinguishing, nine times out of ten, knaves or fools, panders or dupes—what is the brief existence of all of these compared to the everlasting principle typified by Andrew Marvell's "sweet blade-bone"? The Fleece is shrunk, and has the moth of time devouring its splendour—the Spur is broken, and cankered with rust—the Swan has moulted every feather—the Elephant is but a thing of another day (the mere mammoth of heraldry)—the Star has shot from its sphere—the Broom Flower is withered—all these have passed or are rapidly passing away; but "the sweet blade-bone" is yet among us, as "sweet" as when Andrew, to the confusion of the money-bearing treasurer, first christened it.

Let us, then, consider whether we cannot pick out a brave chapter of this our new order; which shall have one advantage not possessed by all—its number shall be unlimited, nor shall there be any fees paid by any new-made knight soever. The chapter shall also comprise the dead as well as the living. As for the costume, that may be an old or a new cloak—a rusty beaver or a glossy one, as suits the means or disposition of the wearer. We eschew hose of pearl-coloured silk, roses of silver lace, surcoats, mantles of sky-coloured velvet; the only badge required by our knights shall be "a sweet blade-bone." For the Prelate of the Order, we will take rare old Latimer, with his frieze-coat and his Bible, slung by a leathern strap to his button-hole; for the Chancellor, Richard Hooker, or Jeremy Taylor; for the Register of the Blade-Bone, John Milton; for the Blade-Bone, Andrew Marvell himself; for the Black Rod, the wonderful Defoe; for Knights Companions, Algernon Sydney, John Locke, Benjamin Franklin, John Hampden, John Evelyn, Miguel Cervantes, Robert Burns, and twenty others that will start up in the memory of the reader, any six of whom are enough to make the Knights of the Fleece, the Elephant, or the Star, "shine like so

many gilt twopences!" Every other Chapter may fall into oblivion, but the Order of "The Sweet Blade-bone," an order constituted solely to distinguish those who are quickened with the high spirit of him from whom it has emanated, must remain as long as earth has any thing to brag of.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

AMIDST a crowd of insipid portraits and tasteless subjects of all kinds, several sterling works are to be found in this year's collection at Somerset House. WILKIE has two large whole-length portraits, viz. *His Majesty*, and *H.R.H. The Duke of Sussex*. Notwithstanding that these are finely painted pictures, of bold relief and mellow colouring, we regret that so great a painter as WILKIE undoubtedly is, should not leave such unimaginative subjects to those who can do nothing beyond them. But we will think of these no more; an extraordinary work by the same artist demands attention. It is 134. *Spanish Monks, a Scene witnessed in a Capuchin Convent at Toledo.* In a silent recess of the convent a young monk is confessing on his knees to a venerable superior. The expression and character of his head are so powerfully depicted, that no aid from language is required to excite the most intense interest: a dreadful story is passing from his lips, which seem quivering with emotion; his remorse of conscience is unequivocal—the recollection of past frailty suffuses his whole countenance—he is a martyr to a vow. All this perturbed expression is brought into close contrast with the elder monk's placid and listening features. Independent of its strong appeal to the imagination, this picture is calculated to astonish and delight the most scrupulous taste, as an example of masterly execution, drawing, and colour.

We are glad to revive our recollection of CALLCOTT. His pictures this year, of which there are six, are equally pure in atmospheric colour, and classic in composition, with his best works. *The Port of Savona, in the Gulf of Genoa*, and *Entrance to Pisa from Leghorn*, are of a most Claude-like sweetness. *The Harvest in the Highlands*, wherein the figures are by LANDSEER, and the landscape by CALLCOTT, is capital. The animated part of the subject is so wedded to the scenery, that the whole seems the result of one mind—a total absence of all tricks of art, and the infusion of an elegant taste throughout, render it as delightful to the eye as a ballad of Burns to the ear.

A Jack in Office represents a vulgar, sleek, particularly well-fed dog, appurtenant to the proprietor of a dog's meat barrow, keeping at bay, by his authoritative growl, a troop of hungry lovers of horseflesh; one of whom, a small terrier, is solacing himself by chewing a skewer which has been, at some time or other, inserted among the fibres of a nice piece of meat: the expression of a liver-coloured spaniel is the perfection of a mingled deference and envy. *Deer and Hounds in a Mountain Torrent. Sir Walter Scott, seated at the bottom of the Rhymer's Glen.* These three subjects are by EDWIN LANDSEER, and are by no means deficient in the usual graces of his pencil: they are highly finished, and the truth of life is illustrated by an elegance of execution, and tasteful composition. The likeness of Scott is the most characteristic and expressive that we have seen.

Britomart redeems Fair Amoret. W. ETTY, R.A. A peculiar composition, rather crowded, but possessing a great deal of redeeming cleverness. The face of the virgin knight is virtuous and handsome.

Rotterdam Ferry Boat. Bridge of Sighs, Ducal Palace, &c. Venice. Van Tromp returning, after the Battle of the Dogger-bank. Mouth of the Seine. J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. These pictures are dazzlingly clear and broad in their half-tint and light, but as they are all cabinet pictures, we must object to the laying on of the colour, which is done with no more feeling than a plaisterer might be supposed to possess in daubing a wall. Such painting may produce a temporary surprise in a crowded exhibition, but it is not calculated to effect a permanent delight, or to afford a recurrence of the same gratification. In the *Bridge of Sighs, &c.* a delicious mingling of rich colours into an harmonious whole, reminds one of this extraordinary painter's water-colour drawings, which are undoubtedly more nearly allied to perfection than his oil paintings.

Hylas and the Nymphs. W. ETTY, R.A. Hercules has landed with his beautiful boy on the Asiatic coast: the nymphs of a fountain, enamoured of the graceful son of King Thiodamus, are about to plunge with him beneath the surface of the water, to the dismay of the hero of the lion-skin and club, who appears vapouring in the back-ground, like Polyphemus at the opera. The twilight sky, in which the stars are taking their places—the subdued tone of the trees and figures, partake of a poetical character. The passionate action of the females, and half frightened expression of the handsome Hylas, accord well with the nature of the subject. It requires certain classic associations to be able to appreciate this picture, and to divest it of any thing objectionable, which modern taste might cavil with. *The Lute Player*, by the same artist, is rich in varied colours, but there appears a heaviness in the flesh-tint which is far from satisfactory.

Greek Fugitives; an English Ship sending its Boats to rescue them. C. L. EASTLAKE, R.A. A very high degree of admiration has been generally excited by this elaborate work of art—and, no doubt, justly so. It does the painter's mind great credit. An elegant fancy, hovering between nature and the antique, has diffused a sweetness and virtue of character over the group which it seems a shame to disturb by criticism; nevertheless, perfect as it appears, we should prefer a little of the rough accidents of life to the smooth and marble-like quality of this picture. The art by which every figure is adjusted, and the sentiment conveyed to the spectator, is not hidden by that sort of genius which dashes down discretion, and takes the fancy by storm. The drawing of the hands and feet is particularly correct and careful, though the outline might be enriched, and more varied in its relief. No accessory has been neglected—the finish almost amounts to the appearance of enamel. Over a group so uniform in its beauty of countenance, of so tender and sweet a character of expression, the violent Turk might be well compared to "an eagle in a dove-cote."

The Murder of Rizzio. W. ALLAN, A. A want of earnestness in the expression renders the whole scene rather like one acted than intensely real. It is, however, animated in action, and effective as regards light and colour. Rizzio's figure is not so well drawn as the others. Mary is too much like a pretty actress, who possesses but a small degree of power over her features.

Abelard. G. S. NEWTON. A highly intellectual, and at the same time an amiable character is given to the unfortunate lover of the no less unhappy Eloisa. He is reading a letter: the taste of the painter has subdued the whole colour to a contemplative half-tint.

Tristram Shandy recovering the Manuscript he had lost (C. R. LESLIE, R.A.) is painted with an uncommon degree of power. The character of the lady is admirable: the unconcerned expression of the mistress contrasts excellently with Tristram's agitation. We wish she had been prettier.

W. COLLINS, R.A., exhibits three beautifully finished subjects, that in their feeling and simple truth are not inferior to GAINSBOROUGH, viz:—

Returning from the Haunts of the Sea-fowl—Scene on the Coast of France—and *The Stray Kitten.*

MULREADY has one highly-wrought cabinet picture: the subject is a child sailing over a brook in a tub; it is called *The First Voyage.* The father carefully guides the little sailor's quaint bark, and a group of elder brothers and sisters joyfully surrounds him. The figures are beautifully drawn and painted. *Scene at the Festa of the Madonna del Arco,* P. WILLIAMS. This is one of the most tasteful and elegant cabinet pictures in the rooms: the execution is particularly delicate. *Rebecca and Abraham's Servant,* W. HILTON, R.A., is a graceful composition; but it wants novelty of design, and an execution more removed from common-place. WESTALL'S *Death of James II.* excites attention by its finish and effect, only to disappoint the taste. Nothing positively offends, yet we are glad to forget that we have seen it.

Rembrandt in his Painting Room, A. FRASER, is painted in the manner of the great Dutch painter—as far as *fatness* of touch, mellow colouring, and luminous effect goes. The head of Rembrandt and the black boy are very powerfully wrought; the other figures are poorly executed, and insipid in character. The picture altogether is destitute of *mind,* a quality infinitely more valuable than mere repeated displays of oil and varnish.

In the School of Painting is an extraordinary work by D. M'CLISE; the subject is *All-Hallow Eve in Ireland.* The figures, which are very numerous, consist of the native peasantry of the Emerald Isle, employed in the usual fire-side amusements of All-Hallow Eve. A remarkable degree of vigour is bestowed upon the heads, the characteristics of which are of that peculiar energetic and wild class, which is picturesque at least, though it may lack the attribute of beauty. Among the young females, however, two or three display the utmost loveliness. The principal group in the centre, whereon the greatest breadth of light is cast, is occupied in the humorous pastime of snap-apple: an enormous mouth, containing an enviable set of grinders, prepared for the encounter, is marvellously painted. This picture is so replete with subject and variety of character that it would form an exhibition alone.

Bribery and Corruption, C. LANDSEER. A beautifully painted little picture, taken from Old Mortality, where the centinel Halliday is yielding to the influence of the golden key applied by Jenny. The colouring is clear, and the drawing masterly. All the accessaries are carefully touched in, and the expression of the countenances is explanatory of the incident. *Martha and Mary,* C. R. LESLIE, R.A. An engraving in one of the Annuals has made us familiar with this composition, which is tasteful and elegant enough, though not exactly in accordance with the severe style of art the greatest masters have adopted in subjects of this nature. STANFIELD has treated the often repeated scene of *Venice from the Dogana* with much skill. The effect is delightful. In the anti-room is *A Scene on the Coast of France,* by the same master, which will amply repay an examination. CONSTABLE'S landscapes are not altogether satisfactory; they are painted too sketchy, though always rich and sparkling. WARD has a bold and effective landscape; it is a view of *Beaumont, near Cheshunt,* and several other subjects replete with vigour. *A Village School,* T. WEBSTER, is an entertaining cabinet picture, finely painted, and excellent in its delineation of boyish fun and character. The attention of the pedagogue being absorbed in the contents of a newspaper, that moment of respite from his vigilance is taken advantage of by some mischievous idle urchins, who are playing at scratch-cradle, while certain truants steal in unobserved.

The President, Sir M. A. SHEE, exhibits seven portraits, of which that of *Sir Thomas Denman* is much the best. It is very highly finished, and, to a

certain extent, well coloured. PHILLIPPS is not so happy in his whole length portraits as in those of a Kitcat size; but his heads are always finely painted, and the *tone* is generally pure in colour. His finest picture this year is the *Portrait of Davies Gilbert, Esq.* The pencil of H. P. BRIGGS, R.A., appears to be wholly devoted to portraiture, in which line of art, however, the ci-devant illustrator of English history has not hitherto taken very high ground. PICKERSGILL, R.A., remains as per last. *The Earl of Eldon*, divested of the dignity of professional costume, *Baron D'Humboldt*, *The Right Hon. the Speaker*, and *Lord Henley*, are among the offspring of his palette. *The Princess Victoria*, by G. HAYTER, M.A.S.L., is the very extreme of weakness and insipidity; neither in colour, drawing, or design, is there the least commendable quality. In the miniature room a large whole-length group, in oil, portraits of the Countess of Lichfield, &c., shew to what extent of absurdity a member of the academy of St. Luke's may be carried. A. E. CHALON, R.A., exhibits several of his slight but elegantly designed portraits of ladies and children, wherein fashion and taste are happily blended. Some of the miniatures of ROBERTSON, Mrs. ROBERTSON, CRUICKSHANK, and DENNING, are perfect specimens of their class. A large drawing of *Hollyhocks*, by V. BARTHOLOMEW, deserves high praise: it is richly coloured, and designed with taste.

Among the Sculpture the most masterly works are the *Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone*, F. CHANTREY, R.A.; *Bust of the Princess Louisa, of Saxe Weimar*, by the same; *A Statue, in marble, of Thomson the Poet*, C. ROSSI, R.A.; *Busts of Dr. Babington*, and *S. Woodburn, Esq.*, H. BEHNES; and *Venus and Cupid*, by GIBSON. Of this last it should be observed, that the fine taste displayed in the form of the limbs and extremities, which are beautifully rounded and voluptuous, without being heavy or ungraceful, is of the highest order of statuary. Venus is turning her head backward to kiss her boy, whose lips are joined to her own in fond delight; their pouting expression is worthy of the divinities presiding over love. These figures are highly *polished* in more than one sense. *Caius Marius, sitting on the Ruins of Carthage*, E. H. BAILY, is not at all to our taste. There is a want of *gusto* in the design; the figure is clumsily huddled together, nor is the head other than a variation of the Roman busts of Hercules.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

AMONG the French writers who have attained celebrity in the field of novel writing, Paul de Kock stands proudly pre-eminent. He so precisely strikes the chord which harmonizes with the taste of the French public, that his productions have been received with a favour more lasting and general than has fallen to the lot of those of his contemporaries. He is a republican writer, a delineator of what would be termed here, low life. He never soars into the regions of fashion to dazzle and regale his readers with descriptive luxury, or the follies and eccentricities of the world on stilts. He seems quite unconscious of the existence of conventional personages, or that any degree of interest can be attached to any other class, but that which he has specially selected to furnish subjects for his pencil. Paul walks along the crowded thoroughfares of life, jostling and jostled, gleaning materials in every fresh contact with his fellow-men

for his amusing combinations—treasuring up the nice traits and evanescent distinctions which individualize character, and transferring them to paper with a fidelity that leaves nothing to be desired, and a rapidity of execution which is truly surprising. His last work "*Un bon Enfant*," is the history of what is called among us, *A Good Fellow*. Charles Darville, the personification of this character, is the son of a wholesale silk mercer, who died, leaving his widow and son in excellent circumstances. Charles is a most dutiful and sober youth, up to the period when our history commences; when, with the best disposition in the world, he is led into the commission of innumerable follies and absurdities, which reduce him to the utmost distress. The character of Miss Edgeworth's Vivian bears a strong analogy to that of our hero. We first meet with him in an omnibus on his way to dine with his mother, who has invited a select party, and, among the rest, his intended bride, to receive him. He is recognized by one of the passengers, a frank, bold, good-humoured, good-natured, swaggering, swearing lieutenant, named Mongerand, his quondam condisciple, who forces him into a tavern to celebrate their meeting in a bowl of punch. In vain he urges his appointment. Mongerand overrules all opposition, with most plausible volubility; and from the tavern hurries him to the house of a mutual schoolfellow, with whom he was going to dine.

After dinner they adjourn to a billiard-room, where Mongerand quarrels with some of the players; a general fight ensues; Charles receives a prodigious blow in the face from a stool hurled at Mongerand, who dexterously avoided the missile; the waiters turn the combatants out, and Mongerand follows his antagonists for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of a duel.

By good luck Charles loses Mongerand in the street, and he gets to his mother's a little before the party separates. The evidences of recent mishap which he bears upon his face, confirm a fictitious story of his falling in the street, which serves to quiet the fears, as to his steadiness, of an old merchant, whose niece he is to espouse. He escorts his intended home, and to his horror meets Mongerand, whose notice however he fortunately eludes. Mongerand fights, and receives a dangerous wound; Charles gets married, and is installed in the flourishing house of business of his wife's uncle, who forthwith retires to the country. Leonie soon perceives the difference between her uncle's management and that of her husband. The latter neglects his books, misses his appointments, and makes acquaintance with every body he meets.

"Far from resembling his wife, who desired to become well acquainted with people before forming an intimacy, Charles is at once intimate with the friends of his friends. It is sufficient for him to breakfast with any one, or to drink a glass of beer in the same company, to make his acquaintance. He will accept the punch they offer him; he will join a party of pleasure, proposed by people whom he sees for the first time, on leaving a coffee-house, where at first he knew but a single person; he will shake hands with three or four individuals who come to talk to his friend. In this way, one runs a great risk of prostituting one's friendship; but, again, Charles meets none but those who shake hands warmly, and slap him familiarly on the shoulders."

Pecuniary difficulties begin to approach :—

"The business which Vauflonck procured him, turned out unproductive. Correspondents complain of the bad condition of the goods delivered to them: many refuse to accept them; returns cease to be punctual, and the manufacturers' bills must be paid. Leonie is uneasy; she entreats her husband to be more careful; Charles promises to do so, and he is sincere when he swears that he will think of nothing else but of enriching himself; but the moment he is out he forgets all he promised his wife, and allows himself to be led off by Vauflonck, or somebody else, to preserve his reputation of being a *Good Fellow*."

Meantime Mongerand, who, after the affair of the duel, had married and settled at Lyons, separates from his wife, and returns to Paris. He assumes a complete ascendancy over Charles, and leads him from dissipation to dissipation.

"If he happens to station himself at his desk, and attempts to employ himself, Mongerand is sure to call for him. He comes swearing, shouting, and smoking. Slapping Charles on the shoulder, he exclaims, 'What the devil are you at this morning? They are waiting for us there below: the oysters are open: you know very well that German lost them yesterday to me.' 'My husband has a great deal to do,' said Leonie, looking at Charles to retain him. 'Oh, be quiet, Madam, he will return to business in a moment; the matter of eating a dozen oysters—of drinking a glass of Chablis—'twill be soon managed: and Charles will only be fresher for his work. Come, we are all good fellows; but they have sworn not to breakfast without you.' Charles followed Mongerand, promising to return speedily; and when they reached the street, Mongerand said, 'Ha! hah! so you must have your wife's permission to go out. Oh, this is rare—it is too good!' 'No, no, it is because it was my wish to be busy; I am at liberty to do as I please.' 'Very good: but if not, I should tell you to make haste in casting off the yoke. Trample on *all that!* Women are what we make them, and a man is a fool that allows himself to be led. I love the women—I respect them—I am for proprieties; and I would never give you bad advice: but, in God's name, be a man: don't let yourself be led—you are under petticoat government.' 'My wife, I tell you, is as gentle as a lamb: I do just as I please with her.'—'That's well: then love her—cherish her—attend to her—but dont be led by her. Be master in your own house, and you will be happy.' The advice of Mongerand is more effective than the gentle remonstrances of Leonie. Why? Because Mongerand repeats all this to Charles at the tavern, before his friends, all of whom vie with each other in proclaiming themselves masters at home. They would laugh at any one who had the appearance of yielding to his wife—of consulting her; because these gentlemen are much more sensitive to a cutting joke of one of their companions, than to the prayers, the tears of their wives. Pitiful creatures! who pass their lives in declaring themselves masters, and prove it only by their acts of folly."

Our hero's family increases; his wife complains more loudly, and he is still more seldom to be found at home. Mr. Rozat, his excellent friend, takes the opportunity to attempt the seduction of Leonie, and Charles picks up a mistress, with the help of Mongerand. He is absent on an excursion of pleasure with his inamorata, when he accidentally hears of the failure of his own house. He gets through the unlucky business by the sacrifice of his mother's small property, and the sale of most of his effects. He next enters into a magnificent speculation with Mongerand, which fails. The creditors come down upon Charles, and this last blow reduces him to a garret. Then fol-

low some of those scenes, which it is the delight of Paul de Kock to pourtray: he beautifully depicts the virtuous and tender wife, calm, gentle, and uncomplaining, though oppressed by multiplied afflictions, and surrounded by misery, labouring incessantly at her needle to procure bread for her children, and to supply the demands of her reckless and idle husband.

The character of Mongerand is supported throughout with consummate skill and attention to details. It is a full length and highly finished portrait. The gradual changes in his manners, after he has quitted his regiment, until the bold, frank, rough demeanour of the soldier deviates into the undisguised brutality of the daring bully, who quarrels in every tavern he visits, are traced with masterly precision. The continued ascendancy of his stronger will over the mind of the feeble and irresolute Charles, still drawing him on, in spite of his better judgment, into fresh scenes of dissipation and deeper distress, and the facility with which Charles foregoes his resentment for every fresh injury, and becomes reconciled to him on hearing some bold lying apology, and some new scheme of pleasure, are happily contrasted, and mades each individual character stand more prominently forward. But all this is so spread over our author's pages, and conveyed by so many separate touches, that we despair of finding a passage that shall place it in one distinct point of view. However, as Paul is peculiarly strong in his description of *rows* of all sorts, and as they are plentifully interspersed with his sentimental scenes, we shall give one for the amusement of our readers. Charles had been involved in a duel by Mongerand, and conveyed to his garret dangerously wounded. Mongerand takes advantage of his illness to extort money from his friend's mother, who dies broken-hearted. On his recovery, Charles is very indignant, and swears vengeance against Mongerand. After a long suspension of acquaintance, chance again brings them together. Fiddling or dancing are the two great resources of a Frenchman without a sous; so Charles betakes himself to the former, and with the knowledge of only two tunes, he sets up as a violinist. In this capacity he is engaged to play at a wedding.

"Charles sounded the strings of his violin; instantly a lively expression of hilarity lit up the countenances of the party; it seemed as if they heard a violin for the first time in their lives. Each one turned smiling towards the musician. Charles gave a few notes—the company formed—Charles played at random the contre-dances he could recollect. As for the figures, the dancers made them go to every air. The first quadrille was got over tolerably: during the second a young man thought proper to exclaim, 'the figure, if you please.' —'As you please,' said Charles.—'As you please—but hark ye, I dont know it.'—'It's the *cavalier seul*,' cried uncle Cæsar, who was very fond of that figure. * * * A buz—a sudden commotion, which took place in the assembly, was caused by the arrival of the intended bridegroom. Miss Tigré was dancing, but without waiting to finish the set, she cried out, 'Oh! here he is, here he is—I hear him!' and she advanced to meet a stout gentleman, dressed in black, who then entered the room, with two large nosegays in his hands: he smiled on all around him with an air of the utmost ease; began by kissing the hands of Flora, who devoured him with her eyes, gave her a bouquet, presented another to Madam Tigré, slapped the shoulder of the papa, saluted the family, embraced the aunts and cousins, and ended his career right opposite Charles, who remained stupified on recognizing Monge-

rand!—The embraces and introductions concluded, they exclaimed, 'Come! let's dance! Places!'—'My son-in-law, Emilius, will dance with Flora,' cried Mr. Tigré; 'cousin Cloutaint, we'll face them.' But Charles continued motionless, gazed at Mongerand, and stirred not his *bow!* 'Play up, there—Music!' cried several voices. Here Mongerand perceived the eyes of Charles fixed upon him—he suddenly divined the cause of the obstinate silence of the violin. Without betraying any embarrassment, he ran up to Charles, took his hand, shook it forcibly, exclaiming, 'No, I am not mistaken—it is my brave La Valeur!' 'What! do you know our violin-player?' said Mr. Tigré, while the company gazed in astonishment upon the son-in-law and the musician. 'Know him!' rejoined Mongerand—'why he is one of our old hussars—a brave fellow! He saved my life twice! By all that's sacred I am delighted to see him here!—Oh, poor La Valeur!' 'Ah, 'tis one of his troopers,' said Madam Tigré; 'Oh, I understand it now.' All this while Mongerand gave most significant looks to Charles, and muttered between his teeth, 'Be silent—above all, no cursed absurdities.' 'Mongerand, you are a villain, an infamous—' 'Hold your tongue.'—'You have borrowed from my mother, in my name.'—'It is to repay you that I am here.'—'You can't marry this girl, for you have a wife already.'—'What's that to you? that's my business; my wife must be dead; I am sure I must be a widower—come, strike up.'—'But—' 'Hush! What are you to get?'—'Fifteen francs.'—'I'll make it six-and-thirty.'—'But I can't permit—' Mongerand now ceased to speak in an under tone to Charles, and retired, saying, 'Come, my brave fellow, I am with your family is so well: play us one of those delightful country-dances, glad which you enlivened us in quarters. Let's to our places, divine Flora!' 'Excellent! most exquisite music!' said Mongerand, at every turn, when Charles had at length set them in motion. 'He plays us the same tune very often,' said a young man who danced beside the intended. 'Sir, what is charming can never be played too often, and I know no air so fit for dancing.' This was said in such a positive tone, that every body was convinced."

A waltz is called for—Charles does not happen to know one, and plays up his old tune of 'Tron la la.'

"The waltzers started, but they found it difficult to proceed, because the air was not one, two, three. Mongerand, with more address, immediately made it answer, and whirled Flora along through the crowd of motionless dancers. 'Do you know no other waltz?' said a dancer to Charles, who only replied by playing 'Tron la la' more energetically. But Mongerand stopped not; he whirled Flora along with accelerated velocity. Mr. Tigré cried out, 'The air is excellent—my son-in-law dances it superbly! Mon Dieu! how they spin—'tis frightful!' Flora had lost three little combs; one side of her head-dress floated on her shoulders—the perspiration streamed down her face; but she did not ask to stop; and Mongerand kept humming, as he kicked every thing that came in his way—'Tron la la. Just so, by all that's glorious!'"

The entrance of a guest who recognizes Montgerand as a married man, spreads terror, dismay and indignation amid the festivity. Sir Ezzelin's "'Tis he," in the brilliant hall of Otho, did not produce a more astounding effect. Mongerand behaves like another Lara.

"'Sir,' said uncle Cæsar, advancing towards Mongerand with a determined air, 'know that a family established in the fur line for thirty years, is not to be trifled with in this way, and that we can—' 'I know—I know that you are tiresome. To the devil with you and your niece—no marriage at present—good night.'—'Kick him out,' cried all the young cousins, indignant at this impertinent reply, while Flora went to faint beside her mother. 'Who talks of kicking me out?' said Montgerand, drawing himself up proudly in the middle of the room; 'let him come forward; I am his man.—

Charles, station yourself on my left, and let us effect an honourable retreat.' Charles, foreseeing at the outset that matters would become worse, had attempted to disappear; but he must have his violin, which had been seized by uncle Cæsar. Suddenly he saw himself surrounded, pushed by all the young people, united to force Mongerand to retreat. The latter tried to make head against them, and drive back the crowd: he was obliged to yield—he had already gained the door of the staircase, when uncle Cæsar handed Charles his violin, saying, 'Here's your scratch.' Mongerand seized it and broke it on the nose of uncle Cæsar, saying, 'And here's my farewell.'"

This was beyond endurance. Mongerand and Charles were kicked down stairs. "What an infernal wedding," cried Mongerand; "all was going on so well but for the arrival of that old fool, who came from Lyons expressly to spoil sport." Soon after Charles takes Mongerand as an assistant minstrel: but we feel we have already trespassed too much upon our space; we shall therefore rapidly hurry to the catastrophe. Charles sees his heroic wife perish with her son in their abode of misery. A rich uncle takes away his daughter, and gives him a thousand crowns to send him to the Colonies. He is going to start, when he meets Mongerand, who had acquired some property by the death of his own wife, and who persuades him to go to England on a matrimonial expedition. "I have an idea," said he, "that I will turn the head of some *lady*. She will have a million—will marry me. I'll give you half of it, and you'll have no need of taking the leap of Niagara." Eight years after this, Charles returns to Paris in a most miserable plight. The first place he visits is the tomb of his wife. He attempts to see his daughter; but she knows him not, and gives him alms. Soon after he meets Mongerand, and the following closing scene takes place.

"'So! you did not expect to see me here,' said Mongerand; 'did you? I came precisely because you forbade me; such is my custom. I have determined to keep you company.'—'Leave me to my grief—I can no longer bear your presence,' said Charles with impatience: 'it augments my despair. You have caused my misfortunes, leading me to commit folly upon folly.' 'Oh, then it is my fault that you should like pleasure, women and wine!'—'But for your advice I had listened to my wife, and should not have caused her death.'—'You have assumed a tone which I had punished in any other.' While saying this, Mongerand planted himself before Charles to stop his passage; the latter flung him aside, and proceeded on his way. 'Insolent fellow!' said Mongerand, 'but that I pity you—' 'Pity!' cried Charles retracing his steps with haste, and scowling upon him, '*You* pity me—wretch! this last disgrace alone was wanting—beware lest I avenge the death of my wife and son!'—'Charles, you heap insult upon insult.'—'You have arms, avenge yourself; give me one of those pistols!'—'Begone, Charles!—I'll not follow you.'—'Ha! coward, you are fit only for deeds of baseness!' 'Coward!' cried Mongerand, with flashing eyes, 'you compel me—let's to it then!' He took two pistols from his pocket, examined their loading, then presenting one to Charles, he drew back ten paces. 'Come, let us fire together, and finish the affair.' They raised their pistols and fired almost at the same instant. Mongerand heard the ball whistle by his ear; Charles received that of his adversary in his heart—he fell and expired, muttering the name of his daughter. Mongerand went up to him: at first he was for assisting him; but, observing that he was dead, he quietly put the pistols into his pocket, and departed, saying: 'Tis a pity—HE WAS A GOOD FELLOW!'"

CURIOSITIES OF IRISH LITERATURE.

It has often been my good fortune, both at the Dublin Corn Exchange, and in other places, to witness the endeavours of O'Connell to shove "Old Ireland" some degrees across the ocean, so as to bring her in juxtaposition with the United States. "It is bounded on the east," he would say, if he could, "by St. George's Channel, and on the west by North America." Campion, a worthy old jesuit, whose head has not ached these three hundred years and upwards, seems to favour such a speculation. "Ireland," he says, "lieth aloose in the West Ocean." *Aloose,* like Gulliver's floating island, inviting the trident of any adventurous Triton who might be tempted to interfere with its latitute and longitude. From the frequent and familiar intercourse between our coasts and those of Palestine and Phœnicia in the very infancy of navigation, it might appear as if we were once posited in the lower end of *the Levant,* and had been gradually and imperceptibly drifted by contrary currents to our present situation in the rear of Europe. Whether we be not still retrograding from the confines of civilisation, is a question to which I must be excused, if, in the imperfect state of our geographical knowledge, I decline an answer. One fact is clear, that *mosquitoes* were seen, and felt too, in the interior of the Bog of Allen last summer. But I was speaking of the Holy Land. Our acquaintance with that favoured soil commenced in the time of Noah, and our first saint was imported directly from thence at that early age. His legend is thus preserved in Dr. Hanmer's most grave and weighty Chronicle of Ireland:—

"Whereas in the yeare of the world 1525 Noah began to admonish the people of vengeance to come by a generall deluge, for the wickednesse and detestable sinne of man, and continued his admonition 120 yeares, building an arke for the safegarde of himselfe and his family; one Cesara—say they—according unto others, Cesarea, a neece of Noah (when others seemed to neglect this forewarning) rigging a *navy,* committed herselfe with her adherents to the seas to seeke adventures and to avoid the plagues that were to fall. She arrived in Ireland with her three men, Bithi, Laigria, and Fintan, and fifty women. Within forty dayes after her arrivall the universall flood came upon them in those parts, as well as upon the rest of the world, and drowned them all; in which perplexity of minde and imminent danger, beholding the waves overwhelming all things before their eyes, Fintan is said to have been transformed into a salmon, and to have swoome all the time of the deluge about Ulster, and after the fall of the water recovering his former shape, to have lived longer than Adam, and to have delivered strange things to posterity; so that of him the common speech riseth—"If I had Fintan's yeeres, I could say much."

Thus far the legend of St. Fintan. The circumstance of his swimming over Ulster in the form of a salmon, will probably remind the reader of the late Sir Joseph Yorke's pious wish that all Ireland

were three feet under low-water mark, and that the cod and salmon might disport themselves over the fairest fields of Ulster. He must have had an eye to Mr. Fintan's exploits, but the mystery is, where the deuce he could have heard of them.

The credulity of the Irish has been at all times a source of great amusement to our matter-of-fact masters in England. Stanihurst, and after him Campion, relates the following Irish anecdote:—"One office in the house of great men is a tale-teller, who bringeth his lord on sleepe with tales vaine and frivolous, whereunto the number give sooth and credence. So light they are in believing whatsoever is with any countenance of gravitie affirmed by their superiours, whom they esteeme and honour, that a lewde prelate, within these few yeares, needy of money, was able to persuade his parish that St. Patrick, in striving with St. Peter to let an Irish galloglass into heaven, had his head broken with the keyes; for whose relief he obtained a collation."

Falstaff's encomium of sack is the perfection of bacchanalian eulogy. The very page smacks of the liquor which it immortalizes. Here, however, is almost a match for it—a description of our Irish nectar from the pen of a grave churchman, which, for minuteness of analysis, and a true native relish of the subject, far transcends *Walter de Mapes*, and may challenge a comparison with any thing out of Shakspeare. The author ought to have been canonized long ago, and his picture hung up in the parlour of every public house in the land, as the patron saint of vintners and dram-drinkers:—"One *Theoricus (Episcopus Hermenensis)* wrote a proper treatise of *aqua vitæ*, wherein he praises it unto the ninth degree. He distinguisheth three sorts thereof—*simplex*, *composita*, and *perfectissima*. He declareth the simples and ingredients thereto belonging. He wisheth it to be taken as well before meat as after. Being moderately taken (saith he), it floweth age, it strengtheneth youth, it helpeth digestion, it cutteth phlegm, it abandonneth melancholy, it relisheth the heart, it lightneth the mind, it quickeneth the spirits, it cureth the hydropsie, it healeth the strangury, it pounceth the stone, it expelleth gravel, it puffeth away all ventosity, it keepeth and preserveth the head from whirling, the eyes from dazzling, the tongue from lisping, the mouth from maffling, the teeth from chattering, and the throat from rattling! It keepeth the weason from stifling, the stomach from wambling, the heart from swelling, the belly from wirtching, the hands from shrinking, the veins from crumpling, the bones from aking, and the marrow from soaking!"

Here is a joyous account of a coronation:—"In Ulster thus they they used to crown their king. A white cow was brought forth, which the king must kill and seethe in water whole, and bathe himselfe therein starke naked; then, sitting in the same caldron, his people about him, together with them he must eat the flesh and drinke the broath wherein he sitteth, without cuppe, or dish, or use of his hand."

What an august and truly Agamemnonian ceremony—an unction of the whole majesty from top to toe. *What a broth of a boy!*

Now for a chronicle of a very respectable Irish gentleman in days

of yore:—"*Fin Mac Coile,* one of the principall captaines of the Danish sept, was in Rome at the time of this field (the battle of Ardkath). Many things are reported of him worthy remembrance. His chiefe house was called Barragh-llys, in Ulster. He was a man, in his prosperitie, of great command in Ireland; so that the Danes and Norwegans had, through him, great dealing and entercourse with Ireland, and Ireland with them. But yet—as it sometimes falleth out among the deerest friends—many jarres and broiles and factions fell betweene them, and especially betweene the sept of *Clan ne Morne* and *Clan ne Boisken,* both which sides still relieved themselves out of Denmarke. The King of Denmarke, at last hearing of the fame of Fin Mac Coile, sent for him and tooke such a liking to him, that he concluded to marry him unto his daughter. Fin went thither with three thousand souldiers. The king, one day as they conversed together, asked after the manner of the death of his three sonnes, *Comen, Law-ne-Meyd,* and *Feagh,* who formerly went into Ireland to maintaine one of the factions. Dermot O'Doyne, one of Fin's company, answered, 'Trouble not thyself, O king; this is the hand that killed thy sonne Comen!' One Osker said, 'This is the hand that killed thy sonne Law-ne-Meyd!' Keyn Mac Finn also said, 'This is the hand that killed thy sonne Feagh!' Herewith the king was wroth, and said, 'Fin Mac Coile, thou and thy men are my prisoners.' Forthwith they drew their skeynes; the king's guard, for fear, fled; they tooke him prisoner, carried him aboord their shippes, hoised up saile, and brought him to Ireland; so as the marriage was dasht, and the king driven to pay a ransome for his libertie, before he could get from them.

"This Fin Mac Coile also fought with a gyant, that landed at Houth, and came to challenge combats for tribute, and by policie, not by strength, overcame him. His policie was this: he caused him in the night, (for the space of three nights) to be kept waking, and in the day time to be fought withall, and thereby weakened his strength, and foiled the gyant.

"Towards his end, one Gorre, an old man, after their former warres and troubles, came to his house (before spoken of), and boasted unto the gentlewomen then present, of his feates in warre, and the combats he had fought; whereat they laughed. He being offended with them, sware in his anger that he would burne them all, got old timber and straw, put it in the house, fired it, made fast the doores, and compassed about the house with men that none might escape. They cryed unto him out of their windowes to save their lives; but he was inexorable, and could not be drawne to any compassion; and when the house was readie to fall, he fled into Mounster, and there hid himselfe in a cave. Fin Mac Coile came home from hunting, and beheld this wofull desolation, how his wife, his maides, his old souldiers, his horses, his greyhounds, his plate and household stuffe, his shields, jackes, and shirts of maile, and his instruments of musicke, were consumed to ashes—made after Gorre into Mounster, where he found him, and after some skirmish of both sides, tooke him, and brought him to the place where he had committed this villany. Gorre, when he beheld the bones of

them that were burned, laughed; and being asked why, his answer was, that he laughed at them that formerly laughed at him.

"This wilie Gorre being kept that night for execution, in the dead of the night stole away, and was found in a cave, where, by commandment of Fin Mac Coile, Hugh Gorre, his own sonne, killed him, and after became madde himselfe. And the end of Fin Mac Coile was, that he died a beggar and in great misery."

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN MUSCOVY.

So singularly are the people of this country in the dark, on almost every point connected with the moral culture and intellectual development of the Russians, that it will perhaps be conferring a benefit on our readers, to place before them a sketch of the state of public education in the mighty dominions of the Czar.

In order to carry into execution, with more method and ensemble, a system of public education, and for the purpose of simplifying this branch of the general administration, by centralizing it, the whole empire, including the grand duchy of Finland, is divided into *seven* university districts; each of which comprehends, more or less, a great number of governments and provinces. A Curator is placed at the head of each district, and the minister of public instruction presides over the whole. In each district there is a university, and one or more gymnasiums in each government, besides primary and secondary schools, the former of which are styled "Ecoles d'arrondisement." The number of students on the books of the different universities, in 1830, amounted to upwards of 5000.

In addition to these universities there exist a great number of other establishments, consecrated to the higher branches of study, which are not immediately under the jurisdiction of the minister of public instruction,—they are termed high special schools. Theology is taught in the academies of Kief, Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Kasan. In these establishments there are upwards of 26,000 students and 430 professors. The Catholic church likewise supports 13 seminaries: the Protestants graduate at the university of Dorpot, where the faculty of theology is exclusively reserved for them. In all the universities jurisprudence and all the branches of medicine are taught, but more particularly so at the chirurgo-medical schools of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Other establishments, enjoying almost the same perogatives as the universities, are destined to form the Russian youth for the higher offices of state. These are the Lycée of Tsarskoie Selo, the high school of St. Petersburg, the school of science at Jaroslarl, and the "pensions nobles" of the universities of the Moscow and St. Petersburg. On completing their course of study, the students take a certain rank in the hierarchy.

Several thousand youths receive their education at the military schools throughout the empire, which amount in all to 25. The study of the oriental languages, of commerce, and of technology

occupy a great number of professors in the other special schools. The object of the oriental establishment, founded in 1828, is to form good dragomans for the diplomatic relations of Russia with the cabinets of the East; while the school founded at Osenbourg is destined to extend among the Muselmen of the empire the results of European civilization. All the gymnasiums, to the number of 55, underwent, in the reign of the last emperor, a complete re-organisation, and are at present established on an uniform footing.

There are, besides, 247 private boarding schools, all subjected to the control of the university of the district in which they are situated. The primary schools are the fewest in number, barely amounting to 120; next in succession are the elementary or parochial schools,—their numbers are very far from being proportionate to the wants of the population, in spite of all the efforts of the late emperor, who at one time founded upwards of one hundred of them. The total number of schools supported at the expense of the state, and of private individuals, and placed under the immediate control of the minister of public instruction, was, in 1824, 1,411, in which 70,000 youth of both sexes received their education. In this estimate we do not include the schools in the military colonies, which are very numerous, nor those supported by the Russian clergy, which, in the year quoted, amounted to 344. The Ecoles Normales of France, and the pedagogic schools of Germany, have likewise been introduced, and their numbers are daily increasing. The sum placed annually at the disposition of the minister of public instruction, amounts to nearly 3,000,000 of roubles. The foregoing exposition will we fear be found dry and unamusing; but in order to form a correct estimate of the present state of public education in the Russian empire, minuteness of detail and methodical distribution are absolutely necessary.

Notwithstanding the rigid censorship established in Russia, the press is beginning to lay its mighty grasp on the public mind, but even now there are at present published throughout the empire only seventy-three journals, and these are written in twelve different languages. Compared with the rest of Europe, the intellectual resources of Russia are yet insignificant, and the great mass of her population are quite indifferent to the benefits of instruction. But however disproportionate the number of those upon which it acts in ratio to the whole population, it must be admitted that the government has been unceasing in its efforts, and has spared neither labour nor expense to secure to the people the elements of a good system of education. "La Russie," says Madame de Staël, "a encore bien des pas a faire," ere she attains the apex of civilization—and we bow to this opinion; but she is at the same time advancing in her career with gigantic strides. The invention of steam-boats will above all contribute to accelerate her march. No other country, not even excepting the United States of America, presents so wide a field for the operation of this mighty element as Russia; for her inland navigation is magnificent, and connected in every part by an admirable system of canals. In fact, when we reflect on the principles of improvement that are so rapidly developing themselves in every part of the empire, we can see no reason why Russia should not attain that general

knowledge and civil importance which, as a political body, she has already acquired. The sleepy politicians of Europe are, however, blind to the rapid and alarming development—mental as well as physical—of this adolescent giant, although possessing, even in a state of puberty, the wiliness of a serpent, the patient watchfulness of a cat, the ferocity of a wolf, and the enormous power and sinews of an Asiatic elephant. That axiom of Napoleon which we have given in a preceding number should be burnt into the walls of every great cabinet:—"IN THIRTY YEARS EUROPE WILL EITHER BE REPUBLICAN OR COSSACK."

ISLE OF MAN.

Go where one may, it seems impossible to get away from London associations and London names. Here I am, after a calm and delightful passage, in Bond-street still—Bond-street, Douglas, Isle of Man! To state that I was disappointed because I was not wrecked and lost in the Irish sea, would be palpably absurd; but I will own that, after the enticing picture I had lately received of the "striving waters" off the coast, I was slightly vexed that I should chance to make the passage on a cloudless day—a waveless sea—and through an all but breathless atmosphere. True, I had not fixed my heart upon a mountain swell, or my happiness upon a hurricane; but it did strike me, and somewhat forcibly, that a little fresher breeze above us, and a less calm sea beneath, would have added—if one may venture to be covetous—to the day's enjoyment.

It seems that the isle was inhabited by the Britons long prior to its conversion to Christianity by St. Patrick, in 440. To trace the various changes it endured, and the many kings to whom it bowed, might here be considered out of place; suffice it then to say, that after the conquest of the primitive inhabitants, it was alternately in possession of the English, Scots, and Norwegians, until the reign of Henry the Fourth, when it was seized from Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, on his rebellion, and granted to Sir John Stanley, to be held of the crown of Great Britain by liege homage, paying to the king a cast of falcons at his coronation. In this family the island remained, by regular descent, up to William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby, who obtained from James I. the title of "King of Man." James, the tenth Earl, dying in 1753 without issue, the title became vested in James Murray, second Duke of Athol, by whose descendants the sovereignty has been sold to the British dominion. It appears that the original arms of the island consisted of a ship in full sail, and continued so until 1270, when the King of Scotland sent an army to attack it, under the command of Alexander of Paisley and John Comyn. Being victorious, he substituted the arms the island now upholds—those arms being three legs.

The government was formerly exercised by a Council of Elders, called *Taxiasi*, derived from *Taxi*, a corruption of *Taisgi*, a guardian, and *acci*, hereditary property. It now consists of a governor (in-

vested with all but kingly power), lieutenant-governor, and a House of Keys, formed of twenty-four representatives of the people, and a council of ten principal officers. The House of Keys is supposed to derive its name from the members being formerly the interpreters of the common law. There are also two judges (deemsters). The Manx designate their laws "breast laws," as being confined to the knowledge of their rulers. In all trials for capital offences, a jury of twelve is summoned, as in England. When the case is stated against the prisoner, the deemster demands of the foreman "*Vod fir charree soiè?*"—(May he that administers at the altar continue to sit?) If the answer is "He may," the prisoner is instantly discharged; if "He may not," the bishop and clergy, who are always in the court, retire, and sentence of death is pronounced; but execution is delayed until the King's pleasure is known. Capital offences, however, but very rarely occur.

Many of their laws are singular. Lands may be alienated by deed, but not by will; no lease can be of a longer term than twenty-five years; and all such lands as have an unredeemed mortgage of eight years' standing, pass over to the mortgagee. Two witnesses, but neither seal nor stamp, are necessary to a conveyance of freehold property; and there are no such things as entailed estates beyond the heir of the owner. If a man marries an heiress, and survives her, he claims, so long as he remain a widower, one moiety of her estate; she, during her life, has no control over her property without the consent of her husband: neither can he sell nor leave his own estate without his wife's consent, so as to prejudice her right of survivorship. No landed proprietor is liable to arrest in a civil suit, unless it can be clearly proved he has it in contemplation to quit the island. For bigamy or polygamy no punishment falls on the parents, but upon the children, who are declared bastards, and rendered incapable of inheriting property. If two sticks are placed across a door, even if the door be open, it is felony to enter burglariously. Forgery is only regarded in the light of a civil debt. Theft, above the value of sixpence-halfpenny, is capital.

In circumference the island is about eighty miles; in breadth from nine to twelve; and in length near upon thirty. It is divided in two, by no means equal, parts, by a chain of mountains commencing at North, and terminating at South Barrule, including Snawfel, Mount Greeba, Pen-y-pol, and various others. Snawfel is the highest throughout the island, being 1740 feet above the level of the sea; and on a clear day, when standing on its summit, the view is very grand. The whole island lies beneath you—every hamlet—the numerous streams which intersect it—the waterfalls—the rocks—all are exposed to view—and then, turn which way you will, the ocean girts it round. You also see—or ought to see, if the natives may be credited—the mountains of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

The greatest drawback to the beauty of the island is the total absence of any thing approaching to forest scenery. Brushwood and furze abound in the hollows and on the mountains, but not a tree grows that is not artificially planted. This does not, however, appear to have been always the case, for at the northern extremity of the

island large quantities of timber, supposed to be antediluvian, have been discovered, consisting principally of gigantic trunks of pine and oak. About one third of the island is in an uncultivated state.

The chief support of the island is its herring fishery; the season for which commences in July, and terminates in October. During these months it is held a species of sacrilege to destroy a sea-gull, and the somewhat heavy fine of £3 is imposed for each offence. These birds are the only guides to the fishermen when out at sea, to indicate the spot where the shoals of herrings float, and this they effect by hovering in flocks over the water. Upwards of 300 boats, of from 18 to 30 tons, are employed in this fishery. Few more spirit-stirring scenes can be imagined than that presented by their departure from the harbour. No inducement, however powerful, will prevail on them to go out to sea on a Sunday.

Having some desire to see a little more of their calling, I made arrangements with a fisherman for that purpose. We quitted the harbour with the tide, at about six o'clock in the evening. When out of sight of land, the nets were cast, and the fishermen passed the night in drinking rum and water, and chaunting native melodies, in native Manx. At the first blush of the dawn, the nets were hauled up, and the thousands of fish they encompassed thrown indiscriminately into the hold of the vessel. As the morning advanced, other boats were discovered standing into land, and it then became a matter of emulation with each to make the harbour first—a task rarely accomplished without accidents of some description. The whole town, on these occasions, seems congregated on the pier-head, and the consumption of rum is prodigious.

At a distance of about three miles from Peel, is an elevation of the earth called the Tynwald Mount. This is, in all probability, the most interesting historical relic in the whole island. The ascent to the summit, which is about seventeen feet in height, is by a flight of steps cut in the earth, on the western side, and encompassing it on every side are several terraces decreasing from the base in breadth. From this mount, according to the most ancient records of the Island, the laws have been, and to this day they continue to be, promulgated to the people. On such occasions, a chair is placed beneath a canopy, upon its summit, and occupied by the governor, or his deputy. The deemsters, council, and the keys, take their stations, and occupy the terraces below him, while the surrounding space of ground is filled by the Islanders. The laws are always proclaimed in the Manx and English languages.

From Peel I went to Glen Moij—a spot which equals, on a miniature scale of splendour, any scene I ever witnessed. Its great attraction consists in a fine waterfall, descending into a rocky glen, the stream from which, after winding through a fertile valley, falls into the sea.

The Island is divided into four towns:—Douglas, Peel, Castle Town, and Ramsay. Douglas is supposed to contain between 6 and 7000 inhabitants, and derives its name from the junction of the two rivers *Dhoo* and *Glass*. The streets are all narrow—dirty—and inconvenient—scantily lighted during the winter months—and wholly un-

provided with water, except what is brought into the town by casks. The pier is tolerably handsome, and the water in the harbour is of such astonishing clearness, that at a depth of six fathoms, you can distinguish every shell on its rocky bottom. In this town there are hot and cold baths—hotels, and boarding-houses—a theatre—libraries—billiard, news, and assembly rooms, and all the etcetera of a fashionable watering place. Nay more, in 1829, a United Service Club was formed. During the summer, a packet leaves Liverpool daily, at ten o'clock in the morning, and arrives at six or seven in the evening. The fare is 10*s*. Vessels running from Whitehaven to Dublin, and from Liverpool to Glasgow, touch here in their way. A noble institution, for the preservation of lives from shipwreck, was founded here in 1824, which has been the means of saving upwards of 1500 lives.

On the second day after my arrival I visited that spot which had a particular interest to me; namely, Peel castle, and with Sir Walter Scott's interesting description of it strongly impressed on my mind, I had anticipated no small gratification from my visit. The turret was before my mind wherein the scene is laid between the young Earl and the Countess of Derby—the stone steps whereon Fenella stood—all rose to my mind in the romantic colouring of that great author's delineating pen. But disappointment, the usual result of an over-excited fancy, was destined for me. A ruin, destitute alike of beauty and romance is the last relic of Peel castle. True, there is a man there, and an old one, who oracularly tells you of the legends attached to every stone; who points out to you the dungeon wherein some duke or duchess was starved to death, and tells you which way the black dog ran that haunts the castle, and once tore some scoffer piecemeal for disbelieving in the power of his teeth. Peel, or as it was once designated, Holme-Town, is twelve or thirteen miles from Douglas. The road is diversified and pleasant, and in many parts even romantic.

At Castle-Town, formerly the residence of the kings of Man, stands Castle Rushen, erected in 960, by Guttred, a Danish prince. The walls are in so admirable a state of preservation that it is difficult to persuade yourself that upwards of eight centuries have elapsed since they were raised. The view from the summit of the tower is particularly grand. It is asserted that the glacis, which surrounds the castle, was built by Cardinal Wolsey. On my return from this place to Douglas, after walking about two miles, I fell in with the ruins of Rushen Abbey, founded in the year 1098, by Prince Macmarus. Shortly after, I visited Ramsay, a neat and picturesque place, with a beautiful sweeping bay before it. In all the towns the people speak English, but towards the interior Manx alone is heard.

The cheapness of living here is surprising. Land, uncultivated it is true, but not incapable by any means of being rendered advantageous, is to be bought at 10*s*. an acre. Brandy 10*s*. a gallon. Fowls 6*d*. each, and every thing else in rateable proportion; no taxes, and no—that is, but very few—duties. N. B. No turnpikes or poor houses.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

APPALLING THREAT.—We beg leave most respectfully to call the attention of Lord Melbourne, and all that portion of society, which is properly termed the public *at large*, in contra-distinction to the public *in limbo*, to the following ferocious advertisement, which has recently appeared in a country paper:—

CHILD'S ERCALL ASSOCIATION.

*** *The Annual MEETING on the second Tuesday in May, at the Talbot Inn Standford's Bridge.*

WHEREAS *divers of* burglaries, felonies, grand and petit larcenies have frequently been committed in the Townships of Ercall, Ellerton, Eaton, Shovel, Mill, Meeson, Ollerton, Pixley, Hickstock, Pickstock, Hill, Cheswell, and Chetwynd, in the county of Salop! and the offenders have escaped justice with impunity, for want of proper pursuit and exertion on the part of the sufferers, or on account of the charges attending such pursuit and prosecution; to obviate *the same* in future, we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, have raised a fund, and formed ourselves into an Association, determining to prosecute to the utmost rigour of the law, all persons guilty of any of the above offences, AND TO RIDE ENGLAND THROUGH *at the* JOINT *expence of the Society*, AFTER any house-breaker, horse-stealer, incendiary, *or any kind of cattle or beasts, such as cows, sheep, pigs,* &c, as well as all robbers of orchards, gardens, and hen-roosts; stealers of springles, posts and rails, *hooks and thimbles,* TURNIPS!—*pulling down stiles and gates, and all sorts of petit larceny whatsoever, at the above joint expence of this Society, and do hereby offer the following rewards,* &c. &c.

Good heavens! are we come to this? Is there a colony of Cossacks already established in the county of Salop? And are they bold enough to give public notice of their delinquencies? Strike on the toscin! Ring the alarm bell! "To your tents, oh, Israel!" For lo! the *townships* of Ercall and Ellerton! Eaton, Shovel, Mill, and Meeson!! Ollerton and Pixley!!! Hickstock and Pickstock!!!! Hill, Cheswell and Chetwynd—all in the county of Salop, have declared war against England. *The divers of burglaries,* calling themselves "Child's Ercall Association," in a proclamation, displaying for its device, an upraised dagger, constellated between two revolutionary stars, threaten "to ride England through" at their *joint* expence, after "any kind of cattle or beasts, such as cows, sheep, and pigs, &c"—"*pulling down stiles and gates,* and *all* KINDS OF PETTY LARCENY WHATSOEVER, at the above joint expence of the society!!"

If this be tolerated—if the Child's Ercall Association—the divers of burglaries, having a drawn dagger for their arms, supported by twin stars, be permitted to ride England through at this rate, there is an end to government: society will be dissolved into its primitive elements, and every man must look to his own pigs! Posts and rails it seems, are no protection; for these marauders, give public notice, that—doubtless, with a view to facilitate their operations—they will level all such impediments with the earth. Nor is this all: for with a congenial feeling towards malefactors, and with a view to revo-

lutionize—to demoralize society, they actually threaten, to pull down petty larceny *at their joint expence!*

Let Lord Melbourne look to this! For our own part, we beg leave, as a subject of the realm, loyally paying our taxes, or black mail, strenuously to insist on having a strong body of the police, under the command of Colonel Rowan, backed by that troop of the guards, the captain of which translated mopsticks into spears, to protect our pig-stye against the townships. The men of Hickstock and Pickstock are perfectly welcome to pull down all *posts* whatsoever; but if they be permitted to molest our valuable pig, we shall fillip Lord Melbourne into his slop-basin, and, by our editorial thunders, shake the constitution to its very base. What is the use of the sublime Mr. Thomas and his gorgeous opera glass—if an Englishman cannot keep his pig?

Ambassador Extraordinary.—The short-sighted policy adopted by our ministry with regard to the affairs of the East, has excited the derision of all Europe. In an article called Palmerston Policy in our last number, we pointed out the mistakes into which our government had fallen, and the consequences likely to ensue. Our remarks have been fully borne out;—the czar has achieved the dearest object of his ambition. His fleet is in the Bosphorus, his army in Constantinople; while the powers which ought to have protected that important point, have been playing at protocols with the Dutch. For how many years has it been urged, that the peace of Europe depended upon the balance of power! What treasures have been lavished, what blood shed, to support this doctrine! Now, without a struggle, have we allowed the Tartar fearfully to extend his gigantic dominions!—He has been hailed by the panic-stricken believers as friend—deliverer—and he will never halt till he has been acknowledged as master. Lord Palmerston made a most sorry defence "Where," it was asked, "when all these things were going on, where was the ambassador of England?"—"On the road!" returned the foreign secretary, with admirable *naiveté*, amidst shouts of laughter. Yes; it will hardly be believed, in future times, that when the Russian troops were marching for the capital of the East, when her navy was about to cast anchor near its shores, that the British ambassador, the interests of whose country were about to be vitally compromised, was *on the road.* Notwithstanding eight months notice of the crisis, when the eyes of Europe were open and watching the result, Lord Ponsonby was but ten days on his journey, and then *halted for a conveyance.* His lordship could find no ship to his mind in the port of Naples; his travelling equipage might, perhaps, have been disarranged in his hasty mission; or possibly, his puppy dog might not have found proper diplomatic accommodation! We have allowed the Dutchman to play us with his bait in the Scheldt,, while his friend, the Russian, has coolly thrown his net in the East; we resemble the simpleton shepherd, who, while kicking a cur at his threshold, allowed the wolf to enter his distant fold.

GRAVE IMPUTATION.—The slaver of scandal has been projected against us from a quarter whence we had no reason to expect it. We are not conscious of ever having done the Editor of the Quarterly Review a mischief. Have we been guilty of pelting him with rotten eggs—of pushing him against a chimney-sweep—of tossing him headlong into a scavenger's mud-pudding? Never, to the best of our belief. Why then, in his article, entitled "Past and Present Parliament," asperse us? Why say, as he has, that among *the new members* is *the Editor of the Monthly Magazine?*

CUPBOARD CRITICISM.—With that bland benignity for which we are so much beloved, we demonstrated, in one of our recent numbers, that the number of asses in the metropolis, rose and fell in exact ratio with the fluctuations in the number of architects. In the best spirit imaginable, we held a mirror up to the latter in which they might see and be staggered at the prodigious ultra-asinine length of their ears. But our excellent intentions have produced no effect, *except on their employers*—the contemptible race of modern architects doating on their most loathsome deformities. We frankly and kindly admitted that they possessed every thing but taste, genius, invention, and common sense. Could we say more in their behalf? Was it possible, we boldly ask, to put them in a more lofty pillory? Are they so aspiring as not to be satisfied with being gibbetted on a gallows less than "fifty cubits high?" Do they venture to emulate Haman?—while simple lark-nooses, formed of single hairs plucked from a donkey's mane, are sufficiently potent to strangle them by scores? Poor little pickpockets.

One passage in our paper, we are told, they have ventured to nibble—we beg leave, therefore, to present it to our readers with the nibble annexed: — "A modern house," we said, and still say, "is a structure of bare walls, ornamented and divided into compartments; it contains no family parlour—no social snuggery—no cupboards! A man who lives in it is to be pitied—he is without a home. The stairs creak beneath his feet—the floor of the drawing room shrieks with agony when he steps across it, and the *party*-wall appropriately cracks when he sees a few friends!" This exposé has, it seems, given great offence to those contemptible curs—the metropolitan architects—at whose suggestion, conscious as they are of the frailty of their pill boxes, we take leave to intimate, four-fifths of the leases relative to new houses contain clauses *by which dancing is most vehemently prohibited.* They have sounded the toscin, and set on some of their young hounds to give tongue. How amazed the puppies will fell at finding, that instead of a leveret, they are yapping on the stately track of a lion!

We happen to know all about them—we are acquainted with "the birth, parentage, and education" of their bantling magazine. We could scrush the tadpoles into the congenial mud which gave them birth—our leonine paw is lifted, but we charitably refrain from suffering it to fall, until the appearance of their next number, in which, we are told, they purpose repeating their nibble, with the stumpy

teeth of that feeble antiquarian, poor old B.! Should he be so rash as to undertake the part of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, at the instigation of his little associates—the lovers of cheese parings—we shall coolly spit upon, and thereby drown him for ever. The act will be benevolent, for when overwhelmed with hoots, it will save him the personal trouble of precipitating himself into a puddle.

The magazine to which we have alluded is a poor forlorn thing, supported principally by forlorn gratuitous contributions, from men misnamed antiquarians when in their prime, but now in a state of dotage, and a few articled clerks to bad architects. They have, we are told, observed, that our principal objection to modern buildings is, that they contain "no cupboards." On this point they are, it seems, remarkably free and facetious. God help them! poor little boys! No cow in Christendom would see the utility of a watch-fob; for the same reason our juvenile architects cannot appreciate the convenience of cupboards. *They have nothing to put in them!*

Lincolnshire Luminary.—The Bill for the Emancipation of the Jews was read a second time on the evening of the 22d. Exquisite was the moaning of Sir Robert Inglis over this last and most diabolical inroad upon our "glorious constitution." When the Test and Corporation acts were repealed, Sir Robert's croak was as ominous and intelligible as that of Southey's raven.

> "The raven he croaked as he sat at his meal,
> And the *old woman* knew what he said."

At the time of the Emancipation of the Catholics, his anathemas were dire, but when the Jews were spoken of as likely to elbow the Baronet in the way to the House—the holy of holies!—his pious and constitutional rage had well nigh throttled him. Why does not the high-minded Sir Robert leave an ungrateful country to legislate for itself. He rises, night after night, for no purpose but to sit down again. His warnings are lost upon a headstrong and misguided people. His oracles are treated with no more respect than Irving's latest—he might as well deliver them in the unknown tongue. Retire, great legislator, in all the dignity of offended virtue. Retire, great luminary of Lincolnshire, with the proud consciousness of having resisted to your utmost, all attempts at innovation, miscalled improvement, of revolution, miscalled reform—covered with the blessings of all placemen, sinecurists, and pensioners—the arch enemy to all innovators—the unflinching advocate of ancient infallibility—illustrious supporter of cups and balls—champion of Rights Divine.

Editors and Earthquakes.—In a Sussex paper, among the late fashionable arrivals at Horsham, an Earthquake is announced. Some boys, in order to obtain wherewith to boil the pot, had bored and blasted the stump of a felled oak on an adjacent common—hence the rumour which appalled the Sussex Editor. He tells us that "the *goods* in several shops *fell!*" If this were the case, Earthquakes have displayed a new feature—they are decidedly beneficial. "The scales," our informant goes on to say, "were all set in motion!" If

this be true, the shop-keepers in forlorn, though once flourishing Fleet Street, should get up an Earthquake. As a climax to the gloomy grandeur of the scene, "*Mr. Hirst's hall-door bell rang!*" Is it possible? "We however," says the Editor, "knew nothing of the phenomenon until the next morning?" The Earthquake, therefore did not vouchsafe him a visit—it, uncourteously, omitted to ring his "hall-door bell!" Honoured Mr. Hirst! Unhappy Mr. Editor! The Earthquake evidently "cut him." Naughty boys! not to make your explosion ring the Editor's hall-door bell!

THE MAN OF THE TOWN.—We are very sorry to see any gentleman make a fool of himself, and more especially so if he happen to be a friend. This is the position in which a writer in a clever weekly paper is placed. He accuses us of "a true and geniune ignorance," and in his libel, *Scottice* speaking, not only acquits us of the unwarrantable charge, but fixes it indelibly on himself. He is so considerate —so benevolent—so bountiful—so much above any selfish feeling—so anxious for the due administration of critical justice, that he politely offers us a rotten egg to be duly hurled at his own head. Here it is. In a critique on an article, in our last number, he says:—

"'Our Wood Engravers' is a clever article, though we think, most unnecessarily and unjustly severe on the *venerated* Northcote! It is absolutely slanderous, besides partaking of *a true and genuine ignorance of* the method in which artists study, to assert that Northcote was no animal painter, because he confessed to a friend of the writer that he went down to the academy to copy the figure of a *tiger*. How was Northcote to draw his 'spotted pard?' Was it not better to be guided by Rubens' picture, than to enter into the menagerie and copy from a half-starved confined brute, who had few of his proper lineaments left in him? and yet this would be called studying from *nature*. Which do artists generally prefer doing, if they want a lion to sit to them? do they attend upon Wombwell's, or do they place before them a model from Flaxman's design, who has stamped identity on the regal beast, while he has poetized him by his treatment? Why, they study a lion from Flaxman as Northcote did a tiger from Rubens."

My good fellow, they do no such thing! Blood and 'oons! do you think, man, the Landseers or Harvey go to Flaxman or Rubens when they can get at the same sources as those artists themselves? Where did Flaxman get his lion, and Rubens his tiger? Out of a menagerie to be sure, and to a menagerie, every artist who wished to paint a lion or tiger, *au naturel*, would doubtless go to make his sketches. Did a lion, in the deserts, ever sit to Flaxman, or a tiger to that renowned old ass Northcote? Even if they had, one glance, one rude sketch from nature, even in a menagerie, would be more valuable than the finest translations into art, either of the one or the other. There are numerous capital engravings extant, of nearly fifty animals, unknown in this country, but which, hearing that they were to be seen there in a living state, Harvey specially went to France to pourtray, in order, honestly, to execute the embellishments of a work on which he was engaged for a firm in Fleet Street. The Landseers were there at the same time, on nearly a similar errand. The latter, in fact, some time ago published a set of engravings, for the purpose

of shewing how unlike the animals of Rubens were to the animals of nature. Of this the Gentleman of the Town—who aspires to be an arbiter elegantiarum—ought to have been cognizant. The Landseers and Harvey, he should have been aware too, are pre-eminent on these points, and yet they may be seen, almost daily, instead of taking lions and tigers from Flaxman or Rubens, sketching, with blue fingers and red noses, the beasts in their dens, at one or other of the metropolitan menageries. The idea of Harvey copying a tiger from Rubens! Good heavens! From Rubens, who, to increase its terrors, has given the animal, in his pictures, *a double set of canine teeth!*

Does the Man of the Town think, that Edwin Landseer takes a wolf on the credit of Snyders, who had no better opportunity of depicting the animal than himself? No, he goes to nature. The Man of the Town evidently knows no more as to the manner in which great painters work, than any given Mrs. Jones. Satisfied as we are, that he cannot be the amiable and talented Editor, we beg leave to inform him, with all proper respect, that he is a most consummate ignorant ass!

The picture of Rubens was placed in the School of Painting, in order that the Students might see how the great master of execution handled his pencil. They were to study his freedom of style, his colouring—his touch—not to transfer his transcript of nature into their own compositions.

There is one point in which we differ from the Man of the Town—he is not a painter—we are. He knows nothing about art—we do. Therefore let him submit penitently to the cane—should he be rebellious, we shall lay it on thicker. The animal of Rubens was not only an outrage on fact, but bad as it was, Northcote could not *copy* it: he *traced* it. By the bye, we spoiled the anecdote by stating that a mere holiday occurred, to allow him the opportunity of doing so—furtively—unobserved by the students. It was not a common holiday. "*Fortunately*," said Northcote, "*fortunately* the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE DIED; and while the academy was closed in consequence of that event, I had an opportunity of *tracing* the animal unperceived. *It was a sheer piece of complete luck.* The Princess seemed to have been born for no other purpose but to die at that critical moment on my behalf! Bless her!"

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. PART VI. LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL.

The subjects contained in this part are prettily treated. The engraving is well executed, and effective. *Alice Lee*, after Chalon, is modest, yet high-bred; the action of the figure is simple and elegant—the costume tastefully composed. *Green Mantle*, by Parris, attracts the eye with brightness; the hair and jewellery are luxuriantly designed. The remaining characters are *The White Lady*, after H. Howard, R.A.; and *Lady Augusta*, from the painting of J. M. Wright.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE. No. XXI. DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY F. HOWARD.

We should have been inclined to commend the enterprising spirit evinced in this work, however inadequately the artist may have performed his task, were not any praise we could bestow rendered superfluous by the artist in this concluding number. Had such a piece of undeserved panegyrick been penned by an indiscreet friend, one might have pitied Mr. Howard, in fancying the many modest blushes it must have occasioned him; but seeing that his own name is subscribed to this braggadocio postscript, it is incumbent on us to state that we cannot perceive any originality of conception, any fine touches of character or expression, or any masterly drawing, throughout these outlines; they are, however, cleverly etched—they denote a taste for composition, and an industrious study of costume. But these merits surely do not justify an assumed superiority over the outlines of Retzch and Flaxman, or warrant the assertion that the designs are as varied as the author they profess to illustrate!

THE TYROL. BY H. D. INGLIS. LONDON: WHITAKER & CO.

GIFTED as he is with a spirit of profound observation and philosophical deduction, we always peruse Mr. Inglis's works with pleasure and interest. In the two volumes before us, he has so skilfully grouped his materials, that the scenes he describes pass before us with all the graphic fidelity of a moving panorama. Had he sojourned longer in a land comparatively so little known, as the Tyrol, we should have gladly hailed from his able pen a well-digested chapter on the machinery of government, the civil and criminal code, and the system of fiscalization of those interesting regions. What little he has said on the subject, places in odious relievo the Machiavelian policy of the arch Metternich. The sketch of the Tyrolean Campaign, and the fate of the heroic Hoffer, is extremely spirited. There is, however, one section of the work, treating as it does a question of geographical science, that we cannot pass over in silence. We allude to the chapter on rivers, which is not written in the style we should have expected from so well-informed and intelligent a traveller as Mr. Inglis on other subjects. In the first place, his classification is throughout "en contresens." He places in the second rank only the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence! The length of the latter is 2120 miles, that of the former, including its branch the Missouri, is 5596—being the longest river on the face of the earth! He makes no mention of those great American streams, Madeira, Tapajoz, Xingu, Tocantins, and Rio Negro, and totally passes over the monarch of the European system—the mighty Volga, with its majestic course of about 1000 leagues. But this is not all; for a little farther on he gravely asserts,

that the sources of the great rivers of the American continent have never been visited. This is a palpable error; their sources are all known in North, and in some instances in South America. The head waters of the great rivers are quite in the vicinity of one another, and only divided by trivial heights of land. In his second edition, to which we have no doubt the general merits of the work will carry it, we would advise Mr. Inglis to give a well-drawn map of the Tyrol.

GALLERY OF THE GRACES. PART V. LONDON: C. TILT.

THIS number is enriched with a free and tasteful engraving after CHALON, entitled *The Lady Adeline*, in which a certain regal dignity, combined with airy elegance, reminds one of the happiest graces of LAWRENCE. The action and expression of the head and disposition of the costume possess a charm which can result alone from a creative and refined taste; on this account we forgive too close an approximation to modern fashion. *Medora* and *Aurora*, by F. STONE, complete the part, which is by no means inferior to those which have preceded it.

A TREATISE ON THE PHYSIOLOGY AND DISEASES OF THE EYE: CONTAINING A NEW MODE OF CURING CATARACT WITHOUT AN OPERATION. BY JOHN HAMILTON CURTIS. LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO.

MR. CURTIS has long been favourably known to the public by his works on the structure and diseases of the ear; and many, we hope, will have cause to rejoice that he has at length found time to turn his attention to that equally complicated, and even more important organ—the eye. In treating cases of deafness, where the vision happened likewise to be impaired, Mr. Curtis was struck with the fact, that while curing the deafness by *constitutional* remedies, the defect in the visual organ was also frequently removed. The consentaneous cure of two diseased organs by a treatment directed only to one of them, led Mr. Curtis to a more minute investigation of their connection with each other; and thence, through a chain of theoretical reasonings and practical experiments, to the important conclusion, that many diseases of the eye—some of them hitherto deemed incurable, and others not even attempted to be cured but by the knife—will yield to a judicious constitutional treatment, assisted by mild topical applications. The author supports his opinions by several cases, some of which are very interesting; but as our limits do not permit us to make any extracts, we must refer the reader to the book itself, which will be the more acceptable to him, as it is almost entirely free from professional technicalities.

OLIVER CROMWELL. PAINTED BY DELAROCHE. ENGRAVED BY MAILE. LONDON: C. TILT.

The merit of this mezzotint is of a very high order. The unaffected simplicity of treatment accords admirably with the deep solemnity of the historical scene represented; Cromwell is lifting the lid of the coffin in which the body of the recently beheaded Charles Stuart lies shrouded: he gazes steadily on its dead features;—the impressive quiet of the composition is not disturbed by any artificial effect.

THE COTTAGE MUSE. BY T. NOEL. LONDON: HATCHARD AND SON.

AN unpretending little collection of paraphrases from the most popular texts of scripture, and not inappropriately termed "The Cottage Muse." There are no sublime flights, and few appeals to the imagination; but the

verses have sufficient poetry to win the attention without offending the taste even of a more educated class than the writer probably aspires to interest.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED SPANIARDS. TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF QUINTANA. BY T. R. PRESTON. LONDON: FELLOWS.

THIS is a well-executed translation of a very interesting work by the first of living Spanish authors. Quintana has long enjoyed a deservedly high reputation both as a poet and historian. His style is clear, perspicuous, and elegant, and Mr. Preston has retained all the freshness and graces of the original. However, notwithstanding the general fidelity and accuracy of the performance, there are some passages which are open to objection. "En Leon no hubo difficuldad *ninguna*," is translated thus: "In Leon he experienced *little* (instead of *no*) difficulty." Again: "Las panteras y las leones, de los desiertos parecen mil veces menos aborrecibles y crueles:"—literally, "the panthers and lions of the deserts appear a thousand times less horrible and cruel:"—which Mr. Preston, thus *improves*, "we cannot but give credit to the wild beasts of the desert as being far less cruel and sanguinary *in their ire* than is our own *reason-perverted* species." To select one other passage:—"Salian a verle las gentes a los caminos—senalabanle con el dedo por las calles—hasta las doncellas recatadas, pedieran licencia a sus padres, para ir y saciar sus ojos, viende a aquel varon insigne qui tan grande exemplo de integridad habia dado."—This literally runs thus, "The people ran out on theroads to see him. They pointed him out along the streets; even the retiring maidens begged permission of their fathers to go and satisfy their curiosity (eyes) by looking at the distinguished man who had given so great a proof of integrity."—The following is our translator's version: "As he passed along the roads, the people followed him *in crowds* pointing him *out to their children as an object of veneration*, while even the *modest* retiring maiden, *banishing her fears*, pressed forward to be gratified with a sight of this *most noble warrior*, who had given so great *and so signal* a proof *of his virtue and* integrity." But these are trivial offences, and we dismiss Mr. Preston's book with much approbation.

TWO LETTERS TO THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY UPON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE POOR LAWS. BY CHARLES WETHERALL, A. M. LONDON: MURRAY.

"FAILING," quoth our author in his preface, "to effect any permanent good *by various acts of charity* in his own parish, the writer endeavoured to regulate the vestry meeting in conjunction with *his efforts of benevolence*, which enabled him to obtain a view of the practical operation of the poor laws." We cannot, however, perceive that the view which he thus obtained has been of a very liberal nature. He is altogether in favour of the existing state of things, and indignantly declares, that "the poor are most wickedly instructed to be dissatisfied with their lot." The work is dull, confused, and contains nothing tangible or novel upon the subject which it affects to treat.

USEFUL GEOMETRY PRACTICALLY EXPLAINED BY A SERIES OF DIAGRAMS. BY CHARLES TAYLOR. LONDON: SHERWOOD AND CO.

CICERO, in estimating all human productions, measured them so closely by the rules of art, that he considered whether the author, by a close adherence to them, had attained the object he had in view, rather than the moral influence and practical utility of his labours. Measured by this criterion, Mr. Taylor's work possesses great merit. He has skillfully attained his object in point, and has presented the public with a practical geometrical treatise, the utility of which, however, mathematically speaking, we ques-

tion, since it appears calculated to develope in the student a mere *mechanical* ingenuity, similar to what is derived from a familiar acquaintance with the diagrams of the Chinese puzzle.

An Alarm on the Rights of the Poor and Property of the Rich, in Danger from a supposed Law Reform. By George Strickland, Esq., M. P. James Ridgeway, Piccadilly.

This is a pamphlet by the honourable member for one of the Ridings of Yorkshire, upon the subject of the bills introduced into the House of Commons in the present session, by the Solicitor General, for a very extensive alteration in the laws of inheritance and dower.

The first of these bills is for a limitation of the term of actions upon real property, from a period of sixty years, which for centuries has been the law of England, to twenty years, from and after the 31st December, 1833. This change will very obviously operate to the signal disadvantage and defeat of many unfortunate claimants of estates, who, by reason of poverty, the delay of the law, or the wealth of opponents, may by this enactment be henceforth shut out from all chance of prosecuting the most just claims. To those who are aware of the extreme difficulty of forming a pedigree, which is always indispensible, and usually, by reason of the loss of parish registers, the defacement or destruction of monuments, or the possession of documents by the opposing party—a process of many years in duration, it becomes apparent that an unreasonable limitation of the term to a period of twenty years, will bar the efforts of the majority of claimants, and shield the unjust possessors of many large estates. The second clause has a retrospective operation, limiting the period for actions upon all now resting claims to twenty years from the commencement of the supposed right. A number of instances of extreme hardship and oppression under this enactment have been detailed in petitions to the House of Commons against the measure; and Mr. Strickland, in terms of great humanity, and with a very considerable knowledge of the law of real property, enters his protest against this very unjust bill.

By the other bill, the Solicitor General proposes to annul the right of dower. This Mr. Strickland chivalrously opposes; but we most cordially applaud it. As the law now stands, a purchaser of any freehold is under the necessity of getting it conveyed for a term of one thousand years or so, to a friend, for the purpose of barring dower, otherwise he would never be able to dispose of it again without the sanction of his wife. The proposed bill would do away with this expensive absurdity.

The German Reader. By Adolphus Bernays. London: Treuttel and Co.

We are no advocates for that new-fangled system of education—"the gallop of intellect," as it may be called, which professes to make the student clear the rugged hill of science at a leap. We are old-fashioned enough still to put faith in the Italian proverb, "*Chi va piano, va sano, ed anche lonitano.*" In education, we should say that M. Bernays is a *doctrinaire*, for he has hit upon a "*juste milieu*" between the old and new systems. The interlinear translations are so judiciously given, that the curiosity of the student is excited without being enervated, and the idiomatic peculiarities of the German are so skilfully grouped, and placed in such juxtaposition, that they are mastered at a single glance. The selections are pleasing and well chosen. In fact, we have never seen a work more calculated to facilitate the acquirement of the German tongue. Compared to many of its kind, the traveller will find it is as superior as the macadamized highways of the duchy of Nassau to the sandy roads of Hanover and the north of Prussia.

THE HELIOTROPE, OR PILGRIM IN PURSUIT OF HEALTH. LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO.

OUR readers will agree with us, that he is a bold man, who, in times so unpropitious to the muse, attempts to travel in the track of Byron. And yet here is a poet who has done so, if not with entire success, at least without incurring any thing like the disgrace of failure. The construction of the poem before us, and that of Childe Harold, are nearly identical. Both are descriptive of the most remarkable scenes and objects that meet the pilgrim's eye, interspersed with such reflections as they may suggest. Our author is never tame, and he occasionally rises into considerable elevation of style and sentiment.

A SYSTEM OF GEOGRAPHY, ON A NEW AND EASY PLAN. FOURTEENTH EDITION. BY THOMAS ERVING, EDINBURGH: OLIVER AND BOYD. LONDON: SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL.

ALL the world, now-a-days, pretend to understand geography, and every literary aspirant thinks himself qualified to write upon this science. Yet, to succeed, he must be a mathematician and astronomer—be well grounded not only in the history of his own country but of every other—possess sound ideas upon politics and commerce; upon physics and natural history; and be able to compare, "*en philosophe*," the manners and customs of the various nations on our globe. Such is geography, a science so vast that it embraces the whole circle of human knowledge; and yet, judging from the numbers of works that the press almost monthly brings forth, nothing it would appear is more easy than to write an elementary treatise on this science. But with a few honourable exceptions these treatises have become the *prey* of writers who know nothing of geography; they are all cast in the same mould, display the same ignorance of facts and absence of just criticism, and are, in fact, nothing more than modifications of old works, with the addition of scraps of recent travels, and of figures copied, "au hazard," from the journals of the day. Yet this chaos of heterogeneous materials, this monstrous admixture of truth and falsehood, this tesselated work of contemporary things and of things that existed centuries ago, is put into the hands of the students as a luminous source of geographical science.

These remarks, we are sorry to say, apply to the work before us. It abounds with errors. We pass over the statistical blunders as from the difficulty of gaining access to legitimate resources of information, particularly in the despotic governments, we must often times rest satisfied with approximate details. But the case is different with political geography. We shall cite one glaring inaccuracy as a proof of the ignorance or the carelessness of the compiler. Under the head of the Argentine republic (Buenos Ayres), he says, "Monte Video, formerly the capital of *Rio Grande*, is now an independent republic." This would provoke a smile at the Brazilian and Buenos Ayrean Legations. Monte Video never formed part of the province of *Rio Grande* of which Porto Alegre is the capital, but when annexed to Brazil was the capital of a distant province—Cisplatina, now the republic of the Banda Oriental del Uraguay.

MEMOIRS OF SILVIO PELLICO, TRANSLATED BY THOMAS ROSCOE. LONDON: WHITTAKER AND CO.

HERE is another victim of the Holy Alliance, of that Machiavelian system that delivered over the north of Italy to the surveillance of an Austrian police—a police that, Proteus-like, assumes every form—the domino of the masquerade—the tonsure of the priest—the moustache of the soldier—the

livery of the valet—that occupies the academic chair of the professor, and sits enthroned in the boudoir of the courtesan. Upwards of 100,000 Austrian troops occupy at this moment the Lombardo Venetian kingdom, while a rapacious administration bleeds it through every pore. But we need no better commentary on the tender mercies of the Austrian government than the highly interesting work before us.

Arrested in the year 1820 on a charge of carbonarism, Silvio Pellico, after passing two years of probationary incarceration in the dungeons at Venice, was sent off to the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. The cruelties he saw and endured are almost of a nature to stagger belief, did we not well know the spirit of the Austrian government. His companion in misfortune, Piero Maroncelli, a distinguished poet, was, during his confinement, obliged to submit to the amputation of a limb; and it will be scarcely credited, that although the danger was imminent, it was necessary to send off a courier to Vienna for permission to perform the operation. After eight years and a half incarceration they were liberated by the *clemency* of the Emperor Francis. Pellico, on reaching Vienna, relates that he was taken by the police agent, who accompanied him to see the gardens of Schoënbrun. The emperor suddenly approached, and the commissary hastily made him retire, lest his emaciated person should give the monarch pain. Had this *employé* known his imperial master as well as we do, he might have saved himself the trouble; for the man who could listen with the most phlegmatic indifference to the bulletin of the battle of Waygram, and then rise and coolly say, "Now let us go and feed the pigeons," would have betrayed no emotion, or felt no sympathy at the sufferings of an Italian Carbonaro.

We have read this little work with pleasure, for it has improved our opinion of the human heart. In the gloomy fortress of Spielberg, beneath the obdurating influence of Austrian tyranny, in the bosoms even of its myrmidons, some of the warmest affections of our nature are perceived. Let those of our readers who may be sceptical on this point read the death-bed scene of the Veteran Schiller, the gaoler of Spielberg, and they will arrive at the same conclusion as ourselves.

Lectures on Poetry and General Literature. By James Montgomery. London: Longman and Co.

These lectures were delivered by Mr. Montgomery, at the Royal Institution, in the years 1830-1. They are precisely what might be expected from the general character of the writer's muse; at once elegant and natural, with the refinements of a most delicate perception conveyed in words of unaffected simplicity. Mr. Montgomery ventures no new theory—makes no new startling discovery; but, merely recommends and enforces received opinions by winning diction, and illustrations from the stores of a mind, enriched and elevated by a contemplation of the noblest things in their high and subtle essences. One example must serve of the style in which the writer has treated his subject; one proof of the critical acuteness and poetic sympathy which the author has brought to his task. He is contending for the pre-eminence of poetry over the sister arts. He takes "the Dying Gladiator," and opposes to it the two splendid stanzas from *Childe Harold*.

"Myriads of eyes had gazed upon that statue; through myriads of minds all the images and ideas connected with the combat and the fall, the spectators and the scene had passed away in the presence of that unconscious marble which has given immortality to the pangs of death; but not a soul among all the beholders through eighteen centuries—not one had ever before thought of 'the rude link,' the 'Dacian mother,' the 'young barbarians.' At length came *the poet* of passion; and looking down upon 'the dying

Gladiator" (less as what it was than what it represented), turned the marble into man, and endowed it with human affections; and away over the Apennines and over the Alps, away on the wings of irrepressible sympathy, flew his spirit to the banks of the Danube, where, 'with his heart,' were the 'eyes' of the victim, under the night-fall of death; for 'there were his young barbarians all at play, and there their Dacian mother.' This is nature; this is truth. While the conflict continued, the combatant thought of himself only; he aimed at nothing but victory;—when life and this were lost, his last thoughts, his sole thoughts, would turn to his wife and little children."

Throughout the "Lectures," we meet the same intelligent and thoughtful spirit combining, analysing, illustrating, with readiness, perspicuity, and beauty. We could have wished the writer had addressed himself more to the elder English poets—though, certainly, that golden field had been well reaped by Hazlitt. We cordially recommend these "Lectures" to those who would fain know what constitutes poetry—to those who would fain untie "the hidden soul" of that divinest harmony. To the student they are especially valuable.

A New Treatise on Chess. By George Walker. Second edition enlarged and improved. London: Sherwood & Co.

Some twelvemonths since considerable excitement was produced in the chess-playing world, by the appearance of a little work at the very low price of three shillings and sixpence, professing to teach the science of Chess. The high priced authors were all scandalized at this innovation in Chess literature, and of course predicted the failure of the experiment:—but the matter at issue was in the hands of an enlightened public, and before the expiration of a year the call for a second edition has dissipated for ever the golden visions of the authors of guinea octavos in large type. The price of the volume, has now been raised to five shillings and sixpence, but the additional matter, apart from its intrinsic worth, is nearly equal in bulk to the original. That most beautiful opening known by the name of its inventor, Captain Evans, upon which very little has hitherto been written, occupies eleven pages of the work. The analysis has been most carefully made and the best modes of attack are laid down with an air of decision that at once gains the student's confidence, and shews the author to be thoroughly acquainted with his subject. If we were inclined to find fault with Mr. Walker, we should say that he has not shewn us any defence: indeed the intention manifest throughout the work is to teach the best methods of attack. But after all, perhaps this is the only sure way to make a good player, for we know practically that one who confines his play to defensive operations seldom if ever improves, and that he who is the most irresistible in his attacks shews also the greatest subtlety and resources in his defence. Where all is good it is difficult to particularize, but we may point attention to the chapters on the Muzio and Bishop's Gambits, as being particularly worthy of commendation. The ends of games with pawns are highly instructive, and the problems very ingenious and entertaining. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this to be not only the best book on Chess that has ever been written, but one which with a little addition would entirely supersede the necessity of other works so far as relates to their practical utility. We allude to those games in which some advantage is given; and we strenuously recommend Mr. Walker to perfect a future edition of his book, by adding to it the valuable information he possesses on this subject. We have only detected one error, which the author we are sure will thank us for pointing out. It occurs in page 101, move 20; instead of Kt. or R. takes K. B. P. and wins —it should be R takes P. checking—for if white take with Kt. black would checkmate.

LITERARY NOTICES.

On the 1st of July will commence, in monthly numbers, *The National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture,* in the best style of outline engraving, on steel, with a description of each subject, and a brief memoir of the artist, under the superintendence of Mr. Valpy. The work will be printed on fine paper, in 8vo., and each part will contain, on an average, twelve engravings.

A History of the Manfacturing Population; comprising its Moral, Social, and Physical Condition; its Manners, Habits, Modes of Living, &c. &c., with the State of Health, peculiar Diseases, and Rate of Mortality; and embracing an Examination of Infant Labour, Factory Labour, &c. &c., is on the eve of publication, in one volume 8vo.

Mr. Madden, well known by his popular Travels in Turkey, has just committed to the press a new work, entitled *The Infirmities of Genius.*

A tale, understood to be from the pen of Miss Knight, author of "Dinarbas," and "Marius Flaminius," is just ready for publication, entitled *Sir Guy de Lusignan.*

Nearly ready for publication, editions in English and French of *The Language of Flowers,* with beautifully coloured plates.

Romances of the Chivalric Ages, a new work, illustrating the manners and customs of the middle ages, embellished with numerous characteristic etchings, will shortly be published.

Preparing for publication, a *Treatise on Roads,* in which the right principles to be followed are explained and illustrated by the plans, specifications, and contracts, made use of by Thomas Telford, Esq., on the Holyhead road. By Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. One Volume, 8vo., with plates.

Preparing for publication, in an octavo volume, *History of the Manufacturing Population,* comprising its moral, social, and physical conditions—its manners, habits, and modes of life; and embracing an examination of infant labour, and of factory labour in general, with its rate of mortality, peculiar diseases, &c. &c.

Great Rivers of Europe.—Just ready, elegantly bound, price One Guinea, *Turner's Annual Tour; or, The River Scenery of Europe,* containing twenty-one plates, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A., engraved by the first artists, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath; with literary illustrations, embodied in the narrative of a tour, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Our expectations, expressed in the last Report, have been most gloriously verified—a favourable change took place in the first week of the present month, and from that period to the present day, we have enjoyed the warmest, most genial, and most delightful state of the atmosphere that the most poetical imagination could conceive: yet the wind adheres to its old partiality for the north-eastern quarter. The warmth of the weather has contri-

buted to the restoration of the health of men and animals, lately in such imminent peril, and the sudden improvement in the appearance and condition of all the productions of the soil, is most wonderful and delightful to behold, affording us the grateful and enlivening prospect of a generally plentiful season, which, unfortunately, has been a stranger in our country during some years past. The heats have been, for the most part great, notwithstanding the wind has been so constant to the cold quarters, and some of the heavy, wet clay lands began to be parched, until they were relieved and improved by the soaking showers of the 19th instant. At the commencement of the month, every production was backward—corn, grasses, and fruits; even the earliest sown spring crops were but just appearing above ground; much also of the labours of the field were in arrear: in short, the present has been held the latest season since 1782, and, according to our recollection, with truth. We have often given our opinion in favour of early sowing of the Lent crops; but the present season has afforded a palpable objection to that general rule —at any rate, with regard to clays and heavy wet lands, and perhaps to all poor soils in which, during a cold and ungenial spring, the seed may lie to rot and perish. In such seasons, taking the late for an eminent example, farmers, who possess sufficient strength in men and cattle to make sudden expeditions and effective exertions, had better await that favourable change which a late season may offer. The unspeakable advantage will so be obtained of putting the seed into the ground under a good tilth, and the increased solar influence will have the effect of pushing forward vegetation with a rapidity which will render ample amends for previous loss of time. According to our observations, this plan of late sowing, if it have any deteriorating effect on the produce, it consists rather in the quality than in the bulk.

The wheats, our paramount object, have made the most rapid advance conceivable during the nearly three weeks of favourable weather. They have exchanged the russet brown and yellow hue and rough surface which they wore in April, for a most beautiful, deep, glossy, smooth and shining green; and should warm and seasonable weather continue, and the blooming process be got over fortunately, there need be little doubt of a full average crop; and it may be remembered that the quantity of land sown with wheat is very great, perhaps greater than in any previous year. Such has been the sudden advance of the wheats on our best lands during the present warmth, and so great their luxuriance, that we should describe those we have seen as *spring-proud*, were there such a term in use. Gracious heaven! what an immense difference would subsist in the quantity of this staff of life, were our lands free from the exhausting burden of weeds of every description, which constantly choaks them, and were they in that state of garden-cleanness which their so infinitely superior consequence demands. Spade of Jethro Tull, what wouldst thou say to our, in this respect, disgraceful practice of husbandry, couldst thou revisit mother earth? Too great a portion of the lands are eaten up with couch, which, with dock and thistles, maintains an emulous struggle against the corn for subsistence and superiority. In those districts where charlock prevails, women have been employed, but little benefit can be thence expected upon broad-cast crops. We remember, many years since, speaking to some women and boys who were weeding, but appeared to pass over the charlock; on asking the reason, the answer was, "Oh, we never meddle with that, because it always will come in this country." The wheats, even upon cold, damp, unfertile lands, appear tolerably thick upon the ground, and to promise full as much as we can rationally expect from them.

Barley and oats appear generally promising, especially the latter; so much, however, cannot be said of the barleys upon wet, heavy or clay soils, on which indeed that crop should seldom be risked. Beans and pease look

remarkably well; but they are risk crops, and little can be predicted of them with any degree of certainty until the eve of harvest. The clovers and tares, or vetches, exceed our expectations; and as to the meadows and all grasses, they equal the promise of last year at the same period, affording the prospect of an equal crop of hay. The hops have received signal benefit from the change of weather, and the bines universally are growing very fast, and wear a very healthy appearance. The insect has been observed in some plantations, which might well be expected from the state of the weather previous to the change. A Rev. Gentleman has lately published a method for preventing the ravages of the turnip-fly. We have often been amused by similar pretensions. Now the turnip-fly must eat—indeed would be egregiously foolish to starve in the midst of plenty—and never did a certain state of the atmosphere occur, nor ever can it occur, unaccompanied by the appropriate number of turnip-flies; and if we may venture to divulge our plan, instead of making war upon turnip-flies' eggs, it should go to the prevention of atmospheric blight during the turnip season, beyond a doubt an equally feasible projection. All garden produce is in profusion; fruit of all kinds in high promise, the apple crop particularly, the buds being firmly knit, and apparently out of danger. These favourable appearances have reduced the price of cider, the general beverage of our south western districts. Felling oaks commenced with the month. The timber never stripped better, the bark of excellent quality: but the low price of timber, and still lower of bark, will probably have the effect of a less extensive fall in the present year than in the last; these articles, as well as others, are affected by extensive import, and in this case by the preference given to the foreign article. The fallows for potatoes, mangel-wurtzel, and turnips, have been highly improved by the late fine weather; and the seed processes for those are in full operation, with the encouragement of sanguine hopes. The repeated sowings of last season so exhausted the stock of fresh turnip seed, that a too just apprehension of the tricks of trade leaves no doubt that old and barren seed will be mixed with the good; whence it behoves growers to be very cautious as to those on whom they depend for a supply.

Sheep of all descriptions, tegs, couples, sell readily, and at high prices. The superior sorts of store cattle are perhaps somewhat reduced in price, the graziers being stocked; but barreners (cows) have lately sold well. Pigs are somewhat lower. Good horses, as usual scarce, still maintain good, but not the former very high prices, for which several reasons might be assigned. The import of horses continues very considerable, confined indeed to the slow and quick draught species. The Belgian cart-horses are said to have some of the blood of the Old Suffolks, a rare breed, which we knew, and which that great county should never have suffered to become extinct. The last and good crop of wheat appears to have, in some measure, benefitted our farmers, if we may judge from their rick-yards, which appear as well filled as usual at this season; but they are generally dissatisfied with the present reforming and cautious Ministry, from their refusal to repeal the malt duty, whilst the commercial party are in a similar state in regard to the assessed taxes.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s*. 4*d*. to 3*s*. 8*d*.—Mutton, 2*s*. 6*d*. to 4*s*. 6*d*.—Lamb, 5*s*. 2*d*. to 6*s*. 8*d*.—Veal, 3*s*. 0*d*. to 4*s*. 1*d*.—Pork, 3*s*. 2*d*. to 5*s*. 0*d*. dairy.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 42*s*. to 62*s*.—Barley, 22*s*. to 32*s*.—Oats, 14*s*. to 24*s*.—London Loaf, 4lb., 9*d*.—Hay, 50*s*. to 78*s*.—Clover ditto, 60*s*. to 100*s*.—Straw, 24*s*. to 33*s*.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 12*s*. 6*d*. to 20*s*. per ton.—Delivered to the consumer at an addition of 9*s*. to 12*s*. per ton.

Middlesex, May 24.

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